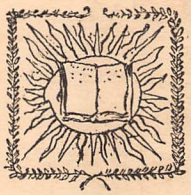
THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

November 1890, to April 1891



THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Vol. XLI. *New Series Vol. XIX.*

INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. NEW SERIES: VOL. XIX.

PAGE

ACTING, SOME VIEWS ON ..... *Tommaso Salvini* 194

ALASKA. See "Mount Saint Elias."

"AMERICAN LITERATURE, LIBRARY OF" ..... *Topics of the Time* 475

"ANDERSONVILLE, YANKEE IN," GEN. LEE AND THE ..... *E. A. Craighill* 154

Comment by ..... *T. H. Mann* 155

ANDERSONVILLE CIRCUIT, ON THE ..... *J. T. King* 100

Pictures by Gilbert Gaul and W. Taber.

ART. See "Rousseau."

ARTISTS, AMERICAN, THE CENTURY SERIES OF PICTURES BY.

The Portrait ..... *Will H. Low* 61

Poem by ..... *Richard Watson Gilder* 60

Daphne ..... *George W. Maynard* 162

Open Letter by ..... *William A. Coffin* 316

The Mirror ..... *Dennis M. Bunker* 507

Open Letter by ..... *William A. Coffin* 637

AT THE TOWN FARM. (Story) ..... *Esther Bernon Carpenter* ... 462

AUSTRALIA, THE WORKING MAN IN ..... *George R. Parkin* 607

AUSTRALIAN CITIES ..... *George R. Parkin* 690

BALAAM AND HIS MASTER. (Story) ..... *Joel Chandler Harris* 557

Pictures by Howard Helmick.

BALLOT REFORM AS AN EDUCATOR ..... *Topics of the Time* 473

BUNKER, THE ARTIST ..... *William A. Coffin* 637

Picture by D. M. Bunker (on page 507).

CALIFORNIA, GOLD HUNTERS OF.

The First Emigrant Train to California ..... *Gen. John Bidwell* 106

Grizzly and Pioneer ..... *Charles Howard Shinn* 130

The Making of California ..... *Topics of the Time* 151

Life in California before the Gold Discovery ..... *Gen. John Bidwell* 163

Ranch and Mission Days in Alta California ..... *Guadalupe Vallejo* 183

Trading with the Americans ..... *Prudencia Higuera* 192

The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite ..... *Julius H. Pratt* 193

Pioneer Spanish Families in California ..... *Charles Howard Shinn* 377

The Missions of Alta California ..... *John T. Doyle* 389

PAGE

A California Lion and a Pirate ..... *Maria Antonia Castro* 467
A Carnival Ball at Monterey in 1829 ..... *Brigida Briones* 468
A Spanish Girl's Journey from Monterey to Los Angeles ..... *Amalia Sibrian* 469
A Glimpse of Domestic Life in 1827 ..... *Brigida Briones* 470
A Letter from General Sutter ..... *J. A. Sutter* 470
Frémont in the Conquest of California ..... *Gen. John Bidwell* 518
The Discovery of Gold in California ..... *John S. Hittell* 525
Marshall's Own Account of the Gold Discovery ..... *Charles B. Gillespie* 537
Confirming the Gold Discovery ..... *E. C. Kemble* 538
Résumé of Frémont's Expedition ..... *M. N. O* 759
The Origin of the Frémont Explorations ..... *Jessie Benton Frémont* 766
Rough Times in Rough Places ..... *Micajah McGehee* 771
Montgomery and Frémont ..... *Josiah Royce* 780
Three Gold Dust Stories ..... *J. F. B. Marshall* 783
To California, by Panama, in '49 ..... *Julius H. Pratt* 901
The Conquest of California ..... *John Charles Frémont* 917
The Official Policy for the Acquisition of California 928
Hardships of the Isthmus in '49 ..... *A. C. Ferris* 929
Spanish Jealousy of Vancouver ..... *John T. Doyle* 931
Pictures by Frederic Remington, Harry Fenn, Da Coste Smith, Charles Nahl, A. B. Davies, Mary Hallock Foote, C. D. Gibson, Malcolm Fraser, F. Day. Maps by Jacob Wells, W. Taber, George Wharton Edwards, O. Toasperm, A. Brennan, V. Perard, G. D. F. Brush, Frederic Remington, A. Lambourne, and from a photograph by Lieut. Harris.

CENTURY CLUB, THE ..... *A. R. Macdonough* 673
Pictures by A. Brennan, and A. C. Vanderhoof, from portraits, and frontispiece (facing page 643).

"CENTURY, THE," THE PRINTING OF. See "Printing."
"CENTURY'S, THE," 20TH ANNIVERSARY ..... *Topics of the Time* 148
CHILDS, GEORGE W ..... *Topics of the Time* 791
CHINA. See "Tibet."
CHINESE MUSIC ..... *H. E. Krehbiel* 449
With music.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND MIND CURE ..... *Topics of the Time* 950
CHRISTMAS, A CONSCRIPT'S. (Story.) ..... *Joel Chandler Harris* 284
Pictures by A. C. Redwood.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS, SOME ..... *Topics of the Time* 310
CITIES, THE GOVERNMENT OF. See "London."
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM. See "Lodge."
COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE. (Story.) ..... *F. Hopkinson Smith* 62
Pictures by E. W. Kemble. 227, 426, 593, 733, 885

CONGO LAND, FETISHISM IN ..... *E. J. Glave* 825
Pictures by W. Taber from sketches by the Author.

CONSCRIPT'S CHRISTMAS, A. (Story.) ..... *Joel Chandler Harris* 284
Pictures by A. C. Redwood.

COPYRIGHT, INTERNATIONAL.
A Duty of Congress to Itself ..... *Topics of the Time* 150
COTTON MILLS. See "Georgia."
COUNTRY ROADS ..... *Topics of the Time* 951
COURAGEOUS ACTION OF LUCIA RICHMOND, THE. (Story.) ..... *Frank Pope Humphrey* 37
COX, KENYON ..... *William A. Coffin* 333
Pictures by Kenyon Cox, including frontispiece (page 323).

CROOK, GENERAL. See "Indian Country."
CYNICAL MISS CATHERWAIGHT, THE. (Story.) ..... *Richard Harding Davis* 221
Picture by C. D. Gibson.

DALOU. See "Sculptors."
DE QUINCEY. See "Wordsworths."
DESERT, WHAT OF THE ..... *J. W. Gregory* 795

EDUCATION, HIGHER. A WORD TO WOMEN ..... *Josephine Lazarus* 315
EGYPTIANS, SPOILING THE ..... *William W. Ellsworth* 152
Comment by ..... *William C. Winslow* 154

PAGE

ELECTION BY THE MAJORITY ..... *Daniel S. Remsen* 313
EMMY. (Story.) ..... *Mary E. Wilkins* 499
Picture by Mary Hallock Foote.
ERICSSON. See "Monitor."

FAITH DOCTOR, THE. (Story.) To be continued ..... *Edward Eggleston*. 540, 661, 932
FINANCE, THE PEOPLE AND ..... *Topics of the Time* 788
FLAG, THE FIRST, HOISTED AT MOBILE ..... *Ambrose S. Wight* 156
FORESTRY IN AMERICA ..... *Topics of the Time* 148, 310
FOURTEEN TO ONE. (Story.) ..... *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* 300
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, IN ALLEGORY ..... *Charles Henry Hart* 197
Portrait by Peale, and reproductions of French prints.
FRENCH SALONS OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE EMPIRE ..... *Amelia Gere Mason* 803
Pictures by George Wharton Edwards and from paintings by Gérard, Hensius, etc.

GEORGIA CRACKER IN THE COTTON MILLS, THE ..... *Clare de Graffenreid* 483
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.
GREELEY, HORACE, AT LINCOLN'S FIRST NOMINATION ..... *G. H. Stewart* 157

HERR VON STRIEMPFELL'S EXPERIMENT. (Story.) ..... *Allan McLane Hamilton* 891
HOWE, WALTER ..... *Topics of the Time* 791

IMMIGRANTS, AMERICAN SENTIMENT AMONG ..... *Topics of the Time* 471
INDIAN COUNTRY, GENERAL CROOK IN THE ..... *Captain John G. Bourke* 643
Pictures by Frederic Remington.
INFLATED CURRENCY ACT, AN. (Story.) ..... *David Dodge* 837
IN MAIDEN MEDITATION. (Story.) ..... *George A. Hibbard* 443
IRISH GENTLEWOMAN IN THE FAMINE TIME, AN ..... *Octave Thanet* 338
ITALIAN OLD MASTERS ..... *W. J. Stillman.*
With engravings and notes by T. Cole.
Luca Signorelli 73
Leonardo Da Vinci. See also frontispiece (facing page 803) 838

JAMES, LOWER, ALONG THE ..... *Charles Washington Coleman* 323
Pictures by Harry Fenn.
JEFFERSON, JOSEPH, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF. See "Prentiss," or "Prentice."
JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL, THE OPENING OF, TO WOMEN 632

KOCH, PASTEUR, AND OTHERS, THE DISCOVERIES OF ..... *Mary Putnam Jacobi* 954

LEE (ROBERT E.) AND THE "YANKEE IN ANDERSONVILLE" ..... *E. A. Craighill, M. D.* 154
Rejoinder ..... *T. H. Mann* 155
LEE (ROBERT E.), TWO INTERVIEWS WITH ..... *W. W. Page* 797
LEONARDO DA VINCI. See "Italian Old Masters."
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM.
Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln ..... *John Hay* 33
Frontispiece portrait (facing page 3).
A Letter from Lincoln when in Congress ..... *L. L. Gilkey* 156
Horace Greeley at Lincoln's First Nomination ..... *G. H. Stewart* 157
LITERATURE, AMERICAN, LIBRARY OF ..... *Topics of the Time* 475
LITERATURE, A WORLD- ..... *M.* 478
Isabella M. Andrews 479
LITERATURE, EARLY EDUCATION IN ..... *Topics of the Time* 630
LITERARY STANDARDS, UNREGARDED ..... *Topics of the Time* 790
LOBBY, REGULATING THE ..... *Topics of the Time* 628
LODGE (H. C.) ON CIVIL SERVICE REFORM ..... *William B. Aiken* 792
Rejoinder ..... *Henry Cabot Lodge* 793
LONDON, HOW, IS GOVERNED ..... *Albert Shaw* 132
LUCA SIGNORELLI. See "Italian Old Masters."

MAYNARD THE ARTIST ..... *William A. Coffin* 316
Frontispiece picture (facing page 163) by George W. Maynard.
"MIDDLEMAN, THE" ..... *Open Letters* 952
MIND CURE AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ..... *Topics of the Time* 950
MOBILE. See "Flag."

PAGE

"MONEY, CHEAP" LESSON, A ..... *Topics of the Time* 949
"MONITOR," THE FIRST, THE BUILDERS OF 155, 958
MONUMENTS, TWO ..... *Horace F. Cutter* 794
MOUNT SAINT ELIAS, TWO EXPEDITIONS TO.
The Expedition of "The New York Times" (1886) ..... *Frederick Schwatka* 865
The Expedition of the National Geographic Society, and the United States Geological Survey (1890) ..... *Israel C. Russell* 872
Pictures by John A. Fraser after Photographs.
MUNICIPAL REFORM, UNORGANIZED ..... *Topics of the Time* 789
MUSIC, CHINESE ..... *H. E. Krehbiel* 449
With Music.
MYSTERY OF THE SEA, A. (Story.) ..... *Edwin K. Buttolph* 718
NANNIE'S CAREER. (Story.) ..... *Viola Roseboro'* 457
NAVY, AMERICAN, EARLY VICTORIES OF THE ..... *Edgar S. Maclay* 79, 205
Pictures by J. O. Davidson.
NEW YORK AS A HISTORIC TOWN ..... *Topics of the Time* 476
NEW YORK, OLD, A LEGEND OF. (Story.) ..... *Anna Eichberg King* 45
Pictures by George Wharton Edwards.
OBSERVATIONS ..... *Ivan Panin* 158
PAIR OF OLD BOYS, A. (Story.) ..... *Maurice Thompson* 246
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.
PASTEUR, KOCH, AND OTHERS, THE DISCOVERIES OF ..... *Mary Putnam Jacobi* 954
PENELOPE'S SWAINS. (Story.) ..... *Mrs. Burton Harrison* 509
Pictures by Irving R. Wiles.
PENHALLOW. (Story.) ..... *Edith Robinson* 739
Pictures by Will H. Low.
PHILOSOPHY FROM THE QUARTERS ..... *Isaac K. Friedman* 320
PHILOSOPHY, GREEN MOUNTAIN ..... *Arthur F. Rice* 960
PRENTICE, GEORGE D., AND S. S. PRENTISS ..... *John Gilmer Speed* 158
PRENTISS, S. S., AND GEORGE D. PRENTICE ..... *John Gilmer Speed* 158
PRINTING OF "THE CENTURY," THE ..... *Theodore L. De Vinne* 87
Pictures by Harry Fenn, Irving R. Wiles, C. T. Hill, J. F. Runge, and D. Comings.
PRISONERS, WAR, EXPERIENCES OF.
On the Andersonville Circuit ..... *J. T. King* 100
Gen. Lee and the Yankee in Andersonville ..... *E. A. Craighill* 154
Comment by ..... *T. H. Mann* 155
A Romance of Morgan's Rough Riders.
The Raid ..... *Basil W. Duke* 403
The Capture ..... *Orlando B. Willcox* 412
The Escape ..... *Thomas H. Hines* 417
Plain Living at Johnson's Island ..... *Horace Carpenter* 705
Pictures by Gilbert Gaul, Taber, W. H. Shelton, Malcolm Frazer, A. B. Davies, Harry Fenn.
Cold Cheer at Camp Morton ..... *John A. Wyeth* 844
RACE ROMANCE, A. (Story.) ..... *Maurice Thompson* 894
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.
RAILWAY ZONE TARIFF OF HUNGARY, THE ..... *Topics of the Time* 311
RED CROSS, PROTECTION FOR THE ..... *Topics of the Time* 477
REFLECTIONS ..... *Charles D. Stewart* 799
RELIGION, CAN A NATION HAVE A ..... *Lyman Abbott* 275
RODIN. See "Sculptors."
ROUSSEAU, THEODORE, AND THE FRENCH LANDSCAPE SCHOOL ..... *Charles de Kay* 568
Pictures from paintings by Rousseau, and drawings by Lyell Carr from photographs.
SALARY PROBLEM, THE ..... *Topics of the Time* 629
SCULPTORS, TWO FRENCH, RODIN AND DALOU ..... *W. C. Brownell* 17
Pictures from photographs of sculptures by Rodin and Dalou, and from drawings by Wyatt Eaton and D. D. Keeler from photographs.
SISTER DOLOROSA. (Story.) ..... *James Lane Allen* 265, 432, 580
SUPERANNUATION, THE DECLINE OF ..... *Topics of the Time* 474

PAGE

TALLEYRAND, THE MEMOIRS OF.
With an Introduction by ..... *Whitelaw Reid*. 361, 365, 613, 697
Portrait and Autograph of Talleyrand (facing page 483).
Talleyrand and Bonaparte, Madame de Rémusat on 798
Talleyrand and Washington ..... *Cephas Brainerd* 798
"TAX, SINGLE, UPON LAND, A," AN ERROR IN ..... *James Middleton* 157
Correction by ..... *Edward Atkinson* 158
"THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE" ..... *Richard Harding Davis* 818
TIBET, AN AMERICAN IN ..... *W. Woodville Rockhill* 3
Through Northern China to the Koko-nor 4
The Border Land of China 250
Among the Mongols of the Azure Lake 350
Northern Tibet and the Yellow River 599
Through Eastern Tibet and Central China 720
Pictures by Otto H. Bacher, E. L. Major, from photographs and Tibetan objects. Maps by Jacob Wells.

UTOPIAN POINTER, THE ..... *David Dodge* 730

VIRGINIA. See "James, Lower."
VIRTUE, A RECORD OF ..... *Anna Garlin Spencer* 238
With facsimiles.

WASHINGTON AND FREDERICK THE GREAT ..... *Moncure D. Conway* 945
WILLARD, E. S. ..... *Open Letters* 952
WOMAN GRADUATE, WHO WAS THE FIRST? ..... *Open Letters* 479
WOMEN ..... *Topics of the Time* 631
WOMEN, OPENING OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL TO 632
WOMEN WHO DO THE WORK, THE ..... *Florence Lockwood* 793
WORDSWORTHS AND DE QUINCEY, EARLY INTERCOURSE OF THE 853
WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS ..... *Florence Lockwood* 793
WORLD-LITERATURE, A ..... *M* 478
Isabella M. Andrews 479

POETRY.

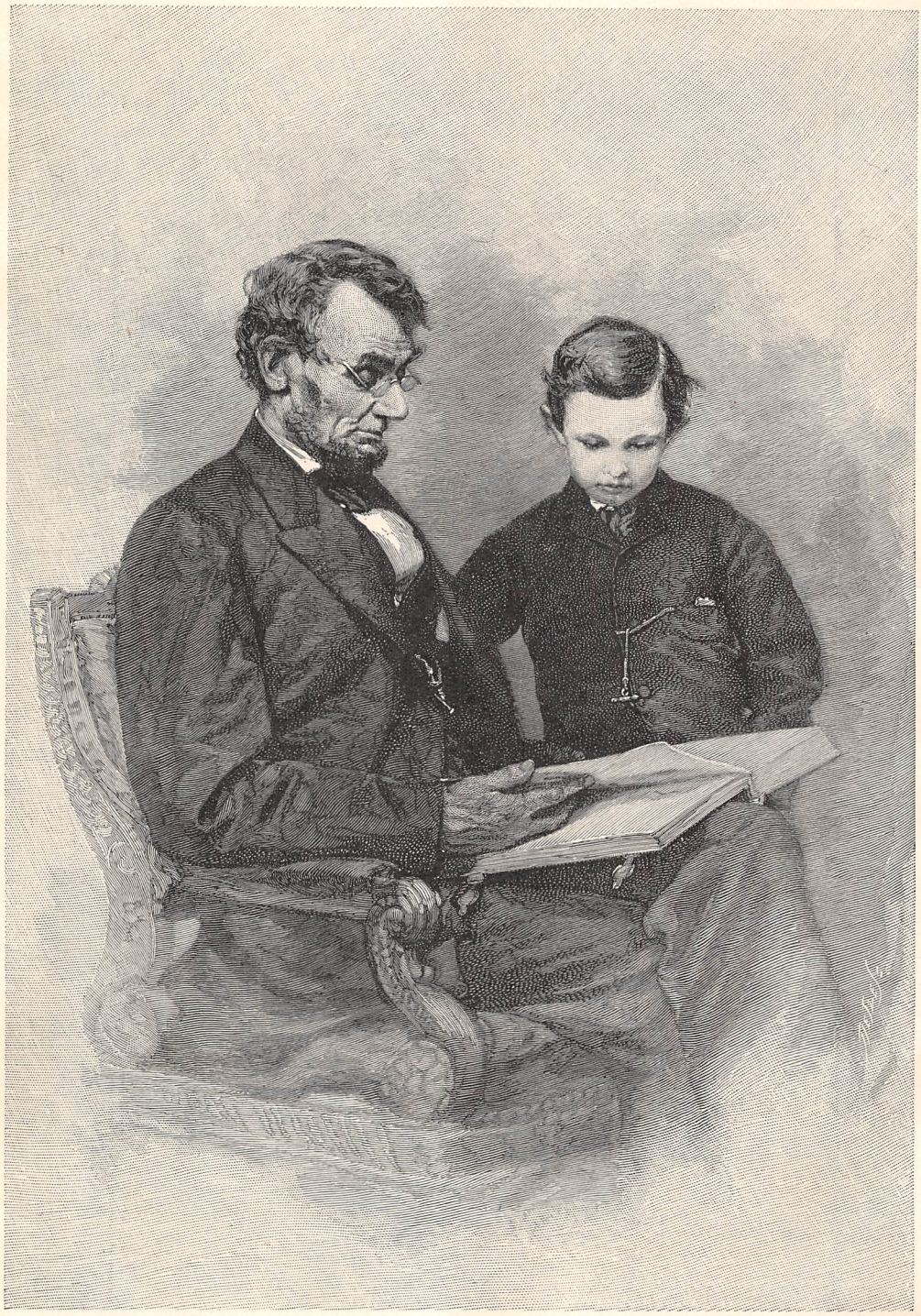
AND AFTER ..... *Arlo Bates* 944
AFTER DINNER ..... *Annie Glenny Wilson* 480
ALMANAC, HIS OLD YELLOW ..... *Ella Wheeler Wilcox* 160
ANGLOMANIAC, AN ..... *Edward Irenæus Stevenson* 640
AUX INVALIDES ..... *Edgar Fawcett* 696
BACK FROM TOWN ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* 640
BEREAVED ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* 44
BOOKISH QUATRAINS: WISE AND OTHERWISE ..... *John Kendrick Bangs* 158, 959
BOYS, SOME, POEMS BY. Pictures by E. W. Kemble ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* 317
BUTLER, GEORGE B., TO ..... *Richard Henry Stoddard* 517
"CASTAGNE ITALIANE" ..... *Henrietta Stuart* 959
CHARLIE'S COURTING ..... *Mary Mathews Barnes* 320
CHRISTMAS. Decorations by A. Brennan ..... *Henry Morton* 264
COMPLAINT, A ..... *Louisa Trumbull Cogswell* 320
DAME GOSSIP'S WEDDING ..... *Maurice Perkins* 480
DEAD WORLD, A ..... *Edgar Fawcett* 498
DORA'S EYES ..... *Irving S. Underhill* 960
ECCE SIGNUM ..... *Stephen Henry Thayer* 281
ENGINE HOUSE, OUR ..... *Rose Hawthorne Lathrop* 640
EPITAPH, THE ..... *James T. McKay* 44
FIT WEEDS ..... *James Herbert Morse* 960
FISHING PARTY, THE. Picture by E. W. Kemble ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* 318
GIVE ME NOT TEARS ..... *Rose Hawthorne Lathrop* 732
HANS'S HUNDRED DOLLARS ..... *Doane Robinson* 800
HEART LONGING ..... *Constantina E. Brooks* 461

PAGE

HIRED GIRL, OUR. Picture by E. W. Kemble ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* 319
I KILT ER CAT ..... *Virginia Frazer Boyle* 799
IN CAP AND BELLS ..... *Esther Singleton* 160
INSTRUCTION OF ST. COSMO AND ST. DAMIAN, THE ..... *Thomas A. Janvier* 78
IRELAND, SONGS OF ..... *Jennie E. T. Dowe* 638
JAY-BIRD'S FRIDAY, THE ..... *Virginia Frazer Boyle* 479
LIGHT ..... *R. K. Munkittrick* 815
"LITERARY CLOG-DANCING" ..... *Margaret Janvier* 958
LONDON TOWN, IN ..... *Walter Learned* 592
LOOKED-FOR MAN, THE ..... *Margaret Gilman George* 799
LOVE, ART, AND TIME. Picture by W. H. Low ..... *Richard Watson Gilder* 60
LÜDERS, CHARLES HENRY, POEMS BY.
Fireflies 431
The Four Winds 816
Under the Breaker 816
The Smoker in a Tunnel 800
Rain on the Peaks 817
A Day in June 817
LÜDERS, CHARLES HENRY ..... *Frank Dempster Sherman* 817
MARTHY VIRGINIA'S HAND. Pictures by I. R. Wiles, Gilbert Gaul, and Kenyon Cox ..... *George Parsons Lathrop* 282
MIDWINTER STORM IN THE LAKE REGION ..... *William Wilfred Campbell* 263
MOONLIGHT ..... *Celia Thaxter* 696
MY HOLLYHOCK ..... *Celia Thaxter* 204
ON A BECALMED SLEEPING-CAR ..... *Meredith Nicholson* 320
ON AN OLD-FASHIONED BOOK ..... *S. Elgar Benet* 320
ONE OF THE PALLS ..... *Doane Robinson* 959
ON LOOKING INTO AN OLD ALBUM ..... *Charles Knowles Bolton* 480
PATIENT GRISELDA ..... *Marguerite Merington* 160
PAWNBROKER, THE ..... *Edgar Fawcett* 32
PHILLIPS, WENDELL, A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF ..... *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 578
PHYLLIS ..... *Alice Anable Graves* 480
POET'S TRIAL, THE ..... *John Kendrick Bangs* 640
POET UNDONE, THE ..... *John Kendrick Bangs* 799
PRESENT STYLE, THE ..... *R. K. Munkittrick* 158
RAGGEDY MAN, THE. Picture by E. W. Kemble ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* 318
READER'S CHOICE, A ..... *Tudor Jenks* 159
RENEWAL ..... *Kate Putnam Osgood* 249
RETURN OF THE DEAD, THE ..... *Arlo Bates* 147
REVISED FABLE, A ..... *Caroline Evans* 960
RIDING SCHOOL, THE ..... *Bemis Fuller Gill* 959
RUNAWAY, THE. Picture by E. W. Kemble ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* 317
SNOW FANCY, A ..... *Annie Bronson King* 639
SONG OF A SQUARE, A ..... *Mary E. Wardwell* 159
SUNSET AND SHORE ..... *George Parsons Lathrop* 60
SWEET THIEVERY ..... *Dorothea Dimond* 320
TO A FRIEND ACROSS THE SEA ..... *Austin Dobson* 196
TO A LADY IN LONDON ..... * * * 640
TO HER QUILL PEN ..... *Frederick A. Stokes* 799
TWENTY-THIRD OF APRIL, THE ..... *Richard Watson Gilder* 884
TWIN GUESTS ..... *Virginia Bioren Harrison* 480
TWO SPIRITS, THE ..... *James B. Kenyon* 349
UNCLE WILLIAM'S PICTURE ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* 480
WANING MUSE, THE ..... *John Kendrick Bangs* 320
"W'EN DE SILK ON DE ROS'N EARS TURN" ..... *Edward A. Oldham* 960
WHITE, WHITE ROSE, THE ..... *William Page Carter* 800
YESTERDAY ..... *John Vance Cheney* 86

DEPARTMENTS.

TOPICS OF THE TIME 148, 310, 471, 628, 788, 949
OPEN LETTERS 152, 313, 478, 632, 792, 952
BRIC-À-BRAC 158, 317, 479, 638, 799, 958



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD."

C1168

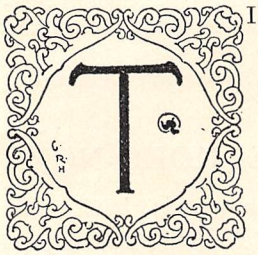
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. NOVEMBER, 1890. No. 1.

AN AMERICAN IN TIBET.

AN ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY THROUGH AN UNKNOWN LAND.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.



TIBET, separated as it is from India and China by the highest range of mountains in the world, and from Mongolia by broad and desert steppes the altitude of which renders them uninhabitable for man, has naturally remained the most inaccessible and least known country of Asia. But besides these natural barriers, the ignorance of the people; the monopolist tendencies of the sacerdotal class, the Lamas; the jealous apprehension of Tibet's real masters, the Chinese, that foreign influence and trade may displace them — these are obstacles no less serious to overcome before foreigners can enter the country.

A learned French missionary who for thirty years has been living on the Tibetan borderland, writing some years ago of Tibet, said:

> What is known of the great plateau which stretches out from the valley of the Tsang-po to the Kuen-lun range? The same may be asked of the form of government, the civil and military organization, the rights of ownership, the civil and religious condition of the people, their virtues and vices, their morals and their customs. Who can speak of the geology, the mineralogy, the mines of Tibet? What is the value of its commerce, both domestic and foreign?
>
> Instead of applying themselves to throw some light on these and many other questions, people generally, and even *savants*, have only this to say: Tibet is the poorest country in the world; it has nothing to sell, there is nothing to be gotten out of it. A convenient answer, in truth, but one which only proves that Tibet is a perfect *terra incognita*. A big volume might be written on what we do not know about Tibet; and if such a book was ever written and had the good fortune to be read, it would dispel many of our illusions.

Thus said Abbé Desgodins in 1881, and ten years have added but little to our knowledge.

Of the many attempts made within the last fifty years to penetrate Tibet none have been really successful save that of Huc in 1845, whose charming work has but little scientific or geographical value. Other travelers have gone as far as Bat'ang, on the high road between China and Lh'asa, but have invariably been stopped at that point. Prjevalsky's explorations never extended to Tibet proper, unless we apply that name to the desert and uninhabitable tablelands on the north of that country.

In northeastern Tibet foreign travelers had not been more successful. In 1884–85 Colonel Prjevalsky, with an escort of fourteen Cossacks and sixty-five camels, was unable to enter it, and a few years previously Count Szechenyi and his expedition had not been allowed by the Chinese authorities to advance in this direction.

Of the great value of exploration in this part of the country it may be noted that Prjevalsky in his last work speaks of it as among the *spolia opima* of future travelers, and it is said that Stanley was so alive to it that he expressed at one time a strong desire to attempt a journey there.

Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

Besides the attraction which travelers would naturally feel for an entirely unexplored region, this one was known, from Chinese sources, to present many features of peculiar interest. A primitive political organization; nomadic tribes, among them the Golok, the most lawless and most feared throughout the country; old and quaint customs which had disappeared from the more civilized parts of Tibet — all pointed to it as showing Tibetan culture in its early and primitive form. It was said to be a well-watered land, traversed by a number of important rivers, presenting many varieties of climate and vegetation, rich in mineral wealth, and the habitat of a great variety of wild animals, many of them unknown to naturalists.

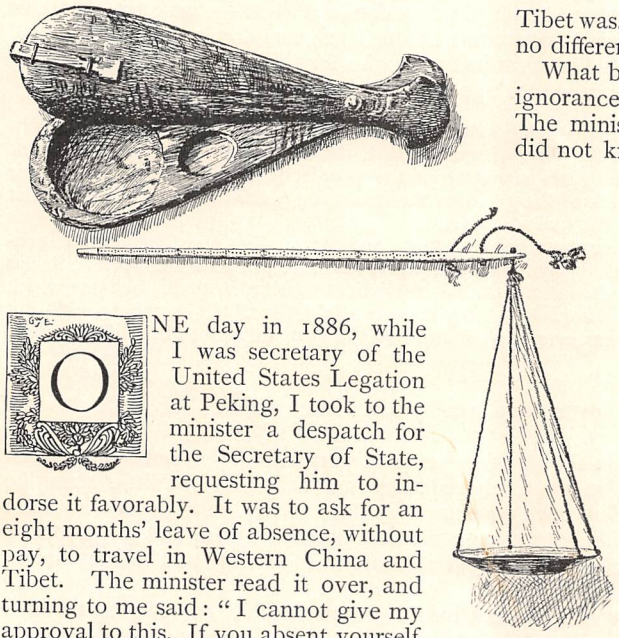
For years I had wished to visit Tibet, especially this part of it. From the time I was a boy I was much interested in Tibetan Buddhism, and I early acquired a fairly good knowledge of the literary language. So when, in 1884, I was attached to the United States Legation in Peking, it seemed as though I might be able to carry out my plans of exploration if I could learn the spoken language, a knowledge of which, from the first, I held to be an absolute requisite for success. No foreigner spoke the language, and none of the natives whom I first met would consent to teach me, being suspicious of the use I might make of my learning. I finally gained the friendship of an intelligent Lama from Lh'asa, and with him for the next four years I studied Tibetan, giving also much of my time to the study of Chinese.

In the autumn of 1888, having resigned my position in the diplomatic service, I started on my travels to this strange land.

My whole journey from Peking through Tibet to Shanghai occupied nine months. From where I left the Ts'aidam till I reached Ta-chien-lu had never before been trodden by a white man. All this country I was able to survey, besides correcting some errors of previous travelers in the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam, and adding something to our knowledge of those little-known regions.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

THROUGH NORTHERN CHINA TO THE KOKO-NOR.



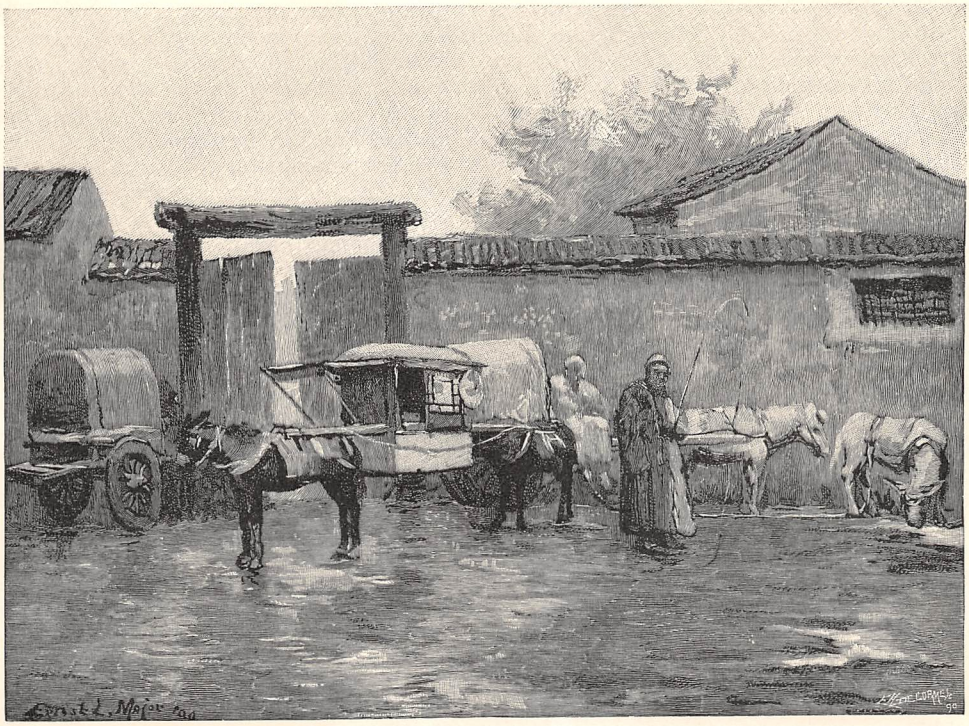
SILVER SCALES AND CASE.

ONE day in 1886, while I was secretary of the United States Legation at Peking, I took to the minister a despatch for the Secretary of State, requesting him to indorse it favorably. It was to ask for an eight months' leave of absence, without pay, to travel in Western China and Tibet. The minister read it over, and turning to me said: "I cannot give my approval to this. If you absent yourself from the legation I must have some one to take your place and do your work. But I tell you what I will do: since you are so anxious to see Tibet, I will use all my influence at Washington to have you appointed minister resident and consul-general there." I timidly asked him if he knew where Tibet was. "No," he answered; "but it makes no difference. I 'll do what I said."

What better illustration could I give of the ignorance in which we are concerning Tibet? The minister of the United States to China did not know that it was an integral part of the empire to the court of which he was accredited!

Seeing that there was no possibility of my retaining my connection with our legation and accomplishing the work of exploration on which I had set my heart years ago, I resigned my post, and in the latter part of 1888 was ready for the journey which would take me through Northern China, the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam countries, and thence whitherward, as Carlyle would say, but certainly into some part of Tibet; and so long as it was an inhabited one, it mattered little: it would be unexplored, and could not fail to prove interesting.

Travel in Northern China is accomplished in a cart, a mule litter, or the saddle. The first method is the most uncomfortable but the most rapid, the second the most comfortable but the slowest, the third the most independent but the most uncertain. The cart used



THE COURTYARD OF AN INN.

in Northern China has two heavy wheels, with wooden axle, no springs, and a body about four feet long and three broad, over which is a light framework top covered with blue cotton. Two mules driven tandem by a carter seated on the left shaft take it along at a rate of about three miles an hour, and one can make in it an average of thirty-five miles a day, even over the roughest country. It will carry about three hundred pounds of goods, and one or even two passengers; and the tighter one is squeezed in the more comfortable it will prove, for that, and that alone, will be a protection from the terrible jolting over the rough country roads. It is told in some old book of travel, in the narrative of the mission of Lord Amherst to the court of Peking, if I remember rightly, that one of his attendants died from the effects of the jolting he received during a short journey in one of these carts. But this mode of travel being the most rapid, I adopted it. Several years of experience of cart travel in China had made me bold, so that I did not fear the fate which had overtaken the Amherst mission man. Comfortably wrapped in my wadded Chinese clothes, I squeezed myself into my cart, feeling like a delicate piece of china ware packed in cotton, and after a hearty farewell to the friends with whom I was staying at Peking, the carters cracked their whips, and with a shout to the mules we were off.

I had made a contract with a cart firm to supply me with two carts to take me to Lanchou Fu, the capital of Kan-su, a distance of over thirteen hundred miles, in thirty-four days. For every day over the stipulated time I was to receive two ounces of silver (two taels), and for every day gained on the schedule time I was to pay them a bonus of the same amount. This arrangement worked perfectly. I experienced no delays on the route, and reached my destination two days ahead of time.

One of the most troublesome questions to contend with in traveling in China is that of money. As is well known, the Chinese have no other currency than the copper cash, about fifteen hundred of which are worth at Peking a Chinese ounce of pure silver, called by foreigners a "tael of sycee." Silver is naturally used in commercial transactions, but as bullion only, and by weight, so every one has to have a set of small scales. The inconvenience that this weighing entails would be comparatively small were all the scales throughout the empire uniform, but such is not the case. They differ considerably from one town to another, and even in the same locality. Thus at Peking there is a government standard, a maritime customs standard, and a commercial standard. The same diversity is found over all the empire, and the consequent complications and even serious loss in exchange are a continual

vexation. Nor is it possible to escape this loss by carrying copper cash with one; for, putting aside their excessive weight, there is not even a standard cash in China. Those used at T'ien-tsin are not used at Peking; those at Peking are not current, except at a discount, at T'ai-yuan. Here I bought a very debased kind of cash, giving one "large cash" for four of them; a hundred miles farther south these small cash were at par, and even, in a few cases, at a slight premium over the intrinsically more valuable large one.

One would be inclined to think that the Chinese, a clever and profoundly commercial people, would remedy this state of things by having a single standard for cash throughout the empire, and dispose of the silver question by following in the wake of all civilized and even barbarous races in adopting a silver currency. The reason for not doing so is at once found in the profit which officials and brokers find in the existence of these various standards. Take, for example, the case of a governor of a province remitting silver to Peking. He levies the taxes, or the special tax, according to a certain standard of weight obtaining in his jurisdiction, but he has to remit it to Peking according to the standard adopted by the Treasury (*Hu-pu*); the difference — and it is often a very considerable one — will usually be found to be to the credit of the governor, and goes to improve his rather inadequate salary. Such cases could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but the above suffices to show that those who could bring about the change are not, and probably never will be, disposed to advocate it. While on the question of the Chinese monetary system it is in order to note that the Mongols, Tibetans, and Turkestanese have never consented to use the Chinese copper cash, although it is the standard money of the realm. The first-named people use silver ingots or brick tea, the others have a silver currency of their own, of which I shall speak farther on.

I took with me about sixty pounds of silver *shoes*[1] and twenty ounces of gold sewed in my clothes, besides a small assortment of articles for trading and presents. The importance of making suitable presents to persons whose assistance or friendship one may have to seek cannot be too carefully considered when traveling in China and Central Asia. They need not be of such a valuable nature that one's conscience feels troubled with the thought that one has resorted to bribery; but their effect on the official mind is very marked, and on two or three occasions, when great difficulties sprang up in my way, I had proof of their mollifying effect when bestowed, with suitable compliments, in the right quarter.

In the first stage of my journey, which took me across the western border of Northern China to the Koko-nor country, I was accompanied by one Chinese servant, a young rascal who prior to this had made a journey with Lieutenant Younghusband of the British army through Mongolia and Turkestan and thence across the Mustagh pass to India. He was of scanty assistance to me, as I lived on what food I could purchase at the inns, and, speaking Chinese myself, I did not require his services as interpreter, in which capacity he may have rendered some aid to his former master, although the "pigeon English" jargon he spoke would have required more study to understand than the most difficult dialect in China.

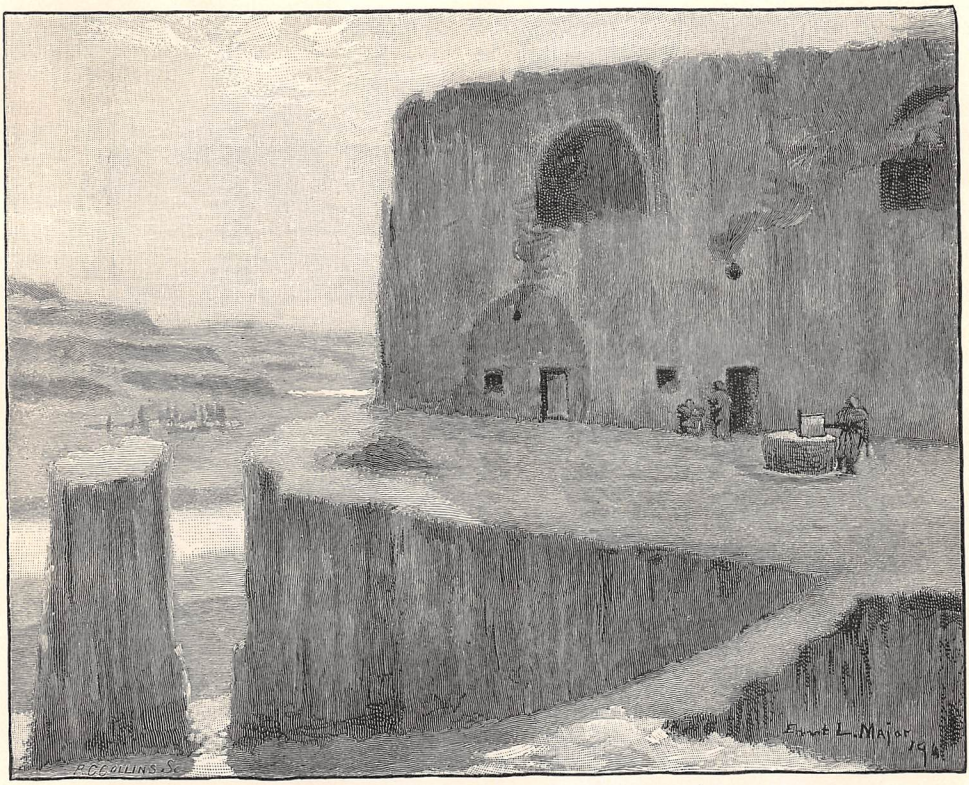
The route we followed between Peking and Hsi-an Fu is the great highway and artery of commerce between northeastern, central, and southwestern China, and travel over it presents no hardships: every few miles along the road one passes inns and eating-houses, and large towns are met with daily.

For the first three days I traveled through the fertile plain which stretches over the greater part of the province of Chih-li, stopping only a few hours for meals and to rest in the big straggling villages which line the way, taking advantage of the bright moonlight to push on as fast as possible to Pao-ting, the capital of the province. I found it at first somewhat difficult to accustom myself to the Chinese mode of starting in the middle of the night,— or rather as soon as the moon rises,— but after a few days I recognized the advantage of doing so, for the next stage is reached early and there are good rooms and meals to be had; while if, as most foreigners do, one leaves only at daylight, one arrives at the inn too late to get even a tolerable room and bad food. The invariable rule with Chinese travelers is to leave early without eating; after four hours' going they stop for two hours to breakfast and to feed the teams, then on again till about three in the afternoon, when the stage is reached.

Every one we passed in the night our drivers insisted were brigands, and they asked me to keep my revolver handy. To judge from the number of watch-houses and patrolmen we saw, their fears did not seem ill founded, but we were never molested. Brigandage is a popular winter occupation in Northern China; not of the "stand and deliver" or "hands up" kind, but of the sneak thief in rags and tatters and armed with a pike or old sword description. Even in the immediate vicinity of Peking, and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of

[1] Thus called by Europeans on account of the shape of the ingots, which resemble a Chinese shoe or boat (in Dutch *schuyt*). The Chinese call those weighing fifty taels *yuan-pao*, which word becomes in Turkestan and Tibet *yambu*.

the high officials and the frequent executions, highway robbery and brigandage break out afresh every year. Poverty pushes the peasants in many cases to adopt this means of livelihood, which must present great difficulties in such a thickly inhabited country with no Sherwood forests to retire to.



CAVE-DWELLINGS IN LOESS COUNTRY (FEN HO VALLEY).

Pao-ting Fu is a densely populated town and an important commercial center, but it does not give one the impression of a large city, especially as the suburbs are not very extensive. The shops, though small, are well stocked with every kind of goods, both domestic and foreign, the latter being brought from T'ien-tsin by boat.

I staid at Pao-ting only a night and hurried on towards T'ai-yuan, the capital of Shan-hsi, some two hundred miles to the west. Our road at first lay through a level country, densely populated, and with every spot of arable soil under cultivation. At this season of the year (late December) it was, however, painfully bare; every blade of dry grass had been carefully scraped up to supply fuel to the *k'ang*.

The *k'ang* is such an important feature in the domestic economy of Northern China that it merits a few words of description. It is a portion of the room raised about two feet and a half above the floor. It is about six feet broad and is covered with coarse mats; the interior is hollow and receives heat from a fire built in it through a hole on the outside, or in the front when coal is used. The heat of the fire rapidly warms the whole structure, and as very little draft is required for the small fire built under it,—generally a bundle of straw,—the *k'ang* remains warm for a considerable length of time. On it the family sit in the daytime and sleep at night, and, thanks to the genial heat which radiates from it, they do not require more than a light coverlet during the coldest nights; when one side gets cold they only have to turn over and warm it. This, however, is precisely what foreigners cannot get used to in the *k'ang*, one side roasting and the other freezing and no possibility of striking the happy medium. In parts of Kan-su the *k'ang* is nothing more than a big wooden box without any hole communicating with the outside air. In it is put a lot of dry powdered manure with a few live coals; this smolders for hours and warms the upper planks thoroughly, without any danger of breaking into a flame and igniting them.

Some sixty-five miles to the west of Pao-ting we left the plain and entered a hilly region chiefly interesting on account of its coal measures and the deposits of loess which cover it. Loess is a yellowish earth, extremely porous, and when dry easily reduced to an impalpable powder. One of its peculiar features is the perpendicular splitting of its mass under the action of the rains, forming chasms or *arroyos*, many of which are hundreds of feet deep. Its porosity has also the effect of rendering it highly suitable for cultivation as long as the subsoil is sufficiently wet to supply moisture to the roots of the plants by the tubes of the loess. Furthermore, crops planted in the loess do not require to be manured, and three thousand years of cultivation of the Shan-hsi and Shen-hsi loess has not exhausted it in the least. Loess beds, where they are compact and have a vertical face, are used by the people to make cave habitations. These dwellings are frequently lined with brick, have an arched ceiling, and are sometimes two storied. The front is formed of brick, or else a sufficient thickness of loess is left to take the place of a wall. These houses are warm in winter and cool in summer, and naturally require no repairing. I once asked an inn-keeper who lived in one of them if these cave-dwellings had any particular name to distinguish them from ordinary houses. He

PILGRIM ON THE ROAD TO LH'ASA.

answered in the negative, but said they are known as houses which stand a myriad years.

Baron von Richthofen was the first geologist to propound the theory, now universally adopted, that the loess of China owes its origin to the action of wind sweeping over the treeless steppes of Central Asia, removing the sand and dust eastward, the latter finally settling in the grass-covered districts of Northwestern China, the Koko-nor, and even Eastern Tibet. New vegetation was at once nourished, while its roots were raised by the constantly arriving deposit; the decay of old roots produced the lime-lined canals which impart to this material its peculiar characteristics.[1]

Through these loess beds I traveled with but few interruptions until I left China proper to enter the Koko-nor region, a distance of about 1200 miles. Generally speaking the traveling was most uninteresting, for the roads lay at the bottom of deep cuts and all view of the surrounding country was hidden from us.

Between Pao-ting and T'ai-yuan we passed through a number of towns, but they presented absolutely no feature of interest, nor, for that matter, do any towns I have visited in Northern China; in all are found the same tumble-down official buildings, the same small dark shops on crowded narrow streets, the same mangy dogs and lank pigs. The people differ only slightly in their language, and in some peculiarity of dress; never, however, in their longing to make the most out of you they can.

We reached T'ai-yuan Fu on the seventh day after leaving Pao-ting. It is a rather small city, its walls being about two and a half miles long by a mile and three-quarters broad, but the ground within them is closely built over, and the excellence of the houses and the general cleanliness bear witness to the well-known prosperity of its inhabitants. The people of the province of Shan-hsi, and of its capital T'ai-yuan especially, are famous throughout China as bankers, traders, and merchants. The largest banking-houses at Peking, T'ien-tsin, Hsi-an, and even farther north, are kept by Shan-hsi men, and traders from this province may be found all over Mongolia, at Ta-chien-lu on the Tibetan border, and in many other localities farther west.

The province produces little for exportation save iron and salt, and the northern portion of it is decidedly poor. There the people live principally on potatoes, which they boil and eat without so much as a little salt. In the central and southern parts cabbages, wheat bread, vermicelli, pork, and mutton constitute their food.

[1] See Richthofen's "China," Vol. I., p. 74, and Wells Williams, "Middle Kingdom," Second Edition, Vol. I., p. 303.

To the foreign traveler perhaps the most interesting spot in Shan-hsi is the great Buddhist sanctuary of Wu-t'ai shan, "The Five Table-mountains," a few days' journey north of the capital. In 1887 I visited this place and found it quite as attractive as it had been pictured to me by natives who had lived there. On a low hill in a narrow valley surrounded by high peaks, on one at least of which lies perpetual snow, and down which flows a clear mountain brook, stands a Buddhist sanctuary sacred to Wen-shu P'usa, the Indian Manjusri. From afar its bright green-tiled roof, on which rise golden spires, its red walls, and the dark evergreens growing around it, attract the eye. Near this most sacred shrine, but lower down the hill, are other temples, in one of which rises a great white pagoda with golden spire. Under this monument are said to be body relics of the Buddha Sakyamuni, brought there in the first century of our era by the Indian missionary who introduced Buddhism into China. In another of the temples there stands a chapel some thirty feet square and over fifty feet high, entirely made of the finest bronze exquisitely chased and once gilded. Near by are large incense-burners in form like the familiar Chinese pagodas, but all of bronze covered with the most beautiful designs. These are gifts of some of China's emperors. Most of the temples have been built through their munificence, and the numerous priests who inhabit the houses which surround them are in receipt of salaries in money and food from the government. The interiors of the temples are most gorgeous. Images of the gods, of all sizes and made of different materials,—gold, silver, bronze, and clay,—smile, frown, or make hideous faces at one from every side, while the altars before them are covered with offerings of fruit, confectionery, and bowls of clear water, the darkness made bright by innumerable little brass lamps filled with butter and arranged in rows along the altar edge. In one temple I saw a number of large cloisonné incense-burners dating from the seventeenth century, exquisite in color and design. In another were stored all the divers implements used in church worship,— drums, conch shells, trumpets (some eight feet long and in shape like the alpine horn),—and on shelves arranged along the walls were copies of the sacred books, in Tibetan and Mongol, written in gold and most wonderfully illuminated. A little lower down the hill, in one of the temples, I was shown a footprint of the Buddha, one foot six inches long and six inches broad.

The priests who live here number about five thousand and are mostly Tibetans and Mongols, and the form of worship is the Lama-

ist or that prevailing in Tibet. There are sixty-five temples or shrines in the valley, and it is said that there used to be three hundred and sixty, so that a man could perform his devotions at a different one nearly every day of the year.

The name of this most sacred place, "Five Table-mountains," is due to there being round about it five high peaks with level tops. The highest one, called the Northern Peak, is 10,050 feet high, and in clear weather one can see the China Sea from it — at least, so it is said; but when I was on it, in the middle of October, I could not see two hundred yards away, on account of the heavy snow which was falling.

The Wu-t'ai shan is visited yearly by tens of thousands of Mongols and by many Tibetans. It is no uncommon sight, when traveling over one of the roads leading there, to see devout Mongols journeying thither on foot and making a full-length prostration every two steps, measuring the whole distance with their bodies. Months are frequently taken in performing this highly meritorious deed, for three or four miles a day when gone over in this fashion are enough to exhaust the strongest man. This reminds me that one day when traveling through Ssu-ch'uan, over the mountains between Ta-chien-lu and Ya-chou, I met a *ho-shang*, a Chinese Buddhist priest, from the famous P'u-t'o shan convent in the Chusan Archipelago, not far from Ning-po. He was on his way to Lh'asa, and was making a prostration every two steps. He had traveled about 1600 miles in four years, making these prostrations all the way. He carried in his hands a little altar on which burned some joss-sticks, and this he placed before him, in the supposed direction of Lh'asa, before making his prostration. He was very cheerful, and told me that he hoped to be able to reach Lh'asa in about two years, as he had only some 1100 miles more to cover. He carried with him certificates from abbots of different temples where he had rested his wearied limbs for a while, attesting the truth of his story and recommending him to the charity of all whom he might meet.

From T'ai-yuan our road led south down the valley of the Fen ho, which drains the greater part of the province and finally empties into the Yellow River near its great and final bend eastward. Everywhere the country was thickly populated, and every available inch of soil was under cultivation. To one who passes quickly through Northern China without paying any special attention to the question the country would not seem so thickly settled, for detached farms are nearly unknown, the people congregating in villages, probably as affording better protection from robbers and not infrequently from rebels. So one sees broad stretches of country without a habitation, but then towns of 10,000 or 20,000 inhabitants are found every ten or fifteen miles along the road, and similar ones are seen no matter which way one goes. In Ssu-ch'uan only does the density of the population strike one; for there, and as far as I know there alone, do the people live in detached cottages and far from villages.

The largest, though not the most important, town we passed through before reaching the Yellow River was P'ing-yang. Richthofen tells a story of it in his letter on the province of Shan-hsi, which is typical of official customs, and hence worth repeating.

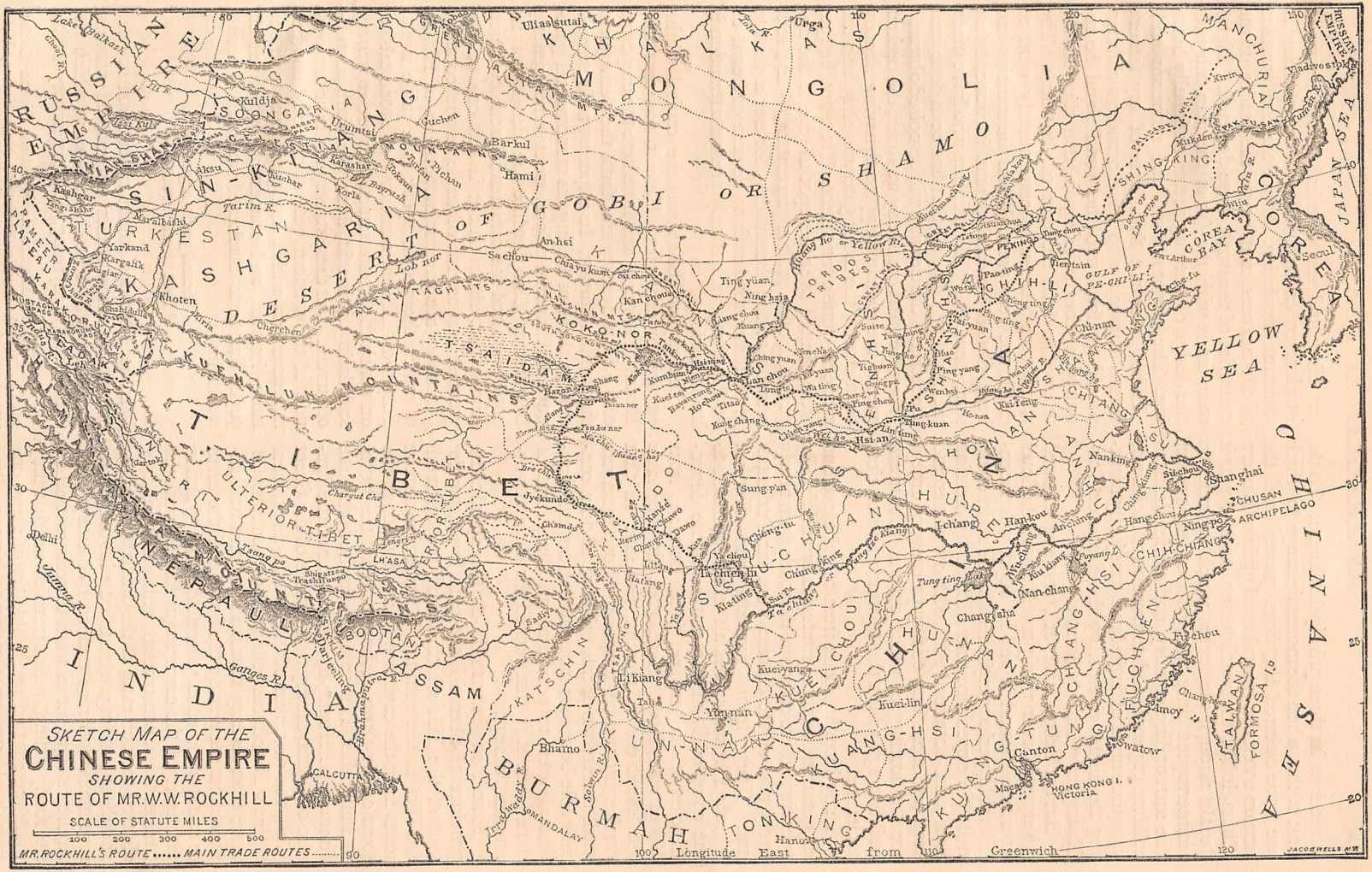
> Towards 1869 a band of rebels coming from Ho-nan entered the city quite unexpectedly, but left again after a slight pillage. When they were at some distance the mandarins, in order to give some substance to their projected report to the emperor of having saved the city by martial defense, ordered some shots to be fired after them from the wall. The rebels, considering this an ungrateful treatment, turned back and destroyed the whole city, killing a great many people.

So completely did they destroy the town that it is still in a ruinous condition, and only a small portion of it is inhabited.

In the lower part of the province cotton is very extensively cultivated, and, from what was shown me of it, I believe it to be superior to that raised in Chih-li. Jujube and persimmon trees grow all over the fields, and the former are frequently made into hedgerows. The jujube fruit is, when preserved, a most excellent substitute for dates, and the dried persimmon I prefer to the best figs. Brandied jujubes are also much liked, and from the persimmons a kind of whisky, resembling poor Scotch whisky, connoisseurs say, is distilled.[1]

We came to the bank of the Yellow River in front of the great customs station of T'ung-kuan early on the morning of January 5. The river is here between five hundred and six hundred yards wide, a muddy and rather sluggish stream, flowing between high banks of loess, behind which rise to the east ranges of dark, jagged mountains, while to the west and northwest spreads out a vast loess plain, the basin of the river Wei, from of old the granary of China. It is its yellow color, due to the loess, called "yellow earth" by the Chinese, which suggested the use of yellow as the color sacred in China to imperial majesty. This point of the river is called by the Chinese "the head of the Yellow River," for it is near here that

[1] See Rev. Chester Holcombe in "Journal North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society," New Series, Vol. X., p. 64.


SKETCH MAP OF THE
CHINESE EMPIRE
SHOWING THE
ROUTE OF MR. W. W. ROCKHILL
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES
100 200 300 400 500
MR. ROCKHILL'S ROUTE ..... MAIN TRADE ROUTES .....
Longitude East from Greenwich
RUSSIAN EMPIRE
MONGOLIA
MANCHURIA
CHINA
YELLOW SEA
JAPAN SEA
COREA
INDIA
BURMAH
TIBET
ASSAM
NEPAUL
BOOTAN
SIN-KIANG
KASHGARIA
DESERT OF GOBI
SHAMO
KOKO-NOR
TSAIDAM
KUEN LUN MOUNTAINS
ULTERIOR TIBET
LH'ASA
SOONGARIA
TURKESTAN
Urga
Uliasutai
Kuldja
Urumtsi
Barkul
Hami
Kashgar
Yarkand
Khoten
Aksu
Kuchar
Korla
Cherchen
Sa chou
An-hsi
Lob nor
Kan chou
Ning hsia
Tai yuan
Peking
Tientsin
Pao ting
Tung chou
Seoul
Port Arthur
Wiju
Mukden
Kirin
Vladivostok
Shanghai
Nanking
Hankou
Ichang
Chungking
Chengtu
Sung pan
Ta chien lu
Li Kiang
Yunnan
Kueiyang
Kuei-lin
Canton
Swatow
Amoy
Foochow
Nan-chang
Changsha
Ningpo
Chusan Archipelago
Formosa I.
Hong Kong I.
Victoria
Macao
Hanoi
Bhamo
Mandalay
Calcutta
Darjeeling
Gangtok
Shigatse
Gartok
Leh
Delhi
Ganges R.
Indus R.
Brahmaputra R.
Salween R.
Irrawaddy R.
Mekong R.
Yangtse R.
Yellow R.
Tarim R.
Lake Baikal
Lake Balkash
Lake Lop nor
Lake Tsaidam
Lake Tsinghai
Lake Tali
Lake Tung ting
Lake Poyang
Lake Hsi
Lake Tai
Lake Chaohu
Lake Hung tse
Lake Ta hsi
Lake Ta tung
Lake Ta ho
Lake Ta ho
Lake Ta ho

it receives its three principal affluents. To the east of this, when the mountain range to which we have referred has been passed and the stream enters the great alluvial plain of Eastern China, it becomes terrible as year after year it breaks through the levees which for miles in uninterrupted lines along its course protect the surrounding country, and carries death to millions of people and destruction to thousands of square miles of fertile land, thus justly meriting the name, given it by the Emperor Tao-Kuang, of "China's Sorrow."

But the Yellow River at T'ung-kuan showed no signs of ever rising much above the level at which I found it, and its depth was inconsiderable, perhaps eight feet, in the main channel. We experienced no difficulty in crossing it in a flat-bottomed skiff, with our mules and carts and some forty or fifty passengers, except for the floating ice which covered the stream and through which the boatmen had to clear a channel.

T'ung-kuan has been from of old a position of great importance, strategically and fiscally speaking: there converge the roads from nearly every part of the empire, from far Turkestan and Tibet, from Yun-nan and Kan-su. Through its walls pass all tribute missions to the court of Peking from the remote dependencies of the empire, from Burmah, from Nepal and Tibet. Here *octroi* dues or *likin* are levied on all merchandise save on that carried by tribute missions, whose members avail themselves of this privilege to do a considerable business: not only is their merchandise allowed to pass through China free of duties, but it is transported for them at government charge.

From T'ung-kuan to Hsi-an, the capital of the province of Shen-hsi, the road lay along the foot of the hills which bound the basin of the Wei to the south. When some sixteen miles from the capital we passed through the town of Lin-t'ung. About a mile to the south, in a hill called Li shan, is said to be buried the famous She Huang-ti, the founder of the Empire of China, the reputed builder of the Great Wall, the destroyer of books and book men. China's Herodotus tells us that "an army of more than seventy thousand laborers was employed in excavating the bowels of the earth at this spot down to 'threefold depth'; and in the heart of the cavern thus formed 'palatial edifices' were constructed, with partitions duly allotted to each rank of the official hierarchy, and these buildings were filled with marvelous inventions and rare treasures of every kind. Artificers were set to work to construct arbalists ready strung, with arrows so set that they would be shot off and would transfix any one who should penetrate within their reach. Rivers, lakes, and seas were imitated by means of quicksilver, caused to flow by mechanism in constant circulation. Above the configuration of the heavens, and below the outline of the countries of the earth, were depicted. Lights were made with the fat of the man-fish with the design of keeping them continually burning. The emperor's son and successor said, 'It behooves not that those of my father's female consorts who have borne no children should go forth into the world'; and he required of them, thereupon, that they should follow the dead emperor to the tomb. The number of those who consequently went to death was very great. When the remains had been placed beneath ground it chanced that some one said, 'The artificers who have made the enginery know all that has been done, and the secret of the treasure will be noised abroad.' When the great ceremony was over, the central gate of the avenue of approach having already been closed, the lower gate was shut, and the artificers came out no more. Trees and hedges were planted over the spot to give it the appearance of an ordinary mountain," [1] and so it remains to the present day, for not a vestige of all these wonders is to be seen or heard of at Lin-t'ung, whose only present attraction is its hot springs.

The city of Hsi-an was the capital of the empire for centuries. Here it was that She Huang-ti reigned, and from here the emperors of the Han dynasty sent forth their envoys to the Roman Empire. Its imposing walls, second only to those of Peking, its monumental gateways and imperial palace, are even now among the first in China, while the density of its population and the commercial activity which reigns in it show that it is still one of the greatest emporiums of trade in the country.

Among the ancient monuments of Hsi-an of which the people speak with pride is the Forest of Tablets, consisting of stone tablets on which the Confucian classics are engraved, and dating, it is said, from the ninth century of our era. But there stands, a mile or two outside of the western gate of the city, another monument in which foreigners take perhaps more interest, and concerning which much paper has been blackened and the learned world have

> heard great argument
> About it and about —

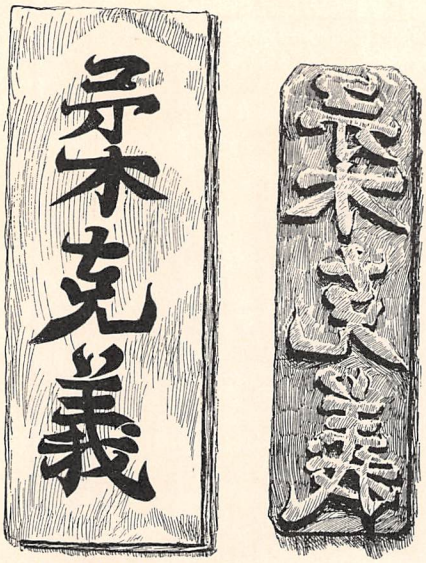
It is the Nestorian tablet raised in A. D. 781, containing some rather enigmatical phrases concerning the tenets of a sect of which we know hardly anything, a short history of its

[1] See W. F. Mayers in "Journal North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society," New Series, Vol. XII., p. 14.

MENDICANT TAOIST MONK.

life in China down to the date of the erection of the tablet, and winding up with a number of poor verses mostly containing fulsome compliments to the various emperors who had befriended the teachers of the creed.

I was struck while in Hsi-an with the number of Taoist priests I saw on the streets, while Buddhists were met but rarely. Although both belong to mendicant orders, the former resort to stranger artifices to obtain alms than do the latter. Thus it is no uncommon sight to meet one going about begging with four or five long iron skewers run through his forearm and little ribbons hanging therefrom. Two I have met had long iron rods running through their cheeks, and they had made oath to remove them only when they had collected a certain sum of money sufficient to repair their temples. The one whose picture is here given had had the iron rod through his face for over four months, living the while on soup and tea only. Another way of raising money is for a priest to take his seat in a little brick sentry-box and let himself be walled in, leaving only



CARD AND CARD-BLOCK OF THE AUTHOR.

a small window through which he can see and can pull a rope by which a big bell is sounded and the attention of passers-by attracted. Here he will sit for months. I have known one to remain in his box for nearly a year without being able to lie down or stand up, but apparently perfectly happy and always ready to have a bit of gossip.

I stopped at Hsi-an only a day and a half, as I was most anxious to reach Lan-chou, and, if possible, Hsi-ning, before the Chinese New Year (January 31). The distance between Hsi-an and the capital of Kan-su is about five hundred miles. The country gradually but steadily rises, the road lying over loess-covered hills and through loess-lined valleys. The population grew thinner as we advanced westward, and the ruins of towns and villages, sad mementos of the late Mohammedan rebellion, became more numerous and more complete. From the moment we entered the province of Kan-su the aspect of the road changed, for from there all the way to the capital rows of willow trees have been planted on both sides of it. It was told me that Tso Tsung-t'ang, late governor-general of Kan-su and the conqueror of Kashgaria, having heard that it was customary in western lands to plant trees along the highways, had the road leading from Hsi-an through Lan-chou and as far as Liang-chou planted with those I saw, and, strangely enough, they have now been growing for years in a country where no other trees are to be seen, all having been cut down long since; but these have not been too badly treated by the people, who have contented themselves with lopping off the lower boughs.

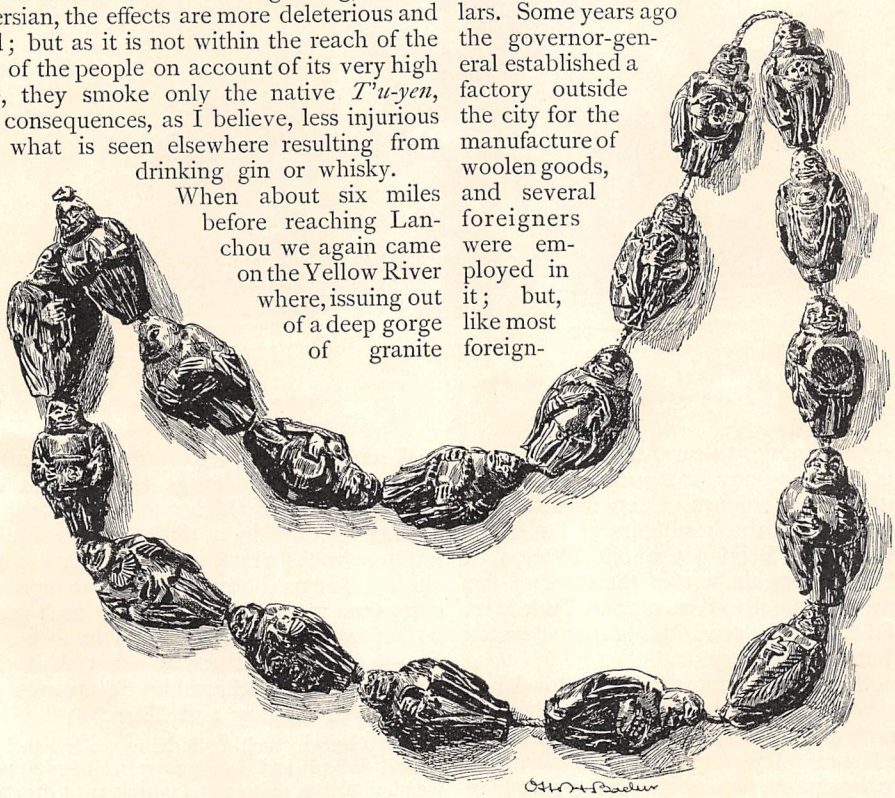
Not very far from the border of Shen-hsi, and a little to the west of the city of P'ing-chou, we passed the Ta Fo ssu, "the temple of the big Buddha." The valley in which we were traveling is bounded for over six hundred feet on the south side by a bed of sandstone rising vertically for over a hundred feet. In this soft stone a number of cave-temples have been cut, only one of which is now in repair. The temple is entered by a narrow passageway, passing under a high brick structure built against the face of the rock, and in the top of which is a large aperture corresponding to a hole made in the rock by which light enters the temple. The temple is dome shaped; the interior rock has not all been removed, but shaped into a huge statue of the Buddha seated cross-legged. On each side of him is a smaller image of a standing demiurge. The principal figure is about forty-five feet high and richly gilt, as are also the two smaller ones. The work is not of a high order, and cannot compare with what I saw in the cave-temple of Yung-Kan, near Ta-t'ung in Shan-hsi, on a former journey. This latter temple, I feel very sure, was made in the fifth or the sixth century of our era, and it is probable that the Ta Fo ssu was excavated at about the same time.

Kan-su is a sparsely peopled province which has had much to suffer during the late Mohammedan rebellion. Its towns and villages have been pillaged and burned, first by rebels then by the imperial troops, and its people have been killed by myriads; but the spirit of the Mohammedan has not been crushed, and though nearly twenty years have elapsed since the rebellion was quelled, the officials in the western and southwestern parts of the province are in constant dread of a fresh uprising. The people are poor, and they lack that energy and push which is so striking a characteristic of most of their countrymen. The villages through which I passed were mostly composed of miserable mud hovels, not over twelve feet square, a *k'ang*, lighted from the outside, and in which grass or dried manure served as fuel, occupying more than half of the hut. A mud stand with a hole for a fire, kept burning by a box-bellows, and over which is placed a shallow iron pan, the only cooking utensil in the house, is the next most important article of furniture. A small hand-mill or quern, a few earthenware pots, and some bits of dirty felt and cotton complete the *ameublement* of these dens, in which frequently three generations live huddled together. Around the mouth of the *k'ang* lie a few lank pigs trying to get a little warmth from the fire within, while a half-dozen skinny children, clothed only in too-short and much-tattered jackets, gambol about and romp in the mud with some asthmatic chickens and mangy

dogs. The food of this people is *mien* or vermicelli, and cakes of wheat flour called *mo-kui* or *mo-mo*, varying only in size and thickness, but never in their sodden indigestibility. Once in twelve months, at New Year's, the natives, if they are Mohammedans, indulge in meat, pork or mutton, not wisely but too well, for frequently they die from gorging themselves with it. Their only pleasure in life is opium-smoking, and I never had the heart to begrudge it them, for I do not believe that it affects the mass of those who use it as perniciously as has generally been said. Take, for example, the Ssu-ch'uanese: they do work of the heaviest kind, as porters over the rough mountain roads or as boat-trackers up the swift eddying rivers of their province,—work which only strong and healthy men could do,—and nearly every one of them is a confirmed opium-smoker. Nor does opium-smoking dull the mind and produce somnolence; its effects are just the reverse. The brain under its influence becomes more active, there is but little inclination to sleep, and labor of any kind seems to become easier. Its use, however, destroys all taste for food and for any sensual indulgence, hence the emaciated condition of those who have been inveterate smokers for a long time. When, however, the smoker uses the foreign drug, Indian or Persian, the effects are more deleterious and rapid; but as it is not within the reach of the mass of the people on account of its very high price, they smoke only the native *T'u-yen*, with consequences, as I believe, less injurious than what is seen elsewhere resulting from drinking gin or whisky.

When about six miles before reaching Lan-chou we again came on the Yellow River where, issuing out of a deep gorge of granite rock in which it has worn a narrow channel, it bends northward and flows through a broad level country till it has passed Ning-hsia. Here the stream is clear and swift, some 175 yards wide, and resembled nowise the sluggish, muddy river we had crossed at T'ung-kuan. It only becomes muddy after passing Ning-hsia, where it flows through a sandy waste. The winds which are always blowing there carry great masses of dust into the river; to this silt the three great affluents which empty into it near T'ung-kuan add the loess carried down in their waters. The Yellow River down to Ning-hsia is navigated on rafts made of inflated ox-hides, and in this way large quantities of goods are brought down country at a nominal cost, the skins composing the rafts being readily disposed of.

Lan-chou is situated on the right bank of the Yellow River and has a population of from 70,000 to 80,000, a large percentage of whom are Mohammedans. There is a bridge of boats across the river; but in winter this is removed, and the ice is usually sufficiently strong for carts to cross over. The city offers little of interest for the sightseer, and the only important industry is the manufacture of water-pipe tobacco, the annual sale of which amounts to about six hundred thousand dollars. Some years ago the governor-general established a factory outside the city for the manufacture of woolen goods, and several foreigners were employed in it; but, like most foreign-



ROSARY BEADS CUT TO REPRESENT THE EIGHTEEN LO-HAN (ARHATS).

equipped industries in Chinese hands, it proved abortive, and to-day the factory is used as a small-arms repair shop and governmental godown, its high brick chimney a landmark seen for miles away.

At Lan-chou my cart journey was at an end. I hired three mules to carry my luggage, and having bought a pony for myself to ride, I left the city after a sojourn of ten days, during which I enjoyed the hospitality of Father de Meester of the Belgian Catholic Mission. I would like to speak here of the work of this mission in Mongolia, Kan-su, and Turkestan, and of the lives and privations of these devoted men, but I must hurry on.

We followed up the course of the Yellow River for a day and a half, and then, crossing the stream on a small ferryboat, entered the valley of the Hsi-ning River, up which we journeyed for four days more, passing only one town on the way, the prefectural city of Nien-pei. In the mountains to the east of it gold washing is extensively carried on, although the profit derived therefrom seems to be very small. It is a common saying among the people that when a man has tried in vain to make a livelihood by all conceivable methods he finally takes to washing gold.

TSONGK'APA, BORN AT KUMBUM.

THE TALE'LAMA OF LH'ASA. PAN-CH'EN RINPOCH'E' OF TRASHIL'UNPO.

THE INCARNATE GODS OF TIBET. (FROM A TIBETAN PAINTING.)

When some ten miles from Hsi-ning we crossed a wooden bridge to the right bank of the river, after which our road led through a narrow gorge in a range of granitic and schistose rocks which cuts the valley at right angles. The road here presented no more difficulty than is usually met with in such gorges, in fact not nearly so much as in those near Lao-ya-p'u. But listen to what Abbé Huc says of it in his charming "Souvenirs of a Journey in Tartary and Tibet."

A day before reaching Si Ning we traveled over a most difficult and dangerous piece of road, where we often had to recommend ourselves to the protection of Divine Providence. We went amidst great

boulders and beside a deep torrent where seething waters leaped at our feet. The abyss yawned beneath us and a slip would have sufficed to precipitate us into it. But chiefly did we tremble for our camels, so awkward and so heavy when walking in dangerous places. But in the end, thanks to God's bounty, we reached Si Ning without accident.

A clear case of distance lending enchantment to the view; for not only is the gorge a short one, but there is absolutely no danger in it, and the most awkward camel in the world could go through it on a run.

We reached Hsi-ning Fu on the afternoon of February 6, and took up our quarters in a large inn in the suburbs; but we had hardly alighted when I was requested by the police to report to the authorities, show my passport, and tell them my plans, none of which did I in the least care to do. So at daylight next morning, having shaved my head and face and changed my Chinese gown for a big red cloth one like that worn by Mongols and Tibetans, and having made a few minor alterations in my dress, I left Hsi-ning with a party of K'alk'a Mongols with whom I had traveled for the last few days, and went to the famous lamasery of Kumbum, called by the Chinese T'ar-ssu, about twenty miles away, where there were no bothersome officials asking embarrassing questions and prying into one's affairs.

The road thither was crowded with pilgrims, Mongols, Tibetans, and Sifans, all hurrying to witness the feast of the 15th of the first moon and the display of wonderful butter bas-reliefs, when the temple and the adjacent villages are filled with people from all the country round and from far-off Tibet, from Lh'asa, Trashil'unpo, and K'amdo, from Eastern Mongolia and from Turkestan.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

TWO FRENCH SCULPTORS.[1]

RODIN — DALOU.

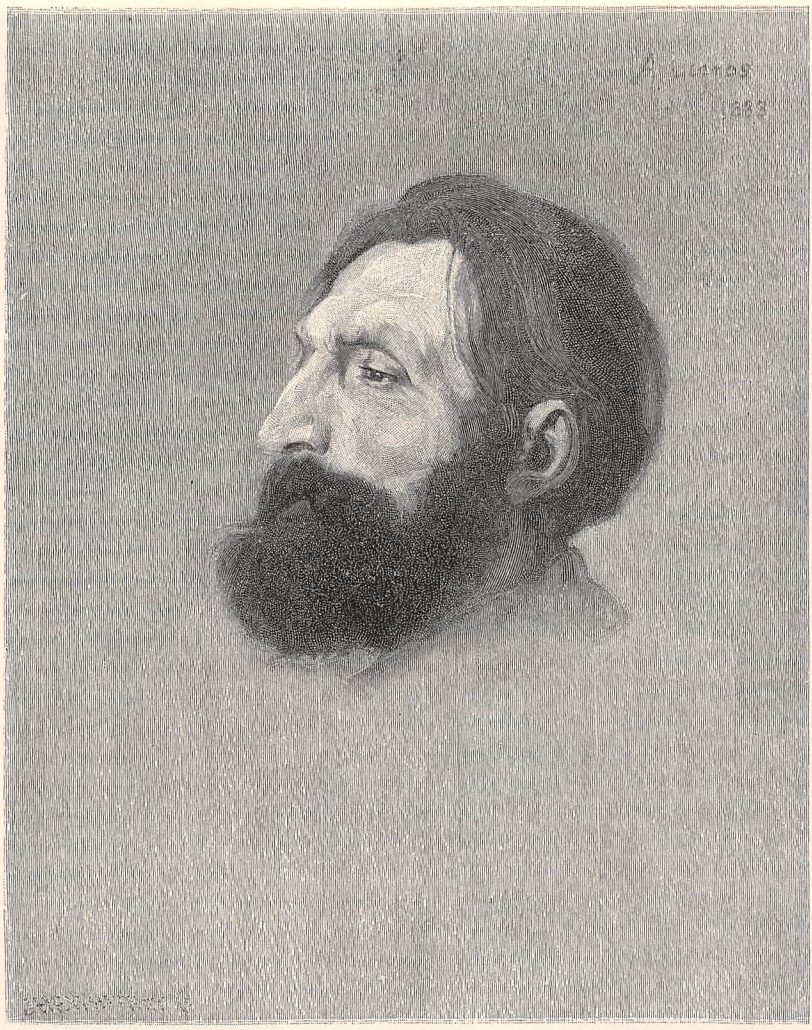
SIDE by side with the academic current in French art has moved of recent years a naturalist and romantic impulse whose manifestations have been always vigorous though occasionally exaggerated. In any of the great departments of activity nationally pursued — as art has been pursued in France since Francis I. — there are always these rival currents of which now one and now the other constantly affects the ebb and flow of the tide of thought and feeling. The classic and romantic duel of 1830, the rise of the naturalist opposition to Hugo and romanticism in our own day, are familiar instances of this phenomenon in literature. The revolt of Géricault and Delacroix against David and Ingres are equally well known in the field of painting. Of recent years the foundation of the periodical "L'Art" and its rivalry with the conservative "Gazette des Beaux Arts" mark with the same definiteness, and an articulate precision, the same conflict between truth, as new eyes see it, and tradition. Never, perhaps, since the early Renaissance, however, has nature asserted her supremacy over convention in such unmistakable, such insistent, and, one may say, I think, such intolerant fashion as she is doing at the present moment. Sculpture, in virtue of the defiant palpability of its material, is the most impalpable of the plastic arts, and therefore it feels less quickly than the rest, perhaps, the impress of the influences of the epoch and their classifying canons. Natural imitation shows first in sculpture and subsists in it longest. But convention once its conqueror the return to nature is here most tardy, because, owing to the impalpable, the elusive quality of sculpture, though natural standards may everywhere else be in vogue, no one thinks of applying them to so specialized an expression. Its variation depends therefore more completely on the individual artist himself. Niccolò Pisano, for example, died when Giotto was two years old, but, at the other end of the historic line of modern art, it has taken years since Delacroix to furnish recognition for Auguste Rodin. The stronghold of the Institute had been mined many times by revolutionary painters before Dalou took the grand medal of the Salon.

Owing to the relative and in fact polemic position which these two artists occupy the movement which they represent, and of which as yet they themselves form a chief part, a little obscures their respective personalities, which are nevertheless, in sculpture, by far the most positive and puissant of the present epoch. M.

[1] To explain the absence of reference to some of Rodin's latest work it should be said that this article was written some years ago, and has been delayed on account of the preparation of suitable illustrations.— EDITOR.

MME. MORLA — PORTRAIT BUST IN MARBLE BY RODIN. (LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.)

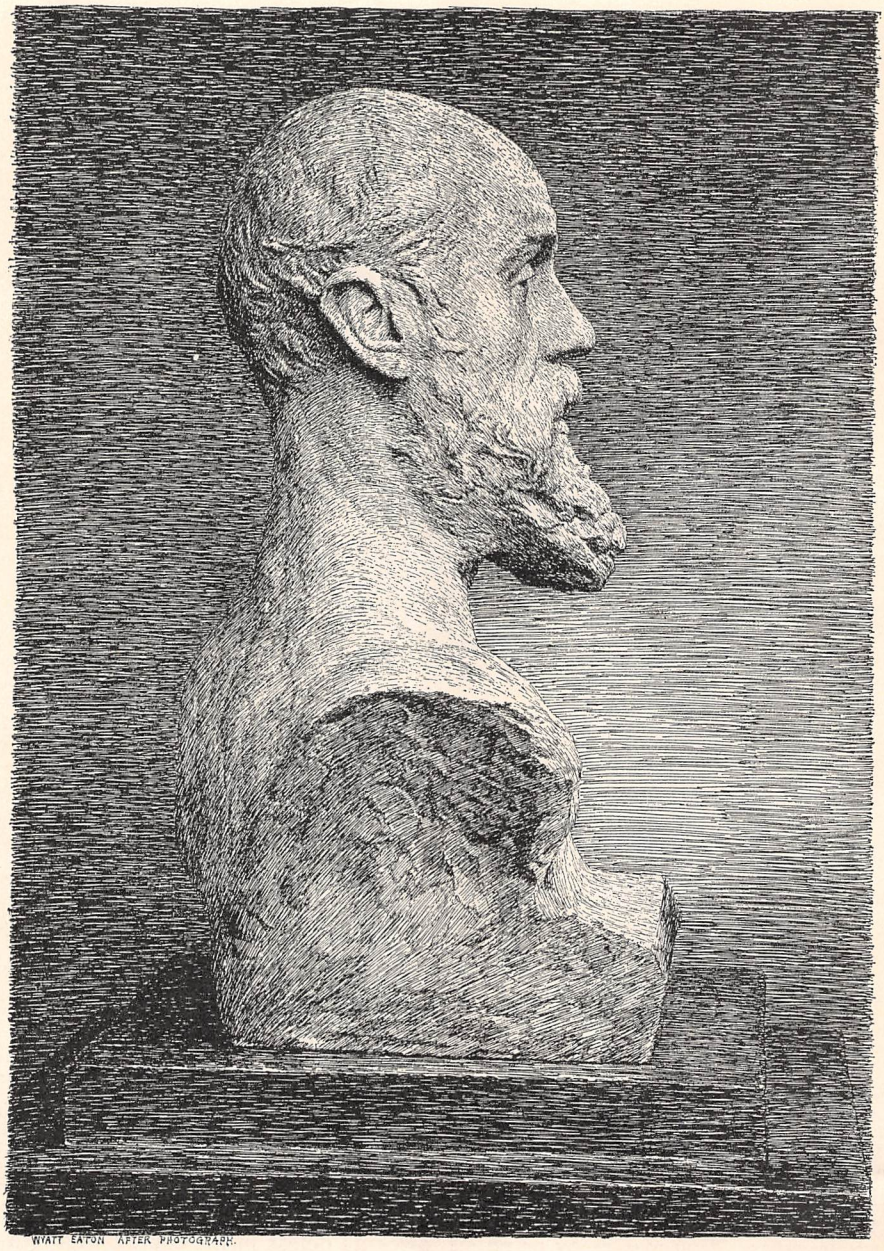
Rodin's work especially is so novel that one's first impression in its presence is of the implied criticism of the Institute. One thinks first of its attitude; its point of view, its end, aim, and means, and of the utter contrast of these with those of the accepted contemporary masters in his art — of Dubois and Chapu, Mercié and Saint-Marceaux. One judges generally, and instinctively avoids personal and direct impressions. The first thought is not, Is the "Saint Jean" a successful work of art? But, *Can* it be successful if the accepted masterpieces of modern sculpture are not to be set down as insipid? One is a little bewildered. It is easy to see and to estimate the admirable traits and the shortcomings of M. Dubois's delightful and impressive reminiscences of the Renaissance, of M. Mercié's refined and grace-



PAINTED BY A. LEGROS.

AUGUSTE RODIN.

ful compositions. They are of their time and place. They embody, in distinguished manner and in an accentuated degree, the general inspiration. Their spiritual characteristics are traditional and universal, and technically, without perhaps often passing beyond it, they exhaust cleverness. You may enjoy or resent their classic and exemplary excellences, as you feel your taste to have suffered from the lack or the superabundance of academic influences; I cannot fancy an American insensitive to their charm. But it is plain that their perfection is a very different thing from the characteristics of a strenuous artistic personality seeking expression. If these latter when encountered are evidently seen to be of an extremely high order, contemporary criticism, at all events, should feel at once the wisdom of beginning with the endeavor to appreciate, instead of, as is generally the case, "lightly running amuck at an august thing." French esthetic authority which did this in the instances of Barye, of Delacroix, of Millet, of Manet, of Puvis de Chavannes, did it also for many years in the instance of M. Rodin. It owes its defeat in the contest with him — for like the recalcitrants in the other contests, M. Rodin has definitively triumphed — to the unwise attempt to define him in terms heretofore applicable enough to sculptors but wholly inapplicable to him. It failed to see that the thing to define in his work was the man himself, his temperament, his genius. Taken by themselves and considered as characteristics of the Institute sculptors the obvious traits of this work might, that is to say, be adjudged eccentric and empty. Fancy Professor Guillaume suddenly subordinating academic

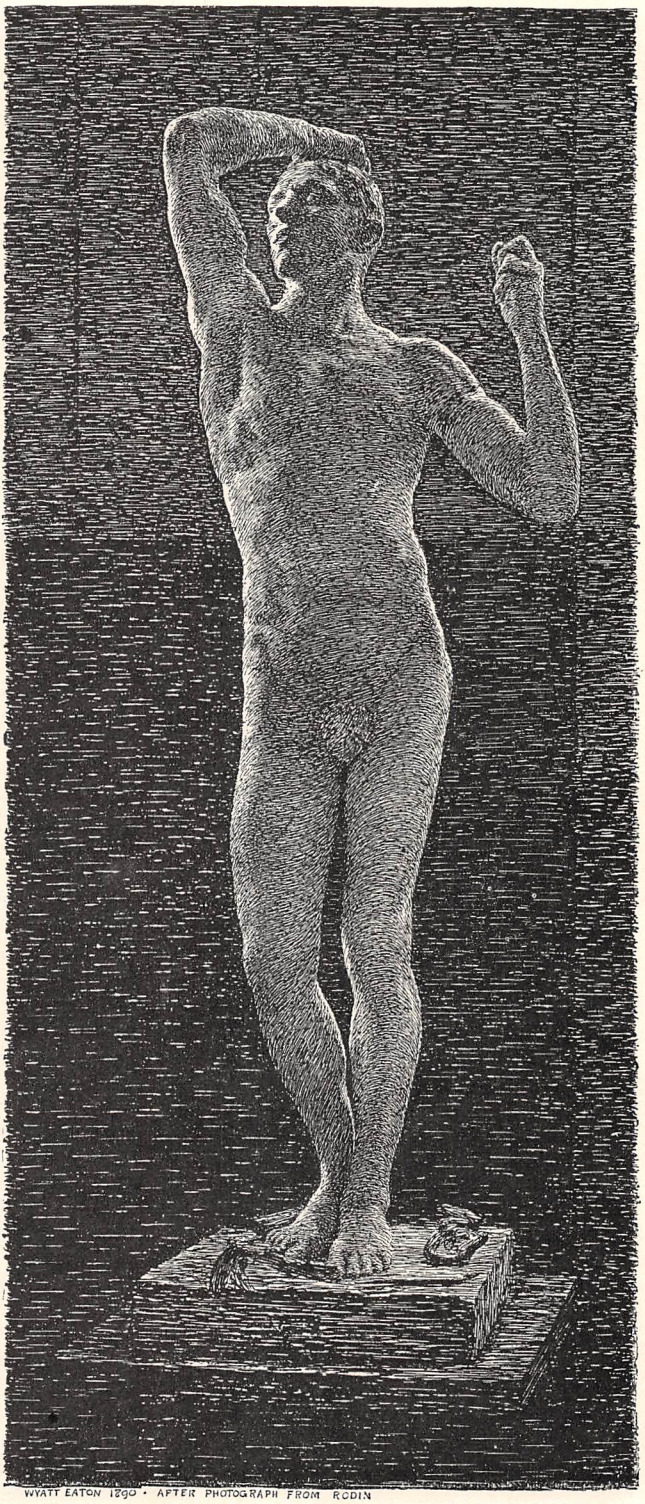


JEAN PAUL LAURENS — PORTRAIT BUST IN MARBLE BY RODIN.

disposition of line and mass to true structural expression! One would simply feel the loss of his accustomed style and harmony. With M. Rodin, who deals with nature directly, through the immediate force of his own powerful temperament, to feel the absence of the Institute training and traditions is absurd. The question in his case is simply whether or no he is a great artistic personality, an extraordinary and powerful temperament, or whether he is merely a turbulent and capricious protestant against the measure and taste of the Institute. But this is really no longer a question, however it may have been a few years ago; and when his Dante portal for the new Palais des Arts Décoratifs shall have been finished and the public had an opportunity to see what the sculptor's friend and only serious rival, M. Dalou, calls one of if not the most original and astonishing pieces of sculpture of the nineteenth century, it will be

recognized that M. Rodin, so far from being amenable to the current canon, has brought the canon itself to judgment.

How and why, people will perceive in proportion to their receptivity. Candor and intelligence will suffice to appreciate that the secret of M. Rodin's art is structural expression, and that it is this and not any superficial eccentricity of execution that definitely distinguishes him from the Institute. Just as his imagination, his temperament, his spiritual energy and ardor individualize the positive originality of his motive, so the expressiveness of his treatment sets him aside from all as well as from each of the Institute sculptors in what may be broadly called technical attitude. No sculptor has ever carried expression further. The sculpture of the present day has certainly not occupied itself much with it. The Institute is perhaps a little afraid of it. It abhors the *baroque* rightly enough, but very likely it fails to see that the expression of such sculpture as M. Rodin's no more resembles the contortions of the Dresden Museum giants than it does the composure of M. Delaplanche. The *baroque* is only violent instead of placid commonplace, and is as conventional as any professor of sculpture could desire. Expression means individual character completely exhibited rather than conventionally suggested. It is certainly not too much to say that in the sculpture of the present day the sense of individual character is conveyed mainly by convention. The physiognomy has usurped the place of the physique, the gesture of the form, the pose of the substance. And face, gesture, form are, when they are not brutally naturalistic and so not art at all, not individual and native, but typical and classic. Very much of the best modern sculpture might really have been treated like the figurines of Tanagra, of which the



STATUE BY RODIN — "THE AGE OF BRONZE."

bodies were made by wholesale, being supplied with individual heads when the time came for using them.

This has been measurably true since the disappearance of the classic dress and the concealment of the body by modern costume. The nudes of the early Renaissance in painting, still more than in sculpture, are differentiated by the faces. The rest of the figure is generally conventionalized as thoroughly as the face itself is in Byzantine and the hands in Giottesque painting. Giotto could draw admirably, it need not be said. He did draw as well as the contemporary feeling for the human figure demanded. When the Renaissance reached its climax and the study of the antique led artists to look beneath drapery and interest themselves in the form, expression made an immense step forward. Color was indeed almost lost sight of in the new interest, not to reappear till the Venetians. But owing to the lack of visible nudity, to the lack of the classic gymnasia, to the concealments of modern attire, the knowledge of and interest in the form remained, within certain limits, an esoteric affair. The general feeling, even where, as in the Italy of the *quattro* and *cinque centi*, every one was a connoisseur, did not hold the artist to expression in his anatomy as the general Greek feeling did. Every one was a connoisseur of art alone, not of nature as well. Consequently, in spite of such an enthusiastic genius as Donatello, who probably more than any other modern has most nearly approached the Greeks,— not in spiritual attitude, for he was eminently of his time, but in his attitude towards nature,— the human form in art has for the most part remained, not conventionalized as in the Byzantine and Gothic times, but thoroughly conventional. Michael Angelo himself certainly may be charged with lending the immense weight of his majestic genius to perpetuate the conventional. It is not his distortion of nature, as pre-Raphaelite limitedness glibly asserts, but his carelessness of her prodigious potentialities that marks one side of his colossal accomplishment. Just as Mr. Eidlitz will protest that Michael Angelo's architecture was meretricious, however inspiring, so M. Rodin declares his sculpture unsatisfactory, however poetically impressive. "He used to do a little anatomy evenings," he said to me, "and used his chisel next day without a model. He repeats endlessly his one type — the youth of the Sistine ceiling. Any particular felicity of expression you are apt to find him borrowing from Donatello — such as, for instance, the movement of the arm of the 'David,' which is borrowed from Donatello's 'St. John Baptist.'" Most people to whom Michael Angelo's creations appear celestial in their majesty at once and in their winningness would scout this. But it is worth citing both because M. Rodin strikes so many crude apprehensions as a French Michael Angelo, whereas he is so radically removed from him in point of view and in practice that the unquestionable spiritual analogy between them is rather like that between kindred spirits working in different arts, and because, also, it shows not only what M. Rodin is not, but what he is. The grandiose does not run away with him. His imagination is occupied largely in following out nature's suggestions. His sentiment does not so drench and saturate his work as to float it bodily out of the realm of natural into that of supernal beauty, there to crystallize in decorative and puissant visions appearing out of the void and only superficially related to their corresponding natural forms. Standing before the Medicean tombs the modern susceptibility receives perhaps the most poignant, one may almost say the most intolerable, impression to be obtained from any plastic work by the hand of man; but it is a totally different impression from that left by the sculptures of the Parthenon pediments, not only because the sentiment is wholly different, but because in the great Florentine's work it is so overwhelming as wholly to dominate purely natural expression, natural character, natural beauty. In the Medici Chapel the soul is exalted; in the British Museum the mind is enraptured. The object itself seems to disappear in the one case, and to reveal itself in the other.

I do not mean to compare M. Rodin with the Greeks — from whom in sentiment and imagination he is, of course, as totally removed as what is intensely modern must be from the antique — any more than I mean to contrast him with Michael Angelo, except for the purposes of clearer understanding of his general esthetic attitude. Association of anything contemporary with what is classic, and especially with what is greatest in the classic, is always a perilous proceeding. Very little time is apt to play havoc with such classification. I mean only to indicate that the resemblance to Michael Angelo found by so many persons in such works as the Dante door is only of the loosest kind,— as one might, through their common lusciousness, compare peaches with pomegranates,— and that to the discerning eye, or the eye at all experienced in observing sculpture, M. Rodin's sculpture is far more closely related to that of Donatello and the Greeks. It, too, reveals rather than constructs beauty, and by the expression of character rather than by the suggestion of sentiment.

An illustration of M. Rodin's affinity with the antique is an incident which he related to

A GROUP FROM THE "BOURGEOIS DE CALAIS," BY RODIN.

ENGRAVED BY A. LEVEILLE.

me of his work upon his superb "Age d'Airain." He was in Naples; he saw nature in freer inadvertence than she allows elsewhere; he had the best of models. Under these favoring circumstances he spent three months on a leg of his statue; "which is equivalent to saying that I had at last absolutely mastered it," said he. One day in the Museo Nazionale he noticed in an antique the result of all his study and research. Nature, in other words, is M. Rodin's *material* in the same special sense in which it was the antique material, and in which, since Michael Angelo and the high Renaissance, it has been for the most part only the sculptor's *means*. It need not be said that the personality of the artist may be as strenuous in the one case as in the other; unless, indeed, we maintain, as perhaps we may, that individuality is more apt to atrophy in the latter instance, for as one gets farther and farther away from nature he is in more danger from conventionality than from caprice. And this is in fact what has happened since the high Renaissance, the long line of conventionalities being continued, sometimes punctuated here and there as by Clodion or Caffieri, Houdon, David, Rude, or Barye, sometimes rising into great dignity and refinement of style and intelligence as in the contemporary sculpture of the Institute, but in general almost purely decorative or sentimental, and, so far as natural expression is concerned, confining itself to psychological rather than physical character.

What is it, for instance, that distinguishes a group like M. Dubois's "Charity" from the *genre* sentiment or incident of some German or Italian "professor"? Qualities of style, of refined taste, of elegance, of true intelligence. Its artistic interest is purely decorative and sentimental. Really what its average admirer sees in it is the same moral appeal which delights the simple admirers of German or Italian treatment of a similar theme. It is simply infinitely higher bred. Its character is developed no further. Its significance as form is not insisted on. The parts are not impressively differentiated, and their mysterious mutual relations and correspondences are not dwelt on. The physical character, with its beauties, its salient traits of every kind, appealing so strongly to the sculptor to whom nature appears plastic as well as suggestive, is wholly neglected in favor of the psychological suggestion. And the individual character, the *cachet* of the whole, the artistic essence and *ensemble*, that is to say, M. Dubois has, after the manner of most modern sculpture, conveyed in a language of convention, which since the time of the Sienese fountain, at all events, has been classical. The literary artist does not proceed in this way. He does not content himself with telling us, for example, that one of his characters is a good man or a bad man, an able, a selfish, a tall, a blonde, or a stupid man, as the case may be. He takes every means to express his character, and to do it, according to M. Taine's definition of a work of art, more completely than it appears in nature. He recognizes its complexity and enforces the sense of reality by a thousand expedients of what one may almost call contrasting masses, derivative movements, and balancing planes. He distinguishes every possible detail that plays any structural part, and in short, instead of giving us the mere symbol of the Sunday-school books, shows us a concrete organism at once characteristic and complex. Judged with this strictness, which in literary art is elementary, how much of the best modern sculpture is abstract, symbolic, purely typical. What insipid fragments most of the really eminent Institute statues would make were their heads knocked off by some band of modern barbarian invaders. In the event of such an irruption would there be any torsos left from which future Poussins could learn all they should know of the human form? Would there be any *disjecta membra* from which skilled anatomists could reconstruct the lost *ensemble*, or at any rate make a shrewd guess at it? Would anything survive mutilation with the serene confidence in its fragmentary but everywhere penetrating interest which seems to pervade the most fractured fraction of a Greek relief on the Athenian acropolis? Yes, there would be the debris of Auguste Rodin's sculpture.

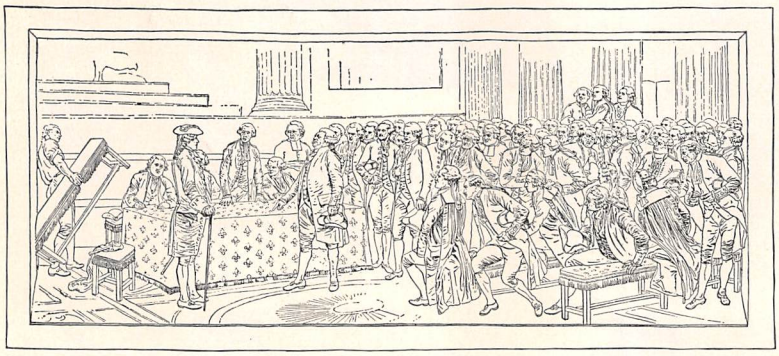
In our day the human figure has never been so well understood. Back of such expressive modeling as we note in the "Saint Jean," in the "Adam" and "Eve," in a dozen figures of the Dante door, is a knowledge of anatomy such as even in the purely scientific profession of surgery can proceed only from an immense fondness for nature, an insatiable curiosity as to her secrets, an inexhaustible delight in her manifestations. From the point of view of such knowledge and such handling of it, it is no wonder that the representations of nature which issue from the Institute seem superficial. One can understand that from this point of view very delightful sculpture, very refined, very graceful, very perfectly understood within its limits, may appear like *baudruche*—inflated gold-beater's skin, that is to say, of which toy animals are made in France, and which has thus passed into studio *argot* as the figure for whatever lacks structure and substance. Ask M. Rodin the explanation of a movement, an attitude, in one of his works which strikes your

A. LEGROS — BRONZE BUST BY RODIN.

convention-steeped sense as strange, and he will account for it just as an anatomical demonstrator would — pointing out its necessary derivation from some disposition of another part of the figure, and not at all dwelling on its grace or its other purely decorative felicity. Its artistic function in his eyes is to aid in expressing fully and completely the whole of which it forms a part, not to constitute an harmonious detail merely agreeable to the easily satisfied eye. But then the whole will look anatomical rather than artistic. There is the point exactly. Will it? I remember speculating about this in conversation with M. Rodin himself. "Is n't there danger," I said, "of getting too fond of nature, of dissecting with so much

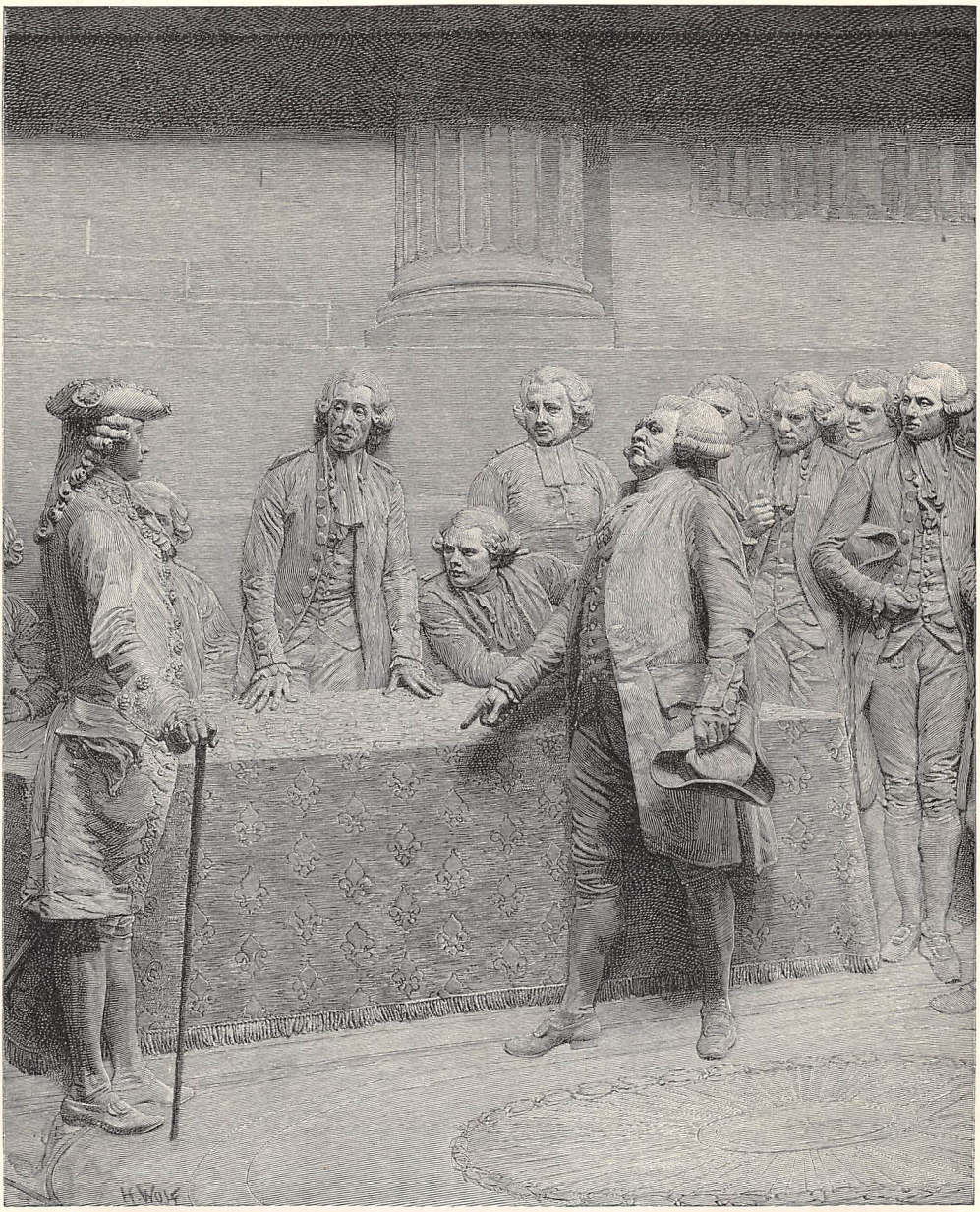
enthusiasm that the pleasure of discovery may obscure one's feeling for pure beauty, of losing the artistic in the purely scientific interest, of becoming pedantic, of imitating rather than constructing, of missing art in avoiding the artificial?" I had some difficulty in making myself understood; this perpetual see-saw of nature and art which enshrouds esthetic dialectics as in a Scotch mist seems curiously factitious to the truly imaginative mind. But I shall always remember his reply, when he finally made me out, as one of the finest severings conceivable of a Gordian knot of this kind. "Oh, yes," said he; "there is, no doubt, such a danger—*for a mediocre artist.*"

M. Rodin is, whatever one may think of him, certainly not a mediocre artist. The instinct of self-preservation may incline the Institute to assert that he obtrudes his anatomy. But prejudice itself can blind no one of intelligence to his immense imaginative power, to his poetic "possession." His work precisely illustrates what I take to have been at the best epochs the relations of nature to such art as is loosely to be called imitative art—what assuredly were those relations in the mind of the Greek artist. Nature supplies the parts and suggests their cardinal relations. Insufficient study of her leaves these superficial and insipid. Inartistic absorption in her leaves them lifeless. The imagination which has itself conceived the whole, the idea, fuses them in its own heat into a new creation which is "imitative" only in the sense that its elements are not inventions. The art of sculpture has retraced its steps far enough to make pure invention, as of Gothic griffins and Romanesque symbology, unsatisfactory to every one. But save in M. Rodin's sculpture it has not fully renewed the old alliance with nature on the old terms—Donatello's terms; the terms which exact the most tribute from nature, which insist on her according her completest significance, her closest secrets, her faculty of expressing character as well as of suggesting sentiment. Very beautiful works are produced without her aid to this extent. We may be sure of this without asking M. Rodin to admit it. He would not do his own work so well were he prepared to; as Millet pointed out when asked to write a criticism of some other painter's canvas, in estimating the production of his fellows an artist is inevitably handicapped by the feeling that he would have done it very differently himself. It is easy not to share M. Rodin's gloomy vaticinations as to French sculpture based on the continued triumph of the Institute style and suavity. The Institute sculpture is too good for any one not himself engaged in the struggle to avoid being impressed chiefly by its qualities to the neglect of its defects. At the same time it is clear that no art can long survive in undiminished vigor that does not from time to time renew its vitality by resteeping itself in the influences of nature. And so M. Rodin's service to French sculpture becomes at the present moment especially signal and salutary because French sculpture, however refined and delightful, shows just now very plainly the tendency towards the conventional which has always proved so dangerous, and because M. Rodin's work is a conspicuous, a shining example of the return to nature on the part not of a mere realist, naturalist, or other variety of "mediocre artist," but of a profoundly poetic and imaginative temperament.



SKETCH OF THE MIRABEAU RELIEF IN BRONZE BY DALOU.

This is why, one immediately perceives in studying his works, Rodin's treatment, while exhausting every contributary detail to the end of complete expression, is never permitted to fritter away its energy either in the mystifications of optical illusion or in the infantine idealization of what is essentially subordinate and ancillary. This is why he devotes three months to the study of a leg, for example—not to copy, but to "possess" it. Indeed no sculptor of our time has made such a sincere, and in general successful, effort to sink the sense of the material in the conception, the actual object in the artistic idea. One loses all sense of bronze or marble, as the case may be, not only because the artistic significance is so overmastering that one is exclusively occupied in apprehending it, but because there are none of those super-



THE MARQUIS DE BRÉZÉ AND MIRABEAU. (FROM THE RELIEF.)

ficial graces, those felicities of surface modeling, which, however they may delight, infallibly distract as well. Such excellences have assuredly their place. When the motive is conventional or otherwise insipid, or even when its character is distinctly light without being trivial, they are legitimately enough agreeable. And because in our day sculptural motives have generally been of this order we have become accustomed to look for such excellences, and, very justly, to miss them when they are absent. Grace of pose, suavity of outline, pleasing disposition of mass, smooth, round deltoids and osseous articulations, the perpetually changing planes of flesh and free play of muscular movement, are excellences which in the best of academic French sculpture are sensuously delightful in a high degree. But they invariably rivet our attention on the successful way in which the sculptor has used his bronze or marble to decorative ends, and when they are accentuated so as to dominate the

idea they invariably enfeeble its expression. With M. Rodin one does not think of his material at all; one does not reflect whether he used it well or ill, caused it to lose weight and immobility to the eye or not, because all his superficial modeling appears as an inevitable deduction from the way in which he has conceived his larger subject, and not as "handling" at all. In reality of course it is the acme of sensitive handling. The point is a nice one. His practice is a dangerous one. It would be fatal to a less strenuous temperament. To leave, in a manner and so far as obvious insistence on it goes, "handling" to take care of itself is to incur the peril of careless, clumsy, and even brutal modeling, which, so far from dissembling its existence behind the prominence of the idea, really emphasizes itself unduly because of its imperfect and undeveloped character. Detail which is neglected really acquires a greater prominence than detail which is carried too far, because it is sensuously disagreeable. But when an artist like M. Rodin conceives his spiritual subject so largely and with so much intensity that mere sensuous agreeableness seems too insignificant to him even to be treated with contempt, he treats his detail solely with reference to its centripetal and organic value, which immediately becomes immensely enhanced, and the detail itself, dropping thus into its proper place, takes on a beauty wholly transcending the ordinary agreeable aspect of sculptural detail. And the *ensemble* of course is in this way en-

PORTION OF THE BAS-RELIEF "THE REPUBLIC," BY DALOU.

forced as it can be in no other, and we get an idea of Victor Hugo or St. John Baptist so powerfully and yet so subtly suggested that the abstraction seems actually all that we see in looking at the concrete bust or statue. Objections to M. Rodin's "handling" as eccentric or capricious appear to the sympathetic beholder of one of his majestic works the very acme of misappreciation, and their real excuse — which is, as I have said, the fact that such "handling" is as unfamiliar as the motives it accompanies — singularly poor and feeble.

As for the common nature of these motives, the character of the personality which appears in their varied presentments, it is almost idle to speak in the absence of the work itself, so eloquent is this at once and so untranslatable. But it may be said approximately that M. Rodin's temperament is in the first place deeply romantic. Everything the Institute likes repels him. He has the poetic conception of art and its mission, and in poetry any authoritative and codifying consensus seems to him paradoxical. Style, in his view, unless it is something wholly uncharacterizable, is a vague and impalpable spirit breathing through the work of some strongly marked individuality, or else it is formalism. He delights in the fantasticality of the Gothic. The west façade of Rouen inspires him more than all the formulæ of Palladian proportions. He detests systematization. He reads Shakspere, Schiller, Dante almost exclusively. He sees visions and dreams dreams. The awful in the natural forces, moral and material, seems his element. He believes in freedom, in the absolute emancipation of every faculty. As for study, study nature. If then you fail in restraint and measure you are a "mediocre artist," whom no artificial system devised to secure measure and restraint could have rescued from essential insignificance. No poet or landscape painter ever delighted more in the infinitely varied suggestiveness and exuberance of nature, or ever felt the formality of much that passes for art as more chill and drear. Hence in all his works we have the sense first of all of an overmastering sincerity; then of a prodigious wealth of fancy; then of a marvelous acquaintance with his material. His imagination has all the vivacity and tumultuousness of Rubens's, but its images, if not better understood, which would perhaps be impossible, are more compact and their evolution more orderly. And they are furthermore one and all vivified by a wholly remarkable feeling for beauty. In spite of all his knowledge of the external world no artist of our time is more completely mastered by sentiment. In the very circumstance of being free from such conventions as the cameo relief, the picturesque costume details, the goldsmith's work characteristics of the Renaissance, now so much in vogue, M. Rodin's things acquire a certain largeness and loftiness as well as simplicity and sincerity of sentiment. The same model posed for the "Saint Jean" that posed for a dozen things turned out of the academic studios, but compared with the result in the latter cases that in the former is even more remarkable for sentiment than for its structural sapience and general physical interest. How perfectly insignificant beside its moral impressiveness are the graceful works whose sentiment does not result from the expression of the form but is conveyed in some convention of pose, of gesture, of physiognomy! It is like the contrast between a great and a graceful actor. The one interests you by his intelligent mastery of convention, by the tact and taste

KEY TO THE BAS-RELIEF "THE REPUBLIC," BY DALOU.

with which he employs in voice, carriage, facial expression, gesture, diction, the several conventions according to which ideas and emotions are habitually conveyed to your comprehension. Salvini, Coquelin, Got, pass immediately outside the realm of conventions. Their language, their medium of communication, is as new as what it expresses. They are inventive as well as intelligent. Their effect is prodigiously heightened because in this way, the warp as well as the woof of their art being expressive and original, the artistic result is greatly fortified. Given the same model, M. Rodin's result is in like manner expressively and originally enforced far beyond the result towards which the present French school employs the labels of the Renaissance, as conventionally as its predecessor at the beginning of the century employed those of the antique.

"Formerly we used to do Greek," says M. Rodin with no small justice, "now we do Italian. That is all the difference there is." And I cannot better conclude this imperfect notice of the work of a great master, in characterizing which such epithets as majestic, Miltonic, grandiose suggest themselves first of all, than by calling attention to the range which it covers, and to the fact that even into the domain which one would have called consecrate to the imitators of the antique and the Renaissance, M. Rodin's informing sentiment and sense of beauty penetrate with their habitual distinction; and that the little child's head entitled "Alsace" and a small ideal female figure, which the manufacturer might covet for reproduction, but which, as M. Bastien-Lepage said to me, is "a definition of the essence of art," are really as noble as his more majestic works are beautiful.

M. Dalou is the only other sculptor of acknowledged eminence who ranges himself with M. Rodin in his opposition to the Institute. Perhaps his protestantism has been less pronounced than M. Rodin's. It was certainly long more successful in winning both the connoisseur and the public. The state itself, which is now and then even more conservative than the Institute, has charged him with important works, and the Salon has given him its highest medal. And he was thus recognized long before M. Rodin's works had risen out of the turmoil of critical contention to their present envied if not cordially approved eminence. But for being less energetic, less absorbed, less intense than M. Rodin's, M. Dalou's enthusiasm for nature involves a scarcely less uncompromising dislike of convention. He had no success at the École des Beaux Arts. Unlike Rodin, he entered those precincts and worked long within them, but never sympathetically or felicitously. The rigor of academic precept was from the first excessively distasteful to his essentially and eminently romantic nature. He chafed incessantly. The training doubtless stood him in good stead when he found himself driven by hard necessity into commercial sculpture, into that class of work which is on a very high plane for its kind in Paris, but for which the manufacturer rather than the designer receives the credit. But he probably felt no gratitude to it for this, persuaded that but for its despotic prevalence there would have been a clearer field for his spontaneous and agreeable effort to win distinction in. He greatly preferred at this time the artistic anarchy of England, whither he betook himself after the Commune — not altogether upon compulsion, but by prudence perhaps, for like Rodin his birth, his training, his disposition, his ideas, have always been as liberal and popular in politics as in art, and in France a man of any sincerity and dignity of character has profound political convictions even though his profession be purely esthetic. In England he was very successful both at the Academy and with the amateurs of the aristocracy, of many of whom he made portraits, besides finding ready purchasers among them for his imaginative works. The list of these latter begins, if we except some delightful decoration for one of the Champs Élysées palaces, with a statue called "La Brodeuse," which won for him a medal at the Salon of 1870. Since then his production has been prodigious in view of its originality, of its lack of the powerful momentum extraneously supplied to the productive force which follows convention and keeps in the beaten track.

His numerous peasant subjects at one time led to comparison of him with Millet, but the likeness is of the most superficial kind. There is no spiritual kinship between the two whatever. Dalou models the Marquis de Brézé with as much zest as he does his "Boulonnaise allaitant son Enfant"; his touch is as sympathetic in his Rubens-like "Silenus" as in his naturalistic "Berceuse." Furthermore there is absolutely no note of melancholy in his realism. His vivacity excludes the pathetic. Traces of Carpeaux's influence are plain in his way of conceiving such subjects as Carpeaux would have handled. No one could have come so closely in contact with that vigorous individuality without in some degree undergoing its impress, without learning to look for the alert and elegant aspects of his model, whatever it might be. But with Carpeaux's distinction Dalou has more poise. He is considerably farther away from the rococo. His ideal is equally to be summarized in the word Life, but he cares more for its essence, so to speak, than for its phenomena, or at all events manages to make it felt rather than seen. One perceives that humanity interests him on the moral side, that he is interested in its significance as well as its form. Accordingly with him the movement illustrates the form, which is in its turn truly expressive, whereas occasionally, so bitter was his disgust with the pedantry of the schools, with Carpeaux the form is used to exhibit movement. Then too M. Dalou has a certain nobility which Carpeaux's virile and vigorous vivacity is a shade too animated to reach. Motive and treatment blend in a larger sweep. The graver substance follows the planes and lines of a statelier if less brilliant style. It *has*, in a word, more style. I can find no exacter epithet, on the whole, for Dalou's large distinction, and conscious yet sober freedom, than the word Venetian. There is some subtle phrenotype that associates him with the great

colorists. His work is, in fact, full of color, if one may trench on the jargon of the studios. It has the sumptuousness of Titian and Paul Veronese. Its motives are cast in the same ample mold. Many of his figures breathe the same air of high-born ease and well-being, of serene and not too intellectual composure. There is an aristocratic tincture even in his peasants — a kind of native distinction inseparable from his touch. And in his women there is a certain gracious sweetness, a certain exquisite and elusive refinement elsewhere caught only by Tintoretto, but illustrated by Tintoretto with such penetrating intensity as to leave perhaps the most nearly indelible impression that the sensitive amateur carries away with him from Venice. The female figures in the colossal group which should have been placed in the Place de la République, but was relegated by official stupidity to the Place des Nations, are examples of this patrician charm in carriage, in form, in feature, in expression. They have not the witchery, the touch of Bohemian sprightliness that make such figures as Carpeaux's "Flora" so enchanting, but they are at once sweeter and more distinguished. The sense for the exquisite which this betrays excludes all dross from M. Dalou's rich magnificence. Even the "Silenus" group illustrates exuberance without excess: I spoke of it just now as Rubens-like, but it is so only because it recalls Rubens's superb strength and riotous fancy; it is in reality a Rubens-like motive purged in the execution of all Flemish grossness. There is even in Dalou's fantasticality of this sort a measure and distinction which temper animation into resemblance to such delicate blitheness as is illustrated by the Bargello "Bacchus" of Jacopo Sansovino. Sansovino afterwards, by the way, amid the artificiality of Venice, whither he went, wholly lost his individual force, as M. Dalou, owing to his love of nature, is less likely to do. But his sketch for a monument to Victor Hugo points warningly in this direction, and it would perhaps be easier than he supposes to permit his extraordinary decorative facility to lead him on to execute works unpenetrated by personal feeling, and recalling less the acme of the Renaissance than the period just afterwards when original effort had exhausted itself and the movement of art was due mainly to momentum — when, as in France at the present moment, the enormous mass of artistic production really forced pedantry upon culture, and prevented any but the most strenuous personalities from being genuine because of the immensely increased authoritativeness of what had become classic.

Certainly M. Dalou is far more nearly in the current of contemporary art than his friend Rodin, who stands with his master Barye rather defiantly apart from the regular evolution of French sculpture, whereas one can easily trace the derivation of M. Dalou and his relations to the present and the immediate past of his art in his country. His work certainly has its Fragonard, its Clodion, its Carpeaux side. Like every temperament which is strongly attracted by the decorative as well as the significant and the expressive, pure style in and for itself has its fascinations, its temptations for him. Of course it does not succeed in getting the complete possession of him that it has of the Institute. And there is, as I have suggested, an important difference, disclosed in the fact that M. Dalou uses his faculty for style in a personal rather than in the conventional way. His decoration is distinctly Dalou, and not arrangements after classic formulæ. It is full of zest, of ardor, of audacity. So that if his work has what one may call its national side it is because the author's temperament is thoroughly national at bottom, and not because this temperament is feeble or has been academically repressed. But the manifest fitness with which it takes its place in the category of French sculpture shows the moral difference between it and the work of M. Rodin. Morally speaking, it is mainly — not altogether, but mainly — rhetorical, whereas M. Rodin's is distinctly poetic. It is delightful rhetoric and it has many poetic strains — such as the charm of penetrating distinction I have mentioned. But with the passions in their simplest and last analysis he hardly occupies himself at all. Such a work as "La République," the magnificent bas-relief of the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, is a triumph of allegorical rhetoric, very noble, not a little moving, prodigious in its wealth of imaginative material, composed from the center and not arranged with artificial felicity, full of suggestiveness, full of power, abounding in definite sculptural qualities, both moral and technical; it again is Rubens-like in its exuberance but of firmer texture, more closely condensed. But anything approaching the *kind* of impressiveness of the Dante door it certainly does not essay. It is in quite a different sphere. Its exaltation is, if not deliberate, admirably self-possessed. To find it theatrical would be simply a mark of our absurd Anglo-Saxon preference for reserve and repression in circumstances naturally suggesting expansion and elation — a preference surely born of timorousness and essentially very subtly theatrical itself. It is simply, not deeply, intensely poetic, but rather a splendid piece of rhetoric, as I say.

So, too, is the famous Mirabeau relief, which is perhaps M. Dalou's masterpiece, and which represents his national side as completely as the group for the Place des Nations does those

of his qualities I have endeavored to indicate by calling them Venetian. Observe the rare fidelity which has contributed its weight of sincerity to this admirable relief. Every prominent head of the many members of the Assembly, who nevertheless rally behind Mirabeau with a fine pell-mell freedom of artistic effect, is a portrait. The effect is like that of similar works designed and executed with the large leisure of an age very different from the competition and struggling hurry of our own. In every respect this work is as French as it is individual. It is penetrated with a sense of the dignity of French history. It is as far as possible removed from the cheap *genre* effect such a scheme in less skillful hands might easily have had. Mirabeau's gesture, in fact his entire presence, is superb, but the Marquis is as fine in his way as the tribune in his. The beholder assists at the climax of a great crisis, unfolded to him in the impartial spirit of true art, quite without partisanship, and though manifestly stimulated by sympathy with the nobler cause, even more acutely conscious of the grandeur of the struggle and the distinction of those on all sides engaged in it, and acquiring from these a kind of elation of exaltation such as the Frenchman experiences only when he may give expression to his artistic and his patriotic instincts at the same moment.

The distinctly national qualities of this masterpiece and their harmonious association with the individual characteristics of M. Dalou, his love of nature, his native distinction, his charm, and his power, in themselves bear eminent witness to the vitality of modern French sculpture, in spite of all the influences which tend to petrify it with system and convention. M. Rodin stands so wholly apart that it would be unsafe perhaps to argue confidently from his impressive works the potentiality of periodical renewal in an art over which the Institute presides with still so little challenge of its title. But it is different with M. Dalou. Extraordinary as his talent is, its unquestioned and universal recognition is probably in great measure due to the preparedness of the environment to appreciate extraordinary work of the kind to the high degree which French popular esthetic education, in a word, has reached. And one's last word about contemporary French sculpture — even in closing a consideration of the works of such protestants as Rodin and Dalou — must be a recognition of the immense service of the Institute in education of this kind. Let some country without an institute, around which what esthetic feeling the age permits may crystallize, however sharply, give us a Rodin and a Dalou!

W. C. Brownell.

THE PAWNBROKER.

IN some grim purlieu doth he dwell, that seems
  Always, through tricks of sorcery, midnight's lair;
Above his door, in lamplight's flickering gleams,
  Darts out the shadowy word that reads "Despair."

With marble face, with quick insidious hand
  Whose fingers glide like pale snakes to and fro,
Behind his dark-barred grating doth he stand,
  To meet the timorous forms that come and go.

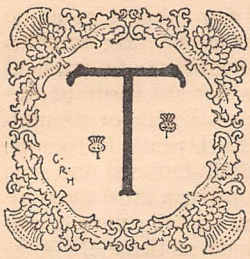
Each with some treasured offering that allures
  His look and wins from it sardonic glee,
These vague and variant forms are mine, are yours,
  Yes, even are thousands wild and weak as we.

Love, pride, hope, honor, fame, year after year
  We pawn him, by infatuate ardors urged,
Then grasp the coin he doles, and disappear
  Back in the swallowing gloom whence we emerged.

But oft, with pay close-clutched, while hurrying o'er
  His threshold, bent on our fleet homeward course,
We cast one farewell glance at his dim door,
  And in the dubious lamplight read "Remorse!"

Edgar Fawcett.

LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE IN THE TIME OF LINCOLN.



THE daily life of the White House during the momentous years of Lincoln's presidency had a character of its own, different from that of any previous or subsequent time. In the first days after the inauguration there was the unprecedented rush of office-seekers, inspired by a strange mixture of enthusiasm and greed, pushed by motives which were perhaps at bottom selfish, but which had nevertheless a curious touch of that deep emotion which had stirred the heart of the nation in the late election. They were not all ignoble; among that dense crowd that swarmed in the staircases and the corridors there were many well-to-do men who were seeking office to their own evident damage, simply because they wished to be a part, however humble, of a government which they had aided to put in power and to which they were sincerely devoted. Many of the visitors who presented so piteous a figure in those early days of 1861 afterwards marched, with the independent dignity of a private soldier, in the ranks of the Union Army, or rode at the head of their regiments like men born to command. There were few who had not a story worth listening to, if there were time and opportunity. But the numbers were so great, the competition was so keen, that they ceased for the moment to be regarded as individuals, drowned as they were in the general sea of solicitation.

Few of them received office; when, after weeks of waiting, one of them got access to the President, he was received with kindness by a tall, melancholy-looking man sitting at a desk with his back to a window which opened upon a fair view of the Potomac, who heard his story with a gentle patience, took his papers and referred them to one of the Departments, and that was all; the fatal pigeon-holes devoured them. As time wore on and the offices were filled the throng of eager aspirants diminished and faded away. When the war burst out an immediate transformation took place. The house was again invaded and overrun by a different class of visitors — youths who wanted commissions in the regulars; men who wished to raise irregular regiments or battalions without regard to their State authorities; men who wanted to furnish stores to the army; inventors full of great ideas and in despair at the apathy of the world; later, an endless stream of officers in search of promotion or desirable assignments. And from first to last there were the politicians and statesmen in Congress and out, each of whom felt that he had the right by virtue of his representative capacity to as much of the President's time as he chose, and who never considered that he and his kind were many and that the President was but one.

It would be hard to imagine a state of things less conducive to serious and effective work, yet in one way or another the work was done. In the midst of a crowd of visitors who began to arrive early in the morning and who were put out, grumbling, by the servants who closed the doors at midnight, the President pursued those labors which will carry his name to distant ages. There was little order or system about it; those around him strove from beginning to end to erect barriers to defend him against constant interruption, but the President himself was always the first to break them down. He disliked anything that kept people from him who wanted to see him, and although the continual contact with importunity which he could not satisfy, and with distress which he could not always relieve, wore terribly upon him and made him an old man before his time, he would never take the necessary measures to defend himself. He continued to the end receiving these swarms of visitors, every one of whom, even the most welcome, took something from him in the way of wasted nervous force. Henry Wilson once remonstrated with him about it: "You will wear yourself out." He replied, with one of those smiles in which there was so much of sadness, "They don't want much; they get but little, and I must see them." In most cases he could do them no good, and it afflicted him to see he could not make them understand the impossibility of granting their requests. One hot afternoon a private soldier who had somehow got access to him persisted, after repeated explanations that his case was one to be settled by his immediate superiors, in begging that the President would give it his personal attention. Lincoln at last burst out: "Now, my man, go away! I cannot attend

to all these details. I could as easily bail out the Potomac with a spoon."

Of course it was not all pure waste; Mr. Lincoln gained much of information, something of cheer and encouragement, from these visits. He particularly enjoyed conversing with officers of the army and navy, newly arrived from the field or from sea. He listened with the eagerness of a child over a fairy tale to Garfield's graphic account of the battle of Chickamauga; he was always delighted with the wise and witty sailor talk of John A. Dahlgren, Gustavus V. Fox, and Commander Henry A. Wise. Sometimes a word fitly spoken had its results. When R. B. Ayres called on him in company with Senator Harris, and was introduced as a captain of artillery who had taken part in a recent unsuccessful engagement, he asked, "How many guns did you take in?" "Six," Ayres answered. "How many did you bring out?" the President asked, maliciously. "Eight." This unexpected reply did much to gain Ayres his merited promotion.

The President rose early, as his sleep was light and capricious. In the summer, when he lived at the Soldiers' Home, he would take his frugal breakfast and ride into town in time to be at his desk at eight o'clock. He began to receive visits nominally at ten o'clock, but long before that hour struck the doors were besieged by anxious crowds, through whom the people of importance, senators and members of congress, elbowed their way after the fashion which still survives. On days when the Cabinet met, Tuesdays and Fridays, the hour of noon closed the interviews of the morning. On other days it was the President's custom, at about that hour, to order the doors to be opened and all who were waiting to be admitted. The crowd would rush in, thronging the narrow room, and one by one would make their wants known. Some came merely to shake hands, to wish him God-speed; their errand was soon done. Others came asking help or mercy; they usually pressed forward, careless, in their pain, as to what ears should overhear their prayer. But there were many who lingered in the rear and leaned against the wall, hoping each to be the last, that they might in tête-à-tête unfold their schemes for their own advantage or their neighbors' hurt. These were often disconcerted by the President's loud and hearty, "Well, friend, what can I do for you?" which compelled them to speak, or retire and wait for a more convenient season.

The inventors were more a source of amusement than annoyance. They were usually men of some originality of character, not infrequently carried to eccentricity. Lincoln had a quick comprehension of mechanical principles, and often detected a flaw in an invention which the contriver had overlooked. He would sometimes go out into the waste fields that then lay south of the Executive Mansion to test an experimental gun or torpedo. He used to quote with much merriment the solemn dictum of one rural inventor that "a gun ought not to rekyle; if it rekyled at all, it ought to rekyle a little forrid." He was particularly interested in the first rude attempts at the afterwards famous mitrailleuses; on one occasion he worked one with his own hands at the Arsenal, and sent forth peals of Homeric laughter as the balls, which had not power to penetrate the target set up at a little distance, came bounding back among the shins of the bystanders. He accompanied Colonel Hiram Berdan one day to the camp of his sharpshooters and there practised in the trenches his long-disused skill with the rifle. A few fortunate shots from his own gun and his pleasure at the still better marksmanship of Berdan led to the arming of that admirable regiment with breech-loaders.

At luncheon time he had literally to run the gantlet through the crowds who filled the corridors between his office and the rooms at the west end of the house occupied by the family. The afternoon wore away in much the same manner as the morning; late in the day he usually drove out for an hour's airing; at six o'clock he dined. He was one of the most abstemious of men; the pleasures of the table had few attractions for him. His breakfast was an egg and a cup of coffee; at luncheon he rarely took more than a biscuit and a glass of milk, a plate of fruit in its season; at dinner he ate sparingly of one or two courses. He drank little or no wine; not that he remained always on principle a total abstainer, as he was during a part of his early life in the fervor of the "Washingtonian" reform; but he never cared for wine or liquors of any sort, and never used tobacco.

There was little gaiety in the Executive house during his time. It was an epoch, if not of gloom, at least of a seriousness too intense to leave room for much mirth. There were the usual formal entertainments, the traditional state dinners and receptions, conducted very much as they have been ever since. The great public receptions, with their vast rushing multitudes pouring past him to shake hands, he rather enjoyed; they were not a disagreeable task to him, and he seemed surprised when people commiserated him upon them. He would shake hands with thousands of people, seemingly unconscious of what he was doing, murmuring some monotonous salutation as they went by, his eye dim, his thoughts far

withdrawn; then suddenly he would see some familiar face,— his memory for faces was very good,— and his eye would brighten and his whole form grow attentive; he would greet the visitor with a hearty grasp and a ringing word and dismiss him with a cheery laugh that filled the Blue Room with infectious good nature. Many people armed themselves with an appropriate speech to be delivered on these occasions, but unless it was compressed into the smallest possible space it never got utterance; the crowd would jostle the peroration out of shape. If it were brief enough and hit the President's fancy, it generally received a swift answer. One night an elderly gentleman from Buffalo said, "Up our way, we believe in God and Abraham Lincoln," to which the President replied, shoving him along the line, "My friend, you are more than half right."

During the first year of the administration the house was made lively by the games and pranks of Mr. Lincoln's two younger children, William and Thomas: Robert, the eldest, was away at Harvard, only coming home for short vacations. The two little boys, aged eight and ten, with their Western independence and enterprise, kept the house in an uproar. They drove their tutor wild with their good-natured disobedience; they organized a minstrel show in the attic; they made acquaintance with the office-seekers and became the hot champions of the distressed. William was, with all his boyish frolic, a child of great promise, capable of close application and study. He had a fancy for drawing up railway time-tables, and would conduct an imaginary train from Chicago to New York with perfect precision. He wrote childish verses, which sometimes attained the unmerited honors of print. But this bright, gentle, studious child sickened and died in February, 1862. His father was profoundly moved by his death, though he gave no outward sign of his trouble, but kept about his work the same as ever. His bereaved heart seemed afterwards to pour out its fullness on his youngest child. "Tad" was a merry, warm-blooded, kindly little boy, perfectly lawless, and full of odd fancies and inventions, the "chartered libertine" of the Executive Mansion. He ran continually in and out of his father's cabinet, interrupting his gravest labors and conversations with his bright, rapid, and very imperfect speech — for he had an impediment which made his articulation almost unintelligible until he was nearly grown. He would perch upon his father's knee, and sometimes even on his shoulder, while the most weighty conferences were going on. Sometimes escaping from the domestic authorities, he would take refuge in that sanctuary for the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor, when the President would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed.

Mr. Lincoln's life was almost devoid of recreation. He sometimes went to the theater, and was particularly fond of a play of Shakspere well acted. He was so delighted with Hackett in *Falstaff* that he wrote him a letter of warm congratulation which pleased the veteran actor so much that he gave it to the "New York Herald," which printed it with abusive comments. Hackett was greatly mortified and made suitable apologies; upon which the President wrote to him again in the kindliest manner, saying:

> Give yourself no uneasiness on the subject. . . . I certainly did not expect to see my note in print; yet I have not been much shocked by the comments upon it. They are a fair specimen of what has occurred to me through life. I have endured a great deal of ridicule, without much malice; and have received a great deal of kindness, not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it.

This incident had the usual sequel: the veteran comedian asked for an office, which the President was not able to give him, and the pleasant acquaintance ceased. A hundred times this experience was repeated: a man whose disposition and talk were agreeable would be introduced to the President; he took pleasure in his conversation for two or three interviews, and then this congenial person would ask some favor impossible to grant, and go away in bitterness of spirit. It is a cross that every President must bear.

Mr. Lincoln spent most of his evenings in his office, though occasionally he remained in the drawing-room after dinner, conversing with visitors or listening to music, for which he had an especial liking, though he was not versed in the science, and preferred simple ballads to more elaborate compositions. In his office he was not often suffered to be alone; he frequently passed the evening there with a few friends in frank and free conversation. If the company was all of one sort he was at his best; his wit and rich humor had free play; he was once more the Lincoln of the Eighth Circuit, the cheeriest of talkers, the riskiest of story tellers; but if a stranger came in he put on in an instant his whole armor of dignity and reserve. He had a singular discernment of men; he would talk of the most important political and military concerns with a freedom which often amazed his intimates, but we do not recall an instance in which this confidence was misplaced.

Where only one or two were present he was fond of reading aloud. He passed many of the summer evenings in this way when occupying his cottage at the Soldiers' Home. He

would there read Shakspere for hours with a single secretary for audience. The plays he most affected were "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and the series of Histories; among these he never tired of "Richard the Second." The terrible outburst of grief and despair into which *Richard* falls in the third act had a peculiar fascination for him. I have heard him read it at Springfield, at the White House, and at the Soldiers' Home.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed;
All murdered:—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable,—and humored thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls and—farewell, King!

He read Shakspere more than all other writers together. He made no attempt to keep pace with the ordinary literature of the day. Sometimes he read a scientific work with keen appreciation, but he pursued no systematic course. He owed less to reading than most men. He delighted in Burns; he said one day after reading those exquisite lines to Glencairn, beginning, "The bridegroom may forget the bride," that "Burns never touched a sentiment without carrying it to its ultimate expression and leaving nothing further to be said." Of Thomas Hood he was also excessively fond. He often read aloud "The Haunted House." He would go to bed with a volume of Hood in his hands, and would sometimes rise at midnight and traversing the long halls of the Executive Mansion in his night clothes would come to his secretary's room and read aloud something that especially pleased him. He wanted to share his enjoyment of the writer; it was dull pleasure to him to laugh alone. He read Bryant and Whittier with appreciation; there were many poems of Holmes's that he read with intense relish. "The Last Leaf" was one of his favorites; he knew it by heart, and used often to repeat with deep feeling:

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb;

giving the marked Southwestern pronunciation of the words "hear" and "year." A poem by William Knox, "Oh, why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" he learned by heart in his youth, and used to repeat all his life.

Upon all but two classes the President made the impression of unusual power as well as of unusual goodness. He failed only in the case of those who judged men by a purely conventional standard of breeding, and upon those so poisoned by political hostility that the testimony of their own eyes and ears became untrustworthy. He excited no emotion but one of contempt in the finely tempered mind of Hawthorne; several English tourists have given the most distorted pictures of his speech and his manners. Some Southern writers who met him in the first days of 1861 spoke of him as a drunken, brawling boor, whose mouth dripped with oaths and tobacco, when in truth whisky and tobacco were as alien to his lips as profanity. There is a story current in England, as on the authority of the late Lord Lyons, of the coarse jocularity with which he once received a formal diplomatic communication; but as Lord Lyons told the story there was nothing objectionable about it. The British Minister called at the White House to announce the marriage of the Prince of Wales. He made the formal speech appropriate to the occasion; the President replied in the usual conventional manner. The requisite formalities having thus been executed, the President took the bachelor diplomatist by the hand, saying, "And now, Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

The evidence of all the men admitted to his intimacy is that he maintained, without the least effort or assumption, a singular dignity and reserve in the midst of his easiest conversation. Charles A. Dana says, "Even in his freest moments one always felt the presence of a will and an intellectual power which maintained the ascendency of the President." In his relations to his Cabinet "it was always plain that he was the master and they were the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will, and if he ever yielded to them it was because they convinced him that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate." While men of the highest culture and position thus recognized his intellectual primacy there was no man so humble as to feel abashed before him. Frederick Douglass beautifully expressed the sentiment of the plain people in his company: "I felt as though I was in the presence of a big brother and that there was safety in his atmosphere."

As time wore on and the war held its terrible course, upon no one of all those who lived through it was its effect more apparent than

upon the President. He bore the sorrows of the nation in his own heart; he suffered deeply not only from disappointments, from treachery, from hope deferred, from the open assaults of enemies, and from the sincere anger of discontented friends, but also from the world-wide distress and affliction which flowed from the great conflict in which he was engaged and which he could not evade. One of the most tender and compassionate of men, he was forced to give orders which cost thousands of lives; by nature a man of order and thrift, he saw the daily spectacle of unutterable waste and destruction which he could not prevent. The cry of the widow and the orphan was always in his ears; the awful responsibility resting upon him as the protector of an imperiled republic kept him true to his duty, but could not make him unmindful of the intimate details of that vast sum of human misery involved in a civil war.

Under this frightful ordeal his demeanor and disposition changed—so gradually that it would be impossible to say when the change began; but he was in mind, body, and nerves a very different man at the second inauguration from the one who had taken the oath in 1861. He continued always the same kindly, genial, and cordial spirit he had been at first; but the boisterous laughter became less frequent year by year; the eye grew veiled by constant meditation on momentous subjects; the air of reserve and detachment from his surroundings increased. He aged with great rapidity.

This change is shown with startling distinctness by two life-masks—the one made by Leonard W. Volk in Chicago, April, 1860, the other by Clark Mills in Washington, in the spring of 1865. The first is of a man of fifty-one, and young for his years. The face has a clean, firm outline; it is free from fat, but the muscles are hard and full; the large mobile mouth is ready to speak, to shout, or laugh; the bold, curved nose is broad and substantial, with spreading nostrils; it is a face full of life, of energy, of vivid aspiration. The other is so sad and peaceful in its infinite repose that the famous sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens insisted, when he first saw it, that it was a death-mask. The lines are set, as if the living face, like the copy, had been in bronze; the nose is thin, and lengthened by the emaciation of the cheeks; the mouth is fixed like that of an archaic statue; a look as of one on whom sorrow and care had done their worst without victory is on all the features; the whole expression is of unspeakable sadness and all-sufficing strength. Yet the peace is not the dreadful peace of death; it is the peace that passeth understanding.

John Hay.

THE COURAGEOUS ACTION OF LUCIA RICHMOND.

(Manuscript found in a chest in the garret over the left wing of the old Richmond House.)

WHEN my dear Miss Silence died I was twenty, and it was then that I went back to the old house whence she took me, when I was two years old, from my dying mother's arms.

Miss Silence was my mother's old teacher and her dearest friend. For sixty years she taught school, and had made pens enough in that time, she herself said, to have written all the books in the English language. She had such a knack at a nib, soft but not too soft, fine but not too fine, that even Priest Ransom and 'Squire Amasa used to send in their quills for her to make. And this they would not have condescended to do to another woman in the parish, and not to Miss Silence if she had not been a maid; for the priest taught and the 'squire believed that a married woman should be in subjection to her husband, and it would be unbecoming in her to set up to make so much as a quill pen on her own responsibility.

Miss Silence kept a school for girls, for girls were not taught at the public expense. To do that would have been considered a waste of money; yea, more than a waste, for it would have been putting woman where God in his providence had not intended her to be put. Priest Ransom's own mother could only make her mark, and he considered learning a dangerous thing for a woman to meddle with. A woman if she wanted to know anything must ask her husband. And if she had no husband, as is the misfortune of many women, why, there was always the minister of the parish, whose solemn duty it was to look after the weaklings of his flock.

Miss Silence herself was a learned woman. That Priest Ransom admitted. She was taught by her father, who had no son. He was a minister, and fitted young men for college in his family. Miss Silence, who had a great hunger

for learning, as happens to a woman now and then, got her first taste of it from overhearing the young men recite their lessons; afterwards she studied these lessons privately, as a thing to be ashamed of, for so it was considered. But one day her father coming in and finding her so absorbed that she did not answer when spoken to, and wondering much if it could be her sampler which she had been at work on for two years and had not finished, she hated it so, he came up behind and looked over her shoulder, and lo! she was reading the Greek Sophocles in a low voice to herself, the words dropping from her lips sweet and clear as the honey of Hymettus.

He was so surprised that he could not speak for some moments. Miss Silence's first thought was to clap the book behind her. Then she stood up proudly and confessed what she had done, and that she could read Latin as well as Greek and knew her Euclid. When he saw how eager she was he did not chide her as she had feared and expected he would, but he patted her head gently and said: "Is it indeed so, my little maid? Are you too longing to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil? Well; so be it. It is like thy own dear mother before thee." And after that he taught her as he would a son.

Such was her learning, indeed, that it was whispered about that Priest Ransom had once consulted her concerning a doubtful passage in the Greek Testament. It was only a surmise, for no one durst ask him whether it was so. The entire town stood in wholesome awe of him, as they should of one of God's anointed ministers; and we young women always stood to one side and dropped our deepest courtesies when we met him, which he acknowledged or not as he pleased.

Miss Silence did not instruct the girls of her school in Greek. Even she thought that such knowledge as that was too much for all but the select among women. But happily for me, she looked upon me — whether worthily so or not is not for me to say — as one of the select women vouchsafed by Providence to our generation, and taught me all that I was capable of receiving. For, to her lasting regret, I never took to Greek.

You have asked me, my dear daughter, to write it all out for you how I laid the ghost, and you may think I have wandered far from my subject in what I have been telling you, and that all this can have no connection whatever with that remarkable experience. But it seems to me necessary to a true understanding of my action that you should know under what influences I was bred — that you should know something concerning my dear Miss Silence, without whose teaching and example I am sure I should never have had the courage and presence of mind to do what I did.

I am, as you know, through my mother and grandmother Sturtevant a lineal descendant of Captain Benjamin Church the Indian fighter — as brave a man as ever trod shoe-leather or carried a musket. My mother and my grandmother before me were fearless women, and stood in no awe even of an Indian in his war paint; though always ready to give him the go-by when it could be done, thinking that true courage is not bravado or foolhardiness, but the standing up to a thing when you see you must and it is right.

So by right of inheritance I was never a coward, and as I grew up never flinched at danger, not even when 'Squire Amasa's great Scotch bull came at me when I was thirteen years old with his ugly head lowered and his sharp horns pointed and his eyes like live coals. But I stood to meet him, and off with my striped blanket and threw it over his head when he was two feet off, and so had time to climb the great oak in the ridge pasture.

Miss Silence always said that courage like that by inheritance was not the kind to be justly proud of; that it was good to have strong nerves and a heart that beats regularly no matter what happened, but it was better to have a courage grounded upon reason; and that women especially made themselves weak by believing in all sorts of signs and superstitions — such as the fork falling and sticking into the floor, which was a stranger coming; or a snuff in the candle, which was a coffin.

But Priest Ransom encouraged his wife in these superstitions, for he liked to see women live up to his ideas of them.

Yet Miss Silence did not disbelieve in ghosts, though she said they walked a good deal less than folks thought. She said she believed with *Prince Hamlet* in Mr. Shakspere's play:

> I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
> And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
> Being a thing immortal as itself?

She said that *Prince Hamlet* acted like a reasonable being — though some folks do say now he was crazy — and as a dutiful son should. She would not be a mite afraid herself to meet her father's ghost any time of day or night; though it was not a thing likely to happen to a God-fearing Hopkinsian minister, whose flesh was resting in hope, to be condemned to wander nights and to spend his days in purgatory, seeing that he never believed in purgatory.

But it is possible that Miss Silence might have entertained a different opinion concerning a ghost with no body at all. Of that, however, I cannot speak with knowledge, never having

heard her give her opinion thereupon. To my own mind it is a much more fearsome thing to hear the footsteps of a being you cannot see than to look upon the most direful shape a restless spirit ever took on. Such we read was the experience of Eliphaz the Temanite, the hair of whose flesh stood up and the very bones within him did shake when a spirit breathed upon his face and he could not discern any appearance thereof. Such a formless ghost it was that haunted the house wherein had dwelt my ancestors even to the fourth generation.

The ghost that walked in that old ancestral home was that of a young girl, my father's only sister, who had taken her own life by violence when she was eighteen years old. Her father (and my grandfather) was a man of high spirit, proud of his ancestry, proud of his social eminence, proud of his inherited wealth, which had not been acquired through trade, but which at his death was found to have melted away like a late snow under an April sun. He was kind and even generous to those below him in the social scale so long as they kept their places, but hard towards any who wished to rise, as it is right and proper for men to do in our free Republic. And when a poor young man, the son of a blacksmith, fell in love with his only daughter and she with him, he had nothing but scorn and deep anger for that love. And though the young man was a good young man and of excellent promise, of a superior mind and a scholar, he would not hear of their marriage.

Such however was the girl's resolution and iron will, being the true daughter of her father, that she would have married her lover in spite of him. But one day he came to her with tales to her lover's discredit, and he brought such proofs of his unfaithfulness to her that it was not in human reason to doubt. She wrote him a little letter of dismissal, and only two days after he was thrown from his horse and killed. Then it came out that the tales were false, and that they were the work of one who would fain have married this young girl, and one whom her father favored. The truth coming to her ears she went raving mad, and getting away from her watchers while they slept, she hanged herself at eleven o'clock of the night in the high and wide garret over the left wing. The rope broke and she fell, but she was quite dead when the watchers, having awakened from their sleep, sought and found her.

It was not long before her father followed her to the grave, his iron will at last broken, and mourning as one without hope for her who when alive in her young beauty had been the very light of his eyes and pride of his heart. Then my mother, who had lived in the house ever after her marriage to my father, died also, and the house was shut up and no one could be induced to live in it. For even before my mother's death — yea, even before that of my grandfather, so my mother told Miss Silence — the ghost had begun to walk, coming in with soft-falling footsteps at eleven o'clock of the night, void and without shape, and going slowly up the stairs to the high, wide garret, of which at its approach the door swung open without touch of mortal fingers. The fearful listeners below would hear a heavy chest dragged, just as the poor mad creature had dragged it in her frenzy, up under the piece of rope that hung fastened from the staple in the wall, and then after another moment of horror would be heard the falling of the body, followed by the soft-falling footsteps descending the stairs.

When my dear Miss Silence died I was, as it were, turned out of doors, though she fain would have bequeathed to me the small but endeared house in which the greater part of my life had been spent within the shelter of her love. But she had only a life interest in the dwelling and its furniture, as is commonly the case with women, who are thought hardly fit to be trusted with the use of property during life, much less with the disposal of it by will at death. So there was nothing for me to do but to go back to the old house which had fallen to me by inheritance, and whence she had taken me from my dying mother's arms.

On the tenth morning after she had been laid to rest in her grave on the hill Silas Crowde carried me, my chests of blankets and household linen of my own spinning and weaving,— some of the tablecloths and towels being woven in a thistle pattern of Miss Silence's own devising, the rest being in the snow-drop, which has ever been a favorite in our family,— my box of clothing, my pewter, my mother's china, which had been kept in store for me, my bed of live-geese feathers, and my books, in his ox-cart over to Parting Ways, where the old house stood and still stands, back from the highway, with only one other house in sight, the village being hidden by a turn in the road and a thick pine wood.

It is true that the women of Triphammer, where Miss Silence had lived, remonstrated with me for my headiness in going back to the haunted house, and Mrs. Ransom even said that it was a bearding of Providence, which if persisted in would most likely and rightly bring down upon my head a fearful judgment and condemnation.

"But what else can I do?" I was fain to ask at last, though more out of defense than

from any notion of acting upon the advice of these women who had assembled in Miss Silence's keeping-room the day before my departure to inquire into my concerns, to offer vain counsel, and to drink for the last time of Miss Silence's tea, famous for its strength and staying qualities, and of which a few drawings still remained in the bottom of the blue and gilt tea-caddy.

Not one of them spoke in answer to my question, but went on sipping their tea with loud sips, and casting their eyes down into their cups, being in that condition of mind women-folks are apt to be in when brought up short from their ramblings by a pointed question. Then they looked each at the others, and Mrs. Ransom spoke first, as belonged to her by right to do, seeing she was Priest Ransom's wife and so the first woman in the parish.

"To my mind," she said, "it 's a sight properer and more in agreement to scriptur' and the teachin's of the 'postle Paul for a young maid to marry than to go away by herself and live all alone in a house. And it 's contrary to natur' as well as scriptur', women bein' the weaker vessel, and so to be keered for." She paused here, but no one spoke, and she again took up the thread of her discourse. "There 's Cyrus Martin. His wife Sarah Jane has been dead nigh onto eight months, and him with five small child'en, and 'leven cows, and nobody to do a stroke o' work except for wages. He 'd be tickled enough to have y'. And he 's a good provider,— a leetle close, mebbe,— and you 'll have a good home, and a husband to cherish y', and split yer kindlin's, and fetch in water, and hang out your clo'es when it rains. He was dretful good to Sarah Jane, and he 'd only have to be spoke to to think on 't. He 's be'n lookin' round. But law! I don't s'pose he ever thought o' you, a-livin' so with Miss Silence, and she feelin' so superior, bein' a minister's darter and havin' an edication. But 't ain't safe to look too high, and every woman can't marry a minister or doctor or even a store-keeper. And a good likely farmer with means ain't to be despised. And what Miss Silence left y' in the bank will come handy to buy that medder land Cyrus has be'n wantin', and —"

"Don't y' never let that money go to buy medder land for the best man that ever breathed. That 's my advice to y'." It was Mrs. Silas Crowde who was speaking. She had come in just as Mrs. Ransom was beginning her discourse, and had been waiting for her to end. But seeing no prospect thereto she now burst in without further ceremony. "Men are human bein's, the best on 'em, with sights o' human natur'. And the minute they get their clutch onto your money it 's gone and you 'll never have any good on 't. I know all about it. I married Silas Crowde and brought him a dowry of a hund'ed acres o' woodland, good pine and oak timber for ship-buildin'. And he 's made sights o' money out on 't, and not a cent of it is mine, nor never will be. And I 've be'n a faithful, hard-workin' wife to him, if I do say it. He 's made his will and give the heft on 't to his son by his fust wife. And he 's goin' to leave our Mahala two hund'ed dollars, and myself 'll have the widder's thirds and that 's all. And Silas is as good 's they 'll av'ridge. No, Lucia Richmond, as long 's the marriage laws are what they be and give a woman up to her husband, soul and body and property, you 'd better go and live with ghosts enough sights and take your chance, and —"

But here, sick at heart, I stole away and left them to settle it among themselves, and went and sat down in the chair in my dear Miss Silence's bedroom where she used to sit and talk with me in tender, serious, motherly fashion; and I am not ashamed to confess that I cried heartily, and kissed the chair and the pillows of her bed.

It was the latter part of December, a showery day, that Silas Crowde took me home; for so I began to call it then, and have continued to do ever since. The old house was damp and the furniture fallen much awry, and the spiders, its sole occupants through all these years, had spun their webs across doors and windows. We went from room to room, and I fixed upon the southeast room and the bedroom above it as being the most habitable, and in them Silas set my goods. He cut up the fallen branches with which the ground around the house was thickly strewn, and built a noble fire in each fireplace, which blazed and crackled in a truly enlivening manner.

When he had gone I hung the teakettle to boil on the crane in the lower room, and then went out on the upper porch to look about me a little, for the sun had broken through the clouds and was making a glorious setting. I opened the door leading from the upper hall with difficulty, owing to its long disuse. I watched Silas down the long avenue of Lombardy poplars till he was out of sight. I experienced a feeling of pleasure at being thus left alone. Silas had gone away expressing great pity for me, of which, however, I did not feel the need — not so far as living in the old house was concerned. For I cared nothing for the ghost, knowing of it only by hearsay, and that so little that I had fallen into a disbelief of it. I was filled with pleasure only at having a house all my own and to myself, since I could

no longer be with my dear Miss Silence. For I was always of a reserved nature, like my revered father, who had died in the East Indies before my birth, and cared for but few, and would always rather be alone if I could not have the company I enjoyed.

I lingered a long time on the porch, sitting upon its stout balustrade. I have been all my life a lover of the curious and secret ways of nature, and I observed, as I had often done before, how the leaves of the great elm, the branches whereof swept the porch floor, were evenly wet with moisture, while those of the locusts held theirs in the form of drops, like living jewels, which at the lightest touch of breeze or finger dropped sparkling to the grass below, leaving them as dry as in the heat of a summer's day.

The clouds in great thunder-heads fled into the east before the rays of the parting sun. A few lingered in his light and were changed to gold or a delicate pink, like the pink of the sweet-brier rose. The open sky, by reason of contrast with those clouds of pink and gold, was a most pellucid blue, and in its azure depths they floated in security, an emblem, I could but think, of the souls that dwell in the deeps of God's love, of which this fathomless sky was only a faint and feeble type.

As the night drew on I went in, fastened the outer doors, and closed the shutters of the upper room. I then drew up to the fire the round, light stand, whereon I placed a candle of my own molding from the small store I had brought, and then drank my tea, which I have all my life considered the most comfortable and comforting of beverages. I then read aloud the ninety-first Psalm, which my dear Miss Silence called her "staff," and, following her instructions of "early to bed and early to rise," covered up the embers, climbed into the curtained bed in the corner, and so under the refuge of His wings laid me down and slept in peace, and was awakened by the sun, once more in the east and sending his earliest beams through the heart-shaped openings in the tops of the shutters.

All the next morning I was pleasantly busied in putting my household goods in place, looking into every cranny in the house, and in the afternoon walking in the old garden in its almost obliterated paths and amid its wild tangles of box, lilac, sweet-brier, and Southern bush. So, perhaps, it was because of over-fatigue that I did not readily fall asleep that night, but lay tossing behind the heavy curtains. The embers flamed up from their ashes and died out just as the clock in the room below struck the hour of eleven. I was then sinking into a gentle doze when I was aroused by the sound of soft-falling footsteps, heard distinctly through the partition which separated my bedchamber from the staircase leading to the high, wide garret in the left wing. I was half asleep and half awake, in that inexplicable state which is neither the one nor the other, and in which the most grotesque as well as the most rational thoughts seem to have equal place. This condition of mind, which lasted perhaps a few seconds, though seemingly of much longer duration, suddenly gave way to a mortal terror, which seized upon me and brought me sitting up in bed, holding the curtains down with a frenzied clutch, and saying to myself, "The ghost!" while I shivered in every nerve of my body. Had the footsteps hesitated one instant at my door I know I should have shrieked aloud, so entirely had I lost control of my powers, both mental and physical. But they did not pause. They went on with that soft-measured pace such as characterizes no mortal footsteps. I heard the dragging of the chest, the falling of the body, the footsteps descending, and then I aroused from my irrational terror. I sprang out of bed and piled the branches of pine upon the coals until they roared in a vast flame up the chimney and lighted every corner of the room like noonday. For I have ever found that light scatters quickly the phantoms that people the darkness. Then, after again commending myself to that Being who holds all the powers of the supernatural as well as the natural world in his keeping, I fell asleep.

The next day I meditated much and deeply upon my situation. This was my home. I had none other in all the wide world, neither did I wish to have. It was the home of my forefathers, and as such I loved it. Its time-stained walls were inexpressibly dear to me. Within them my mother had passed the few brief years of her married life. Here she had given birth to me, and from here she had passed into eternity. In this house I felt I must remain. Not for even a brief moment could I bring myself to entertain the idea of giving it up. Of the ghost I, of a truth, was not really afraid; at least, not when wide awake and in full possession of my powers of mind. Should I then suffer it to drive me hence when under the spell of half-waking visions, themselves specters of the imagination such as my dear Miss Silence would have scouted? No, I answered; I would remain. But, I further reflected, it would be necessary to guard against the possibility of being again overtaken by such mortal though causeless terror as was that of the previous night. Therefore I resolved to meet the ghost only when wide awake.

So that night I did not go to bed at my

usual hour of nine, but sat up, and as the hour of eleven drew nigh I heaped the wood high upon the fire, and drew up a large old chair to that corner of the hearth opposite the one wherein I sat with my knitting. As the clock struck the last note of the hour I heard the soft-falling footsteps ascending the stairs. I breathed a brief prayer for help and guidance, feeling of a surety that these would be vouchsafed me in this that I had determined upon doing, and then, hastening to the door opening upon the staircase that led up into the high, wide garret of the left wing, I threw it wide open.

The cheerful gleam of the firelight fell out upon the landing in a broad square. As the steps drew nigh I spoke. "Enter, poor wandering spirit," I said, "and stay your weary footsteps in the home of a friend."

For a brief space, as a bird might lift its wing, or a minnow dart for its prey through the sunny shallows of Stony Brook, the footsteps stayed in their course at my door, and then passed on, going softly yet resolutely up the oaken staircase, the door of the garret swinging noiselessly open at their approach. I did not close the door. I stood and held it open while I listened to the dragging of the chest, the fall of the body, and the footsteps descending. As they crossed the square of firelight no shadow fell thereon, and as they ceased below I shut my door. I was calm, and not a tremor shook my nerves. I went to bed and slept until the cock's clarion announced the approach of another day.

The next night at the coming of the footsteps I again spoke, and with greater urgency. "Why will you not enter, poor wandering spirit," I said, "and stay your weary footsteps in the chamber of a friend?"

As these words of invitation fell from my lips again did the footsteps pause at my door an almost imperceptible instant. Then they entered, and I closed it.

"Sit here," I said; and I pointed to the large old chair which I had drawn up, as before, in the corner of the hearth opposite my own. I spoke in my own tongue, which was also that of her whose ghost I addressed. For though Priest Ransom had ever affirmed and insisted that the spirits of the dead spake in Hebrew alone, that being the language of Jehovah's chosen people and of his covenants and commandments, yet my dear Miss Silence would never admit it as at all probable, seeing the New Testament was written in Greek, and that the Gentiles were coming from the east and the west to sit down in his kingdom. It was far more probable, she said, that the gift of tongues would be conferred upon his redeemed, as was done at the Pentecost spoken of in the Acts. As for myself I have never cared for or concerned myself in these speculations, ever feeling that the language we shall speak in those high countries is of little moment so long as we sojourn here, and that our intellects should be exercised chiefly in striving so to live that when the time comes for us to take our departure thence we may do so with rejoicing and enter in with gladness.

So, as I said, I spake to the ghost in my own tongue, and the soft-falling footsteps passed over the space between the door and the hearth and ceased beside the chair.

I sat down in my own chair and took up my knitting. I have been in many singular as well as startling circumstances during my long and eventful life, but in none so strange as this. Before me stood the great old chair, empty to all appearance and void. But I knew that from it ghostly eyes were regarding me. What should I say? How was I to talk to empty space, with neither answering eye nor listening ear?

As I went on narrowing the heel of my stocking I revolved and cast about these questions in my mind. And then I remembered that this was the ghost of a young girl of nearly my own age. I do not know whether ghosts count their age by years, or whether they grow old at all in the sense that we do, or merely exist in that eternity which we are taught has no beginning nor end, and therefore no space such as we call time. I did not and do not attempt to solve these questions; for it has ever been my belief that it is not well to try with too great persistence to penetrate mysteries hidden from us for some all-wise purpose.

But my predominant desire was to console; and though I had not then met with my own beloved Richard, whose death in the very prime of his days has cast a shadow along the whole course of my life which will fade only into the light of that eternal day into which I am soon to enter, having very nearly lived out my appointed time, and which has taught me that love hath its anguish as well as its bliss, I reflected that she was only an undisciplined girl when she committed the sad deed of taking her own life, and that it might perchance soothe her restless spirit to know that another girl felt for her, and could in some measure comprehend what her feelings must have been when she recalled to her mind, after her lover's sudden and violent death, her disbelief in his integrity and the bitter letter she had written him.

So I told her that I knew her story, and how much I pitied her, and how I felt that the Infinite Goodness must pity her much more, knowing so much better than I her sorrow and her provocation, though she had been con-

demned thus to wander and to live over nightly for so many years that scene of violence. And I told her that I would ask the Infinite Goodness to give her rest, feeling I could do so, justly yet humbly, since the divine example of our Lord, who, his apostle tells us, preached to the spirits in prison, even the unrepentant dead.

As I finished speaking, the nightly period of her wandering having expired, the footsteps passed out, the door, untouched by mortal fingers, swinging wide open upon its hinges.

The next night she came, and the next and the next. But I soon ceased talking to her, beyond the friendly welcome which I always gave her. For I was put to it for fit subjects of conversation, feeling that her interests could not be of that earthly nature that such subjects as the weather, which we human beings in the flesh find so inexhaustible, could be of interest, since to a disembodied spirit heat and cold, storm and sunshine, must be alike indifferent.

But having through Miss Silence's example and teaching, and my own inherited taste, a great love of reading, and always having found it a never-failing spring of comfort amid adverse circumstances, I resolved to read to her: and this I did night after night — wise sayings of the great and good Dr. Johnson (for I feel that he deserves these epithets, despite his hotly expressed condemnation of the attitude of our States during our late severe but triumphant struggle with the mother country); Mr. Milton's "L'Allegro," which I chose as more enlivening than his "Il Penseroso," as also his sonnet concerning his dead wife who came back to him like Alcestis from the grave; well-polished similes like sparkling and radiant gems from my beloved Jeremy Taylor; and the wisdom that exudes like the first droppings of the honeycomb from the pages of the saintly Leighton.

I read to her also from the works of the godly Mr. Baxter, more especially those parts wherein he discourseth so sweetly concerning the rest that remaineth, nor did I pass by Mr. Bunyan's fight with Apollyon in the "Pilgrim's Progress," which, I reflected, might give her strength too, were she struggling with an evil power. But I did pass by in all these writers their profound theological disquisitions and speculations, which I have ever found difficult of digestion by my weak, illogical, woman's intellect, and which have always seemed to me, of lofty and wonderful proportions though they be, as something altogether separate from saving faith, and ill suited for the binding up of a wounded spirit.

I also read to her some pages of Dr. Swift's letters to Stella, which to some might seem a singular choice, but which are so filled and penetrated by the tender spirit of love, I could but think they would sound like breathings of heavenly music even to ghostly ears.

Of my Shakspere, however, I read but little, ever having been of the opinion that he is not to be taken in detached sips, a taste here and a taste there, as from a cup that hath a bottom, but in long, deep draughts, as a thirsty man drinks from a pellucid and never-failing spring. So I read to her only those sonnets of my Shakspere wherein he speaks so wisely and understandingly of love — the theme methought best suited to a spirit's hearing.

I read to her too from the sacred and holy Book, fit for all ears, whether spiritual or natural, the divine sayings of our blessed Lord, which of a surety must bring comfort to the most despairing soul in the extremest limits of his universe.

For thirteen nights she came thus, but on the fourteenth it was borne in upon me that my ghostly friend was about to depart never more to return. For I had come to regard her as a friend, listening for her nightly footsteps as for those of one well beloved and much desired. I told her this, and of my sorrow at her approaching departure, though I could but rejoice, as must she, that her wanderings were to end. I further said that I had a great and engrossing desire to look upon her with my natural eyes. And since she had the power to make her presence known by the soft-falling footsteps, could she not by a still greater exercise of that power permit me to behold the body wherein she dwelt, the shape a spirit takes on when released from the bondage of the natural body?

I then paused, with my eyes fixed attentively upon the chair wherein she sat. Soon I perceived something like a mantle of the filmiest gauze, more perhaps like unto the dew-filled webs of a summer's morning, lying upon the chair. The shadowy yet shining folds thereof fell over the arms, touching the floor here and there as does a maiden's gown when she sits. It was mist, and yet it was not mist. We are wont to consider the haze that hangs in the atmosphere on an early day in spring, or that clings around the tops of distant hills, a most delicate and ethereal substance. But this was still more delicate and elusive. It was more like the spirit that dwells in that mist than the mist itself. My pen struggles to convey to you, my daughter, any adequate idea of this that I saw. Pen and words are impotent to do so. And as the soft-falling footsteps receded it melted into nothingness and was gone.

The next night I again expressed the same desire; and I said that now, my natural vision having been able to grasp that shadowy out-

line, perhaps it might be vouchsafed me to see her in still more tangible shape. And I entreated her, if it were in her power, thus to manifest herself to me.

Having thus spake I waited, and again the shining, shadowy folds of mist fell over the chair. Slowly they took shape — a shape like to that of the human body, but with outlines of more surpassing grace. The hands were held in a gentle clasp of rest and repose. The shape of the throat was there, with tender shadows lying under the curve of the chin, and something like fine threads of hair fell away from a rounded outline of brow. And from under the rounded outline of brow the eyes looked forth, truly the most astonishing a human being was ever permitted to gaze into, large, pure, and unfathomable, within their depths dwelt peace — peace unutterable; and love — love unquenchable.

Long I gazed, until the vision faded and the soft-falling footsteps receded and I was left alone, though I fain would have followed, charmed out of myself and from all desire of remaining by the power of those most beautiful and holy eyes.

But the ability to follow seemed to be denied me, and I sat by the dead embers far into the night, as one bereft and alone. So I continued to feel as the days passed and the nights came and went and my young kinswoman returned no more. But as I reflected in these hours of my loneliness on all that had passed, and how through the Divine Goodness it had been vouchsafed me to lead her perturbed spirit away from this scene of her sin and sorrow, even as I reflected a great peace and content fell upon me as of a parting benediction, and took possession of all my days and ruled my nights.

Frank Pope Humphrey.

THE EPITAPH.

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

IN water, yes: the water of a stream
Not wide nor long, but, deep as it might be,
That hurried all too swiftly to the sea.
And yet whole generations dream their dream
And sleep and are forgotten while the gleam
Of his bright fame shines on resplendently,
And all men know his name and poesy.
We write our names in sand and idly deem
The shore more lasting than the lapsing wave; —
Fast fares our little day in cloud and sun
Till at our feet the quick tide-ripples lave
And whelm us and our records one by one.
His name the sea took up and proudly bore
And wrote it in white spray on every shore.

J. T. McKay.

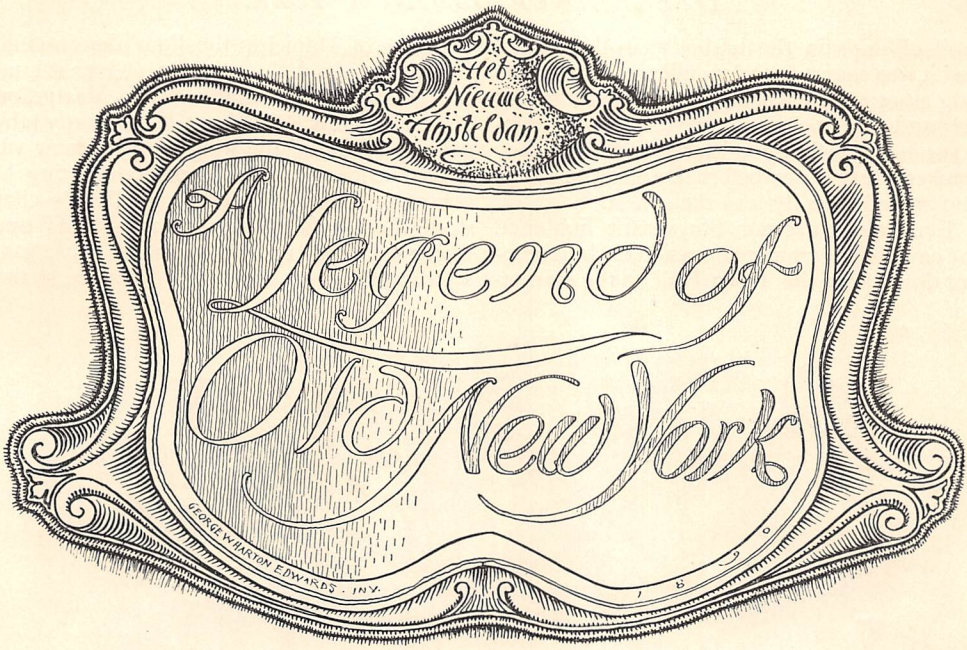
BEREAVED.

LET me come in where you sit weeping — aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck — the hands you used
To kiss. Such arms, such hands I never knew,
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service — say some thing
Between the tears that would be comforting,
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

James Whitcomb Riley.



VER two hundred years ago where the great city of New York now stands there stood the town of Nieuw Amsterdam, and Peter Stuyvesant of blessed and hard-headed memory was governor: peace to him!

In those days there were no elevated roads, no crowded tenement-houses, no deadly spider-webs of electric wires overhead; nor were there stone-paved squares where on summer nights the poor swarm out to gasp a little of God's free air. Instead there was a market-place with a town-pump, flanked by queer Dutch houses with dazzling brass knockers against the green front doors. Cows grazed on Wall street, and the good citizens strolled along the Battery of an evening and watched the setting sun. Bedloe's Island was a nameless thing, and only the ghost of a mighty bridge connected what was neither New York nor Brooklyn; while not even the shadow of a coming great merchant navy troubled the quiet waters of the bay.

The Battery of those old days was overgrown with grass and young clover, and shaded by spreading elms and sycamores, beneath which the children played and made posies of dandelion blossoms.

A lane of curious gabled houses with red-tiled roofs fringed the outskirts of the Battery facing the sea. On one side stood "De Blauwe Druif" (The Blue Grape), a tavern famous for its *poffertjes* and *wafelen*, Dutch delicacies as celebrated as the victories of Admiral de Ruyter. On the long benches beside the porch the good fathers of the town smoked their long clay pipes, meditating about nothing in particular, while the young folks danced to the tooting of Kristoffel Sauer's trumpet. Officially Kristoffel was town trumpeter and town crier, but in his private capacity he was ever ready to set the feet of young Amsterdam skipping. Those were dances indeed, with a vigorous lifting of sturdy feet, a clutching of red hands, and a lack of breath, such as we never see in these degenerate days. Exhilarating were Kristoffel's strains, and delicious were the crisp poffertjes and the sweet cider with which the gallant swains revived the exhausting energies of the fair juffrouws while the summer breeze swept up from the bay and lightly swayed the trees, tempering the heat of the fiery sun.

KRISTOFFEL.

There was no tur-

moil of ships in the harbor as in these days, and it was a six months' wonder when a Dutch brig as broad as she was long rolled into the bay and cast anchor. It gave the good mynheers inexhaustible food for reflection as they smoked their pipes before De Blauwe Druif and stared sleepily into the sunset.

Even old Governor Stuyvesant lightened the cares of government occasionally by stumping down from the Town Hall on the market-place to the Battery for a sniff of sea air, and it was his privilege to pat the cheeks of the prettiest juffrouws with a condescending forefinger. There was nothing in this attention to excite gossip, though it was faintly whispered if Mevrouw Stuyvesant were no more,—and she was very lively,—and old Peter were fifty years younger, then would young Mistress Van Witt have the best chance to be in her turn Dame Stuyvesant. But then Juffrouw Van Witt! What man, governor or not, could resist stroking a cheek like a peach blossom, when it may be said to have been a perquisite of his exalted station. There were certain heavy young mynheers who would joyfully have taken his place without his salary for the chance. But they were very shy of words, and their adoration took the form of steady pilgrimages to Mynheer Van Witt's mansion, "Bovenkirk," just beyond Governor Stuyvesant's "Bowery."

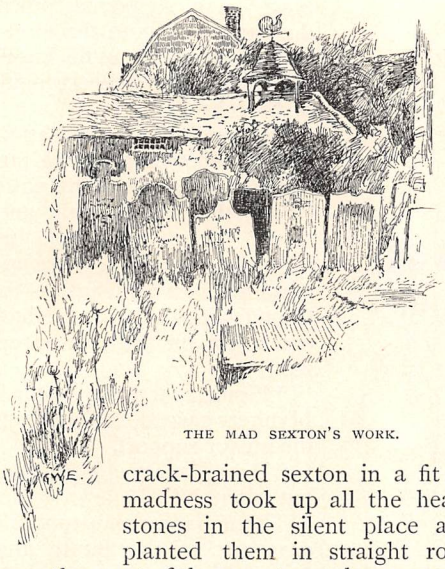
Here of an afternoon they would find Wimpje Van Witt sitting by a window in the great living-room and spinning vigorously, adding to the treasures of fine linen, the glory of a Dutch maiden's dowry. At another window sat Juffrouw van Twist, and if there was a chill in the air a blazing fire on the hearth warmed the story of Daniel in the lions' den in chilly Delft tiles about the chimney. Over it hung a time-dulled oil painting, "The Martyrdom of St. Nepomuk," which made the sturdy table bearing up under the weight of Juffrouw van Twist's choicest dishes more comforting by contrast. Beside Mistress van Twist's chair stood the burnished brass "warm-stoof" over whose charcoal embers a copper kettle sang a pleasant accompaniment to existence, so that a dash of boiling water was ever ready for a bumper of grog or a dish of that precious new herb drink called tea.

"DE BLAUWE DRUIF."

In the coziest corner of the chimney, in a mighty leather arm-chair sacred to his use, reposed Cornelis Van Witt, burmeister or alderman of Nieuw Amsterdam, chosen as such by Governor Stuyvesant for the curious merit in a legislator of being always asleep. Thus in assembling his council old Peter was always certain of one loyal, uncontradictory adherent, sound asleep in his high-backed chair, his pipe-stem firmly clutched between his teeth; and this slumbering legislator was always acknowledged as being on the side of his Excellency.

Though Mynheer Van Witt wore six pairs of breeches and as many waistcoats, and as burmeister he represented the dignity of the town, it must be acknowledged that he had two mortal terrors — ghosts and Englishmen. He had been brought up with a ghost, so to speak, for there was a haunted graveyard only separated from his threshold by a spreading field and the public highway. It was Tante Jantje, the old darky nurse, who had educated him to a gruesome terror of that ancient Church of St. Bartholomew and the graveyard beside it.

Tradition had it that many years before a



THE MAD SEXTON'S WORK.

crack-brained sexton in a fit of madness took up all the headstones in the silent place and planted them in straight rows in another part of the cemetery, whereupon he razed the quiet mounds and departed from the sight of men, leaving the result as a ghastly surprise to the worthy burghers, who, curiously enough, left the stones standing in their straight, sad rows. But that which really appalled Mynheer was that the figure of the mad sexton in trailing white draperies had been seen by creditable witnesses at midnight gliding from stone to stone and wringing its hands in evident remorse, thus publicly acknowledging its repentance. As Mynheer had retired to his couch at nine o'clock for fifty years, and as the ghost appeared at midnight, it is needless to say that he had not personally encountered the apparition. Having, however, in the usual way of life as much imagination as a herring, in this Mynheer was as adamant, and he had constructed for himself a scene of nightly horror in which he firmly believed. On waking at night from a heavy sleep evolved out of sauerkraut, sausages, and cider, lightly topped off with a mountain of crisp waffles, he would turn pale to the end of his red bottle-nose on hearing a vivacious rat scamper behind the wainscoting. Nothing in the world would have induced him to pass the kirkyard of St. Bartholomew at midnight, though he stood high in the esteem of the sacred establishment by reason of a ponderous silver communion service straight from Amsterdam which had already excited the righteous longing of every rascal in town.

MYNHEER AWAKES.

Mynheer's abhorrence of the British nation was purely patriotic. Great was his agitation when the belated tidings of the victories of the Dutch navy reached Nieuw Amsterdam. Mynheer was always a little behind time in everything, and this Juffrouw van Twist was obliged to acknowledge — she who had been waiting for eighteen years, since the death of Mevrouw, for Mynheer to propose. But he was a man of few and slow words, and he had so far been deterred either because it was time for one of the five daily meals, — and to allow a dish to grow cold in the waiting was a crime, — or that he had fallen asleep; so that a match which the town declared to be eminently fitting, and to which young Wimpje gave her cheerful consent, was delayed because Mynheer was always a trifle behind time.

THE MAD SEXTON.

Thus from being a moderately young thing, sandy, and sharp of elbows, bony of ankles, and with colorless hair crowned by a stiff muslin cap, Juffrouw van Twist grew elderly and thinner with all the other advantages unchanged, but with a heroic determination to marry Mynheer Van Witt sooner or later. If it be added that Mistress van Twist was not without a touch of romance, and that it was she who educated Wimpje Van Witt, it will surprise no one to hear that young Wimpje had day dreams enlivened by slimmer and more poetic figures than those silent young mynheers who trundled out to Bovenkirk of an afternoon. Had these speechless admirers of Mynheer's broad fields and ducats only known, perhaps they would occasionally have uttered a word. As no one ever spoke, it was manifest that the next best token of love was an abnormal staying power, and when it came to

POWTJE.

that it was admitted that of all the beaus of Nieuw Amsterdam Jan Wissenkerke had the greatest chance.

II.

THOUGH Governor Stuyvesant had appointed Cornelis Van Witt to his high office for the original merit of being always asleep, there came a day when Mynheer for the first time wished he had been awake.

It was a Friday, a miserable, unlucky day, as every one knows. A chilly spring day, and the grass was sprouting among the cobblestones of the market-place. Governor Stuyvesant greeted his assembled council in full uniform and with a portentous frown, and at the end of a stormy meeting — in which he did all the storming — he gave such a thump to the table that Mynheer Van Witt awoke gasping and was with difficulty made to understand that something awful had happened. It seems that from private information the governor was warned that Great Britain was hungering for the Dutch possessions in America, and his Excellency was entreated to defend the colonies to the bitter end in case of an invasion.

The burmeisters' faces grew as long as their clay pipes and fully as white, and they answered with energetic silence his heroic appeal for support in case of necessity, and when it came to a vote it was found that only hard-headed old Peter and the gently slumbering Cornelis Van Witt were for a defense to the death.

This heroic, if unuttered, resolution being after vast difficulty imparted to Mynheer, that brave man staggered down the narrow stairs to the street with dazed eyes and his knees quivering under the six pairs of breeches.

Such was the perturbation of his heroic soul that he ran against one of the stone posts before the Town Hall, and would have measured his breadth — as being of more importance than his length — on the unfeeling cobble-stones had not a grip in the rear saved him.

"Home, take me home," Mynheer gasped, and clutched the air for support.

"By all means, Mynheer; but where?"

The unhappy man took his gaze out of the future and fastened it upon his rescuer.

The apparition could not inspire confidence in the ordinary ways of life — a seedy Colossus of Rhodes, familiar and hilarious, his forefinger resting with impertinent jocularity against the side of a very red nose.

"Too deep a glance into the eyes of the fair Ginevra, eh, Mynheer?" he remarked with shocking familiarity.

Mynheer was in no condition to resist this allusion to the national beverage, for he was fighting the entire British nation. He leaned against the stone post and said, "Bring Powtje."

Powtje was a fat cob harnessed to a chariot. At this moment he was eating his head off in a shed behind the Town Hall. The accommodating stranger eyed Powtje's fat sides with disfavor.

"You beast swelling on the fat of the land while a poor gentleman can't earn a dishonest meal, leaving out of question an honest."

The chariot was a simple box on four wheels without springs, and it may be considered a dispensation of Providence that Powtje should decline to do anything but walk.

Mynheer climbed in and was in danger of forgetting the obliging stranger, who thereupon patted Powtje's flanks with sudden enthusiasm.

"A beautiful creature, Mynheer; a veritable Arab steed."

"To be sure. I 'd forgotten you. You 've been of service to me. Come home with me and you shall have a good supper. I am Cornelis Van Witt of Bovenkirk."

After much coaxing Powtje decided to lift his Arab legs and crawl along, and thus did

Abraham Baas, commonly called Bram Baas, and in moments of tenderness "Brammatje," make the acquaintance of Mynheer, who sat beside him a victim to an active imagination which pictured to him the horrors of war—his fertile fields laid waste, his well-filled pockets emptied by friend and foe, his dear child Wilhelmina without protection, and himself an expiring example of unwilling valor.

"Have you heard," he blurted out at last, "that the British are coming?"

Brammatje awoke from the contemplation of a flock of geese taking an afternoon stroll and rapidly leaving Powtje behind.

"Let 'em come," he declared boldly, and slapped his threadbare doublet until the dust rose in clouds. "We 'll be ready for 'em. I 've seen 'em in Boston, a lean and lank lot whom a pottle of good Schiedam schnapps tips under the table. Let 'em come and crack a blunderbuss with us, I say."

"You are not afraid," Mynheer cried in undisguised admiration; and a vague idea took possession of him that it would be well to have so valorous a soul always about as a bodyguard for an evil day.

Thus it was that Brammatje entered Mynheer's service, not so much because he was asked as that he declined to leave. His worldly possessions consisted of a rusty sword, a blunderbuss, a jug of true Holland gin, and a brass trumpet. In return for his sustenance he gave Mynheer the comforting assurance of his moral support in case of British invasion.

BRAMMATJE.

III.

THE first Mynheer Van Witt had chosen the location of his domain, after a certain trifling pecuniary transaction with the untutored savage, in fond remembrance of the marshes about his own beloved Amsterdam. Mynheer abhorred mountains; give him something flat, green, and damp and he was content. He also constructed a canal behind his back door, which was speedily covered with an aromatic green growth the smell of which positively made him homesick. He built himself a windmill, and at sight of the slowly turning sails his soul found some repose. It may be added that having one day by accident discovered beyond his broad fields a glimpse of the distant hills of the Hudson, he had a high wooden wall and a barn built to hide from his afflicted vision so obnoxious a sight. His son Cornelis inherited these along with his father's domain, his waistcoats, his breeches, and all his prejudices.

The day Cornelis Van Witt defied the British lion Wimpje Van Witt sat at the kitchen window mending the household linen. Beside her in speechless ecstasy sat Jan Wissenkerke watching a buxom darky in a scarlet turban frying poffertjes. The kitchen walls were covered with a precious array of brass pots and pans, waffle-irons, poffertje pans; and overhead the heavy rafters were garlanded with strings of onions and garlic, while in the choicest nooks hung the smoked hams and sides of bacon. Beside the kitchen table Mistress van Twist was preparing a roast of young pork, and with the exception, perhaps, of Wimpje there was nothing Jan Wissenkerke loved quite so much. The situation was too much for him; he turned and uttered these passionate words:

"When I marry, Juffrouw Wimpje, and am master in my own house, I shall eat pork and poffertjes every day—I love 'em."

It was saying a good deal for young Wimpje's charms that she could hold her own in Mynheer's estimation under these circumstances. There is a picture of her, a slim young thing, yet with a suggestion of dimpling roundness, a sunny face framed by a tangle of short gold-brown curls held in place by a coquettish little saucy white muslin cap. A gray homespun skirt, a red-laced bodice, and about her pretty shoulders a great ruffled kerchief tied in a knot at her breast. If it be added that the gray petticoat was properly short, so as to display the neatest of red stockings and a high-heeled shoe with a silver buckle, it will still be difficult to give to any one a proper idea of young Wimpje Van Witt.

At Mynheer Wissenkerke's words the upward tilt which Heaven had been pleased to bestow on Mistress Van Witt's small nose seemed to be accentuated; but before she could utter a word the door was flung open and Mynheer Van Witt sank exhausted into the nearest chair, and it was only after several pulls out of a high-shouldered black jug that the good man revived. There was a discreet cough heard, and Brammatje Baas was discovered lingering on the threshold.

"Give the man a drink," Mynheer murmured brokenly.

"Why, father, what has happened?"

"These are terrible times, Wilhelmina," and Mynheer shuddered. "Invasion threatens the land — the British are coming. But it behooves us — to — to be brave. We 'll all die together."

Here Jan Wissenkerke's legs shook so pitifully that he sat down, while Brammatje joyfully sniffed the aroma of the frying poffertjes.

"Who is that man, father?" Wimpje asked with strong disfavor.

Mynheer replied with elaborate caution: "A man of valor, child, whom it were well to befriend if the British are coming. It will be pleasant to have a grateful soul who will be willing to be killed in our defense."

They all turned to look over their shoulders at this prospective martyr to gratitude.

"At any rate count the spoons first," Juffrouw van Twist said with a sniff.

"Jan, we depend on you," Mynheer continued tremulously. "A Wissenkerke never yields."

No description could do justice to the want of enthusiasm with which young Wissenkerke answered this appeal. Even Mynheer's moving description of the death of a hero had such a discouraging effect on him that he presently vanished, forgetful of love and roast pork.

WIMPJE.

Though there were no further rumors of British invasion, Brammatje remained. Like all standing armies he did not toil, but he devoted his energies to attacking five square meals a day and making perceptible havoc on the cider and gin. He was highly unpopular, but Mynheer proposed to make a rampart of his well-fed body, and before long his wisdom was triumphantly vindicated.

It was a soft summer night, dark in spite of countless brilliant stars. The Hudson flowed softly along its Palisades and in the bay the tide beat against the Battery, flanked and protected by a straggling old wooden fort where a couple of infant cannon pointed through two rusty peepholes at nothing in particular. The solitary sentry, convinced that watching over the safety of his country was a farce, was sleeping peacefully with his chin on the muzzle of his blunderbuss, and thus it happened that of all the good souls in the colony this summer midnight Brammatje Baas was alone awake, and it was he who tumbled up the stairs to Mynheer's bedchamber and thumped loudly against the stout door panels.

"We are attacked! The British have come! Wake up, Mynheer — hear 'em. They 're around by the barn — the wall 'll be down next!"

A faint voice replied out of a valley of feathers: "Defend us, Brammatje! God be with you"; whereupon Mynheer pulled his nightcap over his ears and melted with cold perspiration, for what with the British in the rear and his ghost in front it was more than he could bear.

The rest of the household, roused by the turmoil, each and all double-locked themselves in, generously refusing to snatch a single one of the laurels Brammatje Baas was destined to earn.

The noise was frightful, and though Mynheer tried not to hear, the heroic Brammatje's voice was plainly audible, roaring and swearing; and such was his valor that the charge of this one brave soul prevailed, the stampede grew fainter and fainter, and at last, with a sigh of relief and a pleasing appreciation of his own wisdom in the choice of a champion, Mynheer turned about in his feathers and fell fast asleep.

The next morning a scene of perplexing devastation was discovered. The wooden wall erected by the first Mynheer Van Witt, and which now served as shelter to the kitchen garden as well as prop to a number of peach and pear trees, lay in ruins, crushed through and trampled down by the — Van Witt cows, which, yielding to an access of hilarity, had broken down the decaying wood and feasted with great gusto on those tender young vegetables the growth of which Mynheer had watched with fond solicitude. This was the midnight raid, and it was instructive to see the rapidity with which Brammatje was stripped of his sprouting laurels. The very darkies mopped up the floor under his heroic eyes, and Mistress van Twist locked up the gin before his nose.

But Mynheer was true to him. "It was not his fault that there were only cows," he urged feebly.

"No wonder he saw the British, Mynheer; I counted the empty gin bottles. He might have seen the very devil."

But Mynheer was not to be convinced; his follower had been ready for the enemy, and it was not his fault that the enemy did not come. So Brammatje rose like a sky-rocket in Mynheer's esteem by reason of his heroic conduct.

IV.

How the Columbus World's Fair that New York was going to have would have scorned its modest ancestor of two hundred years ago—the Kermess of Nieuw Amsterdam. In those days the market-place afforded ample room for the rude wooden booths built in narrow lanes and containing all manner of ware to tempt folks, from the governor down to the Indians creeping about in fatal proximity to fire-water. On one side stood the Town Hall, and opposite was the Dutch Reformed Church, and in between were the dwelling-houses opening on the cobble-stones and decked with flags and banners and evergreens. All the town, and even the folks from the outlying villages on the Hudson, crowded the narrow lanes. There were poffertje and waffle booths, booths for gin, cider, and Schiedam schnapps, pipes and tobacco, calico and glass beads, household ware and toys; in fact there was nothing the modest fancy of two hundred years ago could wish for that could not be procured. There was even a dance booth, towards which the exhilarating strains of Kristoffel Sauer's trumpet lured the juffrouws. A most delightful place to twirl about in if you kept clear of the posts. The sides were open to the summer air, and there were tables at which the exhausted could recruit their strength. At the table of honor sat Juffrouw van Twist shining with reflected glory, for Wimpje was certainly the belle of the occasion. Juffrouw van Twist's eyes were secretly fixed on the next table where sat a lithe and tall young stranger, who followed young Wimpje's evolutions in a country dance with smiling sympathy. He even bent forward to catch a glimpse of her slim form when a post, or the broader charms of some other damsel, hid her from view. Juffrouw van Twist rejoiced, for she had a grievance against man by reason of the belated declaration of Mynheer Van Witt.

Strangers were common enough in the town these kermess days, but this one was altogether different from the ordinary variety. The architecture of the young mynheers running mostly to breadth, the stranger was prominent as being of the long, broad-shouldered kind. He had a handsome, frank face too, with a brown mustache with an upward curl at the ends that suggested adventure to Mistress van Twist. His knee-breeches and well-fitting doublet were black and in pleasing contrast to the gray of his stockings, his broad silk sash, and the wide-

JACK.

brimmed beaver hat that lay on the table; and as a good Dutch housewife she noted how fine was the linen of his broad cuffs and collar.

It was Jan Wissenkerke who led Wimpje back red as a June rose and pouting, for with fatal accuracy he had wrecked on a post.

There must have been some magnetism in the gaze of the handsome stranger, for Wimpje looked up shyly and met his admiring glance, and with an involuntary smile her eyes sank before his. How it happened no one could quite tell, but the next moment the stranger stepped forward and gallantly begged Juffrouw Van Witt for the favor of the next reel.

Nieuw Amsterdam was aghast, but Wimpje rose, shook her fair head and homespun petticoats in defiance, and lifted her pretty feet with renewed ardor to the tune of Kristoffel's most pleasing strain. Well might Nieuw Amsterdam stare; not even the posts were obstacles to this agile stranger. Neither did he grow red nor lose his breath; nay, when Kristoffel finished with a hilarious flourish, then did this obnoxious stranger stoop and kiss young Wimpje's hand in the very face of Nieuw Amsterdam, and lead her blushing furiously to Mistress van Twist, who acknowledged with a tender sigh that he was the belated realization of her youthful dreams.

Who was he and what did he want, Nieuw Amsterdam demanded. It transpired that his name was Cawardine—Captain Jack Cawardine; that he was staying at The Blue Grape; and, to explain his universal disfavor, that he came from Boston. By which it will be seen that the peculiar sentiments existing between two famous American cities are of ancient date. An Englishman from Boston

A BRITISH INVASION.

was a combination of unpleasant characteristics not to be pardoned. Some experienced old burghers doubted if so much agility and cheerfulness could hail from a town famous only for the crookedness of its streets, the hanging of witches, the length of its sermons, and a certain unwholesome dish called pork and beans.

What Captain Cawardine wanted was plain to all Nieuw Amsterdam. It was a new way to lay siege to a peaceful colony by marrying its richest heiress. It would be a municipal misfortune should Mynheer Van Witt's great fortune leave the land; so it was no wonder that all Nieuw Amsterdam shuddered when Captain Cawardine kissed the hand of Juffrouw Wimpje Van Witt, who — yes, who blushed and smiled.

V.

How describe the speechless amazement of the town when the rumor spread like wildfire that Captain Cawardine was courting Mistress Pamplona van Twist; but the most amazed was Cornelis Van Witt. He had just prepared to take his afternoon nap under the protection of St. Nepomuk when Pampy van Twist looked in and demanded:

"Are you asleep, Mynheer?"

"Blicksem! Asleep when I am being talked to death!"

"I — I — have something to say to you"; and she looked at St. Nepomuk as if for support.

Mynheer was in undisguised consternation.

"Mynheer Van Witt," she began, coughed and paused; then there was such a terrible silence that a bumblebee straying in at the window where Wimpje was spinning filled the air with its droning and flew out again.

"Mynheer Van Witt, I am going to get married."

Here Wimpje's spinning-wheel fell with a furious clatter.

"Blicksem!" Mynheer cried, and was speechless. Then he gathered his faculties together. "Juffrouw van Twist, are you — am I —" He paused again and leaned forward. "Married? Did you say married? Blicksem, Juffrouw! When did I ask you to marry me?"

"You!" And out burst the suppressed resentment of eighteen years. "Not you, thanks be to gracious!"

"You don't say there is another, Juffrouw?"

"I should hope so," she retorted in triumph.

"Well, he waited long enough."

"Therefore he is so much the younger, Mynheer."

"A lucky man"; and Mynheer tried to be polite, but he broke down. "Who the devil is the fool, and what are you pestering me for?"

"A very likely young man, well to do, and without gout, Mynheer."

Mynheer winced. "A nice young fellow to marry an old woman like you?"

"If he is satisfied, that is enough. All I want Mynheer to know is that the young man is coming here — ahem! — courting."

"Courting!" Here Mynheer leaped to his feet and tore up and down the room. "Courting — I won't have it!"

"Perhaps, then, you will kindly look out for another housekeeper." Mistress van Twist appeared resigned.

Mynheer paused before her and stamped with his feet.

"Donder and blicksem! I 'd ratter have married you myself."

"May the young man come?" Mistress van Twist's composure was unruffled.

Mynheer stared, gasped, clenched his fists, and spoke. "Tell him to come, or go to the devil"; whereupon he retreated.

Juffrouw van Twist watched him in deep meditation, when she uttered these remarkable words: "Wimpje, child, if we had only known how to go to work, I could have married your dear father eighteen years ago."

Mynheer retired to his favorite haunt, a Chinese pagoda on the canal, and tried to collect himself. This was truly a day of horrors. It began early that morning when Brammatje announced that, as he was a sober Christian, he had himself seen the ghost of the mad sexton just as the bell of St. Bartholomew struck midnight.

Mynheer thought of the apparition and shuddered, and he thought of Juffrouw van Twist and swore. How serene had been his existence these eighteen years, and how divinely she stuffed roast goose with chestnuts. Her poffertjes were always the lightest, her waffles the crispest, and in the contemplation of her cider he smacked his lips feebly, while at the remembrance of a certain kind of rich cake of which she alone knew the divine art Mynheer began to be unspeakably moved. Were not his slippers always toasting on the hearth, and on winter nights the chill was always taken off the sheets. Yes, Pamplona van Twist was fully revenged for the silence of eighteen years. And now all these tender attentions, these beautiful accomplishments, were to be devoted to a rascal who probably did not appreciate his blessings; and when it seemed as if his cup of bitterness was full who should appear but Brammatje, and the valiant man's voice quavered as he spoke.

"Mynheer, the English have come, sure; there 's one in the house!"

"Heeremijntid!" moaned Mynheer, and crept unwillingly back, while Brammatje wisely

retired into the inner sanctuary of the woodshed.

A great sirloin of beef was roasting merrily over the kitchen fire as Mynheer passed. He paused at the door of the living-room with his hand on the knob. He heard voices, laughter, scuffling; in fact levity was out of place in these terrible times. On the other side of the door beside a small table sat Mistress van Twist in her holiday best, a cap of delicate Brussels lace on her head and her feet on a brass warm-stoof, reading out of a holiday book with a satisfied smile on her face. On the other side of the table sat Wimpje playing with a red rose and looking smilingly through its green leaves at the enemy.

"Mejuffrouw," the enemy pleaded; "give me the rose."

At this moment ponderous steps were heard approaching, and Wimpje with a startled blush drew back the hand which had found its way into the enemy's possession. The rose fell to the ground, both stooped to pick it up, and before Juffrouw Wimpje knew what had happened her head was on his breast, two dark eyes looked laughingly into hers, and two red lips so temptingly near his own were being — ah, why explain?

The next instant the door was flung open, and Juffrouw Wimpje, as red as the rose safely tucked in the enemy's gray silk sash, looked guiltily down at sight of her father. The enemy rose from the leather settle beside Juffrouw Van Witt, and Mynheer remarked that there was a jug of his best cider on the table.

"What — who?" Mynheer demanded with a quavering voice.

"Yes, Mynheer; the young man of whom I spoke," — and Mistress van Twist smoothed her best apron,— "Captain Cawardine."

"You seem to be a stranger here," he grunted.

"Yes, Mynheer."

"From where?"

"From Boston at present — an Englishman from Boston."

"I hate Boston and Englishmen," he added under his breath.

"So I hear, Mynheer"; and Captain Cawardine smiled gently.

"A nest of Puritan bigots and hypocrites. What are you doing here?"

"Courting a wife, as you may have heard, Mynheer."

"The more fool she," the old man roared, and retreated to his sacred chair and pretended to take a nap, though he raged under his scarlet handkerchief that rose and fell like an angry sea with Mynheer as a furious Dutch Neptune.

But Mynheer was not the only one, for Brammatje sat on a woodpile in the shed and swore like a trooper.

"That hook-nosed Bostonian 'll bring you ill luck, Brammatje. He 's seen you in Boston breaking stones on the highway with the rest of 'em, and all for the sake of that old mare. I know you, young sir, a king's officer fresh from England, famous at a sword thrust, a fandango, or a light ditty — they 'd hang another on the Common for less. I 've only to say 'British spy' to Mynheer and where 'll you be, curse you!" Brammatje shook his fist, lost his balance, tipped back, and the woodpile sank gently over him.

Juffrouw van Twist's courtship prospered slowly and steadily; Captain Cawardine was at Bovenkirk every hour of the day, and poor Mynheer Van Witt was experiencing symptoms of neglect. His slippers were forgotten, his sheets were chilly, and to add to his wretchedness the ghost of St. Bartholomew's had been encountered by several sober witnesses.

But as the proverbial worm turns at last, so did Mynheer, and he went in search of Juffrouw van Twist. He found her stirring batter in the pantry. From the solitary window there was a delicious view of the canal, the windmill, and the pagoda; this and the prospect of waffles moved Mynheer unspeakably.

"Juffrouw van Twist!"

"Mynheer Van Witt?" The fair Pamplona paused with uplifted ladle.

"Juffrouw van Twist, what have we done that you wish to leave us?"

"I — I — do not understand, Mynheer."

"What is there so captivating in that young man, Pamplona?"

"He is a very pleasing youth, Mynheer."

Mynheer sank into the chair beside the table and spoke with solemn politeness.

"Juffrouw, do not be offended, but how shall I put it to you? Shall I say he is too young for you, or that you are too — ahem! — say mature for him?"

"It comes to the same thing, Mynheer."

"Then why, blicksem! do you marry him?"

"Because — because it is high time for me to get settled. It may be my last chance, and the young man is willing. He likes me, Mynheer."

"So do others, Juffrouw van Twist"; and Mynheer leaned across the table and took the ladle out of her hand. "So do others, Juffrouw van Twist. Donder and blicksem, Juffrouw, I like you — marry me!"

"O Mynheer! why did n't you speak before?"

"Send him away, Pampy; send the youth away."

"O Mynheer! and break his heart. No, I

could n't — could n't" — here she reflected — "unless —"

"Unless what, Pampy?"

"Unless some one else could be found to take pity on him, and who would try to take my place."

"We 'll find some one," Mynheer cried with enthusiasm; and not only seized the fair hand of Mistress van Twist, but he was about to embrace her waist with one arm when the pantry door burst open and Brammatje stepped in. "The English!" he roared, and vanished; and Mynheer followed, forgetful of love and waffles.

This time it was true. That very morning on awakening Nieuw Amsterdam was appalled by the spectacle of six English men-of-war anchored in the quiet bay, their guns pointed directly at De Blauwe Druif; and in the course of the day the English commander-in-chief, Colonel Matthew Borden, politely demanded of Governor Stuyvesant the surrender of the Dutch colonies in the name of his gracious Majesty Charles II. As further inducement, Colonel Borden added that if he refused it would be their painful duty to blow Nieuw Amsterdam into mincemeat. Whereupon the good burghers clamored enthusiastically to be surrendered. But old Peter Stuyvesant declined; he and that other patriot Cornelis Van Witt he declared to the deputation would teach their fellow-citizens to be patriotic.

VI.

MYNHEER overtook Brammatje. "The English will rob and ruin me," he groaned.

"Of course they will, and what they don't know he 'll tell 'em."

"He — who?" Mynheer gasped.

"The British spy."

"Heereje! what — what do you mean?"

"That long-legged Englishman, Captain Cawardine; who else?"

"What — he — how — how do you know?"

"What 's he doing if he ain't spying? Queer too that those big ships come into the harbor now, eh, Mynheer? He knows all about you and your ducats, and with six ships down there to back him all he 's got to do is to say, 'Fork out, Cornelis Van Witt, or I 'll —'"

"What, Brammatje, what?"

"How should I know? Only it won't be pleasant."

"Heereje! what shall I do?"

"Make him harmless; turn the tables."

"But how, my dear, excellent friend?"

"When he comes" — Brammatje spoke with appalling secrecy — "lure him into the garret, that 's safest; lock him in and make terms with him through the keyhole. If he won't give in I don't mind persuading him with my blunderbuss — through the door, of course."

"So, young man, you will spy on me at night, will you?" he reflected with natural resentment. "Well, two can play at that game. I 'll be blanked if I want to see your long legs round by the churchyard at night any more. Grudge a poor man a trifle of luck, do you?"

Late that afternoon Captain Cawardine appeared; he looked preoccupied if not guilty. "I have something to say to you, Mynheer."

Mynheer grasped the arms of his chair. Did this British spy mean to murder him or take him prisoner?

"Mynheer, I want to warn you against a man I see about here, one Brammatje Baas. I have seen him in Boston; he is an escaped convict."

Mynheer's muscles relaxed; he received this information with admirable composure.

"I have no proof, Mynheer, only suspicions; but I am inclined to think he is planning a burglary."

"'Pon my word, Captain, where?"

"The old church over the way."

"Well, then, young sir, why don't you stop him?" Mynheer retorted with unrepressed scorn.

"I can, if you will let me lodge in your house to-night."

Mynheer Van Witt himself conducted his guest to his room — a garret room, but sufficient in comfort for a contented mind; it was dismal and clean, and it rejoiced in a huge four-poster with green curtains.

There was about Mynheer the restlessness of a bad conscience. "Bolt yourself in, young man, and God rest you," he said; and when after two hours of sleep Captain Cawardine tried the door he found that he was locked in, for what reason he did not stop to consider. Given a garret window, Juffrouw van Twist's homespun sheets, the roof of a broad veranda below, the rest was a trifle for Jack Cawardine. He dropped like a cat, still holding one of Juffrouw Pampy's sheets in his hand.

"Now for a little fun," he thought with a twinkle in his eye; and flinging the sheet about his shoulders he grasped the ledge of the veranda and swung himself into the midst of the famous Van Witt dahlias, a flower of which Mynheer approved as being so orderly and so clean.

The bell of St. Bartholomew struck midnight. The pine trees cast black shadows across the old cemetery, and the weather-beaten headstones lay deep in the unmown grass. It required courage even in a ghost to break such profound silence. Yet the vibration of the bell had hardly ceased when something white, tall, and shadowy appeared against the darkness

of the old church, crept along with flowing garments, its face hidden, but bearing in its hands a heavy burden; progress was slow over the long grass. Suddenly through the silence there rang a cry — a cry of abject terror. The moment was unique in supernatural history: the ghost itself was haunted; for before it, under the shadow of a pine tree, stood another apparition for all the world like itself.

"I have been waiting for you," an unearthly voice spoke; and at the words the first ghost dropped its burden and fell on its knees and shrieked.

"How dare you mock me, you wretch?" the other demanded, and pointed to the flowing draperies.

"Forgive — forgive," the miserable mummer gasped.

"Brammatje Baas," the merciless voice continued, "what are you hiding?"

"My — my little sup-supper," he whimpered.

"You lie! You 've been robbing the church. The communion service is in that chest."

"Ow-ow-ow!" and Brammatje bowed his rascally head in terror to the ground and made a discovery: the ghost wore spurs, and who ever heard of a mad sexton with spurs?

"The devil!" he roared, and would have jumped to his feet only his head came in smart contact with the muzzle of a pistol.

"Run and I 'll blow your brains out," said Captain Cawardine with a firm grip of Brammatje's collar. "Leave your plunder there, I 'll see to it; now come."

Whereupon he trundled Brammatje to the damp sacristy, dumped him in, locked the heavy door with Brammatje's own false key, and left that valorous soul to the companionship of the dominie's surplice and his own wrecked hopes.

Who will describe the condition of Mynheer Van Witt on discovering the captain's flight? — his manner of retreat was marked by the wrecks of sheets and dahlias. Mynheer felt that he was now at the mercy of an implacable enemy. To add to his terror rumor declared that Nieuw Amsterdam would be bombarded if the governor and Cornelis Van Witt did not surrender. Threats were uttered as to what could be done to Cornelis Van Witt if he insisted on being heroic. Three times that day was he summoned to attend the town council, but he knew better. Venture in range of the British guns and Captain Cawardine — never!

There being nothing else to do, a deputation of the worthy aldermen waited on Mynheer to remonstrate with him on his warlike folly. He emerged from the woodshed, his heroism beautifully disguised.

"What is the use of being so heroic, Cornelis Van Witt?" they asked. Mynheer shuddered. He heroic, and not even Brammatje to help him! The deputation declared that if they could convince Mynheer their cause was won, for it went without saying that Governor Stuyvesant could not alone make war on the British nation. An honorable surrender, leaving them in possession of their worldly goods, was a pleasing thing, they declared. They wisely proved that it makes no difference whether you live under a Dutch or an English flag if you have five meals a day.

The result is known to every boy who dog-ears a history-book in the schools of New York these days. The common sense of Nieuw Amsterdam gained the victory; Governor Stuyvesant gave way in a huff, and the British troops under Colonel Borden took possession of the town. The only apparent result of this bloodless victory was that in honor of his Majesty's brother, the Duke of York, Nieuw Amsterdam received the now famous name of New York.

VII.

THE evening after Brammatje's disappearance the sexton of St. Bartholomew's thumped the brass knocker against Mynheer's front door.

He had just rung the six o'clock bell, and he was all of a quiver.

"O Mynheer, Mynheer! a great misfortune has happened."

"Another?" Mynheer spoke with stunned resignation.

"Your communion service, of which we were so proud, is — is —"

"Blicksem! what?"

"Stolen."

"Stolen! What — d——?"

"Yes, Mynheer. I rang the six o'clock bell and went to the sacristy, as I always do, and just as I turned the key the door flew open; some one knocked me down, — see the bump on my head, Mynheer, — but I recognized the rogue: it was Brammatje; Mynheer's own Brammatje. I flew to the cupboard where the service is kept; the lock was broken and the silver chest gone."

Mynheer was left to his reflections, and they were not comforting. He had been the dupe of a rascal, by whose advice he had locked a blameless gentleman into his attic, leaving him no choice but to jump out of a garret window at the risk of breaking his neck. This same maligned gentleman was an English officer, who could make it very unpleasant for him in these days of British invasion. The communion service, which cost a small fortune, had disappeared. Juffrouw van Twist had been deprived of a bridegroom who was not yet definitely

replaced. Wimpje went about in tears, and Mistress Pamplona flavored his favorite dishes with gall and wormwood. No, Mynheer, it was your own bad conscience which produced this culinary phenomenon.

Mynheer was convinced that something terrible was going to happen in the forlorn hope that the expected never does happen. But it often does, especially if it is unpleasant, and this time it took the road to Bovenkirk, a musketeer on a brawny mare, with a command from Colonel Borden that Cornelis Van Witt should appear before him forthwith in the Town Hall of New York.

In this same Town Hall, in Governor Stuyvesant's own chair, sat Colonel Borden writing a letter and cursing liberally, for Colonel Borden was not as handy at a goose-quill as at a good stout sword.

"Pothooks and hangers, confound 'em! Where 's Jack? Jack 'll do 'em in no time. Here you, Cawardine!"

But no Captain Jack appeared. Here the colonel pulled a watch like a warming-pan out of his breeches pocket.

"Time for Jack's old man. Wants me to frighten the old chap a bit and make him mellow afterwards. Well, I 'm willing."

Just then there was an awful scuffle at the outer door; it burst open, and in flew something ponderous followed by a musketeer, who drew himself up, saluted, and remarked with business-like composure:

"I 've brought him, your Excellency. This is Cornelis Van Witt."

There was an awful silence, then Colonel Borden spoke.

"So you 're the man who defied the British nation and refused to surrender these colonies to my gracious lord and master, Charles the Second, King of England!"

Mynheer stared at the colonel in silent horror. Why was he obliged to shoulder the entire heroism of Nieuw Amsterdam?

"The British nation"— here the colonel frowned majestically—"is not to be trifled with."

Mynheer grew so limp that he clutched at the nearest chair for support; it was the very chair in which he had once fallen asleep and awakened an unwilling hero.

"Mynheer, your conduct has been such that you have aroused the—aw—the suspicion and resentment of the English Government."

"Oh, your Excellency, if you only knew. I—really could n't help it."

"I have reason to believe that you are a dangerous person, sir, disguising your true character under an aspect of timidity."

Here Cornelis wrung his fat hands. "I 'm only a peaceful citizen, your Excellency; and I—I—yes, I love and respect the English nation."

"Then why, Mynheer," Colonel Borden demanded with singular abruptness—"then why did you lock a beloved and respected Englishman into your garret?" ("Confound it!" the colonel muttered aside. "Why does n't Jack come? I 've talked out.") "A nice way to treat a guest, by Jupiter!" he said sternly.

Here Mynheer sank on his knees; all was known and he was lost.

"Pardon, your Excellency! I thought—I—I thought the young man was a British spy."

So, then, it was out. "A British spy!" the colonel roared. "Jack Cawardine, the son of my old friend General Cawardine, a British spy! I say, Jack, come out here, d' ye hear?" And sure enough Jack came into the room, none the worse for the tumble into Mynheer's dahlias.

"I say, Jack, the old Dutchman thought you were a British spy."

Jack magnanimously helped Mynheer to his feet and dusted him tenderly. "What made you suspect me, Mynheer. Who told you?"

Cornelis was silent, and then he stammered, "Brammatje Baas."

"Against whom I warned you. Mynheer, why do you believe the word of a ruffian instead of that of a gentleman?"

"Young sir, why does a gentleman jump out of a window at midnight?"

"Mynheer, since when does the host lock his guest into his room? But pardon me; I owe you an explanation, and I am ready to give it. I hope it will prove satisfactory."

With these words Captain Cawardine pulled something heavy from under the table; it was a huge box with a broken padlock. He flung the iron-bound lid back, and there, in all its glory, lay the communion service of St. Bartholomew's.

"This," the captain said modestly, "is my explanation. If I had not jumped out of the window I could not have restored the treasure of St. Bartholomew to its generous donor"; and Captain Cawardine bowed very low to Mynheer Van Witt.

Mynheer beamed with joy, and he grasped both of Jack's hands.

"I have done you a great wrong, Captain Cawardine. Forgive me."

Jack smiled, and then he spoke. "Tell me, Mynheer, why do you dislike me?"

Mynheer changed color, cleared his throat, and then he blurted out, "Why did you come courting Juffrouw van Twist, sir?"

Here Colonel Borden gave a great shout. "'Pon my soul, Jack, even in these wilds there 's a woman at the bottom of it."

Mynheer paid no attention. "What do you, a young and handsome man, want with a woman old enough to be your mother?" he urged. "The fact is, I have been meaning to marry the lady myself one of these days."

"Zounds, Jack! If Mynheer is very anxious you might be induced to relinquish the older fair for one younger; eh, my boy?" Colonel Borden leaned back in the great chair and crossed his knees, and Jack blushed furiously.

"Let me put in my oar," the colonel continued jovially. "Sit down, Mynheer, and make yourself comfortable. His Majesty's government will always be glad to see Mynheer Van Witt at home in the council chamber of New York. So it seems the lady is a trifle mature for the boy, eh? But if you take her and leave our young friend with an aching heart, sure it will be your duty to supply her place."

Mynheer looked dazed.

Colonel Borden continued with some emphasis:

"It will be well for Cornelis Van Witt to be on good terms with the new government. As a man of wealth on good terms with the government you can aspire to great influence. As a Dutchman who obstinately refused to surrender you may be heroic, my good sir, but you will certainly be — unpopular."

Mynheer changed color and condemned his heroism.

"If, on the other hand, you can ally yourself with a good English family of undoubted loyalty, that will be a guarantee for your future patriotism. You understand, Mynheer?"

But Mynheer was all at sea.

"Listen," the colonel continued. "Here 's a boy I love as my own," and he laid his hand on Cawardine's arm. "His people are the stanchest of good English folks, well to do and honorable, and all this he has inherited. You, Mynheer, are wealthy; you have a daughter —"

"Yes, Wilhelmina; a little maid with yellow hair and brown eyes," Mynheer murmured absently.

"Exchange!" the colonel roared, and thumped the table. "What do you say, Jack? A good idea and a new one; eh, old fellow?"

Captain Cawardine watched Mynheer with breathless eagerness. Mynheer's perplexity was something painful; he clutched his head, and his little gray eyes roved wildly about. "This is so very sudden — so — so unexpected," he stammered.

"Sir," the colonel interposed, "do not forget my warning. I speak to you not as a prisoner of war, as I might, but as a friend."

"I — I — thank your Excellency, — I — I am deeply beholden to you, — but — you see, gentlemen, I must first speak to Wimpje — my little daughter Wimpje. It will be for Wimpje to decide."

"Tell her to sacrifice herself for your sake, Mynheer, do you hear? And, I say, take Captain Jack home with you. I don't trust you — you are a desperate character. You are the hero of New York these days, Mynheer. God be with you, gentlemen."

VIII.

It is pleasant to be on good terms with the government if one has favors to ask.

Mynheer rode beside the captain and pondered, and every moment he inclined more and more to the colonel's plan. As for its being an English government — mere prejudice; what had the Dutch government ever done for him?

Mynheer broke the silence. "It all depends on Wimpje and whether her heart inclines to you. Young maids are uncertain tricks these days. She 's desperate woful since two days, and such matters as courting may come amiss. Such weeping and hanging round my neck when I left — why, blicksem! there they are running down the road to meet me. Why, Wimpje child, and Juffrouw van Twist, here am I safe back"; and he held out a fat hand to each, while Powtje stood still and took a nibble of grass. "Glad to see your old father again, Wimpje? There, I 'd forgotten — the captain 's come. Go on, Powtje."

Captain Cawardine swung himself out of his saddle, and with the horse's bridle over his arm he walked beside young Wimpje Van Witt.

"Juffrouw Van Witt," the captain said softly, "have you missed me?"

There was no answer, only a sudden little sob. "Why, Wimpje, my darling, so much?" he cried, and kissed the little hand he held in his over and over again.

"To leave me for two days, Captain Cawardine, and without a word, and to risk your life as you did."

"I went hunting, sweetheart."

"Out of the garret window?"

"Later you shall know all, darling."

She turned upon him with a quiver of her pretty lips. "I must tell father. I can bear it no longer. To think you are an Englishman, and that of all the world he should just hate Englishmen. I fear he will never pardon our deception."

"My darling, it will all end well, believe me. Perhaps it was a foolish plan, but how else could I have had my sweetheart? All 's fair in love and war, and it was kind of Juffrouw Pampy to let me come courting her for the

joy of seeing you. It was for the best, Wimpje dear. Captain Cawardine was an unwelcome suitor for the hand of Juffrouw Van Witt — what was to be done?"

"Oh, if my father will only forgive me for loving you! If he does not — why then I 'll follow you to the end of the earth, for I cannot live without you. O Jack, I 'll go as far then as ever you wish — even to Boston, Jack."

IX.

A PEACEFUL late-afternoon quiet rested over the living-room, and the holy saint was fading into twilight. The teakettle was singing on the warm-stoof; a couple of logs blazed on the hearth where sat the Van Witt cat washing its face with one soft paw.

Two sighs broke the stillness.

"Why, Wimpje?"

"Why, father?"

"I wish to speak to you, Wimpje."

"I 've something to say to you, father."

Wimpje brought the settle to the sacred chair, and rubbed her soft cheeks against Mynheer's hand.

"How old are you, Wimpje?"

"Eighteen, father."

"Now, Wimpje, did it — did it ever occur to you that young girls do sometimes marry?"

Wimpje sighed.

"Do you like Jan Wissenkerke, Wimpje child?"

The answer was faint but satisfactory. A sudden thought struck Mynheer. "On principle you are not opposed to marrying; eh, Wimpje? Young maids have such foolish notions sometimes."

The answer was more inaudible and yet satisfactory. Whereupon Mynheer proceeded.

"Wimpje child, there now, tell your old father, is your heart quite free?"

Here Wimpje, to Mynheer's speechless consternation, laid her face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Heereje! What does this mean? And just as I had a nice little plan. O Wimpje!"

"A plan?" Juffrouw Van Witt murmured, sobbing.

"Well, child, you must be told. Here is Pamplona — you always liked Pamplona, and some day I meant to marry her; but there was no hurry, and all would have gone well, but just then who comes but Captain Cawardine courting my Pamplona."

Here a smile quivered through Wimpje's tears.

"Not that I am surprised; he might have done worse. Pamplona has wonderful staying qualities. So she took him, but only because I — I had not spoken."

Mynheer was unspeakably elated. "The fact is, child, not to hide anything from you, the decided stand I took in the matter of the siege of Nieuw Amsterdam (there are those who call it heroic) has been misconstrued. The English Government doubts my patriotism; the English Government requires a guarantee for my — ahem! — loyalty."

Wimpje gazed at her heroic father with frightened eyes.

"Wimpje, tell me, what do you think of Captain Cawardine?"

"Wimpje controlled a sudden sparkle in her brown eyes, and hung her head discreetly. "He seems a worthy young man."

"He is more than that." Mynheer spoke with sudden impatience. "He is a young man of taste and discretion, or he would not have courted Juffrouw van Twist. That wound will heal. He is, besides, of excellent family and well to do, and he is as a son to Colonel Borden. Being so well with the government, young and sturdy, and pleasant to gaze upon, I thought — yes, I thought —"

"Well, father?"

"I thought, Wimpje, you might n't do much better, and you could do a great deal worse."

"But he is an Englishman, father."

"A mere prejudice, child. Through Captain Cawardine your old father could get many a good trading privilege. There, listen to me, Wimpje, do not sacrifice your father for a foolish fancy."

"So it would please you if I married Captain Cawardine?" young Wimpje said meekly.

"It would be very wise, child."

"Very well, then, for your sake, you dear —" and before he could remonstrate Wimpje's arms were flung about his neck.

"I am so happy, so very happy, you dear old father!"

"Why?" Mynheer cried, struggling.

"Now you will have to forgive. Wait, I 'll call Jack."

And Jack came, smiling and eager.

"O Jack, I 've promised to marry you," Wimpje cried; and before Mynheer could say a word she was in Jack's arms.

"This is very extraordinary, Captain; will you explain, Wilhelmina? I thought, Juffrouw, you said your heart was not free."

"It was n't, for there was — Jack."

"But there was also Juffrouw van Twist. Blicksem! Whom did you come courting, Captain Cawardine?"

But Wimpje was already by his side stroking his fat cheek. "It was me he came courting, and it was all Pamplona's little plan, so you will have to forgive her: say you forgive us all, you dear."

Of course Mynheer forgave, and before

winter set in there were two fine weddings at Bovenkirk.

In the course of time Cornelis Van Witt's increasing wealth proved on what excellent terms he was with the government, while the wisdom and patriotism of Governor Cawardine of New York have passed into history.

As for the ghost of the mad sexton, it disappeared with Brammatje Baas.

Whoever doubts the truth of this narrative, let him take the elevated road in the great city of New York and search for the old church of St. Bartholomew not far from the Bowery. There will he find an ancient graveyard surrounded by time-stained warehouses. He will observe that the crumbling headstones still stand in straight rows as placed by the mad sexton. If he searches very carefully he will discover on one weather-beaten slab, beneath a solitary willow tree the years have spared, this half-obliterated inscription:

CORNELIS VAN WITT,
DIED AT THE GREAT AGE OF 90
IN THE TOWN OF NEW YORK.
1695.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Anna Eichberg King.

SUNSET AND SHORE.

(WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND'S MUSIC.)

BIRDS that like vanishing visions go winging
White, white in the flame of the sunset's burning,
Fly with the wild spray the billows are flinging;
Blend, blend with the nightfall, and fade, unreturning!

Fire of the heaven, whose splendor, all glowing,
Soon, soon must end, and in darkness shall perish;
Sea-bird and flame-wreath, and foam lightly blowing,
Soon, soon though we lose you, your beauty we cherish.

Visions may vanish, the sweetest, the dearest;
Hushed, hushed be love's voice like an echo replying;
Spirits may leave us that clung to us nearest —
Love, love, only love dwells with us undying!

George Parsons Lathrop.

LOVE, ART, AND TIME.

ON A PICTURE ENTITLED "THE PORTRAIT," BY WILL H. LOW.

SWEET Grecian girl who on the sunbright wall
Tracest the outline of thy lover's shade,
While, on the dial near, Time's hand is laid
With silent motion, fearest thou, then, all?
How that one day the light shall cease to fall
On him who is thy light; how lost, dismayed,—
By Time, and Time's pale comrade, Death, betrayed,—
Thou shalt breathe on beneath the all-shadowing pall!

Love, Art, and Time — these are the triple powers
That rule the world, and shall for many a morrow:
Love that beseecheth Art to conquer Time!
Bright is the picture, but, O fading flowers!
O youth that passes, love that bringeth sorrow —
Bright is the picture; sad the poet's rhyme.

R. W. G.

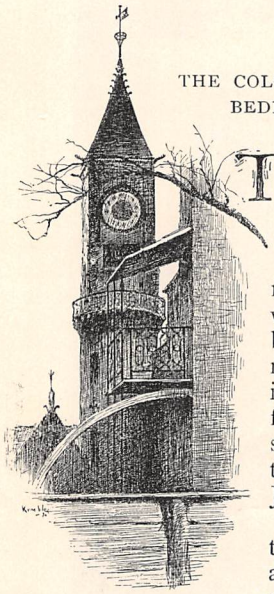
BY PERMISSION OF RADTKE, LAUCKNER & CO.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

"THE PORTRAIT," BY WILL H. LOW.

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.



THE COLONEL'S HOUSE IN BEDFORD PLACE.

THE dinner was at the colonel's — an old-fashioned, partly furnished, two-story house nearly a century old which crouches down behind a larger and more modern dwelling fronting on Bedford Place within a stone's throw of the tall clock tower of Jefferson Market.

The street entrance to this curious abode is marked by a swinging wooden gate opening into a narrow tunnel which dodges under the front house. It is an uncanny sort of passageway, moldy and wet from a long neglected leak overhead, and lighted at night by a rusty lantern with dingy glass sides.

On sunny days this gruesome tunnel frames from the street a delightful picture of a bit of the yard beyond, with the quaint colonial door and its three steps let down in a welcoming way.

Its retired location and shabby entrance brings it quite within the colonel's income, and as the rent is not payable in advance, he has surrounded himself not only with all the comforts but with many of the luxuries of a more pretentious home. In this he is assisted by his negro servant Chad,— an abbreviation of Nebuchadnezzar,— who is chambermaid, cook, butler, body-servant, and boots, and who by his marvelous tales of the magnificence of "de old fambly place in Kyartersville" has established a credit among the shopkeepers on the avenue which would be denied a much more solvent customer.

To this hospitable retreat I wended my way in obedience to one of the colonel's characteristic notes:

No. 51 BEDFORD PLACE.
FRIDAY.

Everything is booming — Fitz says the scheme will take like the measles — dinner to-morrow at six — don't be late. CARTER.

I had received several similar notes that week, all on the spur of the moment and all expressive of the colonel's varying moods and wants; the former suggested by his unbounded enthusiasm over this new railroad scheme, and the latter by such requests as these: "Would I lend him half a dozen napkins — his were all in the wash, and he wanted enough to carry him over Sunday. Chad would bring, with my permission, the extra pair of andirons I spoke about." Or, "Kindly hand Chad the two magazines and a corkscrew."

So to-night I pushed open the swinging door, felt my way along the dark passage, and crossed the small yard choked with snow at the precise minute when the two hands of the great clock in the tall tower pointed to six.

The door was opened by Chad.

"Walk right in, sah; de colonel 's in de din-in'-room."

Chad was wrong. The colonel was at that moment finishing his toilet in what he was pleased to call his "dressing-room" up-stairs, his cheery voice announcing that fact over the balusters as soon as he heard my own, coupled with the additional information that he would be down in five minutes.

What a cozy, charming interior this dining-room was!

It had once been two rooms, and two very small ones at that, divided by folding doors. From out the rear one there had opened a smaller room answering to the space occupied by the narrow hall and staircase in front. All

"IN KYARTERSVILLE."

the interior partitions and doors dividing these three rooms had been knocked away at some time in its history, leaving an L interior having two windows in front and three in the rear.

Some one of its many occupants, more luxurious than the others, had paneled the walls of this now irregular-shaped apartment with a dark wood running half way to the low ceiling smoked and blackened by time, and had built two fireplaces — an open wood fire which laughed at me from behind my own andirons, and an old-fashioned English grate built into the chimney with wide hobs, convenient and necessary for the various brews and mixtures for which the colonel was famous.

Midway, equally warmed by both fires, stood the table, its center freshened by a great dish of celery white and crisp, with covers for three on a snow-white cloth resplendent in old India blue. At each end shone a pair of silver coasters,— heirlooms from Carter Hall,— one holding a cut-glass decanter of sherry, the other awaiting its customary bottle of claret.

On the hearth before the wood fire rested a pile of plates, also India blue, and on the mantel over the grate stood a row of bottles adapting themselves, like all good foreigners, to the rigors of our climate. Add a pair of silver candelabra with candles,— the colonel despised gas,— dark red curtains drawn close, three or four easy chairs, a few etchings and sketches loaned from my studio, together with a modest sideboard at the end of the L, and you have the salient features of a room so inviting and restful that you wanted life made up of one long dinner, continually served within its hospitable walls.

But I hear the colonel calling down the back stairs:

"Not a minute over eighteen, Chad. You ruined those ducks last Sunday."

The next moment he has me by both hands.

"My dear Major, I am pa'alized to think I kep' you waitin'. Just up from my office. Been workin' like a slave, suh. Only five minutes to dress befo' dinner. Have a drop of sherry and a dash of bitters, or shall we wait for Fitzpatrick? No? All right! He should have been here befo' this. You don't know Fitz? Most extraord'nary man; a great mind, suh; literature, science, politics, finance, everythin' at his fingers' ends. He has been of the greatest service to me since I have been in New York in this railroad enterprise, which I am happy to say is now reachin' a culmination. You shall hear all about it after dinner. Put yo' body in that chair and yo' feet on the fender— my fire and yo' fender! No, Fitz's fender and yo' andirons! Charmin' combination!"

It is delightful to watch him as he busies himself about the room, warming a big chair for Fitz, punching the fire, brushing the sparks from the pile of plates, and testing the temperature of the claret lovingly with the palms of his hands.

He is perhaps fifty years of age, tall, slightly built; iron gray hair, brushed straight back from his forehead and overlapping his collar behind; deep-set eyes, brown and twinkling; nose prominent; cheeks slightly sunken; brow wide and high; and chin and jaw strong and marked. His mustache droops over a firm, well-cut mouth and unites at its ends with a gray goatee which rests on his shirt front.

Like most Southerners living away from great cities his voice is soft and low, and tempered with a cadence that is delicious.

He wears a black broadcloth coat,— a double-breasted garment,— with similar-colored vest and trousers, a turn-down collar, a shirt of many plaits which is under-starched and over-wrinkled but always clean, large cuffs very much frayed, a narrow black or white tie, and low shoes with white cotton stockings.

This black broadcloth coat is quite the most interesting feature of the colonel's costume. So many changes are constantly made in its general make-up that you never quite believe it is the same ill-buttoned, shiny garment until by long acquaintance you become familiar with its possibilities.

When the colonel has a funeral or other serious matter on his mind this coat is buttoned high up under his chin, showing only his gaunt throat and the stray end of a black cravat. When the question is one of a dinner he buttons it a point lower down, revealing a bit of his plaited shirt with a glimpse of his cravat. For anything so convivial as a wedding it is thrown wide open, discovering a white vest and snowy neckcloth. This last is the limit of its capacity and its happiest combination.

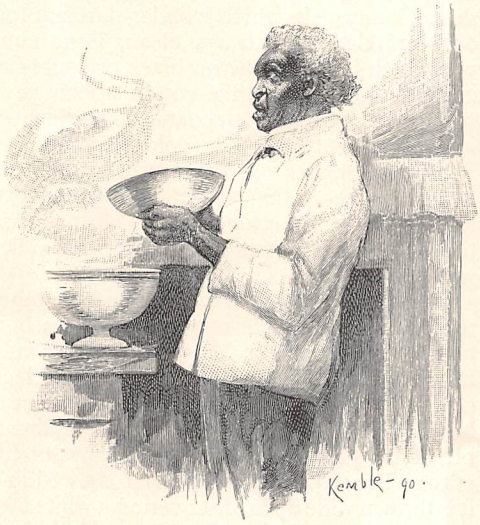
These several make-ups used once to surprise me, and I often found myself insisting that the looseness and grace with which this garment flapped around the colonel's thin legs was only possible in a brand-new coat having all the spring and lightness of youth in its seams. But I had always been mistaken. I had only to look at the mismated buttons and the raveled edge of the lining fringing the tails.

The colonel wears to-night the lower-button style with the white tie. It was indeed the adjustment of this necessary article which consumed the five minutes passed in his dressing-room, slightly lengthened by the time necessary to trim his cuffs — a little nicety which he rarely overlooked and which it mortified him to forget.

What a frank, outspoken, sincere, generous, tender-hearted fellow he is! Happy as a boy. Hospitable to the verge of beggary. Enthusiastic as he is visionary. A Virginian of good birth, fair education, and limited knowledge of

the world and of men; proud of his ancestry, proud of his State, and proud of himself; believing in States' rights, slavery, and the Confederacy; and away down in the bottom of his soul still clinging to the belief that the poor white trash of the earth includes about everybody outside of Fairfax County.

With these antecedents it is easy to see that his "reconstruction" is as hopeless as that of the famous Greek frieze, outwardly whole and yet always a patchwork. So he chafes continually under what he believes to be the tyranny and despotism of an undefined autocracy, which, in a general way, he calls "the Government," but which really refers to the distribution of certain local offices in his own immediate vicinity.



"DISHIN' THE DINNER."

When he hands you his card it bears this unabridged inscription:

Colonel George Fairfax Carter,
of Carter Hall,
Cartersville, Virginia.

He omits "United States of America," simply because it would add nothing to his dignity.

A SHARP double knock at the outer gate, and the next instant a stout, thick-set, round-faced man of forty, with merry, bead-like eyes protected by big bowed spectacles, pushed open the door and peered in good-humoredly.

The colonel sprang forward and seized him by both shoulders.

"What the devil do you mean, Fitz, by comin' ten minutes late? Don't you know, suh, that the burnin' of a canvasback is a crime?

"Stuck in the snow? Well, I 'll forgive you this once, but Chad won't. Give me yo' coat — bless me! it is as wet as a setter dog. Now put yo' belated carcass into this chair which I have been warmin' for you, right next to my dearest old friend, the Major. Major, Fitz! — Fitz, the Major! Take hold of each other. Does my heart good to get you both together. Have you brought a copy of the prospectus of our railroad? You know I want the Major in with us on the groun' flo'. But after dinner — not a word befo'."

This railroad was the colonel's hope for the impoverished acres of Carter Hall, but lately saved from foreclosure by the generosity of his aunt Miss Nancy Carter, who redeemed it with almost all her savings, the house and half of the outlying lands being thereupon deeded to her. The other half was retained by the colonel.

I explained to Fitz immediately after his hearty greeting that I was a humble painter and not a major at all, and had not the remotest connection with any military organization whatever; but that the colonel always insisted upon surrounding himself with a staff, and that my promotion was in conformity with this idea.

The colonel laughed, seized the poker, and rapped three times on the floor. A voice from the kitchen rumbled up:

"Comin', sah!"

It was Chad "dishin' the dinner" below, his explanations increasing in distinctness as he pushed the rear door open with his foot, both hands being occupied with the soup tureen which he bore aloft and placed at the head of the table.

In a moment more he retired to the outer hall and reappeared brilliant in white jacket and apron. Then he ranged himself behind the colonel's chair and with great dignity announced that dinner was served.

"Come, Major! Fitz, sit where you can warm yo' back — you are not thawed out yet. One minute, gentlemen — an old custom of my ancestors which I never omit."

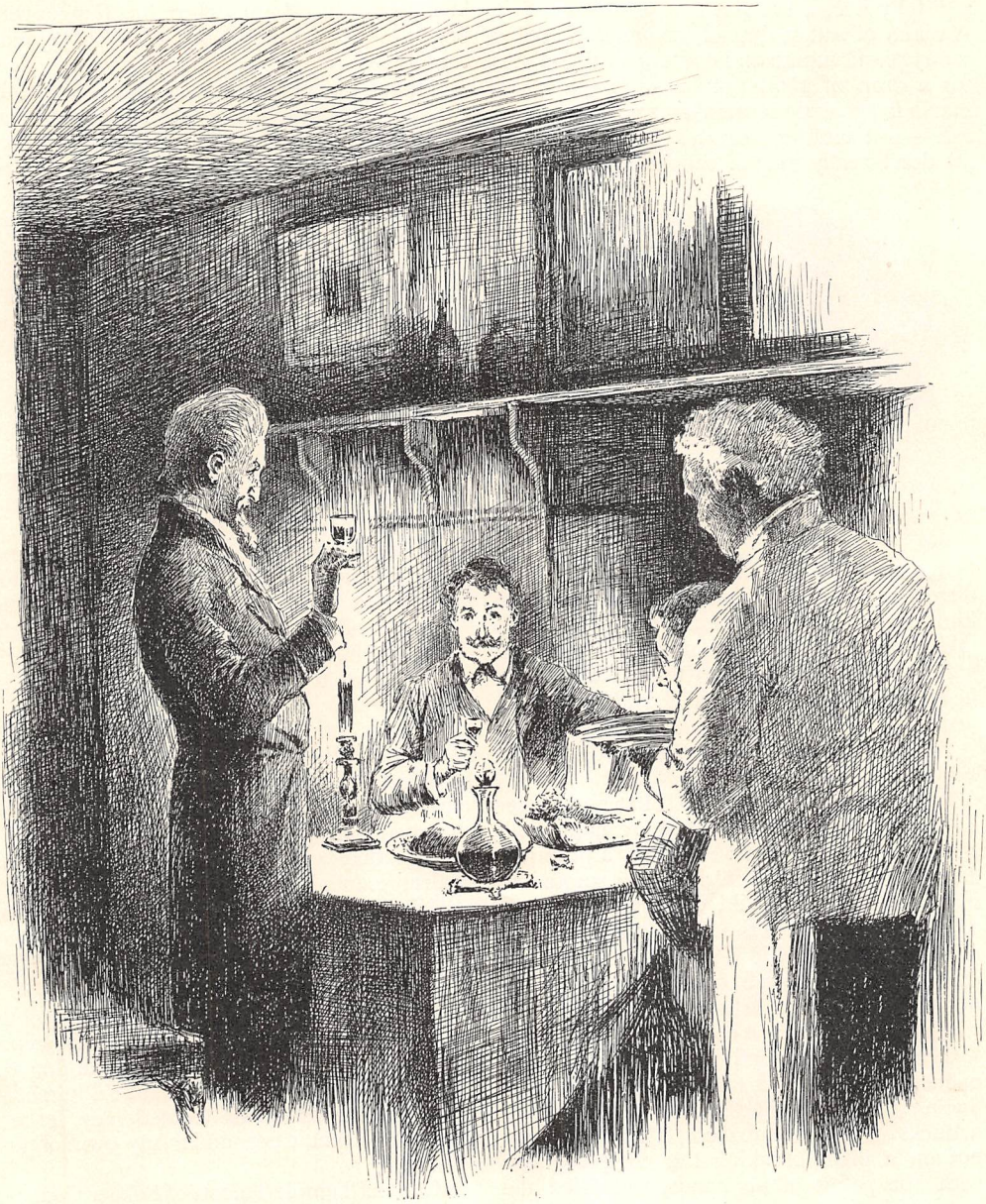
The blessing was asked with becoming reverence; then there was a slight pause and the colonel lifted the cover of the tureen and sent a savory cloud of incense to the ceiling.

The soup was a cream of something with baby crabs. There was also a fish,— boiled,— with slices of hard eggs fringing the dish, ovaled by a hedge of parsley and supplemented by a pyramid of potatoes with their jackets ragged as tramps. Then a ham, brown and crisp, and bristling all over with cloves.

Then the ducks!

It was beautiful to see the colonel's face when Chad, with a bow like a folding jack-knife, held this dish before him.

"Lay 'em here, Chad — right under my nose. Now hand me that pile of plates siz-



"GENTLEMEN, A TRUE SOUTHERN LADY."

zlin' hot, and give that caarvin' knife a turn or two across the hearth. Major, dip a bit of celery in the salt and follow it with a mou'ful of claret. It will prepare yo' palate for the kind of food we raise gentlemen on down my way. See that red blood, suh, followin' the knife!"

"Suit you, marsa?" Chad never forgot his slave days.

"To a turn, Chad — I would n't take a thousand dollars for you," replied the colonel, relapsing as unconsciously into an old habit.

"There, Major," said the colonel as Chad laid the smoking plate before me, "is the breast of a bird that fo' days ago was divin' for wild celery within fo'ty miles of Caarter Hall. My dear old Aunt Nancy sends me a pair every week, bless her sweet soul! Fill yo' glasses and let us drink to her health and happiness." Here the colonel rose from his chair: "Gentlemen, the best thing on this earth — a true Southern lady!

"Now, Chad, the red pepper."

"No jelly, Colonel?" said Fitz, with an eye on the sideboard.

"Jelly? No, suh; not a suspicion of it. A pinch of salt, a dust of cayenne, then shut yo' eyes and mouth and don't open them 'cept for a drop of good red wine. It is the salt marsh in the early mornin' that you are tastin', suh — not molasses candy. You Nawthern-ers don't really treat a canvasback with any

FITZ.

degree of respect. You ought never to come into his presence when he lies in state without takin' off yo' hats. That may be one reason why he skips over the Nawthern States when he takes his annual fall outin'." And he laughed heartily.

"But you use it on venison?" argued Fitz.

"Venison is diff'ent, suh. That game lives on moose buds, the bark of sugar maple, and the tufts of sweet grass. There is a propriety and justice in his endin' his days smothered in sweets; but the wild duck, suh, is bawn of the salt ice, braves the storm, and lives a life of peyil and hardship. You don't degrade a' oyster, a soft shell crab, or a clam with confectionery; why a canvasback duck?

"Now, Chad, serve coffee."

The colonel pushed back his chair and opened a drawer in a table on his right, producing three clay pipes with reed stems, and a buckskin bag of tobacco. This he poured out on a plate, breaking the coarser grains with the palms of his hands, and filled the pipes with the greatest care.

Fitz watched him curiously, and when he reached for the third pipe said:

"No, Colonel, none for me; smoke a cigar — got a pocketful."

"Smoke yo' own cigars, will you, and in the presence of a Virginian? I don't believe you have got a drop of Irish blood left in yo' veins, or you would take this pipe."

"Too strong for me," remonstrated Fitz.

"Throw that villainous device away, I say, Fitz, and surprise yo' nostrils with a whiff of this. Virginia tobacco, suh,— raised at Caartersville,— cured by my own servants. No? Well, you will, Major. Here, try that; every breath of it is a nosegay," said the colonel, turning to me.

"But, Colonel," continued Fitz, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "your tobacco pays no tax. With a debt like ours it is the duty of every good citizen to help raise it. Half the cost of this cigar goes to the Government."

It was a red flag to the colonel, and he laid down his pipe and faced Fitz squarely.

"Tax! On our own productions, suh! Raised on our own land! Are you again forgettin' that you are an Irishman and becomin' one of these money-makin' Yankees? Have n't we suffe'd enough — robbed of our property, our lands confiscated, our slaves toun from us; nothin' left but our honor and the shoes we stand in!"

The colonel on cross-examination could not locate any particular wholesale robbery, but it did not check the flow of his indignation.

"Take, for instance, the town of Caartersville: look at that peaceful village which for mo' than a hundred years has enjoyed the privileges of free government; and not only Caartersville, but all our section of the State."

"Well, what 's the matter with Cartersville?" asked Fitz, lighting his cigar.

"Matter, suh! Just look at the degradation it fell into hardly ten years ago. A Yankee jedge jurisdictin' our laws, a Yankee sheriff enfo'cin' 'em, and a Yankee postmaster distributin' letters and sellin' postage stamps."

"But they were elected all right, Colonel, and represented the will of the people."

"What people? Yo' people, not mine. No, my dear Fitz; the Administration succeeding the war has treated us shamefully, and will go down to postehity as infamous."

The colonel left his chair and began pacing the floor, his indignation rising at every step.

"To give you an idea, suh," he continued, "of what we Southern people suffe'd immediately after the fall of the Confederacy, let me state a case that came under my own observation.

"Colonel Temple Talcott of Fokeer County, Virginia, came into Talcottville one mornin', suh,— a town settled by his ancestors,— ridin' upon his horse — or rather a mule, suh, belongin' to his overseer. Colonel Talcott, suh, belonged to one of the vehy fust families in Virginia. He was a son of Jedge Thaxton Talcott, suh, and grandson of General Snowden Stafford Talcott of the Revolutionary War. Now, suh, let me tell you right here that the Talcott blood is as blue as the sky, and that every gentleman bearin' the name is known all over the county, suh, as a man whose honor is dearer to him than his life, and whose word is as good as his bond. Well,

suh, on this mornin' Colonel Talcott left his plantation in charge of his overseer — he was workin' it on shares — and rode through his estates to his ancestral town, some five miles distant. It is true, suh, these estates were no longer in his name, but that had no bearin' on the events that followed; he ought to have owned them, and would have done so but for some vehy ungentlemanly fo'closure proceedin's which occurred immediately after the war.

"On arriving at Talcottville the colonel dismounted, handed the reins to his servant, — or perhaps, suh, one of the niggers around the do',— and entered the post-office. Now, suh, let me tell you that one month befo' the Government, contrary to the express wishes of a great many of our leadin' citizens, had sent a Yankee postmaster to Talcottville to administer the postal affairs of that town. No sooner had this man taken possession than he began to be exclusive, suh, and to put on airs. The vehy fust air he put on was to build a fence in his office and compel our people to transact their business through a hole. This, suh, in itself was vehy gallin', for up to that time the mail had always been dumped out on the table in the stage office and every gentleman had he'ped himself. The next thing was the closin' of his mail bags at a' hour fixed by himself. This became a great inconvenience to our citizens, who were often late in finishin' their correspondence, and who had always found our former postmaster willin' either to hold the bag over until the next day or send it across to Drummondtown by a boy to catch a later train.

"Colonel Talcott's mission to the post-office, suh, was to mail a letter to his factor in Richmond, Virginia, on business of the utmost importance to himself, suh — namely, the raisin' of a small loan upon his share of the crop. Not the crop that was planted, suh, but the crop that he expected to plant.

"Colonel Talcott approached the hole, and with that Chesterfieldian manner which has distinguished the Talcotts for mo' than two centuries asked the postmaster for the loan of a three-cent postage stamp.

"To his astonishment, suh, he was refused.

"Think of a Talcott, suh, in his own county town bein' refused a three-cent postage stamp by a low-lived Yankee, who had never known a gentleman in his life, suh! The colonel's first impulse, suh, was to haul the scoundrel through the hole and kearve him; but then he remembered, suh, that he was a Talcott and could not demean himself, and drawin' himself up again with that manner which was grace itself he requested the loan of a three-cent postage stamp until he should communicate with his factor in Richmond, Virginia; and again, suh, he was refused. Well, suh, what was there left for a high-toned Southern gentleman to do? Colonel Talcott drew his revolver from the leg of his boot and shot that Yankee scoundrel through the heart and killed him on the spot.

"And now, suh, comes the most remarkable part of this story. If it had not been for Major Tom Yancey, Jedge Kerfoot, and myself there would have been a lawsuit."

Fitz lay back in his chair and roared.

"And they did not hang the colonel?"

"Hang a Talcott! No, suh; we don't hang gentlemen down our way. Jedge Kerfoot vehy properly charged the coroner's jury that it was a matter of self-defense, and Colonel Talcott was not detained, suh, mo' than haalf an hour."

The colonel rose, unlocked a closet in the sideboard, and produced a black bottle labeled in ink, "Old Cherry Bounce, 1848."

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, but the discussion of these topics has quite unnerved me. Allow me to share with you a thimbleful."

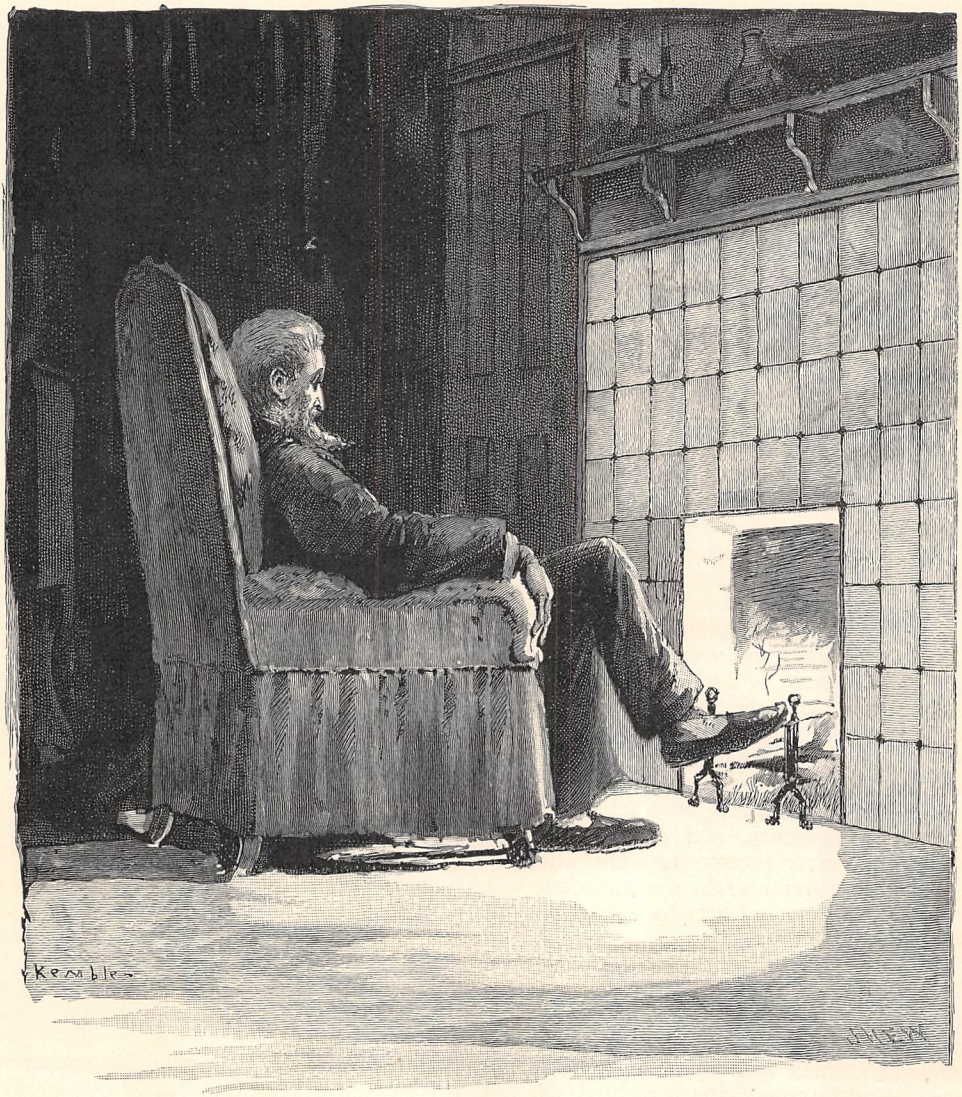
Fitz drained his glass, cast his eyes upward, and said solemnly, "To the repose of the postmaster's soul."

THE GARDEN SPOT OF VIRGINIA SEEKS AN OUTLET TO THE SEA.

CHAD was just entering the small gate which shut off the underground passage when I arrived opposite the colonel's cozy quarters. I had come to listen to the details of that booming enterprise with the epidemic proclivities the discussion of which had been cut short by the length of time it took to kill the postmaster the night before.

It was quite evident that his master ex-

"CHAD WAS GROANING UNDER A SQUARE WICKER BASKET."



"MY FIRE IS MY FRIEND."

pected me, for Chad was groaning under a square wicker basket, containing among other luxuries and necessities half a dozen bottles of claret, a segment of cheese, and some heads of lettuce; the whole surmounted by a clean leather-covered pass-book inscribed with the name and avenue number of the confiding and accommodating grocer who supplied the colonel's daily wants.

"De colonel an' Misser Fizpat'ic bofe waitin' for you, sah," said that obsequious darky, preceding me through the dark passage. I followed, mounted the old-fashioned wooden steps, and fell into the outstretched arms of the colonel before I could touch the knocker.

"Here he is, Fitz!" and the next instant I was sharing with that genial gentleman the warmth of the colonel's fire.

"Now then, Chad," called out the colonel, "take this lettuce and give it a dip in the snow for five minutes; and here, Chad, befo' you go hand me that claret. Bless my soul! it is as cold as a dog's nose; Fitz, set it on the mantel. And hurry down to that mutton, Chad, I tell you. Never mind the basket. Leave it where it is."

Chad chuckled out to me as he closed the door: "'Spec' I know mo' 'bout dat saddle den de colonel. It ain't a-burnin' none." And the colonel, satisfied now that Chad's hand

had reached the oven door, made a vigorous attack on the blazing logs with the tongs, and sent a flight of sparks scurrying up the chimney.

There was always a glow and breeze and sparkle about the colonel's fire that I found nowhere else. It partook to a certain extent of his personality — open, bright, and with a great draft of enthusiasm always rushing up a chimney of difficulties, buoyed up with the hope of the broad clear of the heaven of success above.

"My fire," he would say, "is my friend; and sometimes, my dear boy, when you are all away and Chad is out, it seems my only friend. After it talks to me for hours we both get sleepy together, and I cover it up with its gray blanket of ashes and then go to bed myself. Ah, Major! when you are gettin' old and have no wife to love you and no children to make yo' heart glad, a wood fire full of honest old logs, every one of which is doing its best to please you, is a great comfort."

"DRAW closer, Major; vehy cold night, gentlemen. We do not have any such weather in my State. Fitz, have you thawed out yet?"

Fitz looked up from a pile of documents spread out on his lap, his round face aglow with the firelight, and compared himself to half a slice of toast well browned on both sides.

"I am glad of it. I was worried about you when you came in. You were chilled through."

Then turning to me: "Fact is, Fitz is a little overworked. Enormous strain, suh, on a man solving the vast commercial problems that he is called upon to do every day."

After which outburst the colonel crossed the room and finished unpacking the basket, placing the cheese in one of the empty plates on the table, and the various other commodities on the sideboard. When he reached the pass-book he straightened himself up, held it off admiringly, turned the leaves slowly, his face lighting up at the goodly number of clean pages still between its covers, and said thoughtfully:

"Very beautiful custom, this pass-book system, gentlemen, and quite new to me. One of the most courteous attentions I have received since I have taken up my residence Nawth. See how simple it is. I send my servant to the sto' for my supplies. He returns in haalf an hour with everythin' I need, and brings back this book which I keep,— remember, gentlemen, which I keep,— a mark of confidence which in this degen'rate age is refreshin'. No vulgar bargainin', suh; no disagreeable remarks about any former unsettled account. It certainly is delightful."

"When are the accounts under this system generally paid, Colonel," asked Fitz.

With the exception of a slight tremor around the corners of his mouth the face of the colonel expressed nothing but the idlest interest.

"I have never inquired, suh, and would not hurt the gentleman's feelin's by doin' so for the world," he replied with dignity. "I presume, when the book is full."

Whatever might have been Fitz's mental workings, there was no mistaking the colonel's. He believed every word of it.

"What a dear old trump the colonel is," said Fitz, turning to me, his face wrinkling all over with suppressed laughter.

All this time Chad was passing in and out, bearing dishes and viands, and when all was ready and the table candles were lighted he announced that fact softly to the colonel and took his customary place behind his master's chair.

The colonel was as delightful as ever, and had lost none of his charm, his talk ranging from politics and family blood to possum hunts and modern literature, while the mutton and its accessories did full credit to Chad's culinary skill.

In fact the head of the colonel's table was his throne. Nowhere else was he so charming, and nowhere else did the many sides to his delightful nature give out such varied hues.

Fitz, practical business man as he was, would listen to his many schemes by the hour, charmed into silence and attentive appreciation by the sublime faith that sustained the colonel, and the perfect honesty and sincerity which underlay everything he did.

But it was not until the cheese had completely lost its geometrical form, the coffee was served, and the pipes were lighted that the subject which of all others absorbed him was broached. Indeed, it was a rule of the colonel's, never infringed upon, that, no matter how urgent the business, the dinner-hour was to be kept sacred.

"Salt yo' food, suh, with humor," he would say. "Season it with wit, and sprinkle it all over with the charm of good-fellowship, but never poison it with the cares of yo' life. It is an insult to yo' digestion, besides bein', suh, a mark of bad breedin'."

"Now, Major," began the colonel, turning to me, loosening the string around a package of papers, and spreading them out like a game of solitaire, "draw yo' chair closer. Fitz, hand me the map."

A diligent search revealed the fact that the map had been left at the office, and so the colonel proceeded without it, appealing now

and then to Fitz, who leaned over his chair, his arm on the table.

"Befo' I touch upon the financial part of this enterprise, Major, let me show you where this road runs," said the colonel, reaching for the casters. "I am sorry I have n't the map, but we can get along very well with this"; and he unloaded the cruets.

"This mustard-pot, here, is Caartersville, the starting-point of our system. This town, suh, has now a population of mo' than fo' thousand people; in five years it will have fo'ty thousand. From this point the line follows the bank of the Big Tench River—marked by this caarving-knife—to this salt-cellar, where it crosses its waters by an iron bridge of two spans, each of two hundred and fifty feet. Then, suh, it takes a sharp bend to the southard and stops at my estate, the road-bed skirting within a convenient distance of Caarter Hall.

"Please move yo' arm, Fitz. I have n't room enough to lay out the city of Fairfax. Thank you.

"Just here," continued the colonel, utilizing the remains of the cheese, "is to be the future city of Fairfax, named after my ancestor, suh, General Thomas Wilmot Fairfax of Somerset, England, who settled here in 1680. From here we take a course due nawth, stopping at Talcottville eight miles, and thence nawthwesterly to Warrentown and the broad Atlantic; in all fifty miles."

"Any connecting road at Warrentown?" I asked.

"No, suh, nor anywhere else along the line. It is absolutely virgin country, and this is one of the strong points of the scheme, for there can be no competition"; and the colonel leaned back in his chair and looked at me with the air of a man who had just informed me of a legacy of half a million of dollars and was watching the effect of the news.

I preserved my gravity and followed the imaginary line with my eye, bounding from the mustard-pot along the carving-knife to the salt-cellar and back in a loop to the cheese, and then asked if the Big Tench could not be crossed higher up, and if so why was it necessary to build twelve additional miles of road.

"To reach Carter Hall," said Fitz quietly.

"Any advantage?" I asked in perfect good faith.

The colonel was on his feet in a moment.

"Any advantage? Major, I am surprised at you! A place settled mo' than one hundred years ago, belongin' to one of the vehy fust fam'lies of Virginia, not to be of any advantage to a new enterprise like this! Why, suh, it will give an air of respectability to the whole thing that nothin' else could ever do. Leave out Caarter Hall, suh, and you pa'alize the whole scheme. Am I not right, Fitz?"

"Unquestionably, Colonel. It is really all the life it has," replied Fitz, solemn as a graven image, blowing a cloud of smoke through his nose.

"And then, suh," continued the colonel with increasing enthusiasm, oblivious to the point of Fitz's remark, "see the improvements. Right here to the eastward of this cheese we shall build a round-house marked by this napkin-ring, which will accommodate twelve locomotives, construct extensive shops for repairs, and erect large foundries and car shops. Altogether, suh, we shall expend at this point mo' than one million of dollars"; and the colonel threw back his head and gazed at the ceiling, his lips computing imaginary sums.

"Befo' these improvements are complete it will be necessary, of course, to take care of the enormous crowds that will flock in for a restin'-place. So to the left of this napkin-ring, on a slightly risin' ground,—just here where I raise the cloth,—is where the homes of the people will be erected. I have the refusal"—here the colonel lowered his voice—"of two thousand acres of the best private-residence land in the county, contiguous to this very spot, which I can buy for fo' dollars an acre. It is worth fo' dollars a square foot if it is worth a penny. But, suh, it would be little short of highway rob'ry to take this property at that figger, and I shall arrange with Fitz to include in his prospectus the payment of one hundred dollars an acre for this land, payable either in the common stock of our road or in the notes of the company, as the owners may elect."

"But, Colonel," said I, with a sincere desire to get at the facts, "where is the Golconda—the mine? Where do I come in?"

"Patience, my dear Major; I am coming to that.

"Fitz, read that prospectus."

"I HAVE," said Fitz, turning to the colonel, "somewhat modified your rough draft, to meet the requirements of our market; but not materially. Of course I cannot commit myself to any fixed earning capacity until I go over the ground, which we will do together shortly. But"—raising the candle to the level of his nose—"this is as near as I can come to your ideas with any hopes of putting the loan through here. I have, as you will see, left the title of the bond as you wished, although the issue is a novel one to our Exchange." Then turning to me: "This of course is only a preliminary announcement."

THE CARTERSVILLE AND WARRENTOWN AIR LINE RAILROAD.

THE GARDEN SPOT OF VIRGINIA SEEKS AN OUTLET TO THE SEA.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS, DIVIDED INTO

50,000 Founders' shares at ..... $10.00 each
5,000 Ordinary " "... ..... 100.00 "

BONDED DEBT FOR PURPOSES OF CONSTRUCTION ONLY.

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS

IN

1000 FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF $1000.00 EACH.

FULL PROTECTION GUARANTEED.

The undersigned, Messrs. ....., offer for sale $500,000.00 of the 6% Deferred Debenture Bonds of the C. & W. Air Line Railroad at par and accrued interest, together with a limited amount of the ordinary shares at 50%.

Subscription books close .....
Promoters reserve the right to advance prices without further notice.

"There, Major, is a prospectus that caarries conviction on its vehy face," said the colonel, reaching for the document.

I complimented the eminent financier on his skill, and was about to ask him what it all meant, when the colonel, who had been studying it carefully, broke in with:

"Fitz, there is one thing you left out."

"Yes, I know, the name of the banker; I have n't found him yet."

"No, Fitz; but the words, "*Subscriptions opened Simultaneously in New York, London, Richmond*, and —"

"Cartersville?" suggested Fitz.

"Certainly, suh."

"Any money in Cartersville?"

"No, suh, not much; but we can *subscribe*, can't we? The name and influence of our leadin' citizens would give tone and dignity to any subscription list. Think of this, suh!" and the colonel traced imaginary inscriptions on the back of Fitz's prospectus with his forefinger, at the same time voicing them as he went on:

The Hon. JOHN PAGE LOWNES,
Member of the State Legislature . . 1000 shares

The Hon. I. B. KERFOOT,
Jedge of the District Court of
Fairfax County..... .1000 shares

Major THOMAS C. YANCEY,
Late of the Confederate Army . . . .500 shares

"These gentlemen are my friends, suh, and would do anythin' to oblige me."

Fitz sharpened a lead pencil and without a word inserted the desired amendment.

The colonel studied the document for another brief moment and struck another snag.

"And, Fitz, what do you mean by 'full protection guaranteed'?"

"To the bondholder, of course — the man who pays the money."

"What kind of protection?"

"Why, the right to foreclose the mortgage when the interest is not paid, of course," said Fitz with a surprised look.

"Put yo' pencil through that line, quick — none of that for me. This fo'closure business has ruined haalf the gentlemen in our county, suh. But for that foolishness two-thirds of our fust families would still be livin' in their homes. No, suh, strike it out!"

"But, my dear Colonel, without that protecting clause you could n't get a banker to touch your bonds with a pair of tongs. What recourse have they?"

"What reco'se? Reorganization, suh! A boilin'-down process which will make the stock — which we practically give away at fifty cents on the dollar — twice as valuable. I appreciate, my dear Fitz, the effo'ts which you are makin' to dispose of these secu'ities, but you must remember that this plan is *mine*.

"Now, Major," locking his arm in mine, "listen; for I want you both to understand exactly the way in which I propose to forward this enterprise. Chad, bring me three wine glasses and put that Madeira on the table — don't disturb that railroad! — so.

"My idea, gentlemen," continued the colonel, filling the glasses himself, "is to start this scheme honestly in the beginnin' and avoid all dissatisfaction on the part of these vehy bondholders thereafter.

"Now, suh, in my experience I have always discovered that a vehy general dissatisfaction is sure to manifest itself if the coupons on secu'ities of this class are not paid when they become due. As a gen'ral rule this interest money is never earned for the fust two years, and the money to pay it with is invariably stolen from the principal. All this dishonesty I avoid, suh, by the issue of my Deferred Debenture Bonds."

"How?" I asked, seeing the colonel pause for a reply.

"By cuttin' off the fust fo' coupons. Then everybody knows exactly where they stand. They don't expect anythin' and they never get it."

Fitz gave one of his characteristic roars and asked if the fifth would ever be paid.

"I can't at this moment answer, but we hope it will."

"It is immaterial," said Fitz, wiping his eyes. "This class of purchasers are all speculators, and like excitement. The very uncertainty as to this fifth coupon gives interest to the investment, if not to the investor."

"None of yo' Irish impudence, suh. No, gentlemen, the plan is not only fair but reasonable. Two years is not a long period of time in which to foster a great enterprise like the C. & W. A. L. R. R., and it is for this purpose that I issue the Deferred Debentures. Deferred—put off; Debenture—owed. What we owe we put off. Simple, easily understood, and honest.

"Now, suh," turning to Fitz, "if after this frank statement any graspin' banker seeks to trammel this enterprise by any fo'closure clauses, he sha'n't have a bond, suh. I 'll take them all myself fust."

Fitz agreed to the striking out of all such harassing clauses, and the colonel continued his inspection.

"One mo' and I am done, Fitz. What do you mean by Founders' shares?"

"Shares for the promoters and the first subscribers. They cost one-tenth of the ordinary shares and draw five times as much dividend. It is quite a popular form of investment. They, of course, are not sold until all the bonds are disposed of."

"How many of these Founders' shares are there?"

"Fifty thousand at ten dollars each."

The colonel paused a moment and communed inwardly with himself.

"Put me down for twenty-five thousand, Fitz. Part cash, and the balance in such po'tion of my estate as will be required for the purposes of the road."

The colonel did not specify the proportions, but Fitz made a pencil memorandum on the margin of the prospectus with the same sort of respectful silence he would have shown the Rothschilds in a similar transaction, while the colonel refilled his glass and held it between his nose and the candle.

"And now, Major, what shall we reserve for you?" said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. Before I could reply Fitz raised his hand, looked at me significantly over the rims of his spectacles, and said:

"With your permission, Colonel, the Major and I will divide the remaining twenty-five thousand between ourselves. I will give you ample notice, Major, before the first partial payment is called in."

"You overwhelm me, gentlemen," said the colonel, rising from his seat and seizing us by the hands. It has been the dream of my life to have you both with me in this enterprise, but I had no idea it would be realized so soon. Fill yo' glasses and join me in a sentiment that is dear to me as my life—'The Garden Spot of Virginia in search of an Outlet to the Sea.'"

Nothing could have been more exhilarating than the colonel's manner after this. His enthusiasm became so contagious that I began to feel something like a millionaire myself, and to wonder whether, after all, this was not the opportunity of my life. Even Fitz was so far affected that he recanted to a certain extent his disbelief in the omission of the foreclosure clause, and even expressed himself as being hopeful of getting around it in some way.

As for the colonel, the railroad was to him already a fixed fact. He could really shut his eyes at any time and hear the whistle of the down train nearing the bridge over the Tench. The trifling details of finding a banker who would attempt to negotiate the loan, the subsequent selling of the securities, and the minor items of right of way, construction, etc., were matters so light and trivial as not to cause him a moment's uneasiness. Cartersville was to him the center of the earth, hampered and held back by lack of proper connections with the outlying portions of the universe. What mattered the rest?

"Make a memorandum, Fitz, to have me send for a bridge engineer fust thing after I get to my office in the mornin'. There will be some difficulty in gettin' a proper foundation for the center-pier of that bridge, and some one should be sent at once to make a survey. We can't be delayed at this point a day. And, Fitz, while I think of it, there should be a wagon bridge at or near this iron structure, and the timber might as well be gotten out now. It will facilitate haulin' supplies into Fairfax city."

Fitz thought so too, and made a second memorandum to that effect, recording the suggestion very much as a private secretary would an order from his railroad magnate.

The colonel gave this last order with coat thrown open and his thumbs in his vest, his back to the fire—a gesture never indulged in except on rare occasions, and then only when the very weight of the problem necessitated a corresponding bracing up and more breathing room.

These gestures, by the way, were very suggestive of the colonel's varying moods. Sometimes,

when he came home, tired out with the hard pavements of the city, so different from the soft earth of his native roads, I would find him bunched up in his chair in the twilight; face in hands, elbows on knees, crooning over the fire, with back bowed, the silver streaks in his hair glistening in the flickering firelight, building castles in the glowing coals — the old manor house restored and the barns rebuilt, the gates rehung, the old quarters repaired, the little negroes again around the doors; and he once more catching the sound of the yellow-painted coach on the gravel, with Chad helping the dear old aunt down the porch steps. This, deep down in the bottom of his soul, was really the dream and purpose of his life.

It never seemed nearer of realization than at this moment. The very thought suffused his whole being with a suppressed joy, visible in his face even when he began loosening the two lower buttons of his old coat, threw back the lapels and slowly extended his fingers fan-like over his dilating chest.

I always knew just what suddenly sweetened his smile from one of triumphant pride to one of tenderness.

"And the old home, Fitz, something must be done there; we must receive our friends properly."

Fitz agreed to everything, offering an amendment here, or a suggestion there, until our host's enthusiasm reached fever heat.

It was nearly midnight before the colonel had confided to Fitz all the pressing necessities of the coming day. Even then he followed us both to the door with parting instructions to Fitz, saying over and over again that it had been the happiest night of his life. He would have gone with us just as he was to the outer gate had not Chad caught him half way down the steps, thrown a coat over his bare head and shoulders, and gently led him back with:

"'Clar to goodness, Marsa George, what kind foolishness dis yer? Is you tryin' to ketch yo' death?"

Once on the outside and the gate shut Fitz's whole manner changed. He became suddenly thoughtful, and did not speak until we reached the tall clock tower with its full moon of a face shining high up against the black winter night.

Then he stood still, looked out over the white street, dotted here and there with belated wayfarers trudging home through the snow, and said with a tremor in his voice which startled me:

"I could n't raise a dollar in a lunatic asylum full of millionaires on such a scheme as the colonel's, and yet I keep on lying to the dear old fellow day after day in the hope that something will turn up by which I can help him out."

"Then tell him so."

Fitz laid his hand on my shoulder, looked me straight in the face, and said:

"I cannot. It would break his heart."

(To be continued.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

LUCA SIGNORELLI (LUCA D'EGIDIO DI MAESTRO VENTURA DE' SIGNORELLI), 1441–1523.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

WITH all the undeniable power of Signorelli and his boldness of treatment, in spite of his daring invention and defiance of precedent, qualities which place him in the roll of the greatest of the Renaissance painters, I do not feel disposed to accord him that position which most writers on the epoch assign him as among the very first, because he lacks the tenderness which is in my opinion inseparable from the consummate artist's greatness, and which we find in Michael Angelo's religious sculpture, in Raphael everywhere, in Bellini and in Mantegna, in Verrocchio and in Botticelli. Accomplished and masterly he is, but with a remote and severe power which was one of the traits of Michael Angelo, but which is generally in him veiled by a spiritual pathos which I cannot recognize in Signorelli. In his education he was of an artistic family; and his uncle, Lazzaro Vasari, great-grandfather of Giorgio Vasari, began his instruction in drawing in his childhood, and at a still early age put him under the teaching of Piero della Francesca (Pietro degli Franceschi), who is supposed to have taken him to Rome with him. There are some evidences also that he came under the influence of Pollaiuolo (Antonio), Visscher considering the proofs conclusive as contained in certain works which he mentions. The same critic also says that Verrocchio evidently influenced Signorel-

li's style and treatment of form, as is indicated by his hardness and angularity in drawing, which reminds one of half-finished wood-carving and possibly depends on a youthful practice in wood-carving which he may have got with Verrocchio, who was a wood-carver. Visscher also credits a certain influence on his style to Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, and particularly Perugino, while he gives also a share to Da Vinci, who was the pupil of Piero della Francesca in 1455, and possibly when Signorelli was with him. I am disposed to distrust so much subtlety of attribution, and believe that in this respect German criticism often pushes conclusions beyond human possibilities, and refines for refinement's sake where the degrees are in the eye and not in the object. Burton (National Gallery Catalogue) says that "to him is due the inauguration of the study of the human form for its own sake," but he also says of his work, "in which force and tenderness are equally conspicuous," a judgment from which I must in all humility distinctly but absolutely differ. His power is shown by the rapidity with which his principal work known to us was completed. This is the series of frescos at Orvieto, which was executed in three years and three months from the time of signing the contract. Lazzaro died in 1452, when Luca was eleven years old. Luca had been drawing at least a year, and from that time until 1472 he was under the instruction or influence of Piero della Francesca, and of the Pollaiuoli. Vasari had a personal recollection of Luca from having seen him when he, Vasari, was eight years old, a reminiscence which shows in a very interesting light the briefness of the time in which the great classic Renaissance movement came up and died. The true head of the classic Renaissance was Masaccio, born in 1401; and it died with Michael Angelo in 1564, Luca Signorelli being forty years later than Masaccio, while Vasari, who had known Signorelli, saw the end of the movement. In fact, if Masaccio had lived as long as did Michael Angelo, he might have seen the latter at work. We are treating as in a sort of succession men who worked for many years together. The great work of Signorelli was done when Michael Angelo was twenty-seven; and the greatest group of artists the world ever saw at one time, Bellini, Mantegna, Verrocchio, Signorelli, Botticelli, Perugino, and Ghirlandaio, were born within a space of twenty-one years and were substantially at their prime together.

Vasari tells us that Luca's first independent work was executed in 1472,— the decoration of the chapel of Sta. Barbara in the church of S. Lorenzo at Arezzo,— and speaks of his other works in that city as of the same date. He is next heard of at Città di Castello, where he painted a gigantic Madonna in the council hall in place of the portraits of the rebels which had been there before. This is no longer in existence. Vasari says that after working in Siena at S. Agostino he came to Florence to study the work of the other masters, and while there he painted for Lorenzo de' Medici; and as the altarpiece of S. Agostino was executed in 1498, six years after Lorenzo's death, he must have been in Florence a considerable time prior to the painting of it. Vasari says: "He painted for Lorenzo some undraped gods which earned him great praise, a picture of Our Lady with two prophets in chiaroscuro [monochrome] which is now in the villa of Duke Cosimo at Castello. Both these pictures he gave to Lorenzo, who in generosity and courtesy could be excelled by none. He painted also a beautiful tomb of the Virgin [Assumption]."

Visscher considers the finest of his early works to be that in the Santa Casa at Loreto, which the critic considers to show the early Florentine influence strongly.

In 1482–83 he was probably in Rome at work on the frescos of the Sistine Chapel, for in 1484 he returned to Cortona, and in the following year agreed to paint for Spoleto a "Santa Conversazione" and a "Martyrdom of St. Agnes," both of which are lost. In 1488 he painted a banner for the church of Città di Castello, for which he received the freedom of the city, and in 1489 and 1490 he was chosen councilor and (for the second time) prior of Cortona; but being engaged on work at Volterra he was unable to accept the latter honor. In Volterra he painted the "Circumcision" in the church of S. Francisco and an altarpiece in the Duomo, and the next year returned to Cortona and took office as councilor. In 1493 he painted two pictures for Città di Castello, for which he received a vineyard worth sixty florins; in 1494 a standard for Urbino, the pictures for both sides of which are preserved in S. Spirito of that town; in 1495 he was again in office, in 1496 painting in Città di Castello, and in 1497 and 1498 we find him in office again in his native Cortona. The eight frescos in Monte Oliveto near Siena were painted in 1497. He was in Siena in 1498, 1506, and 1509, and as Pinturicchio was there in those years they probably worked together, and it must be then that Signorelli did the "Calumny" from the account of the picture by Apelles, the "Bacchanalia," the "Binding and Triumph of Love," the "Coriolanus" (in the British Museum), the "Flight of Æneas," and a "Liberation of Prisoners."

The Duomo of Orvieto, which had been up to this time from its foundation one of the chief votive offerings of the Catholic world,

having been founded to commemorate the miracle of the Corpus Domini, and had united the work of the Pisani, of Arnolfo di Lapo, and of all the most eminent painters from the date of its completion in 1290, could not fail to call in the pencil of Signorelli; and as Fra Angelico had refused to complete his commission to decorate the new chapel, it was decided in 1499 to invite Luca to finish the work which Angelico had begun fifty years before, and he was called on for estimates. Luca offered to do for 200 ducats the work which Fra Angelico had abandoned, but was beaten down to 180. For this sum he undertook to do the vault of the chapel, half of which it would seem Fra Angelico had designed and two divisions of which he had painted; and he was to receive in addition a lodging with a double bed, and to provide himself all the materials except the scaffoldings, the lime, and the sand, binding himself to do work as good as, or better than, that of Fra Angelico. He was to begin working on the 25th of May, and accomplish as much as was possible during the summer. He was bound to paint the figures in the vault with his own hand, and especially the faces and the upper parts of the body, nothing to be painted without his presence or without the will and permission of the chamberlain,[1] and all the colors were to be prepared by him and to be good, perfect, and beautiful. In the event of contravention, he was to submit to a penalty of double the price agreed on, and he was required to make a deposit of twenty-five ducats with the chamberlain in proof of his good faith. The council had seen enough of the uncertainty of art in Fra Angelico to make it unwilling to risk another such failure. But the frank promise and engagement to do as good or better work than the Blessed Friar was evidence at least of Luca's confidence in his own powers. The contract was signed on the 5th of April, 1499, and on the 25th of November the council was informed that the painter had finished the four divisions designed by Fra Angelico, and Luca now asked permission to carry out the remaining four on his own designs. This permission was granted. In January he asked for an increase of pay, alleging that he was growing poorer rather than richer from his work, which may have well been the case if his gold and ultramarine were provided according to the contract. The council accorded him six quarters of pure corn and four ass-loads of wine.

On the 23d of the following April the council was again called to decide on the proposition of Signorelli to paint the four walls of the chapel according to his own designs. For this he asked 600 ducats and they finally agreed on 575, with lodgings and two beds, two quarters of grain every month, and twelve ass-loads of must at the vintage ensuing and every following vintage as long as the work should last, he finding all the colors except gold and lapis lazuli. He was to paint rather more than fewer figures than were contained in his designs (from which we must conclude that he had prepared his designs for approbation); to do the figures himself, especially the important ones; and to frame everything with decorative designs. A competent painter was to pass judgment on the work when done. Imagine a small nineteenth century painter submitting to all these restrictions and affronts to genius!

Signorelli was in Orvieto with interruptions till 1504, though in 1502 he appears again as prior of Cortona. In the winter of 1502 he painted the great altarpiece of St. Margaret of Cortona, Mary and the apostles bewailing the dead Christ, which is now in the choir of the Duomo. Visscher says: "When we think of the terrible sufferings which the master went through this year, the distressing war, the pestilence, the loss of his dear son, the deep tragedy of this splendid picture is redoubled for us; it seems a scene that the painter has gone through." In 1503 Luca was in Orvieto and painted on a stone tablet a portrait of himself with the chamberlain, Niccolo Angeli. This tablet, originally in the Capella Nuova, is now in the Opera. In 1505 he lost another son. There is a letter of 1507 in which the Duke of Urbino begs the Orvietans to pay Signorelli what they still owe him for the frescos of the new chapel, from which it seems that the work was complete and that the Orvietans had learned the ways of Fra Angelico in keeping engagements.

In the spring of 1508 Luca was sent to Florence on business of his city, and there saw the works of Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo, and Michael Angelo, and at the end of that year he was employed with others in the Vatican by Julius II. He did some work in the apartment arranged by Nicholas IV. Among those at work there at that time were Perugino, Pinturicchio, and Sansovino.

In 1513 Giovanni de' Medici was elected pope, assuming the title of Leo X.; and the festivities on the occasion were of the most splendid description. Painters and sculptors were set to work, triumphal arches built, the arms of the Medici were set up everywhere, and all the towns connected with Rome or the family of the Medici, and all the great families, sent representatives. We know that Signorelli was there, though not in what capacity, by a letter from Michael Angelo to the Captain of Cortona, in which he says that having met Signorelli in the street in Rome in the first year

[1] Documents in the archives of Orvieto literally transcribed.

of Leo X., Luca begged him to lend him forty juli and told him where to send them, which request he complied with, sending the money by an apprentice. Some days after Luca came into his workshop while he was at work and reproached him with not having fulfilled his promise. Michael Angelo gave him forty juli more, and after a little conversation he went away and had never returned or sent the money. Buonarroti demands justice and says that if the Captain of Cortona cannot see him righted he will apply to the Roman authority. The reply of the Captain of Cortona is not known, but Visscher thinks that the apparent dishonesty was doubtless explained, because so honored and honorable a man could not play so shabby a trick.

This journey to Rome was the last important one of which we know anything. Luca was then seventy-one years old, and during the rest of his life he remained at home at work on his commissions. He painted in 1515 the Madonna for the altar of S. Vincenzo, in S. Domenico; in 1516 the "Descent from the Cross" for the fraternity of the Holy Cross in La Fratta, and in 1519 a panel for the fraternity of S. Geronimo in Arezzo. Of the last picture Vasari tells us that the panel was carried to Arezzo on the shoulders of the members of the fraternity, and that Luca himself, though stricken in years, accompanied it to see it put in its place.

After this he painted for the church on the public place in Cortona a predella of the Presentation (1521), and for the church of Sta. Maria della Pieve in Perugia a panel (which did not satisfy the priors); for the parish church of Foiano an altarpiece (1522); one for the chapel of the council-house of Cortona (1522); and a fresco in the chapel of the palace of Cardinal Passerini was begun, but left unfinished. By his will he was buried in the family vault in S. Francesco. He left his property to his son Thomas and his grandson Giulio, with the exception of small sums of money, pensions in corn and oil, and some presents of garments to other relations.

After the frescos of Orvieto the chief works of Signorelli are the two Moses subjects in the Sistine Chapel, which though in one sense more accessible to the public are much less visible, owing to the bad light and their height from the eye. In composition they seem huddled and confused, but there are most admirable groups and single figures, as the Aaron of the "Giving of the Law," a kneeling figure to whom Moses is giving the rod, in the left-hand corner of the picture, the head of Aaron being of great beauty; but in this as in the companion, the migration of Moses in Egypt, the figures are, with one exception in the latter, draped. This one is a noble sitting figure of a young man, whose cloak floats back from his shoulders as he sits bowed in an attitude of fixed attention, listening to the reading of the law. The anatomical markings are less exaggerated than in the frescos of Orvieto, and indeed are free from that characteristic of Luca's nude figures generally. The landscape is more markedly conventional than that of Benozzo Gozzoli. To a certain extent no doubt the character of the compositions is determined by the conditions of the place and its uses as well as by the arrangement imposed by the taste of the chapter, of the Pope, or whoever decided the treatment. The necessity of putting a number of stories in one fresco made it impossible for the painter to follow out freely the suggestions of his own imagination. But this was a condition inherent in the uses of art as long as it had ecclesiastical functions, and weighed equally on all artists who worked for the Church. The burden was a heavy one, and to have submitted to it as Signorelli did perhaps justifies the compliment paid him by the chamberlain of Orvieto. Certainly so far as mastery of his material in any sense of that word, power of drawing, and knowledge of the human figure go, he was the first of his day, and among the first of the whole cycle of Italian art. *De gustibus non est disputandum;* and while I have no desire to urge the preference of the qualities which seem the most to be esteemed in a painter, and which I most enjoy, I admit with entire readiness that in the qualities of *the school*, the technical mastery which is to most critics the whole test of greatness, Signorelli is one of the most stupendous of the group at the height of modern art. Michael Angelo and Raphael alone, possibly, can be given preference over him in these respects. And even in their company he is stupendous.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE.

THE fresco by Luca Signorelli from which the detail of the "Angel Sounding the Trumpet" is taken is in the chapel of S. Brizio in the Duomo of Orvieto, and represents the resurrection of the dead. It is one of the series which adorn the walls, and measures 23 feet 6 inches wide by 22 feet high. The frescos occupy the upper half of the walls, extending from the high ornamental dado and terminating at the arches of the ceiling. The human figures are larger than life, the angels still larger. There are two angels in the "Resurrection," and their grand figures with outstretched wings and fluttering draperies fill the upper half of the fresco. They stand upon clouds, while about their feet dart cherubs.

T. COLE Sc. ORVIETO & FIRENZE

Beneath is the risen concourse of the dead. Some are still in the act of coming out of the ground; some stand in postures of transport, astounded and overpowered by the sound of the trumpets as they gaze upon the heavens and the falling stars; others are calmed to an ecstasy of joy as they clasp their friends; others are not yet clothed with flesh. A group of skeletons to the right come trooping round the corner, making a grotesque appearance.

The coloring is light and vigorous; the flesh-tints are brownish yellow and are strongly relieved against the light gray horizon of the sky behind, for there is no distance. The figures seem to be on the top of the world. The upper part of the sky is in a fine tone of yellow. This portion is studded with gilded balls, toned down and in harmony with the coloring. The balls are thicker and closer as they approach the topmost portion. They symbolize the falling of the stars from heaven, in allusion to Rev. vi. 13: "And the stars of the heaven fell unto the earth, as a fig tree casteth her unripe figs, when she is shaken of a great wind." Such balls figure as stars in all of the series, many having gilded rays added. The wings of the angel shown in the detail are greenish, his robe purple, the cross of the flag red.

T. Cole.

THE INSTRUCTION OF SAINT COSMO AND SAINT DAMIAN.

THE blessed Arabian doctors, Saints Cosmo and Damian,
One day were disputing hotly of the soul and the body of man.

And the blessed Saint Cosmo contended, with a very fiery zeal,
That sins, being wounds of the spirit, were the first that they should heal.

And his brother, equally fiery, declared that the proper plan
Was to minister first to the body, and then to the spirit of man.

And while they were thus disputing, a man who was wounded sore —
Brought there to the brothers for healing — was laid on the hermitage floor.

And Saint Damian, precept with practice in harmony making go,
Was for whipping out his lancet. But Saint Cosmo motioned, "No!"

And Saint Cosmo turned to the bearers, who had brought the hurt one in,
And inquired, "Is this wounded person a person of virtue, or sin?"

And the bearers answered promptly, that, so far as they could tell,
The wounded man was a sinner and was far on his way to hell.

And prompt though the saint had questioned, and prompt though the others replied,
Death was quicker than question or answer, and in sin that sinner died!

And Saint Damian reasoned sadly: "Had we made his body whole,
We then might have cured his spirit, and so have saved his soul."

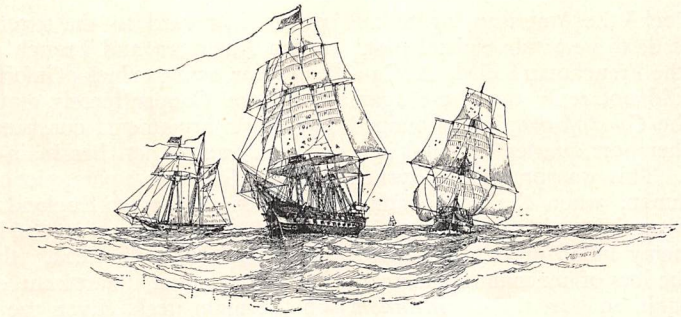
And Saint Cosmo, very humbly, to his brother made reply:
"God has shown that in our contention it was you had right, not I."

And then, by God's grace and mercy (so the ancient legends tell)
The dead man arose before them, and stood there alive and well!

And around him shone a splendor of purest heavenly light,
And they who had seemed but bearers were angels in robes of white!

And then the vision vanished: having taught that God's own plan
Is to heal first the wounds of the body, and then of the spirit of man.

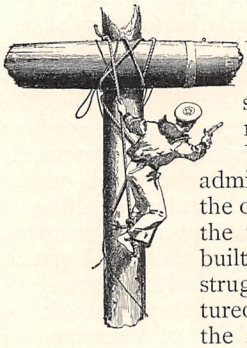
Thomas A. Janvier.



BRINGING IN PRIZES.

EARLY VICTORIES OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

NEW FACTS FROM FRENCH SOURCES.



THE career of the American Navy, strictly speaking, began with its reorganization under Washington's second administration in 1794. At the close of the Revolution the vessels that had been built or purchased for that struggle had all been captured, lost, or sold except the *Alliance*, 32 guns, the *Deane*, 32, and the *George Washington*, 20 guns, and soon after the announcement of peace these vessels also were sold.

At the time Washington assumed the reins of government in 1789 the affairs of the navy were placed in the hands of the Secretary of War, and it was not until the 30th of April, 1796, that a Navy Department was added to the President's Cabinet, Benjamin Stoddert of Georgetown, D. C., being the first Secretary. On the 27th of March, 1794, a law was passed for the establishment of a permanent and organized navy. By this law six frigates rating not less than thirty-two guns were ordered; but it is more than probable that even this step would not have been taken had it not been for the seizure of our merchant ships and the enslaving of their crews by the rovers of Barbary. These six frigates were:

	Rate.	*Tons.*	*Cost.*	*Place.*
Constitution	44	1576	$302,719	Boston.
President	44	1576	220,910	New York.
United States	44	1576	299,336	Philadelphia.
Chesapeake	36	1244	220,678	Norfolk.
Congress	36	1268	197,246	Portsmouth, N. H.
Constellation	36	1265	314,212	Baltimore.

According to the report of the Secretary made April 1, 1794, these frigates "separately would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions; that if assailed by numbers they would be always able to lead ahead; that they could never be obliged to go into action but on their own terms, except in a calm; and that in heavier weather they would be capable of engaging double-decked ships."

Thus at the outset we find the American naval constructors aiming at a higher standard than had yet been attained. The success they achieved will be the object of our inquiry.

"Separately [they] would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions." The *Constellation* was the first to be put to this test. At half-past twelve o'clock on the afternoon of February 9, 1799, while cruising alone in the vicinity of St. Christopher, the island of Nevis bearing five leagues west by south, her commander, Captain Thomas Truxtun, discovered a sail to the south-southeast. He immediately put before the wind, which was fresh from the north-northeast, so as to cross the stranger's course. At one o'clock the chase was standing on the port tack. Half an hour later a squall necessitated the shortening of sail. For a few minutes the vessels were lost to view, but on the weather clearing up it was seen that the stranger had sprung her maintopmast and had changed her course with a view of running into St. Eustatius. Soon after she hoisted an American flag, upon which Captain Truxtun showed his colors and gave the private signal of the day. As the chase did not answer, there was no longer any doubt of her nationality. Presently she hoisted French colors, fired a gun to leeward in "confirmation," and put about to the southeast, the *Constellation* in hot pursuit.[1]

[1] Owing to the depredations of French cruisers on American commerce, the United States Government, in the spring and summer of 1798, abrogated its treaty of alliance and other conventions with France, and authorized American officers to capture French cruisers, public or private, wherever found. Though war was

By 3.15 o'clock[1] the American frigate had gained so much as to be within "pistol-shot," at which time the Frenchman hailed. As Captain Truxtun did not reply the chase again hailed, when the *Constellation*, having gained a position off her port quarter,[2] poured in a full broadside. This was promptly returned by the Frenchman, when the cannonading became heavy on both sides. After a few minutes the enemy luffed up to run aboard, but owing to the loss of her maintopmast was not quick enough, so that the *Constellation*, forging ahead, ran athwart her course and poured in a raking fire. Captain Truxtun then passed along the Frenchman's starboard side, and, having received no material damage in his spars or rigging, was able to keep his ship just off the enemy's starboard bow, where she was weakest. This position he maintained fully an hour, pouring in broadside after broadside, at the same time receiving a heavy fire from his opponent.

While this was going on an "eighteen-pound ball"[3] struck the *Constellation's* foretopmast just above the cap. This so injured the spar that it tottered, and was in imminent danger of giving way under the press of sail. Midshipman Porter, afterwards Commodore, was stationed in the foretop, and immediately hailed the deck, giving notice of the danger. In the excitement and uproar of battle no order was sent up. Seeing the urgency of the occasion, young Porter went aloft, cut the stopper and lowered the yard, thus relieving the mast of the pressure of sail and averting a serious mishap.

The *Constellation* now drew out of the smoke which had collected around the ships, and again running athwart the enemy's course poured in a second raking broadside. Then ranging alongside the Frenchman's bow, she opened a heavy fire from her starboard battery which soon dismounted every 18-pounder on the enemy's main deck, leaving him with only his "battery of 12-pounders."[4] About half-past four o'clock the *Constellation* dropped astern, crossed the enemy's wake, and was about to rake for the third time, when the Frenchman surrendered. A boat was immediately sent aboard the prize, which soon returned with Captain Barreaut and the first lieutenant of the French 36-gun frigate *l'Insurgente*.

There has been some error among naval writers in regard to the several actions between American and French cruisers in this *quasi* war, owing to lack of information. James Fenimore Cooper merely states that "*l'Insurgente's* armament consisted of 40 guns, French twelves, on her main-deck battery." William James, in a pamphlet entitled "Naval Occurrences between England and the United States," gives *l'Insurgente* "26 long 18-pounders upon the main deck," thus contradicting Mr. Cooper's statement of 12-pounders on the main deck. Even the French naval historian, M. Troude, has made conspicuous errors in treating of these actions, some of them in favor of the American ship. He gives *l'Insurgente* 12-pounders instead of 18-pounders on the main deck, while at the same time he gives the *Constellation* 28 12-pounders on the main deck, whereas she carried cannon of twice that weight, or 24-pounders. Moreover, Mr. James says the "nature of the *l'Insurgente's* guns nowhere appears." These irreconcilable statements have arisen from lack of information on the subject, and the great difficulty of getting at the official reports of the French commanders. These reports and all other papers dealing with American affairs of this period have been jealously guarded, inasmuch as they involve long-standing and intricate claims of American and French citizens for indemnity against privateer captures during this war.

Through the courtesy of Admiral Aube of the French Navy, late Minister of the Marine, the writer was permitted to search through the archives of the Navy Department in Paris, where he found the official reports of the French commanders concerned in this war. The report of Captain Barreaut throws much light on the action between the *Constellation* and *l'Insurgente*, and determines the nature of the latter's armament, which up to this time has been in dispute. He says:

At Pitré Point, Liberty Port, this 29th Pluviose, year 7 of the French Republic. Barreaut, Frigate Captain, to the Citoyen Desfourneaux particulier of the executive directory for the Windward Islands.

CITIZEN GENERAL: It is my duty and desire to render you an exact account of my conduct on the 21st Pluviose, and of the unfortunate events following it. I shall not deviate from the truth, and as agent and military commander I beg you to be willing to judge me.

not formally declared, it existed on the seas until the treaty of peace ratified by the Senate in February, 1801. This article treats only of the three principal battles of the war, to the history of which it brings important information derived from the reports of the French commanders. But the *Constellation* and *Boston* did not enjoy all the glory won by the American tar in this struggle; the schooners *Enterprise*, Lieutenant-Commandant Shaw, and *Experiment*, Lieutenant-Commandant Maley, both built to cruise after swift-sailing privateers and each carrying 12 guns, rendered important services and gained renown.

1 Official report of the French commander.

2 "La hanche de bâbord." Troude's "Batailles Navales de la France," Tome III., p. 168.

3 "Life of Commodore David Porter," by Admiral David D. Porter, p. 22.

4 Official report of the French commander.

The 21st Pluviose, being about three leagues off the Point [Pître] at the northeast of Nevis, which was then due N. E. ¼ N. the wind east, the lookout called at 12.30 P. M. that there was a sail to the windward of us. I continued my course for another half-hour, then having mounted the foreyard with Citizen Petit Pierre, I saw that the stranger was running towards us. I allowed her to approach to the northwest and then decided to make my course between Saba and St. Christopher, but this vessel in approaching appeared to me and to all on the yards to be a corvette from the trim of her sails. Having, Citizen agent, engraved upon my heart your words, you are going to see how a good crew conduct themselves. I think a corvette would not frighten you. I believed it was the moment to show our haughty enemies [the English] that in spite of the superiority of their forces vessels of war might still be captured from them. I wished also to inspire confidence in my crew by hugging the wind, every one burning with ardor for the fight.

At one o'clock I tacked the same as did this vessel which continued to chase us, and at 1.30 P. M., in a squall in which the topgallant sails were lowered, the Citizen Durand then commanding the manœuver, the maintopmast fell — source of all our misfortune. Immediately, upon the advice of the coasting pilot, I steered to the N. W. ¼ N. to make St. Eustatius if I had time to make the anchorage. The vessel, which I could see was a frigate, chased me. I had hoisted the American flag; she signaled me and also hoisted an American flag.

I found myself in a position to avoid no longer an engagement, and as the stranger still pursued me it became necessary to ascertain her nationality. I therefore lowered the American flag and hoisted French colors with pendant, which I confirmed by a cannon shot to leeward. She hoisted her broad pendant with the American flag without confirming. I doubted yet that she was an American. I was much embarrassed by your orders, which were not to fire on the American flag. Thus an English frigate could easily have made use of this flag while chasing us, thereby avoiding the fire of our 18-pounders, with which we could have seriously injured her [the *Constellation*] during the hour and a half she was overtaking us, and thus have given me time to save myself.

Again, if I should have fired on the American frigate, with what reproach would you not have overwhelmed me. I would have commenced hostilities, and if in the end I had been defeated all the blame would have been on me; and, one might say to you, the instructions of captains of American frigates do not permit them to fire on the Republic's vessels.

Lastly, it stands to reason that having lost my maintopmast I gave the advantage to a frigate of double my strength in letting her approach within pistol-shot before defending myself. I was thus obliged to receive a full broadside from a frigate of 24 and 12 pounders, deliberately aimed at pistol-shot, which broadside made terrible havoc in my quarter-deck.

At three o'clock the combat commenced. Judge of my surprise on finding myself fought by an American frigate, after all the friendship and protection accorded to the United States. My indignation was at its height. As soon as my first broadside was fired I cried, and with all the men on the quarter-deck and forecastle, "Let's board her!" My cabin was invaded to get arms, and I ran to the helm to put her to windward in order to get alongside of the American frigate. *L'Insurgente* changed her first movement, but being without center sails and not being able to move the others quickly enough, the American frigate had time to run ahead of us, and having all her sails set she was beyond us, which compelled us to change our battery men.

My only remaining service were my cannons, a cannon of 18 pounds of Baloze dismounted; and manœuvering with much difficulty, we fired three broadsides. The American frigate now seemed to suspend her fire and I ordered Citizen Jourdan to suspend ours, thinking that the American captain might still be considering his conduct. But he again opened on us, so I gave orders to fire also. This frigate did not remain crossways to us, but sought by every means to take advantageous positions and completely to dismantle us. I endeavored to imitate the irregular manœuver, but the mizzen-topmast had fallen in the tops, the "brigantine" was completely riddled. All I could do was to bring it down to trim the mizzenmast, for the arms, bowlines of foremast sails, and fore-topsails were completely cut through, our topmen without doubt killed, as they did not reply; the master did not appear upon the bridge, no quartermasters were left, only a bridgeman with yard-men. All I could do was to give the order to Citizen Sire to square-brace every sail on the mizzenmast. The American frigate still having all her sails, which were only slightly injured, and moving very easily, was at pistol range in front of us.

Finally, seeing my position was hopeless, a little later on it became necessary to surrender to very superior forces. Seeing many men wounded and killed on the yards, I decided to pass to the front of the gangway to consult my second. At this moment the topmen cried out, "Two ships to windward coming down on us, and they are large vessels." I said to my second, "Rather than strike to two English ships in my disabled condition, I prefer to surrender to the American frigate, which I believe has not the right to take me," being persuaded that war did not exist between the two nations.

After two hours' combat, totally dismantled, the ship like a hulk, having as our only defense a battery of 12-pounders, yet well provided with a crew and ammunition, comparing her to an upset battery against a frigate of 24 and 12 pounders, about fifty men killed or wounded, my second said to me, "Do as you please." No objection from the others, I thought it necessary to strike so that I might have a chance to speak to the American commander.

The American frigate then sent its boat aboard to take me and my second aboard their ship, we taking nothing with us. My first question was, "Why have you fired upon the national flag? Our two nations are not at war." His only reply was, "You are my prisoner"; and made us go below, and took our arms from us. This conduct surprised me, the more so after the last news from Europe received through the corvette *la Sagesse*, and after the statement of the Citizen Mariner, who declared at the Point that the captain of the frigate *Constitution* [Nicholson] had told him that if he had overtaken

me he would not have fired the first shot on me, but that if I had fired he would have replied.

This is an exact account of my conduct. I have done everything I could in such unfortunate circumstances. I thought that about two hours of combat, the total dismantlement of my frigate, fifty men *hors de combat,* was sufficient. A greater obstinacy would have caused a greater loss of men without having any hope of escape. An hour later I would have been compelled to surrender anyhow. All just and impartial seamen will tell you that I would have been taken. My hope was that Captain Truxtun, commanding the *Constellation,* had taken much too much upon himself in firing first upon us.

The next morning I reminded the captain of the *Constellation* how he had answered one of my questions. He replied that he had special instructions, known only to himself, and that it was three months ago that war had been declared in France. You can imagine how much surprised I was, remembering your particular orders and instructions [*i. e.*, not to fire on the American flag], and I make bold to assure you that if I had been able, during the two hours that the American frigate was in our wake, within range of my two long 18-pound stern-chasers, to fire on her, I should have made it impossible for her to overtake me.

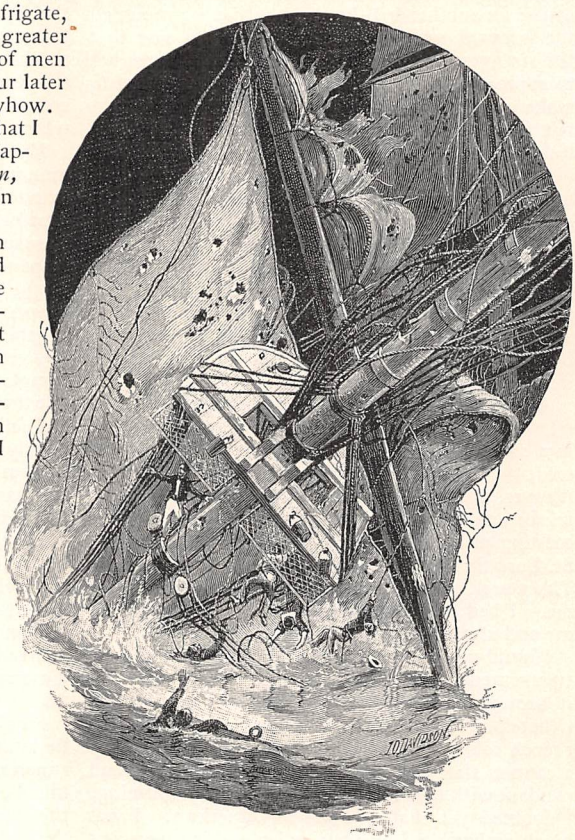
My honor, existence, all are compromised by the duplicity of this infamous government. [Signed] BARREAUT.

A true copy signed Desfourneaux, certifying this to be an exact copy of the original deposited at the Majorite de la Marine. Le Commis Principal de la Marine, charged with the execution of the order contained in the despatch of the 28th July, 1821.

L'Orient le 6 9bre, 1821.
SCHABRIE.

Here we find that Captain Barreaut speaks of his 18-pounders in three separate places, which, taken together with the fact that an 18-pound shot struck the *Constellation's* foretopmast during the action,[1] leaves no room for doubt that *l'Insurgente's* principal armament consisted of 18-pounders. Again Captain Barreaut speaks of "une batterie de 12," showing also that he had a battery of 12-pounders. In no portion of his report does he mention, or in any way intimate, that his ship carried other than 18 and 12 pounders. All authorities agree that *l'Insurgente* carried 40 guns, which, as the rating of French frigates was peculiarly regular, rates her as a 36-gun frigate. This class of French frigates carried 26 long guns on the main deck, 10 long guns on the quarter-deck and forecastle, and 4 36-pound carronades, two on the quarter-deck and two on the forecastle.

According to M. Troude, *l'Insurgente* carried 26 long 12-pounders, 10 long 6-pounders, and 4 carronades of 36 pounds. We have seen, however, that Captain Barreaut admits having a battery of 18-pounders and one of



FALL OF THE "CONSTELLATION'S" MAINMAST.

12-pounders, but in no way does he mention 6-pounders. There can be no doubt, then, that *l'Insurgente* carried 26 long 18-pounders on the main deck, as Mr. James states, 10 long 12-pounders on the quarter-deck and forecastle, and 4 36-pounder carronades, which were always carried by French frigates of this class.

Both the *Constellation* and *l'Insurgente* were rated as 36-gun frigates, yet by a comparison of their armaments we shall find the *Constellation's* materially superior to that of her antagonist. The American frigate carried 28 long 24-pounders on the main deck and 20 long 12-pounders on the quarter-deck and forecastle, carronades, at that time, not having come into use in the American navy. This gave the *Constellation* — not allowing for deficient weight in American metal — a total of 912 pounds Her crew numbered 309, of whom 2 were killed — one by the third lieutenant for deserting his gun early in the action — and 3 wounded. *L'Insurgente* carried 26 long 18-pounders on the main deck, 10 long

[1] "Life of Commodore David Porter," by Admiral David D. Porter, p. 22.

12-pounders on the quarter-deck and forecastle, and 4 36-pound carronades, which were always carried by frigates of this class. The French pound, it must be borne in mind, was eight per cent. heavier than an English pound. Thus a French 12-pound shot weighed thirteen English pounds, and a French 24-pound shot weighed twenty-six English pounds. Calculating on this basis we find *l'Insurgente's* total weight of metal to have been 791 pounds.

Neither Captain Barreaut in his official report nor M. Troude make statements regarding *l'Insurgente's* complement. The usual complement for a French 36-gun frigate was about 300 men, but Captain Truxtun in his official report states that she carried 409 men, of whom 29 were killed, 22 badly and 19 slightly wounded. From this it must be inferred that *l'Insurgente* carried a hundred supernumeraries at the time of the engagement.

COMPARATIVE FORCE AND LOSS.

	Guns.	*Lbs.*	*Crew.*	*Killed.*	*Wounded.*	*Total.*
Constellation	48	912	309	2	3	5
L'Insurgente	40	791	409	29	41	70
					Time, 1 h. 14 m.	

It again fell to the lot of the *Constellation* to demonstrate the superiority of the American frigates over "any single European frigate of the usual dimensions," for early on the morning of February 1, 1800, nearly a year after her action with *l'Insurgente*, while cruising fifteen miles west of Basseterre, she gave chase to a sail that appeared to the southward. This at first was thought to be a merchantman, but on closer inspection it was found to be a heavy French frigate. Orders were immediately given to sling the yards with chains and to clear the ship for action. Towards noon the wind became light, thus enabling the stranger to hold his distance, which was nearly hull down to the south. In this relative position the two frigates remained for twenty-four hours waiting for a breeze which would enable them to manœuver.

At one o'clock Sunday afternoon, February 2, the wind freshened so that by setting every inch of canvas the *Constellation*, by eight o'clock in the evening,[1] succeeded in getting within gun-shot. Captain Truxtun then hoisted his colors, lighted his battle lanterns, and soon after stepped to the gangway to hail. At this moment the stranger opened fire from her stern-chasers and quarter-deck guns. The *Constellation* did not immediately reply, but, reserving her fire until she had secured a position on the Frenchman's weather quarter, opened with deliberate and destructive broadsides. The stranger directed his fire at the *Constellation's* rigging, while the latter aimed at the Frenchman's hull. In this manner the two frigates ran along, side by side, with little or no manœuvering, for nearly five hours, keeping up a spirited cannonade.

Towards midnight the Frenchman's fire slackened, and by half-past twelve became silent. By this time the *Constellation's* rigging, sails, and spars were terribly cut up, although her hull was comparatively uninjured. It was now ascertained that the mainmast was unsupported, every stay and shroud having been carried away. The men were immediately called from the guns to meet this great danger. But it was too late, for a few minutes later the mast went over with a crash, carrying the topmen and Midshipman James Jarvis with it. This young officer, although warned by a gray-haired seaman of the critical condition of the mast, refused to leave his post and perished with his men.

Every effort was made to clear the wreck, and in an hour's time the frigate was again after her antagonist. The Frenchman, however, having sustained comparatively little damage in his rigging, had improved this opportunity to make his escape, and by the time the *Constellation* was again under way he had disappeared in the night. There being no trace of the enemy at break of day, Captain Truxtun made for Jamaica to repair damages. It was afterwards learned that the stranger was the 40-gun frigate *la Vengeance*, Captain A. M. Pitot.

During the following August, or six months after this encounter, *la Vengeance* was captured by the British frigate *Seine*, Captain David Milne. She then carried 28 long 18-pounders on the main deck, 16 long 8-pounders on the quarter-deck and forecastle, and 8 short 36-pounders, making in all 52 guns and 994 English pounds of metal. Since her action with *l'Insurgente* the *Constellation* had exchanged ten of her long 12-pounders for 24-pound carronades — the first, it is believed, ever used in our navy. Her 24-pounders also had been replaced by 18-pounders. Her armament then consisted of 28 long 18-pounders on the main deck, 12 long 12-pounders, and 10 short 24-pounders on the quarter-deck and forecastle, in all 50 guns, aggregating 888 pounds of metal. Out of her crew of 310 she lost 14 killed and 25 wounded.[2]

Captain Pitot does not definitely state his losses, merely saying, "In consequence of the action I was so much damaged in my rigging that I was forced to return to the port of Curaçao, working to bend new sails on the stumps of the masts which remained, by means of which we were enabled to reach the port on the 18th of the same month." The regular complement of a French 40-gun frigate was

1 Official report of the French commander.

2 Official report of Captain Truxtun.

THE "BOSTON" RAKING "LE BERCEAU."

330 men. As the *Constellation* directed her fire principally at the enemy's hull, their loss in killed and wounded was very severe. According to American accounts it was 50 of the former and 110 of the latter.

COMPARATIVE FORCE AND LOSS.

	Guns.	Lbs.	Crew.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Constellation	50	888	310	14	25	39
La Vengeance	52	994	330	50	110	160

Time, 5 hours.

Captain Pitot's official report of this action is as follows:

CURAÇAO, year 8.

A. M. PITOT, captain commanding the frigate *la Vengeance* of the French Republic, to the Minister of the Marine and Colonies:

CITIZEN MINISTER: I have the honor to send you an account of two actions I have had on the 12 and 13 Pluviose with an American frigate which attacked us at eight o'clock in the evening in latitude 15° 17′ N. by 66° 4′ longitude west of Paris, and fought at first under the English flag and then the American. I am ignorant of its name. The examination I was made to pass before the Governor of Curaçao, and from all the information that I have been enabled to procure, leads me to believe that the action took place with the *Constellation*, frigate of the United States, of sixty cannons and having 500 men as a crew. She had 24 and 18 pounders in her battery, and 12-pounders upon her quarter-deck.

You will see, Citizen Minister, what has been my conduct on this occasion; everything showed me that I must avoid an action in the position I was in, and must limit myself to the defensive. I acted in consequence. After having in the first action dismantled my antagonist, I put on sails and continued my course. As to him he could have attacked us in daylight, but he did not do so, preferring to attack at nightfall, and after having been forcibly repulsed he returned to the charge. The action was very exciting. In consequence of the action I was so much damaged in my rigging that I was forced to return to the port of Curaçao, working to bend new sails on the stumps of the masts which remained, by means of which we were enabled to reach the port on the 18th of the same month.

I was very well received here by the governor and the commandant of the Marines. Each of my

officers fulfilled his duty with honor, courage, and talent, and I must express very great satisfaction with their conduct. I have too much confidence in the justice of the Government to believe that it will be necessary for me to enter into their individual actions to satisfy the Government. But I cannot forego this pleasure. I will speak with all the more praise for them as it is the second action in which the great part of them participated in *la Vengeance* in the space of ten months.

[Signed] A. M. PITOT.

As we have seen, Captain Pitot reports the *Constellation* as a "frégate des États-Unis de 60 canons et ayant 500 hommes d'equipage." It is hardly necessary to show the error of this statement. It will be observed, however, that no ship in the United States Navy, up to 1814, carried more than 56 guns, and not even the heaviest as many as 500 men. That the 36-gun frigate *Constellation*, under cover of night, should have induced Captain A. M. Pitot to believe that he was fighting a frigate of 60 guns, manned by 500 men, is the best possible acknowledgment of the efficiency of the ship and of her crew.

The official report of the third action between American and French cruisers in this war shows it to have been one of the most remarkable struggles in naval history. Cooper in his account of this affair merely states that the *Boston*

was directed to cruise a short time, previously to going on the Guadaloupe station again, between the American coast and the West India islands. While in the discharge of this duty, November, 1800, in latitude 22° 50′ N. and longitude 51° W., she made a French cruiser, which, instead of avoiding her, evidently sought an encounter. Both parties being willing, the ships were soon in close action, when, after a plain, hard-fought combat of two hours, the enemy struck. The prize proved to be the French corvette *le Berceau*, Captain Senez, mounting 24 guns, and with a crew a little exceeding 200 men. *Le Berceau* was much cut up, and shortly after the action her fore and main masts went. Her loss in killed and wounded was never ascertained, but from the number of the latter found in her it was probably between 30 and 40 men. Among the former were her first lieutenant, master, boatswain, and gunner. The *Boston* mounted 8 more light guns than *le Berceau*, and had about an equal number of men. She had 4 killed and 11 wounded. Among the latter was her purser, Mr. Young, who died of his injuries. *Le Berceau* was a singularly fine vessel of her class, and had the reputation of being one of the fastest ships in the French marine. Like the combat between the *Constellation* and *l'Insurgente*, the superiority of force was certainly in favor of the American ship on this occasion, but the execution was every way in proportion to the difference.

According to the French official account of this action, the battle lasted not two hours only, but twenty-four hours, and was one of the most desperate encounters of that period. Owing to the death of Captain Senez and his first lieutenant, the next officer in rank, Second Lieutenant Clément, was officially examined, of which examination the following official record was made:

Extract from Register F., folio 159, of the "Chancellerie du Commissariat des relations commerciales" of the French Republic at Boston.

To-day, 17th Frimaire of the year 9 of the French Republic, before midday appeared before me, Albert Salleron, chancellor pro tem. of the said Commissariat in the chancery of the commissariat of commercial relations of the French Republic at Boston, Citizen Louis Marie Clément, second lieutenant of the Republic's sloop *le Berceau* of twenty-two pieces of cannon, 8-pounders, and two howitzers, commanded by Citizen André Senez, frigate captain, who made before me the following declaration:

"That the 20th Vendémiaire 9 year [12th of October, 1800] *le Berceau* sloop, Captain Senez, sent from Cayenne on a cruising expedition, the 5th completing day of the year 8 [September 17th, 1800], by the agent of the Cayenne, having for a "spy" the schooner *l'Espérance*, Captain Hammond, reckoning 22° 47′ latitude N. by 49° 20′ longitude W. of Paris, variable winds east-northeast by southeast, fresh wind, fine sea. At five o'clock in the morning we noticed a sail before us at a league and three-quarters' distance. Immediately we signaled the schooner to the southeast and let it come up a little. A short time after we found out that the vessel we had sighted was a large war vessel. We at once put about and signaled the schooner to do the same. A moment later she imitated our actions. At six o'clock the vessel, which we found to be a frigate, was in our wake, the schooner being a little to windward of us. At half-past six a general and decided rallying was signaled to the schooner. At this time the frigate had the wind and chased the schooner, which at once took the wind on the starboard tack. At this time we let the schooner approach us; the frigate hugged the wind, but the schooner gained on her. At eight o'clock the frigate, seeing that she could not overtake, we let her approach us. We then went to the windward, knowing that this was the best point of sailing for fore and aft rigged vessels like ours.

"At ten o'clock the schooner had disappeared, the frigate was still chasing us and was gaining a little. By eleven o'clock she had gained still more, and at noon we perceived that she had a decided advantage over us, upon which we relieved our ship by throwing the anchor overboard. The frigate was now about a league behind us. At half-past twelve their advantage being more obvious, we threw overboard many articles which might impede our progress, and at two o'clock the frigate, having gained considerably on us, we threw overboard what remained of the ballast, also the second boat and the spare masts, except the extra topmast.

"At half-past three o'clock the frigate hoisted the American flag and pennon and fired twice. We at once hoisted French colors and pennon and an-

swered by a single cannon shot. The frigate at a quarter to four, being within speaking distance, asked us from whence we came. 'From Cayenne,' replied the captain. 'Where are you going?' 'Cruising.' 'Strike your flag.' 'Never!' replied the captain. A moment later she fired on us, and ranging along our starboard side, within pistol-shot, the battle began in a most spirited manner on both sides. The musketry was very sharp and well sustained, the only delays being to reload the pieces. The battery also was served with the greatest activity, and the cry of 'Vive la République' was often heard during the battle.

"At six o'clock our mizzen topgallant-mast and topmast were seriously wounded, the shrouds cut through, and the yards, sails, and lower masts riddled with shot. At five minutes of six o'clock the frigate dropped astern, having her topmast cut through and fallen. We hauled up our courses and held the wind as well as we could. The frigate from this moment ceased firing, and we worked without ceasing at repairing damages.

"At half-past eight o'clock the frigate again attacked us and we discharged a broadside. From that time the action was renewed with great ferocity at pistol-shot. At half-past nine o'clock the captain, seeing a favorable opportunity of boarding the frigate, gave the order, and the crew only awaited the chance and our vessel manœuvered to favor the attempt. The frigate, however, took care not to allow herself to be boarded, and the action continued at pistol-range up to eleven o'clock, when the frigate again hauled off to repair damages. We also hauled up our courses; a short time after which our jib-boom broke, also the topmasts fell on the forward deck. At this time our shrouds and backstays were nearly all cut through, and the two square topmasts had also been cut upon our two gibbets. We therefore found ourselves without the possibility of repairing, but we nevertheless made as much sail as we could. The frigate also was much damaged in her sails and topmasts, and she remained out of gunshot but always in sight.

"At five o'clock the next morning nobody had yet left his post and we expected every moment a third attack, when the frigate passed us to the starboard at a great distance and placed herself to windward of us at half a league's distance. In the course of the morning we saw that she was working at repairs. At half-past eleven o'clock our foremast, pierced with shot, fell to the starboard, and a short time after the large mast fell also. At two o'clock in the afternoon the frigate, which had now finished repairs, came up to us on the starboard side. Our captain then assembled the council necessary in such cases. All that were called to the council thought that the dismasted ship, having its battery entangled with the fallen masts, many shot below the water-line, which already caused her to make seven inches of water in the hold, as well as a number of other serious damages, could no longer keep up the combat against the frigate without wasting the lives of those yet alive and who were now so situated that there was no possible means of defending themselves to advantage. Moreover, that the honorable manner in which they had fought had sufficiently proved how much they had had to heart to preserve to the Republic the sloop which had been confided to their care, but having done all that was possible to prevent its capture they ought to give in to superior forces. It was then unanimously decided that without making any more resistance the flag should be hauled down. Accordingly it was struck at once, and immediately after the frigate sent a boat to take possession. We then found the frigate to be the frigate of the United States, the *Boston*, of 24 12-pounders and 12 9-pounders commanded by Captain George Little.

[Signed] CLÉMENT,
SALLERON.

"Four killed and seventeen wounded. Seven hundred cannon shot expended and two thousand and one hundred musket shot."

The *Boston* was a corvette, and carried 24 long 12-pounders and 12 long 9-pounders, making a total of 36 guns with 396 pounds of metal, not allowing for deficient weight in American metal. Out of a crew of 230 she lost 4 killed and 11 wounded. *Le Berceau* mounted 22 long 8-pounders, and 2 short 12-pounders, in all 24 guns, making 216 English pounds of metal. Out of a crew of 220 she had 4 killed and 17 wounded.

COMPARATIVE FORCE AND LOSS.

	Guns.	Lbs.	Crew.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Boston	36	396	230	4	11	15
Le Berceau	24	216	220	4	17	21

Le Berceau was taken to port and refitted, and on the ratification of the treaty with France, February 3, 1801, she was returned to their navy.

Edgar S. Maclay.

YESTERDAY.

LORN yesterday
Came back to say,
"Let me a shadow be,
A shade, if nothing more,
To follow faithfully
The days that go before."

I could but say,
"Sweet, have your way";
And so the gone day clings:
Since pleasures are too few,
Why lose the old sweet things,
Though sweeter prove the new?

John Vance Cheney.

THE PRINTING OF "THE CENTURY."

THERE was a general belief twenty years ago that the materials, methods, and machinery of magazine printing had nearly reached full development. Old publishers and printers said that it was unreasonable to expect better paper or finer presswork; it was absurd to hope for higher results by changing the methods of printing which had been sanctioned by long experience. Most emphatically was the proposition laid down that fine printing could not be done with speed or at low cost. If finer paper were wanted, that paper must be of superior fiber and hot pressed, at a price necessarily prohibitory. It was folly to talk of better engraving. The London school of engravers had already reached the high-water mark of close woodcutting; but while they had fully shown their ability to cut finely, printers had signally shown the inability of printing machinery to print their blocks properly. The "Penny Magazine," useful and meritorious as it was in many features, was a warning of the folly of attempting to print good woodcuts on cylinder presses. Designers of merit had refused to draw upon blocks that would be spoiled in printing. Some of the abler engravers had abandoned the practice of engraving on wood in despair at the unworthy reproduction of their best efforts by the printers.

The printing trade here had made similar experiments and had reached the similar conclusion, that fine printing can be done only on the hand press. English writers on engraving had oracularly declared that the province of engraving on wood was limited to the delineation of form only; that it could acceptably produce light and shade only in a conventional style; that it was presumptuous for an engraver on wood to attempt any serious deviation from the outline style of Dürer and Holbein.

Whoever looks over the bound volumes of illustrated periodicals between 1850 and 1870 cannot fail to note the depressing influence of this experience and of these teachings as shown in the flatness and muddiness of woodcuts in which the engraver had made, or tried to make, nice distinctions of light and shade, and the coarseness and scratchiness of a more open style of cutting in which the engraver had servilely followed the lines of the designer. Every designer and every engraver was hampered in his work by apprehensions that the block would not be properly printed.

The publishers of THE CENTURY had to prepare their first number, of November, 1870, upon the mechanical track laid down for them by the printing trade. The only available form of printing machine that met the conditions required was an improved form of "drum-cylinder," on which fair presswork might be had if the pressman was very skillful. The publishers were warned that cylinder presses were type smashers, sure to damage fine engraving. This prophecy failed. The careful adjustment of pressure by means of overlays prevented excessive wear, but there was a lack of sharpness of line and brightness of color in the prints from the woodcuts, as there always must be when impressions are taken against the elastic resistance of a rubber cloth or blanket. To limit the force of impression to the flat surface of a woodcut, to prevent the overlapping of pressure on the edges and sides of engraved lines, one must print against a hard inelastic impression surface. On small jobbing presses this method of getting sharp impressions had been in use for many years. Why not try it on the magazine? This called for another change. Of what use to prepare an inelastic impression surface when the paper to be printed was made elastic and spongy by dampening? To get sharp, clean lines, the paper must be printed dry. Old pressmen shook their heads at this innovation, and said it could not be done. But it was done. At first not with complete success, but well enough to show the possibilities of excellent results when the pressman had full mastery of the details of the new method.

This change called for still another. The ink was now in fault. Ink that was good for damp was not good for dry paper. This seems a petty obstacle; but many kinds of ink had to be compounded and many trials made before the ink could be furnished that had the needed blackness, that spread itself fairly on the types, and that dried quickly on the paper.

The success of the new method warranted the publishers in attempting a higher grade of illustrations. Some of them were too difficult to be properly done on the drum-cylinder press, which did not have inking facilities or strength enough to face them fairly. The better machine that was needed was found in the newly developed "stop-cylinder printing machine,"

which promised the needed strength and inking facilities. This stop-cylinder did better presswork, but at slower speed and at greater cost, yet its capacities were often seriously overtaxed by the close and shallow engraving furnished by engravers who were striving to reproduce with picks or lines the effective tints of designs made entirely with the brush. The woodcut which could be made to give one fair proof after an hour of manipulation on the part of the engraver could not be made to give a proper print on the press from its electrotyped duplicate at the required rate of twelve copies a minute. The shallowness of the counters of these cuts was so slight that the cut itself seemed perfectly flat. Shallow as this counter was, it was often made more so by the process of molding and electrotyping. It was necessary to improve the quality of the electrotype plates. Repeated experiments led to no new discovery, nor to any radical change in methods, but they did compel the purchase of improved machinery, and did induce habits of nice observation and attention to trifles, which were of marked benefit.

The greatest obstacle to the perfect printing of woodcuts always has been the uneven surface of printing paper. If the reader will look through a magnifier at a sheet of ordinary paper, he cannot fail to note that the surface is uneven — broken in every direction with little pits or depressions. Paper is but a felting or tangle of interlaced fibers which make the sheet thickest in the places where the fibers cross each other with a corresponding unevenness of surface. When printed on ordinary types that have deep counters, these pits or depressions are too shallow to affect the print. If the paper be dampened, the supply of ink full, the impression strong, and the impression surface elastic, the type will sink to the bottom of these depressions without any noticeable thickening of line. Under these conditions no one can see any lack of smoothness in the print. But these are not the conditions under which fine woodcuts can be rapidly printed. The paper must be dry and smooth; the impression must be confined to the surface; the lines must not be jammed in or unequally sunk below the surface of the paper.

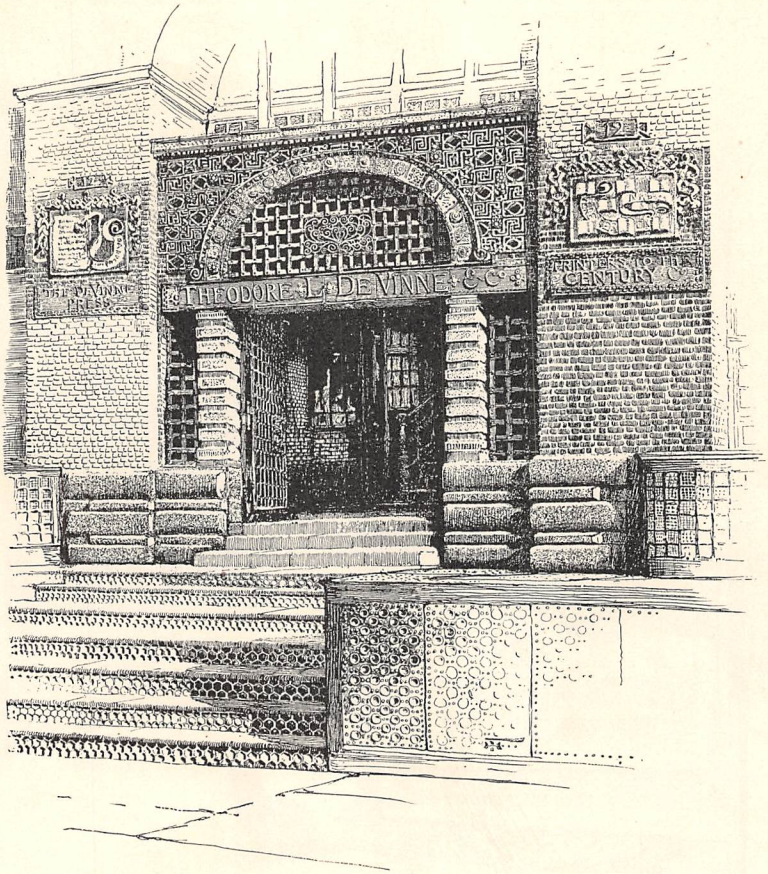
The old approved method of smoothing paper was by pressing each sheet through hot plates — a process which made the vellum, or hot-pressed paper, so much admired twenty years ago. But this process was slow, uneven in results, and too expensive to be considered for magazines. The American method of smoothing a sheet in a web by passing it through stacks of calendering rollers was adopted from the beginning of the magazine, but it had disadvantages. Great pressure was required to make the sheet smooth; but if the pressure was too great the fiber was crushed, the paper became transparent and so hard that it would not properly receive and retain ink, the surface became shiny, waxy, and irritating to the eye.

The only way to make paper smooth enough for the work was to fill these pits or depressions while the paper was in the process of manufacture with a soluble filling which made an absolutely uniform surface readily smoothed by the calendering rollers. The amount of this filling is small; the effect it produces on the print is great. The delicacy of line and tint shown in the engravings of the last five years could not have been reproduced with even a tolerable degree of faithfulness if they had not been shown on this surfaced paper. The new form of mechanical engraving, commonly known as the half-tint style, is equally dependent for its effect on surfaced paper. No other paper can show with such clearness the whole scale of color from the palest gray to the intensest black.

The changes that have been recently made in the theory and the processes of printing will perhaps be more clearly understood by an examination of the methods and machinery now used for the printing of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Printing begins with type-setting, which is done now as it was four hundred years ago. Every letter must be picked up by hand and adjusted by human fingers to its fellows. For good book-work there is as yet no short cut, no royal road. There are, it is true, type-setting machines doing efficient service on daily newspapers, and others that give good promise of usefulness in the more exacting branch of book-work, but they have not curtailed the employment of the four thousand compositors who set type by hand in this city. Type-setting by hand is slow work. A quick workman can set five columns of THE CENTURY in a day of ten hours; but the performance of the average compositor does not exceed, hardly reaches, two pages a day. The composition of the magazines is done by young women, whose work is as accurate and acceptable as that done by men. The women are paid the same rates as men.

A large printing house needs many types; there must be many kinds, and a great many of each kind. In this printing house the types and the appurtenances for keeping them in order occupy two large floors, each of about seven thousand superficial square feet. Not one-tenth of this type is in daily use, but all of it is needed, for any kind may be demanded and must be accessible at a moment's notice. Each face or style of type, and each character or



ENTRANCE TO THE DE VINNE PRESS.

type of that face, must have its place, and be kept in that place.

The compositor who works on CENTURY copy stands before two inclined cases containing boxes for characters in roman type; she picks types out of the case without examination, and puts them into a "stick," which is a small iron tray carried in her left hand. When the stick is filled with lines of type she puts these lines on a "galley," which is a long tray of brass. When the galley has been filled with type a proof of its contents is taken on a rolling press. Now the proofreader begins his work, by silently reading the proof as he follows the voice of the copy-holder, who slowly reads aloud from the copy used by the compositor for setting this type. If any letter or word has been omitted or misspelled the fault is noted and marked. The marked proof goes back to the compositor for correction, which is done. A new proof is then taken and revised, and sent to the editor or the author. The return of this proof contains editorial corrections, and usually the order to "make up," which means to rearrange the long strip of types on galley in the form of pages with their appropriate illustrations.

These woodcut illustrations are the jewels of the magazine. How frail they are! how tenderly they have to be cared for! A careless thump or scratch, neglectful exposure to too much heat or dampness, and their beauty is marred forever. To prevent losses by these accidents, every woodcut is proved on the hand press soon after its receipt, and a mold taken in beeswax on which an electrotype shell is deposited. These shells weigh less than an ounce, and are carefully preserved and used only in case of an accident to the woodcut. The proofs of the cuts are sent to the foreman of the pressroom, who uses them for his "overlays," of which more will soon be said.

After proving and molding the cuts are sent to the maker-up, who frequently finds them quite obdurate and inflexible — too long, too short, too irregular, rarely ever adapted to the places for which they were made. To find the proper place for each cut, and make it fit there, is

THE VESTIBULE.

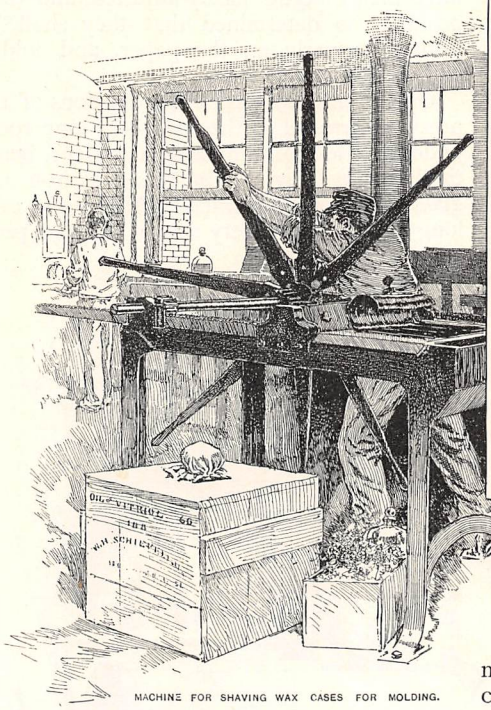
a part of his business which calls for patience and ingenuity; but the author or the editor lends his help, and the work is done. Then follows another proof, which is read by a new reader, and is marked with more corrections. Perhaps another proof still; but finally comes the editor's seal and stamp of approval — *Cast* — and off go chase and contents to the electrotype foundry.

When made up the pages are fastened in square frames of iron that are called chases, which allow them to be transported to the foundry, or to be kept securely waiting orders for correction or alterations. Many pages have to be kept in type; some of them wait but a few days, others for months before the order comes for casting. For the text of THE CENTURY five thousand pounds of type are provided, and all of this is often used.

Let us follow the chases of type, securely nested in boxes to prevent bruising, to the electrotype foundry on the sixth floor. This is the one room that cannot be kept bright. The furnace, the machines, the batteries, and the pervasive atoms of black-lead floating through the air are sad hindrances to neatness. The types, apparently clean enough, are carefully washed, and then dusted with these atoms of black-lead. The chase of type is now put in a molding press and pressed with great force against a plate covered with a thin sheet of wax that has been coated with the black-lead. This material prevents the wax from sticking to the form in the operation of molding, and also acts as a con-

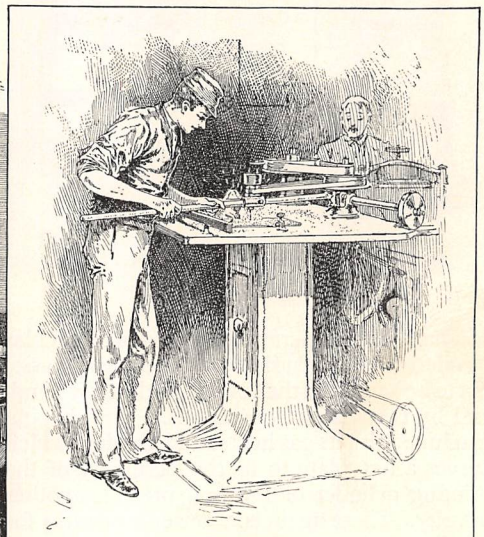
ductor of electricity on the non-conducting surface of the wax mold. It is not a cleanly or a pleasant material to handle, but there seems to be no other available substitute. The pressure on the wax gives a minutely faithful but reversed duplicate of the face of the type. The mold is next submerged in a vat of turbid fluid which seems innocent and peaceful enough, but in it mysterious forces are noiselessly at work. Put a key or any bit of iron against two of the rods on which the mold is suspended and you instantly see a shower of electric sparks. The buzzing little dynamo in the corner by its rapid revolution is sending through the fluid an electric current which liberates particles of copper from the solution in the bath and attaches them to the mold. In impalpable atoms, finer than can be made by heat of fire, these minute copper particles travel through the solution to their destination. After a few hours of exposure lift the wax mold and you will see it covered with a thin shell of bright copper about as thick as a sheet of ordinary writing paper. This shell is the duplicate of the face or surface of the types and woodcuts in the chase. It is too thin to be used for printing: it must be "backed up" and mounted.

A jet of steam or hot water is next applied to the deposited copper shell, which melts the underlying wax and permits the shell to be relieved from the mold. On the back of this shell tinfoil is melted, which serves as a solder for the melted electrotype backing metal that is poured over it, making a plate about one-fifth of an inch thick. When the plate is cool it is put under a planing machine and reduced to a thickness of about one-seventh of an inch. A screaming, vicious-looking little circular saw now takes the plate and trims off the rough and superfluous metal on the edges, after which the plate is straightened perfectly level and shaved to the desired thickness. Next comes the beveler, a form of side plane which makes the angled shoulders required by the clamps which are to hold it on the press. Now the finisher takes up the plate and scrutinizes it for the correction of trivial defects. Then a proof is taken and compared with the type proof.



MACHINE FOR SHAVING WAX CASES FOR MOLDING.

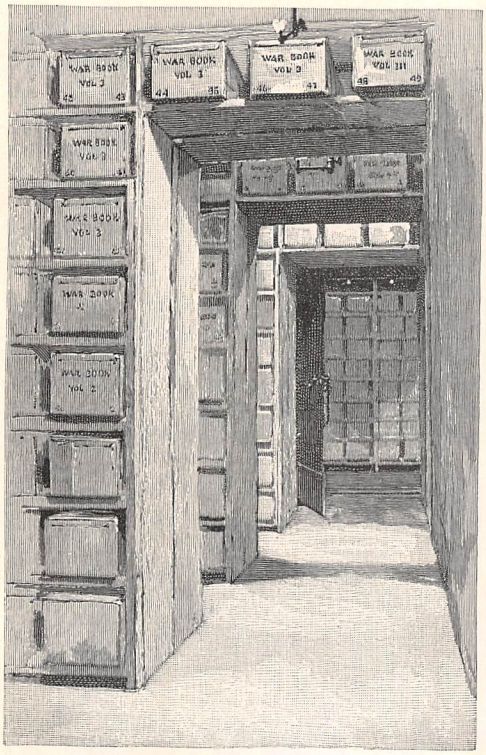
IN THE ELECTROTYPE ROOM.



ROUTING MACHINE.

Unlike the type, or the frail woodcut which may be in the page, this electrotype plate can receive a hundred thousand impressions, or more, without loss of beauty or sharpness. It can be handled, packed, and transported with more ease and greater safety than the type or the wood. The page of type costs, composition included, about seven dollars; a full page of woodcut costs from one hundred to two hundred dollars. The electrotype of either costs less than one dollar. These are the reasons why electrotypes are made.

The electrotype foundry is a miniature machine shop, with machines on every side—to plane, to saw, to bevel, to rout, to mold, to melt, to carve. One of the peculiarities of this room is a little machine which bevels both sides



IN THE PLATE VAULT.

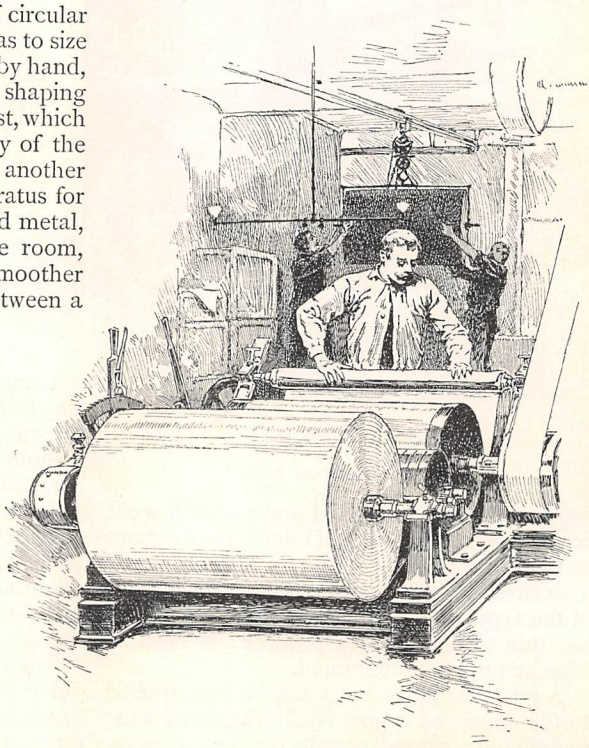
of a page at one operation, by means of circular beveled cutters, insuring an accuracy as to size not to be had when the beveling is done by hand, and by two distinct operations. The shaping machine, with its gas heater and air blast, which curves a flat plate to fit the periphery of the printing cylinder of the web press, is another novelty. There again is a newer apparatus for bending to a true curve plates of cold metal, the invention of the foreman of the room, which produces a curved plate of still smoother and truer surface. The difference between a fairly smooth and a truly smooth surface may seem trivial, but on this trifle depends the success of fine printing on a rotary press.

The inspection of the plate does not end with the finisher, for a new proof of it is taken on the hand press, and its face is carefully searched for the hidden defects of air bubbles under the shell, bruised letters, or uneven surfaces. If the defects cannot be economically remedied the plate is condemned and a new one is ordered.

Plates that have to be printed in red ink, like the cover of "St. Nicholas," or that will have to receive unusual wear, like the advertising pages of THE CENTURY, are coated with a film of nickel, which resists the scaling of the ink or the wear of the press. For special purposes a film of steel can be substituted.

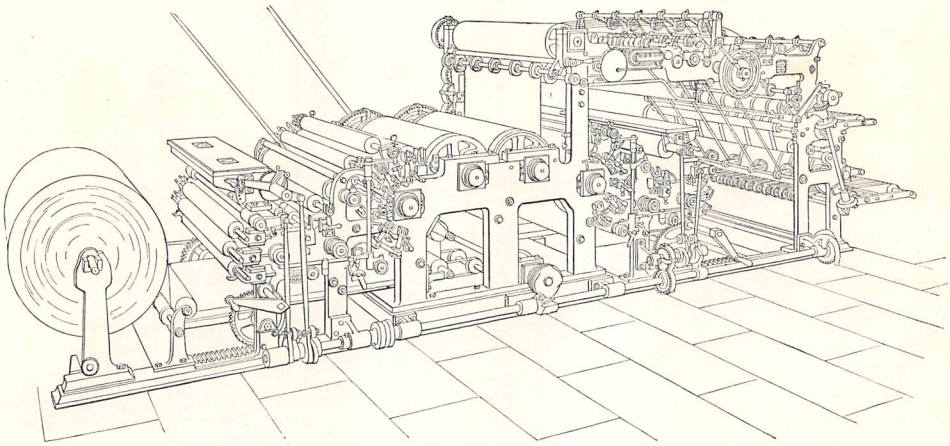
The plates that are passed as ready for press go to the plate vault, the only place in the building in which gas burns all day. Between solid piers five feet thick are here piled, tier after tier and row after row, many tons of boxed plates. Each set of thirty-two plates is in a specially labeled box, and each has its place on a range of shelves which extends backward in impenetrable gloom. All are readily accessible to the plateman: at five minutes' notice he will furnish any plate that may be called for. It is his work not only to keep the plates in order on the shelves, but to get them in order for the presses. The plates have to be mounted by him on movable blocks; to be firmly fixed in chases so that they cannot be disturbed by the action of the machine; to have their margins nicely adjusted, and their positions so determined that they shall be printed properly on the paper, and folded and cut with exactness.

One of the most attractive portions of the press department is the vault — a long room under the sidewalk on Lafayette Place, beautifully lighted by the bulkhead of iron and glass sixteen feet overhead. At the end of a long row of machinery stands the web press



REWINDING PAPER.

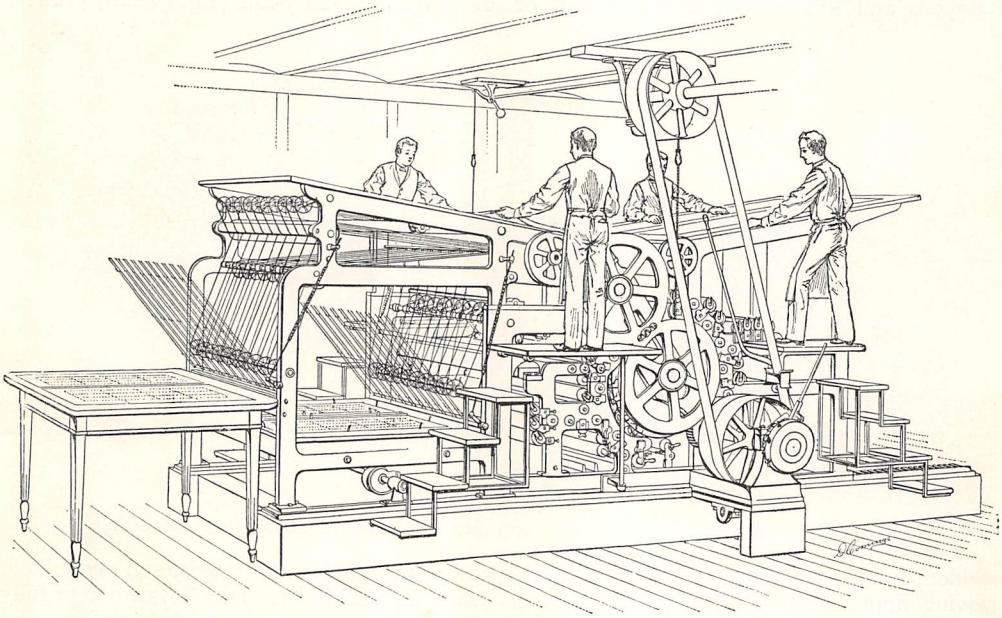
—a massive and complicated construction, specially built by Messrs. R. Hoe & Co. for printing, cutting, and folding the plain and the advertising pages of THE CENTURY. Web presses for newspapers are common enough, but this press has distinction as the first, and for three years the only, web press used in this country for good book-work. At one end of the machine is a great roll of paper more than two miles long when unwound, and weighing about 750 pounds. As the paper unwinds it passes first over a jet of steam which slightly dampens and softens, but does not wet or sodden, its hard surface, and fits it for receiving impressions. It next passes under a plate cylinder on which are thirty-two curved plates, inked by seven large rollers, which print thirty-two pages on one side. Then it passes around a reversing cylinder which presents the other side of the paper to another plate cylinder, on which are thirty-two plates which print exactly on the back the proper pages for the thirty-two previously printed. This is done quickly—in less than two seconds—but with exactness. But the web of paper is still uncut. To do this it is drawn upward under a small cylinder containing a concealed knife, which cuts the printed web in strips two leaves wide and four leaves long. As soon as cut the sheets are thrown forward on endless belts of tape. An ingenious but undetectable mechanism gives to every alternate sheet a quicker movement, so that it falls exactly over its predecessor, making two lapped strips of paper. Busy little adjusters now come in play, placing these lapped sheets of paper accurately up to a head and a side guide. Without an instant of delay down comes a strong creasing blade over the long center of the sheet, and pushes it out of sight. Pulleys at once seize the creased sheet and press it flat, in which shape it is hurried forward to meet three circular knives on one shaft which cut it across in four equal pieces. Disappearing for an instant from view, it comes out on the other side at the upper end of the tail of the press in the form of four-folded sections of eight pages each. Immediately after, at the lower end of the tail of the press, out come four entirely different sections of eight pages each. This duplicate delivery shows the product of the press to be at every revolution of the cylinders sixty-four pages, neatly printed, truly cut, and accurately registered and folded, ready for the binder. Two boys are kept fully employed in seizing the folded sections and putting them in box trucks, by which they are rolled out to the elevator, and on these sent to the bindery.



THE WEB PRESS FOR PRINTING AND FOLDING SIXTY-FOUR UNILLUSTRATED PAGES AT ONE REVOLUTION.

This web press is not so fast as the web press of daily newspapers, but it performs more operations and does more accurate work. It is not a large machine, nor is it noisy, nor does it seem to be moving fast, but the paper goes through the cylinders at the rate of nearly two hundred feet a minute. It does ten times as much work as the noisier and more bustling presses by its side. Made especially for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, it prints that and nothing else, for its large regular editions keep it fully employed. The reprinted numbers of THE CENTURY and all the other publications of The Century Co. are done on other presses. This web press has other limitations: it is not at all an economical machine for small editions, nor can it be successfully used for the fine woodcuts of the illustrated articles of THE CENTURY. The pages that contain these woodcuts, and the entire text of the "St. Nicholas," hitherto have been done on a slower

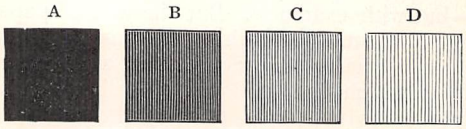
and smaller machine known as the stop-cylinder, which prints sixteen pages only on one side of a sheet at the rate of about 750 impressions an hour. One machine can produce in one month but a small portion of the illustrations required for the magazine. It follows that there are many of these stop-cylinders, and that the printing plates are made in duplicate and sometimes in triplicate, and, to get out the edition in time, that these duplicates go to press on different machines. To get the superior quality of presswork demanded this delay in performance and this multiplication of machines has been submitted to for many years.



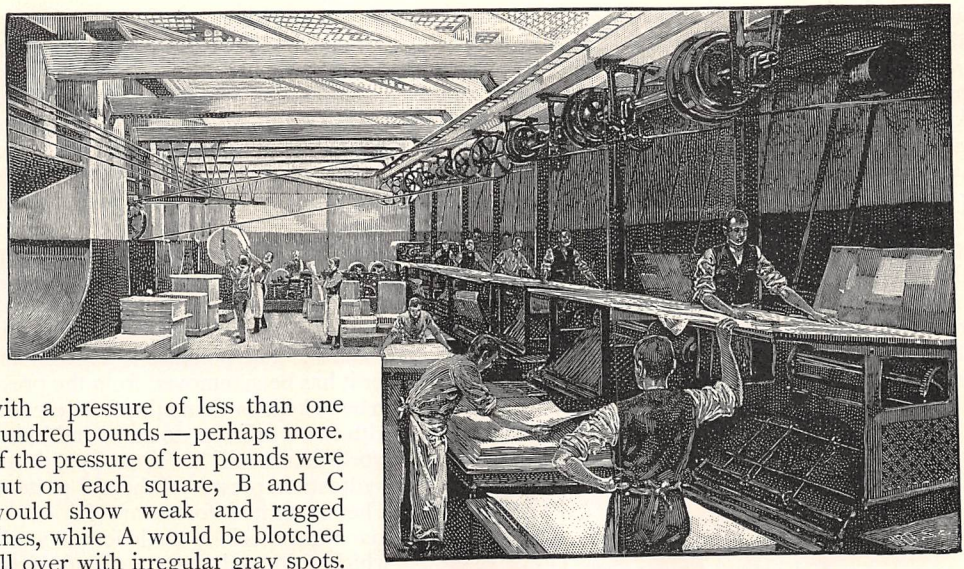
THE NEW ROTARY PRESS FOR PRINTING SIXTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATED PAGES AT ONE REVOLUTION.

Encouraged by the success of the web press in magazine presswork, the printers of THE CENTURY have applied the rotary principle to a new machine for fine illustrations, expressly made for them by Messrs. R. Hoe & Co. and but recently put to work. Sixty-four plates of THE CENTURY, truly bent to the proper curve, are firmly fastened on one cylinder sixty inches long and about thirty inches in diameter; sixteen inking rollers, supplied with ink from two ink fountains, successively ink these sixty-four plates with a delicacy and yet with a fullness of color never before attained. The shafts of the impression cylinder and the plate cylinders, 4½ inches in diameter, do not spring or give under the strongest impression. Although rigid in every part, in the hands of an expert pressman it can be made responsive to the slightest overlay. This machine is fed by four feeders from single sheets in the usual manner, and does the work of four stop-cylinders in superior style. The gain in performance is not as great as the gain in quality of presswork, but quality was considered more than speed. The performance of the machine could have been more than doubled by adding to it other cylinders which would print on both sides of the paper; but careful experiment has proved that the finest woodcuts cannot be properly printed with this rapidity. To get the best results the ink on one side of the paper must be dry before it is printed on the other side.

These are the presses on which the skill of the overlayer is most signally shown. The theory of overlaying may be explained by this diagram:



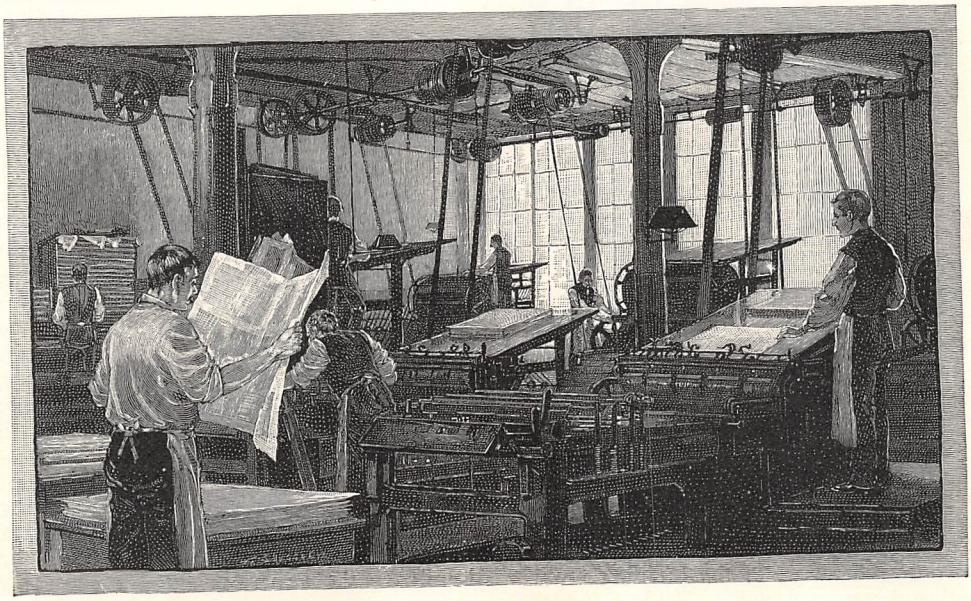
Suppose A B C D to be separate hand stamps engraved on wood. If the surface of the stamp marked D were inked the moderate pressure of ten pounds would transfer these thin lines to paper. C, having more lines, and offering more resistance, would call for a pressure of twenty pounds or more to insure a good print. B is still blacker, and resists much more, requiring say fifty pounds to force it fairly. A, which is entirely black, could not be smoothly printed



THE PRINTING MACHINES IN THE VAULT.

with a pressure of less than one hundred pounds — perhaps more. If the pressure of ten pounds were put on each square, B and C would show weak and ragged lines, while A would be blotched all over with irregular gray spots. If the pressure were made one hundred pounds or more, the lines of B and C would be hard and muddy, and D would be worn out before one hundred impressions had been taken.

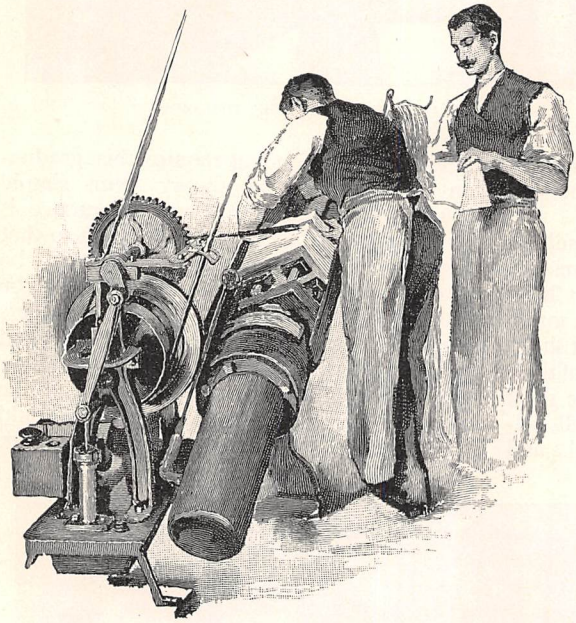
Overlaying is merely an intelligent adjustment of pressure on woodcuts — a pressure adjusted to suit the resistance, so that light lines shall have little and solid surfaces much pressure. So treated, light lines will print sharp and clear; the compact and closer lines of middle tints will be smoothly gray, and the solid portions of the dark shadows will be full velvety black. The different degrees of light and shade in every woodcut require this graduation of pressure. The theory seems simple enough, but putting the theory in practice is not. Every printing machine is made so that the pressed and the pressing surfaces shall be in exact parallel — so that pressure shall be absolutely uniform in every part. If woodcuts were like the ordinary text-types of books and newspapers in their equality of color and their equal resistance to impression, there would be no need of overlaying; no more pressure would be required in one portion than in another.



STOP-CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINES.

But woodcuts are conspicuously unequal—the thin lines, the close lines, the solid blacks, are irregularly combined. Yet each must have a different degree of pressure. On simple diagrams, like A B C and D, the result desired can be reached by pasting one or more thickness of paper over C, two thicknesses over B, and three or four over A. Adding thickness to the pressing surface gives the additional pressure. On a woodcut in which light and shade are intermixed the work is extremely difficult—not to be explained by words; to be learned only by experiment and the study of repeated failures. The rarity of well-printed, and the commonness of badly printed, woodcuts are indications of the difficulty of the art.

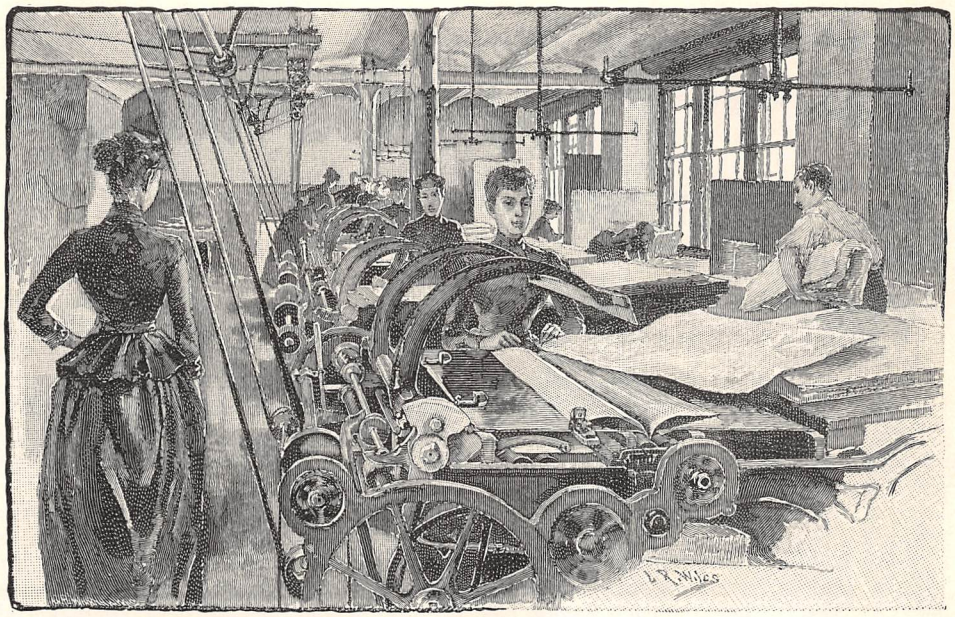
This floor and the floor above are filled with large presses, and the air trembles with their busy hum. All day long belts are spinning, heavy forms of type swing to and fro on their carriages, and sheets of paper are sweeping down the revolving cylinder and dancing out on the fly-fingers. Every one is busy. There are no idlers, but no one is in a hurry. Yet the piles of sheets that go to the elevators every hour prove that work is done with good result. The only machines which do hurry are the heavy elevator engines that start like race-horses when the porter pulls the rope. Let us try their speed, and go up again with boxes of sheets on the platform to the bindery, which occupies the eighth and a part of the seventh floor.



HYDROSTATIC DRY-PRESSING MACHINE.

In no other part of the building are work and workmen so crowded. Folding and stitching are simple operations when done leisurely, but to do them quickly and well calls for many machines and many hands. Compact arrangement must be made and needless travel avoided. There should be no unnecessary carrying forward and backward of the six tons of paper which have to be moved every day from one part of the room to another. The folded sheets of the web press are brought up by the elevator in box trucks that can be easily rolled in any direction and are put before the dry-pressers—compact little hydrostatic machines in which folded paper two feet thick is soon reduced in bulk one-fourth. The pressure is kept on the paper after it has been removed from the press, and it can be so kept for many days. These two presses, with two workmen, do more and better work than could be done by a dozen hydrostatic presses of the old pattern. The illustrated forms are folded on machines specially made for the work, which fold and cut sheets of thirty-two pages and deposit them in four long trays in the form of four sections of eight pages each. All these sheets when folded are passed through the dry-presser and kept under pressure until they are perfectly flat, compact, and free from sponginess.

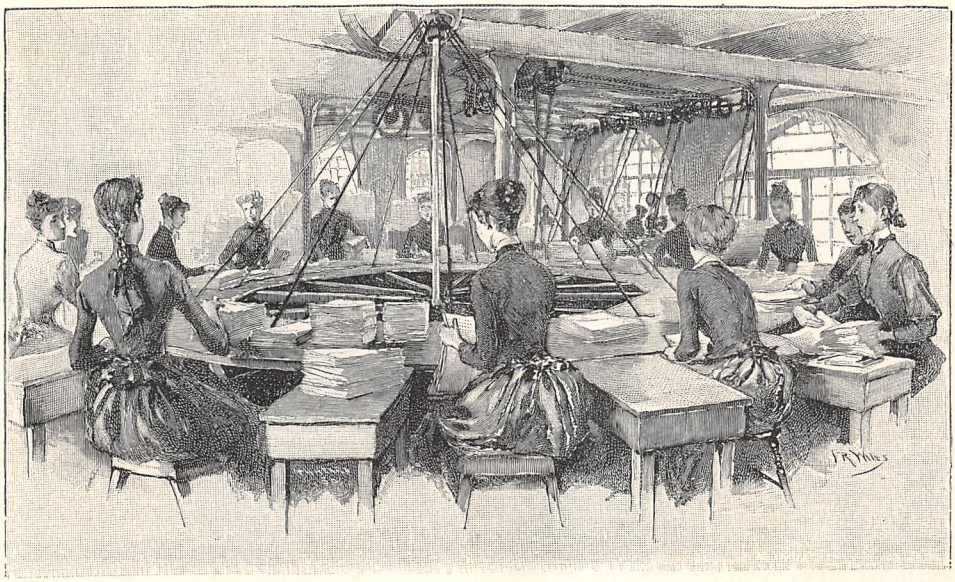
At this stage THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is in the form of twenty-five or more different sections of folded paper, scattered in as many boxes. The next process is to get them together in regular order. The magnitude of the task will be better understood when it is known that the sum total of these twenty-five or more pieces of folded paper in an ordinary edition of the magazine is never less than five million and in a large edition is often more than six million pieces. To put one piece out of its order is to spoil a copy—perhaps two copies. It is necessary that the work be done with exactness, but equally important that it be done with speed. Under the old methods of gathering, the twenty-five sections were laid down in piles and in regular order on a long table, and the gatherers in slow procession walked beside it and picked up each section in turn. How many miles a gatherer walked in a day; how tired she was before the day was half over; how little she did, even when she did her best; how much room she occupied to the annoyance of other hands—need not now be computed. It is enough to say that gathering was always a hateful task to employed and employer. To lighten this work an ingenious Englishman, whose name is unknown to the writer, invented a circular or rotary gathering table, on which the paper



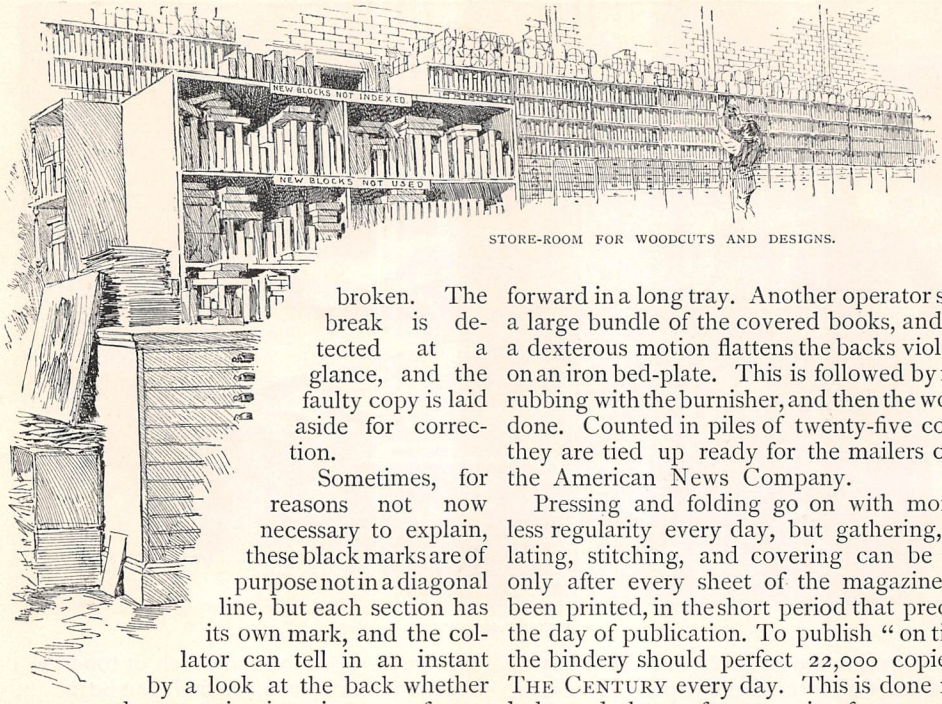
FOLDING MACHINES.

would travel to the gatherer, instead of having the gatherer travel after the paper. Here is the apparatus, which occupies a large space in the middle of the room. Around this table sixteen young women are seated, gathering the sections as they are successively presented. One can readily see that much more work can be done in a given time, in a smaller space, and with less fatigue.

The gathered sections are now passed to the collator, who rapidly examines them for faults. If there be a section too much or too little, or a section out of place, the fault can be instantly detected. How is this done? Take off the paper cover on the back of the magazine and you will see that each section of the text has its own peculiar black mark on the back of the fold. These black marks are intended to be so arranged that they shall make a continuous black diagonal line on the back. If there should be one black mark too many, or one too few, the continuity and regularity of the black line is



REVOLVING TABLE FOR GATHERERS.



STORE-ROOM FOR WOODCUTS AND DESIGNS.

broken. The break is detected at a glance, and the faulty copy is laid aside for correction.

Sometimes, for reasons not now necessary to explain, these black marks are of purpose not in a diagonal line, but each section has its own mark, and the collator can tell in an instant by a look at the back whether the magazine is or is not perfect.

Stitching machines on the other side of the room now receive the gathered copies. Compared with other machinery these wire-stitchers do not seem overstrong, but note how swiftly and securely they drive and clench two staples of wire through more than half an inch of paper. The older readers of THE CENTURY hardly need the reminder that twelve years ago the work of stitching was done by a "stabbing machine," which punched irregular holes in the paper, through which a hand-sewer put needle and thread — a slow process, which made a spongy and shackly pamphlet. The wire-stitcher can readily perfect one thousand copies in an hour, and it does its work in a manner much more satisfactory to the reader.

Covering, the next process, is also done, to some extent, by a machine. The wire-stitched but uncovered magazines are put in order on a long tray, at one end of which is an automatic clasp, which takes them one by one at regulated intervals to the prepared cover. Each cover is accurately placed by hand before iron fingers, which carry it around a narrow rotating wheel, the edge of which, exactly the thickness of the back of the magazine, is covered with melted glue. As the cover passes around the wheel the inside of the back is covered with a film of glue. It is then carried to a place where the back of the stitched magazine drops exactly upon the glued back of the cover. Sudden and strong pressure on this back firmly unites the back to the cover, after which it is pushed forward in a long tray. Another operator seizes a large bundle of the covered books, and with a dexterous motion flattens the backs violently on an iron bed-plate. This is followed by more rubbing with the burnisher, and then the work is done. Counted in piles of twenty-five copies, they are tied up ready for the mailers or for the American News Company.

Pressing and folding go on with more or less regularity every day, but gathering, collating, stitching, and covering can be done only after every sheet of the magazine has been printed, in the short period that precedes the day of publication. To publish "on time" the bindery should perfect 22,000 copies of THE CENTURY every day. This is done regularly, and the performance is often exceeded without strain. In this room, where the need of despatch is most urgent, are none of the ordinary indications of hurry. There is no running to and fro, no shouting or scolding, no feverish or frantic impatience. Every one works briskly, but no one works hurriedly.

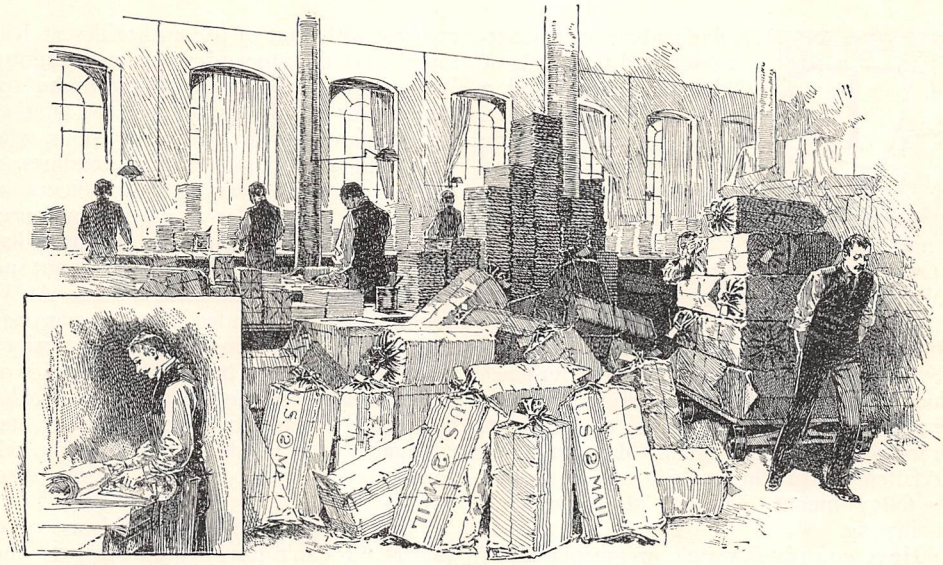
At the elevator door the magazines separate

A WIRE-STITCHER.

—some to the American News Company, whose carts morning and afternoon stand before the door; others to the mail-room on the uppermost floor. Within a week they will be in thousands of homes on the American continent; in two weeks they will be on sale in every large European city; in six weeks at most they will meet each other, coming from opposite directions in Japan and Australia.

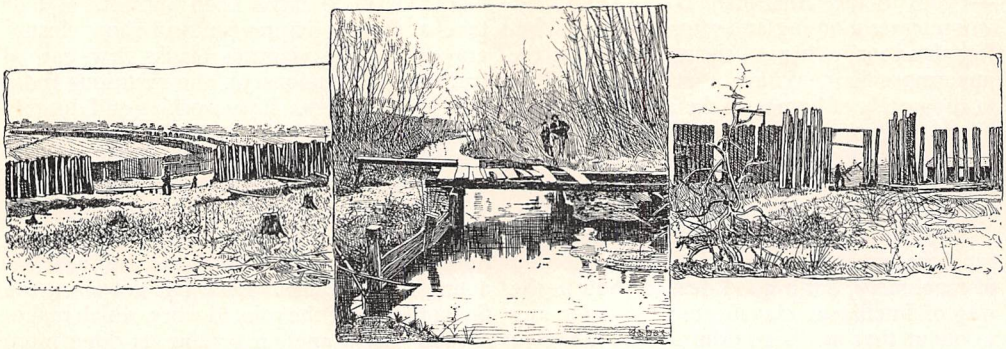
The mail-room and the store-room on the top floor have nothing noticeable in the way of machinery, but a good deal to show in the way of intelligent classification. Ask for any woodcut that has been printed within twelve years and you shall have it in a few minutes. To the ordinary observer these arrangements may not seem impressive, but every one who has had much handling of such disorderly objects as woodcuts, proofs, copy, sketches, back numbers, will at once recognize the executive ability which has found a place for everything and which has kept everything in its place.

Twenty years is but a short interval in the chronology of an art that is more than four hundred years old, but a good deal has been done for the improvement of printing between the years 1870 and 1890. Cylinder presses have supplanted hand and platen presses in printing woodcuts and large editions of fine books. Dry paper has taken the place of damp paper. In many large printing houses the appliances for dampening have been abolished, or set aside to be used only for rough and hand-made papers. Smooth-surface papers of moderate price have been introduced that take a sharper impression and show cleaner grays and more vigorous blacks than can be had from impressions on the luxurious India and Japan papers. Easy working and durable black inks are as common now as they were scarce twenty years ago. Electrotype plates are made of smooth surface, and are curved with unharmed lines, to fit the cylinders of rotary printing machines on which they produce presswork that fully meets the most exacting requirements. Last, but not least, the final pressing of the printed work, which makes a solid and shapely magazine, is done more quickly and more thoroughly by pressing in the fold than was ever done when the work was pressed in sheets. Some of these items may seem of trifling importance to the reader. Singly, they may be; collectively, they are not. Whoever compares the first number of this magazine with the latest, must admit that decided improvements have been made in magazine printing. In the literary workshop of which John Milton dreamed, "the pens and heads, sitting by studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas," were those only who thought and wrote. Now, the thinkers have mechanical helpers. In machine shops and paper mills, in printing houses and electrotype foundries, are other studious men equally busy in mechanical devices that aid the writers in realizing this dream of the "Areopagitica."



IN THE MAILING ROOM.

Theodore L. De Vinne.



ANDERSONVILLE STOCKADE AFTER THE WAR. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN 1868.

ON THE ANDERSONVILLE CIRCUIT.

THE flank advance on Chattanooga and the battle of Chickamauga covered a month of forced marches, skirmishing, and fighting over mountains and through thickets of timber and brush, in rain and mud, by night and day.

Crack! crack! "Surrender, you Yanks! Halt, there! Halt, or you are a dead man!" *Crack! crack! crack!* "Now surrender, you Yankee son of Yankee Doodle!"

Seated on the top of a staked and rider fence I looked along a rifle barrel into the pupil of the right eye of a Confederate as he hissed the words through his teeth. My companion had fallen dead at the first fire, and I saw that this fellow meant to shoot. My answer was conciliating.

"Have you pistol, watch, or greenbacks?"

"No — no, sir."

"Well, give me that hat." "Here, I 'll take that ring." "That knife is mine." Our pockets went inside out, and I was more surprised when they began to exchange clothing with us. Some of our party who were better clothed than myself were forced to give up their blue coats and take butternut instead; also to give boots in exchange for dilapidated shoes. When the dressing and undressing had been completed, but for the arms in the hands of our captors you could n't tell Yank from Confed. They forced us at the point of the bayonet to repair the railroad about Chickamauga, which had been burned during the battle. During these three days they gave us once daily a few ounces of meat with a pint and a half of meal. This latter we mixed with water and baked on a chip before a fire. The men who guarded us to Richmond had been in the thick of the fight, and their humane treatment in contrast with that of the authorities at Richmond and the stockades was not forgotten. We were very hungry, and when the train stopped for wood they allowed us, after giving our parole, to break for the woods, where we found wild grapes and muscadines. At Atlanta we were searched by officers and relieved of such trifles as we had not previously given up, or such as by sleight of hand we were unable to secrete. They did not spare us our canteens, tin cups, and spoons. At Weldon we were surrounded by many persons of both sexes, who evinced much curiosity to learn what battles we had been engaged in and the circumstances of our capture. One elderly gentleman remarked: "Yankees can't stand up against our Southern soldiers. We whip you on every battle-field. Why, one of our boys—"

"Look-a-heah, old man," said one of our guards, "I can't have you talking to these men like that; you never saw a Yank with a gun in his hands; and —— you! I tell you they were hard to ketch. Now you stand back!"

Passing under one of the wagon bridges that formed a railway crossing and which was covered with people, we were assailed with a shower of sticks and stones. On our arrival in Richmond, October 10, 1863, we were placed on the second floor of a tobacco building overlooking the river. Extending from the corner across the sidewalk was this sign: "Libby and Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers."

To inhale some fresh air, I immediately seated myself in an open window and was drawn in by a fellow-prisoner or I should have been shot by an outside guard. A little later we were drawn up in line and counted, and then listened to a speech from a man whom I learned later was "young Ross." He stated that for fear we might bribe our guards it would be necessary for us to give up what

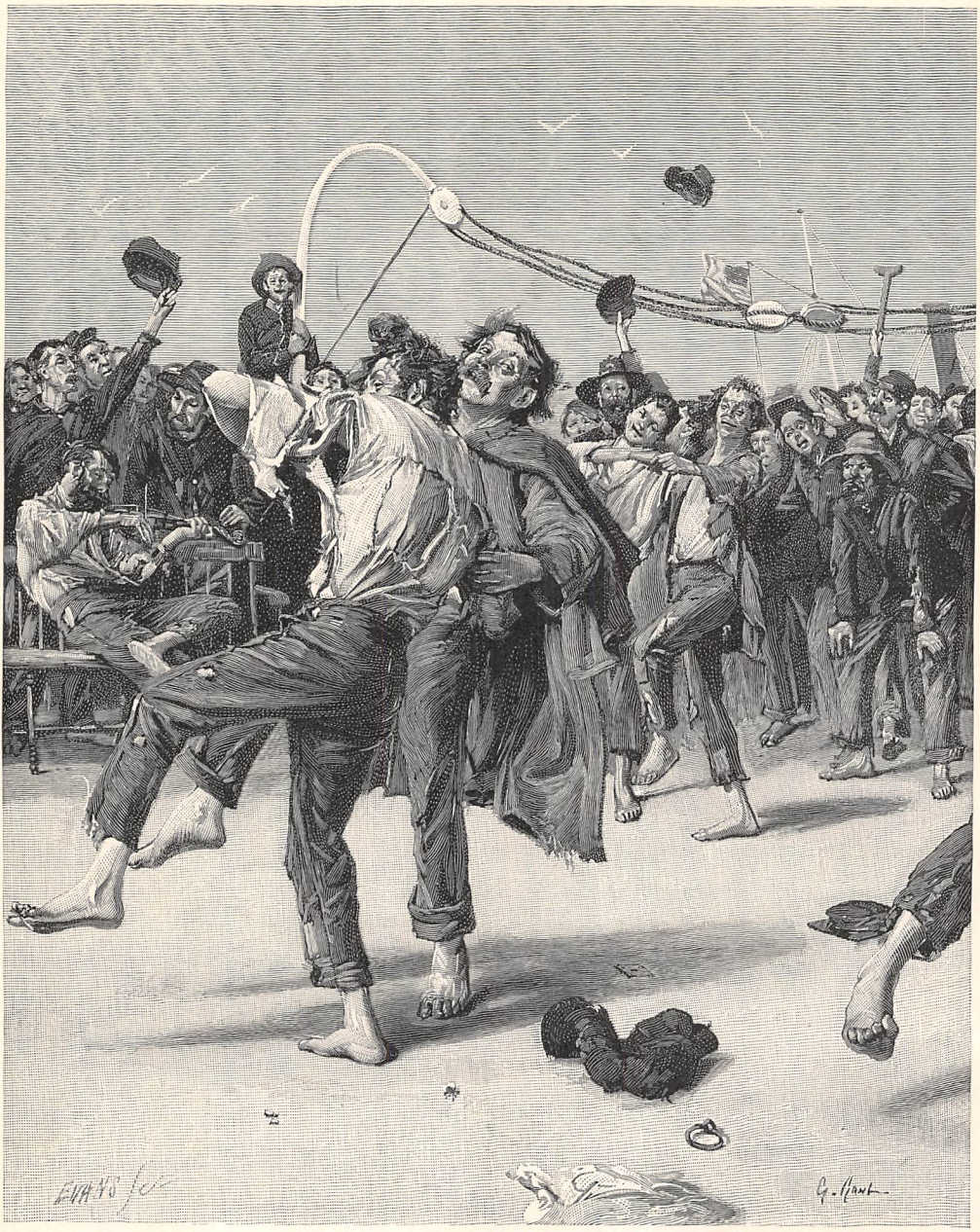
money, watches, jewelry, and pocket knives we possessed. We might, he said, keep what Confederate money we had, "but greenbacks and coin must be turned over, all of which will be receipted for and returned when you are exchanged. And now, gentlemen, step up to this desk and get your receipts; after which you will all be carefully searched, and anything that you have not turned over will be confiscated." It was surprising to see the amount of property that thus passed under Confederate control. I could not understand how so much had escaped previous seizure, but the sagacity of Mr. Ross brought it to light. It was never seen by the Yankees again.

We were soon removed to the "Smiths' Building," another tobacco factory. Here we were searched as before, but the game was now hardly worth the hunt. Our rations while in Richmond we estimated at two to four ounces of beef and six to eight ounces of good wheat bread. To supplement this we made counterfeit greenbacks, which we were sometimes able to pass on unsuspecting guards. Once by cutting out the figures from a ten cent scrip, and with a little blood gluing this over the figure one in a dollar greenback, myself and three comrades bought with this bogus ten-dollar bill ninety loaves of good bread, and it was the only time while I was in the Confederacy that I made a full meal.

The morning after this we were loaded into box-cars for "exchange"; but the train moved towards Danville, which, we learned later, was our destination. As we approached the Roanoke River it was dark and raining. I had succeeded in removing the cap from the gun of one of our guards, and attempting to do the same for the other found that his was not capped. So when the river was crossed and we had cleared the houses, three of us jumped from the moving train and escaped to the woods. After five days and nights of almost superhuman effort and intense suffering we were all recaptured and taken to Danville. While here our Government sent, under flag of truce, clothing, a blanket and an overcoat, for each of us. We learned of their arrival, and there was great rejoicing; but on looking out next morning we saw our guards pacing their beats wearing blue overcoats and carrying new United States blankets. They gave us a portion, however, and our condition was much improved; but Danville looked like a Union camp. I saw here a number of recaptured prisoners undergoing the torture of buck and gag; and once, when we had dug a large tunnel from the cellar, our rations were cut off for forty-eight hours, and we were all driven to an upper room, thus crowding four hundred men into space formerly occupied by two hundred. We were herded thus for two days, one person being permitted to descend to the yard below, and not until his return could another go. Entreaties, threats, and curses were met with bayonets, and a scene of horror ensued not to be described. About a half-dozen who lay on the opposite side of the room from me forced a window and leaped to the ground below; but they were riddled with buck-shot and not one escaped. They brought in those who were not killed outright, and we dug out some of the shot the best we could; but our remnants of knives were poorly adapted to such work, and the operation was critical. A man near me held a can of soup through an opening in the window to pour off some of the bugs. He fell, with a bullet through him. He was not killed, but he had learned his lesson.

We reached Andersonville May 20, 1864. As I passed inside, the ground seemed entirely occupied. The stockade then contained eighteen acres and eight thousand men. On all sides I heard cries of "Fresh fish!" "Look out for the dead-line!" "You can't stop here; pass on: plenty of room down the hill." I walked down the slope to unoccupied ground. My feet sank into the yielding sand, and as I retraced my steps my footprints had filled with the slimy ooze from the hillside. I would not lie on such ground except as a last resort. On the farther side of the stockade, near the dead-line, I found a smooth-faced boy named Reese. He was from Ohio, and he was slow in his speech. He always smiled when he spoke, and his smile was as sweet as a girl's, but sad as tears. He was sheltered under an old blanket stretched on three small sticks. I had secured an overcoat from the supplies sent us at Danville, and this I had traded to a guard for two United States blankets. I had stolen a sheet-iron tobacco plate from the cellar there which I had transformed into a dish. I had an old knife that I had managed to save from the searchers, and a haversack that had been carried through the Chattanooga campaign. I proposed a partnership with Reese, which, when I had shown my property, was speedily accomplished, and comparing our condition with that of thousands around us we were a pair of millionaires. He died in the pen at Florence. The three comrades with whom I escaped from the train died at Andersonville. One friend, with whom I slept, died at Charleston, and another was killed by a guard.

Prisoners kept pouring in until the number reached 23,000. The entire ground was covered until there was scarce room to move, and then the stockade was enlarged to thirty-three acres, and later the number of prisoners reached 35,000. The soft hillside by the tramping of so many feet became more solid,



RELEASED PRISONERS DANCING ON THE "STAR OF THE SOUTH." (FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH BY WILLIAM WAUD.)

and thousands who had no vestige of a blanket burrowed holes to escape the heat and dew. When it rained these holes filled with water, and the occupants had to sit outside. The ration for the earlier months consisted of about four ounces of meat and a section of corn-bread four inches square by three inches thick. The bread, of unbolted meal, was baked very hard to the depth of one-half inch, while the center was raw. The bread would often be as full of flies as a plum pudding is of fruit. As a large portion of our number drew rations after dark, the ingredients were not wasted. During the later months yams, rice, or pease were issued in lieu of meat, and meal or grits instead of bread. We had no vessels to receive these, and the steaming rice was shoveled from the wagon-box into blankets; or a man would take off his trousers, knot one of the legs, and thus receive the portion for his mess. The

same method was used in the distribution of the yams and pease, except sometimes the receptacle was a piece of underclothing.

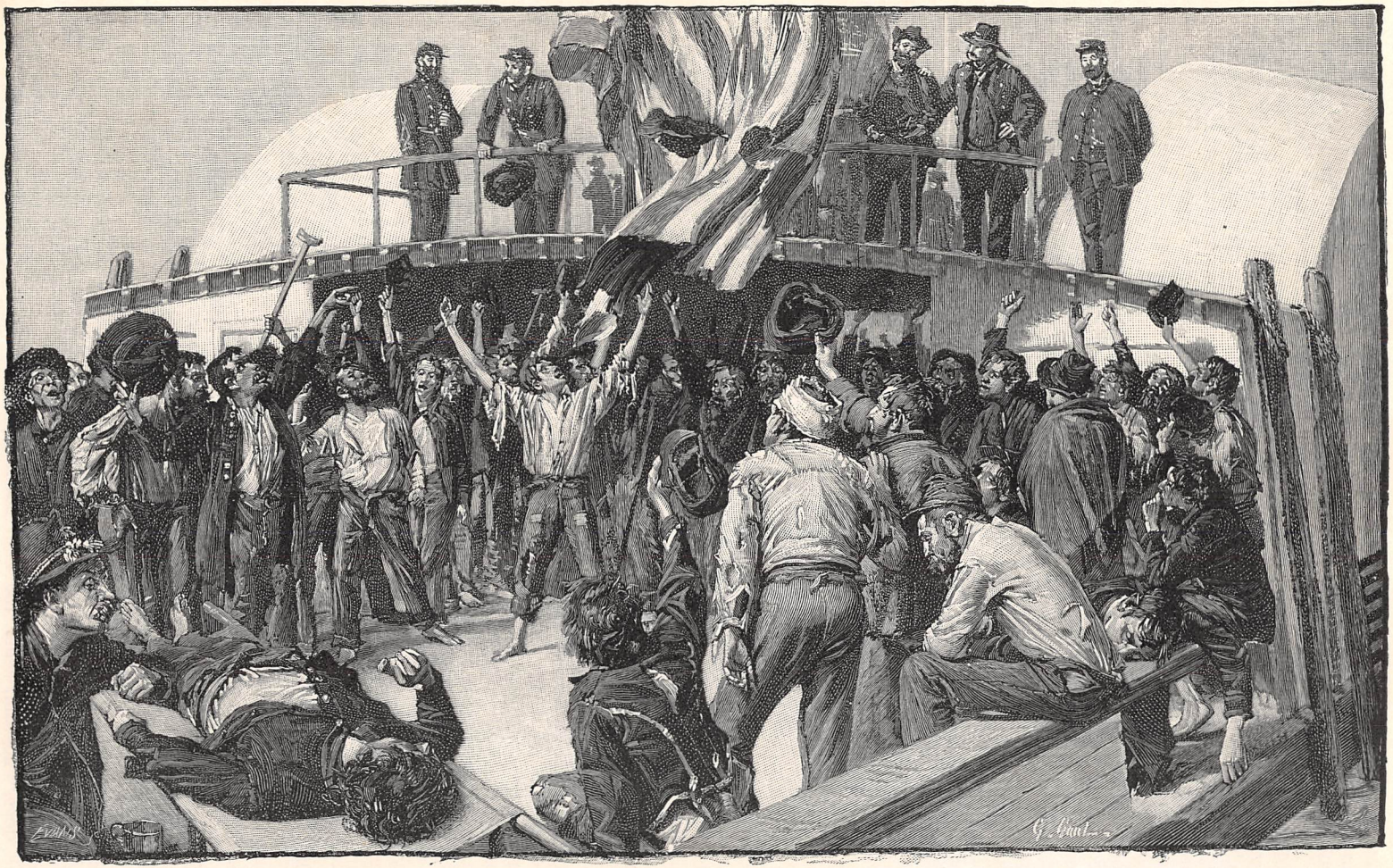
Reese and I, with some half-dozen others, with the aid of sticks and half-canteens, dug a well something over twenty feet deep, which yielded only drops of water, but it was a great improvement over the sluggish stream which carried to us the sewage of the cook-house and the camps above. When rations were issued raw a feeble attempt was made to furnish wood. A few loads came in, so that once a week a mess of fifteen would receive two cord-wood sticks. These were so inadequate that we dug in the sand for the roots from the forest that had once covered the ground. This was done so long as a piece the size of a lead pencil remained. The heat of July and August caused Reese, and hundreds of others, to become blind after the sun went down, nor could they see until the sun rose again. We called them moon-eyed men.

All of the old prisoners had scurvy. Nine or ten months of prison life did not fail to produce it. While small-pox was epidemic in Danville the authorities caused a general vaccination. Many hundreds of these men were now attacked with a virulent gangrene. These, with the wounded, the scurvy cases, and the imbeciles, used to gather daily at the south gate to solicit medical aid. The dead were also carried there to await the opening at nine o'clock. Then Confederate doctors came in, and applied some substance to the wounds that caused them to emit smoke. This did not stop the work of the gangrene, but it killed the parasites. While the dead were accumulating I used to count thirty, forty, sixty, and more coming from all quarters of the stockade. Death came slowly. It seemed a gradual wearing out. I had noticed what I supposed was a dead soldier lying for some days near my place. He had comrades there, and at last one of us ventured to ask, "Why don't you carry that man out?" "You had better wait until he is dead." "Well, he will never be any deader than he is," was the retort. "You watch him and see." I noted him carefully for some minutes, when at last the breast heaved slightly, and emitted a faint sigh.

Passing down the hill one day a packed mass of men attracted my attention. As I pushed my way in, making inquiries, I was answered, "The hounds! The hounds!" A man sat naked on the sand. His comrades were pouring water over him. He was covered with scratches and bites from his head to his feet. His face, his breast, his back and limbs were torn and bruised. "I could have fought off the dogs," he said, "but the men cocked their revolvers and made me come down from the tree, and then they set on the dogs until they were tired."

It was in June that a small portion of the prisoners were transformed into beasts, and began to prey upon the others. They snatched and ate the rations of the weaker ones, and they grew strong. We called them "raiders," and they grew in numbers and boldness until murder was added to theft and no one was safe. They made raids within a few steps of where I lay, and cut and bruised some men in a horrible manner. The prisoners began to organize as regulators, and armed themselves with the sticks that had supported their little shelters. The raiders, anticipating trouble, also began to organize, and called themselves regulators. The law and order men began the arrest of the raider crowd, and *they* began the arrest of the others, and even of non-combatants, that they might turn attention from themselves. The stockade was pandemonium those few days. Hundreds of half-naked men here, and hundreds there, surged to and fro, with sticks and fists for weapons. No one can say what was done. The dense crowds hid the acts of individuals, but order was victorious. A court was organized; as is well known six of the raiders were found guilty of murder and were hanged. The others, with the innocent men that had been arrested in the turmoil, were all compelled to run the gantlet, where fearful vengeance was visited upon the unfortunates.

Towards the last of August we were sent to Charleston, and later to Florence, South Carolina. There was no shelter. The weather was cold, ice forming on the little stream nightly. The rations were uncooked and more scant. There was no meat issued, and we were very weak. The punishments, as at Andersonville, involved the hounds, the buck and gag, and the chain gang. I did not see any stocks at Florence, but the commandant used to hang up by the thumbs men who had escaped and been retaken. I heard their shrieks in the long nights. Things got shadowy then. I was burning with fever and shaking to pieces. I could not eat the grits. Comrades brought me water from the swamp. I had lain so long that a depression was formed in the sand, and it was difficult to turn. I heard shots, and they said men were killed. I saw dead men carried by. Men stopped to look at me as I had looked upon others, and passed on. One said, "See how he shakes"; another, "How white that fellow is: *he* won't last long." Then there was talk of parole, and I was outside, a comrade under each shoulder. To the box-cars again — a Confederate steamer — ironclads — Fort Sumter — a transport of the United States, from the masthead of which floated the Stars and Stripes.



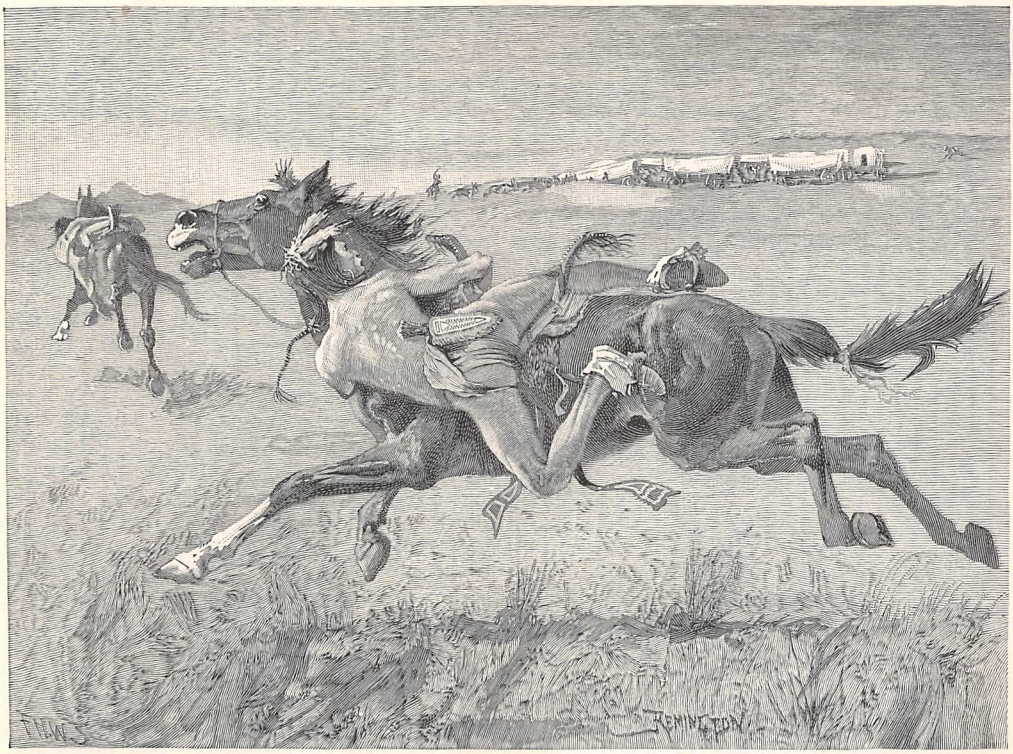
RELEASED—A CHEER FOR THE OLD FLAG. (FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE UNION DESPATCH-BOAT "ELIZA HANCOCK," BY WILLIAM WAUD.)

Sailors in natty uniforms leaned over the rail, and looking down upon the deck of our rusty old cockle-shell they gave us a welcome cheer. Officers on board, and others passing to and fro in small boats over the choppy sea, waved us a salute. This was the sixth time we had left prison or stockade for exchange, and it now seemed that our guards had for once told us the truth. We had often said, during the weary months from Libby to Florence, that when we should again see the old flag we would shout until we woke the echoes for miles around. But it was a feeble cheer that went up from the wrecks of men squatting on the open deck. Here and there some of the stronger ones formed knots of five or six and broke into such a wild dance or walk around, cheering, yelling, and singing the while, that they might have been regarded as maniacs loosed from their cells. Some knelt in silent prayer, and tear-drops cut faint furrows down grimy cheeks where they had long been strangers. Others swore and cursed. They cursed everybody related to the Confederacy and the things that had contributed to the hardships of their prison experience; and as if there were not material enough to curse on that side, they crossed the lines and cursed Lincoln and Grant because of the broken cartel. I hugged to my side the little bag of grits I had accumulated. The bag was made of remnants of clothing and held about a quart. I could not eat the grits, but dared not let them go until I knew we were surely free. I had starved so long that these broken kernels of corn were very precious. I was constantly hoping to barter them for something that I could eat, or possibly for a dose of quinine or some peppers. But now a gang plank was run out from an opening in the side of the transport. It was lined on each side with sailors, who pushed us rapidly along and aboard the big vessel. In the hold before us was a great stack of blue uniforms and clean underclothing complete from cap to shoes. Kind attendants too were there to assist us, and they said, "Strip now, quick: take everything off"; and then, "Throw your rags overboard," and out they went through a port-hole just overhead. They were very filthy; for they were the remnants of what we had worn a year and a half before in the Chattanooga campaign, remnants of what we had gained in traffic with our guards, remnants of what we had taken from the bodies of our dead. They had been held together by threads raveled from the stronger parts and sewed with needles made from splinters of Georgia pine. We thought Charleston harbor a fit burying-ground for them all. As fast as dressed we were marched in two ranks to an upper deck, where we passed a small window from which was handed a loaf of bread to each of us — a pound loaf of wheat bread. At another window each received a great piece of raw fat pork — a half-pound, and the sweetest morsel I ever tasted. At still another window each got a pint cup full of steaming United States coffee.[1] It was then, when our digestive organs had something on which to work, when we were decently clothed and were at last free from the torture of vermin, that lost manhood began to return. Each did not now look upon his fellow as something to be watched and feared. We did not watch that night lest our bread should be stolen. In fact it was reported that we would receive rations again in the morning, which was hard to believe. Some after being rationed once fell into line the second and even a third time and hoarded their bread and meat. When their actions were noted they were told to take all they wanted.

Rounding Cape Hatteras much of this bread and meat was brought to light again, and for forty-eight hours the ship presented anything but the neat and trim appearance we noticed when we first went aboard. The ship's surgeon, the officers and their wives, vied with the sailors in attentions to their passengers. Five only of our number died on the trip to Annapolis, and here, after we had been again stripped, and washed, and our hair clipped close, we were put to bed between white sheets. Women came to my cot with oysters fresh from the bay, with bread and butter, jellies and pickles, with shining glass and snow-white napkins, and when I had eaten they said, "Now you just rest and sleep, and dream of home." When I was able to read the card at the head of my cot, I found, "Phthisis pulmonalis, fever, general debility; diet, ——; treatment, ——." I cannot remember the diet nor the treatment, but I remember well the ministrations of these women; how they hovered round my cot, touching up my pillow, and how their cool hands rested on my hot forehead. I do not know whether they were army nurses, residents of Annapolis, or members of Christian and sanitary commissions: I never knew; but the soldiers have not forgotten their ministrations, and give to woman's loyalty and patriotism a "royal three times three."

J. T. King.

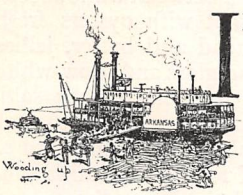
[1] We called real coffee "United States coffee" to distinguish it from burnt corn, burnt corn bread or meal, burnt sweet potatoes, etc., which we had used as substitutes and had called "Confederate coffee."



A PERIL OF THE PLAINS.

THE FIRST EMIGRANT TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN BIDWELL (PIONEER OF '41).



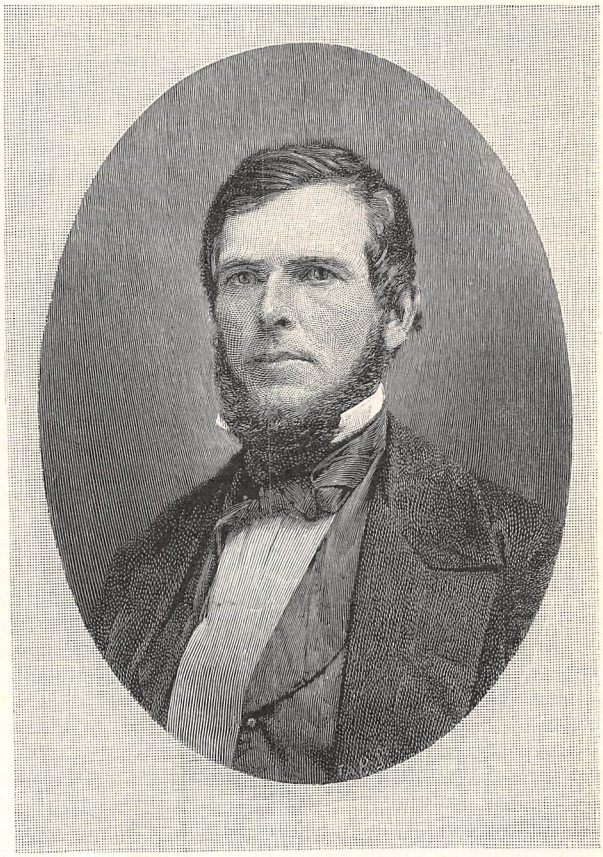
IN the spring of 1839, — living at the time in the western part of Ohio,— being then in my twentieth year, I conceived a desire to see the great prairies of the West, especially those most frequently spoken of, in Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri. Emigration from the East was tending westward, and settlers had already begun to invade those rich fields.

Starting on foot to Cincinnati, ninety miles distant, I fortunately got a chance to ride most of the way on a wagon loaded with farm produce. My outfit consisted of about $75, the clothes I wore, and a few others in a knapsack which I carried in the usual way strapped upon my shoulders, for in those days travelers did not have valises or trunks. Though traveling was considered dangerous, I had no weapon more formidable than a pocket-knife. From Cincinnati I went down the Ohio River by steamboat to the Mississippi, up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence to Burlington, in what was then the Territory of Iowa. Those were bustling days on the western rivers, which were then the chief highways of travel. The scenes at the wood landings I recall as particularly lively and picturesque. Many passengers would save a little by helping to "wood the boat," *i. e.*, by carrying wood down the bank and throwing it on the boat, a special ticket being issued on that condition. It was very interesting to see the long lines of passengers coming up the gang-plank, each with two or three sticks of wood on his shoulders. An anecdote is told of an Irishman who boarded a western steamer and wanted to know the fare to St. Louis, and, being told, asked, "What do you charge for 150 pounds of freight?" Upon learning the price, a small amount, he announced that he would go as freight. "All right," said the captain; "put him down in the hold and lay some flour barrels on him to keep him down."

In 1839 Burlington had perhaps not over two hundred inhabitants, though it was the capital of Iowa Territory. After consultation with the governor, Robert Lucas of Ohio, I

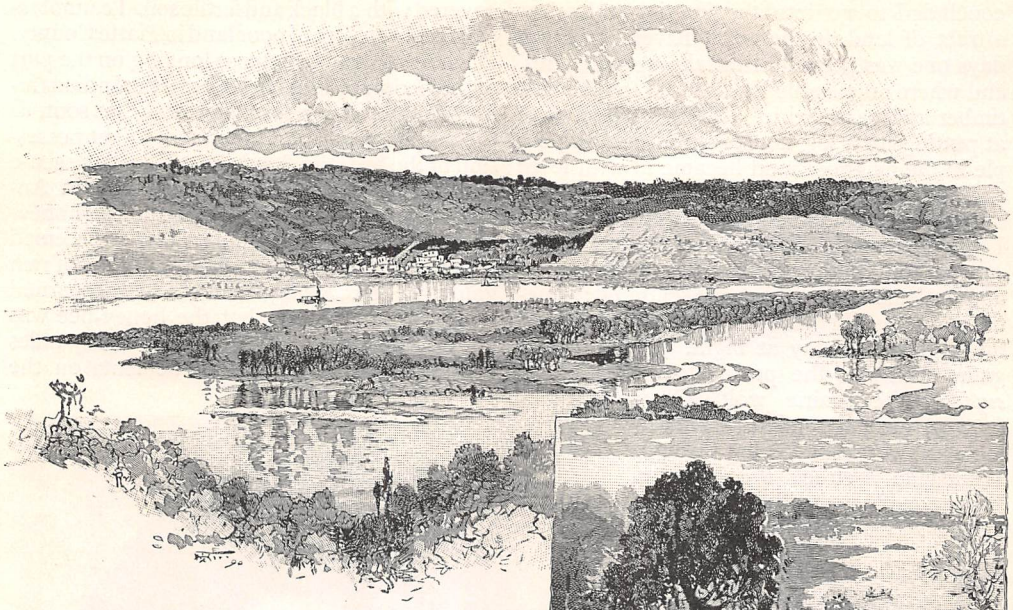
concluded to go into the interior and select a tract of land on the Iowa River. In those days one was permitted to take up 160 acres, and where practicable it was usual to take part timber and part prairie. After working awhile at putting up a log house — until all the people in the neighborhood became ill with fever and ague — I concluded to move on and strike out to the south and southwest into Missouri. I traveled across country, sometimes by the sun, without road or trail. There were houses and settlements, but they were scattered; sometimes one would have to go twenty miles to find a place to stay at night. The principal game seen was the prairie hen (*Tetraonidæ cupido*); the prairie wolf (*Canis latrans*) also abounded. Continuing southwest and passing through Huntsville I struck the Missouri River near Keytesville in Chariton County. Thence I continued up the north side of the river till the westernmost settlement in Missouri was reached; this was in Platte County. The Platte Purchase, as it was called, had been recently bought from the Indians, and was newly but thickly settled, on account of its proximity to navigation, its fine timber, good water, and unsurpassed fertility.

On the route I traveled I cannot recall seeing an emigrant wagon in Missouri. The western movement, which subsequently filled Missouri and other Western States and overflowed into the adjoining Territories, had then hardly begun, except as to Platte County. The contest in Congress over the Platte Purchase, which by increasing the area of Missouri gave more territory to slavery, called wide attention to that charming region. The anti-slavery sentiment even at that date ran quite high. This was, I believe, the first addition to slave territory after the Missouri Compromise. But slavery won. The rush that followed in the space of one or two years filled the most desirable part of the purchase to overflowing. The imagination could not conceive a finer country — lovely, rolling, fertile, wonderfully productive, beautifully arranged for settlement, part prairie and part timber. The land was unsurveyed. Every settler had aimed to locate a half-mile from his neighbor, and there was as yet no conflict. Peace and contentment reigned. Nearly every place seemed to have a beautiful spring of clear cold water. The hills and prairies and the level places were alike covered with a black and fertile soil. I cannot recall seeing an acre of poor land in Platte County. Of course there was intense longing on the part of the people of Missouri to have the Indians removed, and a corresponding desire, as soon as the purchase was consummated, to get possession of the beautiful land. It was in some sense perhaps a kind of Oklahoma movement. Another feature was the abundance of wild honey-bees. Every tree that had a hollow in it seemed to be a bee-tree, and every hollow was full of rich golden honey. A singular fact which I learned from old hunters was that the honey-bee was never found more than seventy or eighty miles in advance of the white settlements on the frontier. On this attractive land I set my affections, intending to make it my home.



JOHN BIDWELL.
(FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN BY BRADY IN 1850.)

On my arrival, my money being all spent, I was obliged to accept the first thing that offered, and began teaching school in the country about five miles from the town of Weston, which was located on the north side of the Missouri River and about four miles above Fort Leavenworth in Kansas Territory.



THE MISSOURI RIVER AT WESTON, FROM THE KANSAS SIDE.

SITE OF THE OLD STOCKADE, FORT LEAVENWORTH.

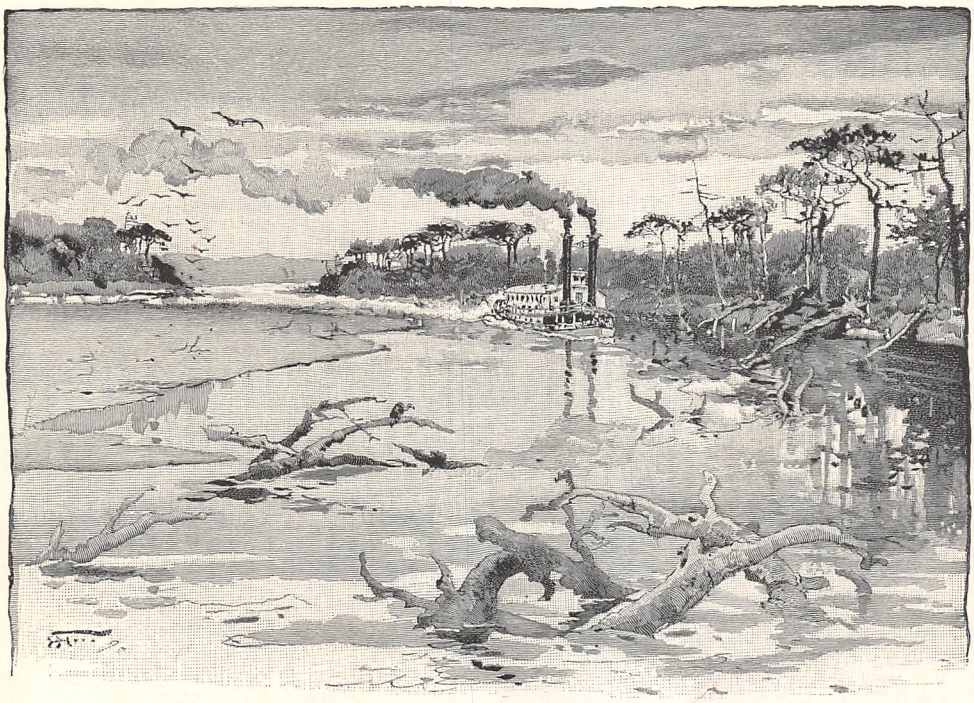
Possibly some may suppose it did not take much education to teach a country school at that period in Missouri. The rapid settlement of that new region had brought together people of all classes and conditions, and had thrown into juxtaposition almost every phase of intelligence as well as of illiteracy. But there was no lack of self-reliance or native shrewdness in any class, and I must say that I learned to have a high esteem for the people, among whom I found warm and lifelong friends.

But even in Missouri there were drawbacks. Rattlesnakes and copperheads were abundant. One man, it was said, found a place to suit him, but on alighting from his horse heard so many snakes that he concluded to go farther. At his second attempt, finding more snakes instead of fewer, he left the country altogether. I taught school there in all about a year. My arrival was in June, 1839, and in the fall of that year the surveyors came on to lay out the country: the lines ran every way, sometimes through a man's house, sometimes through his barn, so that there was much confusion and trouble about boundaries, etc. By the favor of certain men, and by paying a small amount for a little piece of fence here and a small clearing there, I got a claim, and purposed to make it my home, and to have my father remove there from Ohio.

In the following summer, 1840, the weather was very hot, so that during the vacation I could do but little work on my place, and needing some supplies,— books, clothes, etc.,— I concluded to take a trip to St. Louis, which I did by way of the Missouri River. The distance was six hundred miles by water; the down trip occupied two days, and was one of the most delightful experiences of my life. But returning, the river being low and full of snags, and the steamboat heavily laden,— the boats were generally light going down,— we were continually getting on sand bars, and were delayed nearly a month. This trip proved to be the turning-point in my life, for while I was gone a man had jumped my land. Generally in such cases public sentiment was against the jumper, and it was decidedly so in my case. But the scoundrel held on. He was a bully — had killed a man in Callaway County — and everybody seemed afraid of him. Influential friends of mine tried to persuade him to let me have eighty acres, half of the claim. But he was stubborn, and said that all he wanted was just what the law allowed him. Unfortunately for me, he had the legal advantage. I had worked some now and then on the place, but had not actually lived on it. The law required a certain residence, and that the preëmptor should be twenty-one years of age or a man of family. I was neither, and could do nothing. Nearly all I had earned had been spent upon the land, and when that

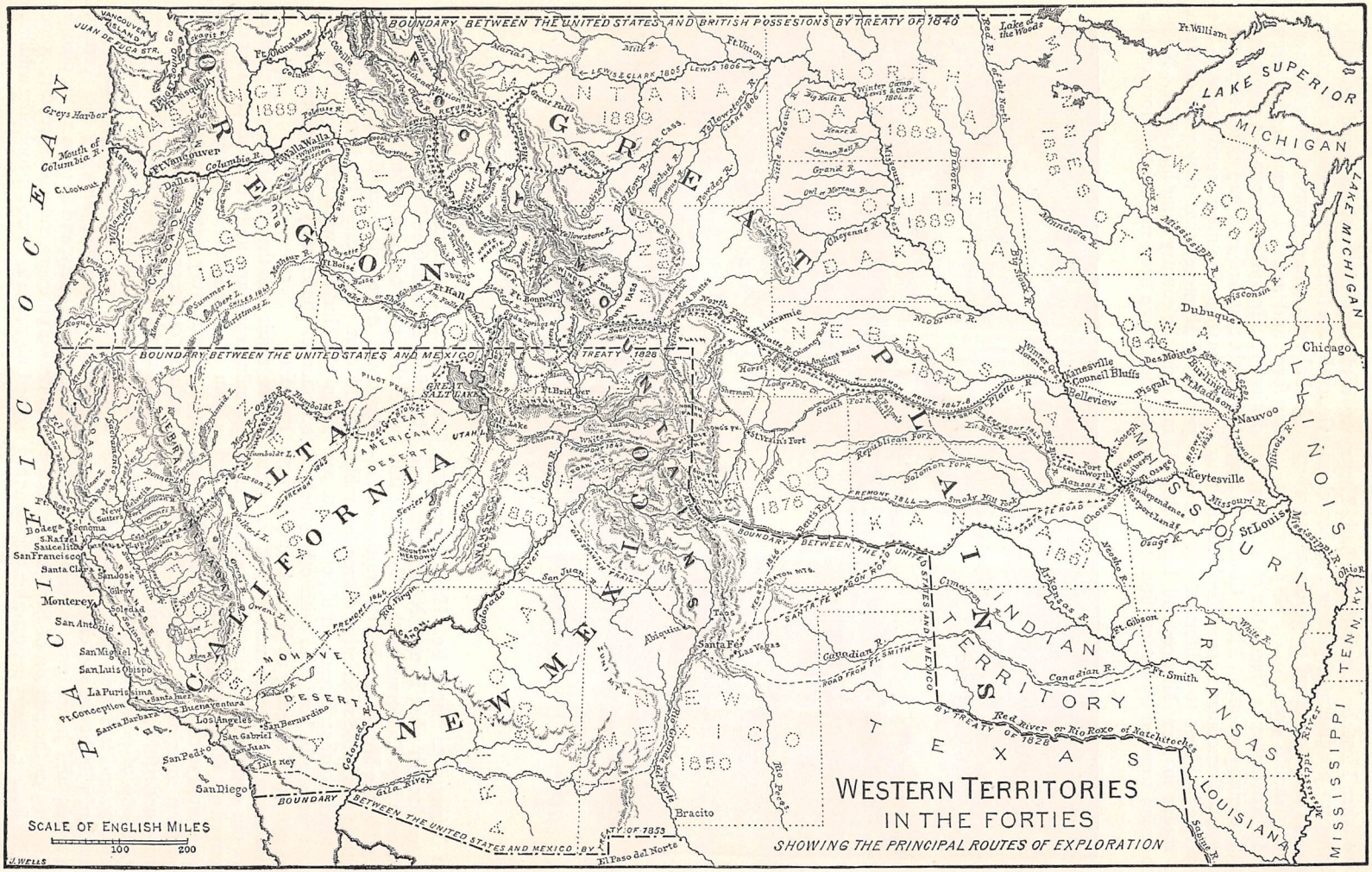
was taken I lost about everything I had. There being no possibility of getting another claim to suit me, I resolved to go elsewhere when spring should open.

In November or December of 1840, while still teaching school in Platte County, I came across a Frenchman named Roubideaux, who said he had been to California. He had been a trader in New Mexico, and had followed the road traveled by traders from the frontier of Missouri to Santa Fe. He had probably gone through what is now New Mexico and Arizona into California by the Gila River trail used by the Mexicans. His description of California was in the superlative degree favorable, so much so that I resolved if possible to see that wonderful land, and with others helped to get up a meeting at Weston and invited him to make a statement before it in regard to the country. At that time when a man moved out West, as soon as he was fairly settled he wanted to move again, and naturally every question imaginable was asked in regard to this wonderful country. Roubideaux described it as one of perennial spring and boundless fertility, and laid stress on the countless thousands of wild horses and cattle. He told about oranges, and hence must have been at Los Angeles, or the mission of San Gabriel, a few miles from it. Every conceivable question that we could ask him was answered favorably. Generally the first question which a Missourian asked about a country was whether there was any fever and ague. I remember his answer distinctly. He said there was but one man in California that had ever had a chill there, and it was a matter of so much wonderment to the people of Monterey that they went eighteen miles into the country to see him shake. Nothing could have been more satisfactory on the score of health. He said that the Spanish authorities were most friendly, and that the people were the most hospitable on the globe; that you could travel all over California and it would cost you nothing for horses or food. Even the Indians were friendly. His description of the country made it seem like a Paradise.



LOW WATER ON THE MISSOURI.

The result was that we appointed a corresponding secretary, and a committee to report a plan of organization. A pledge was drawn up in which every signer agreed to purchase a suitable outfit, and to rendezvous at Sapling Grove in what is now the State of Kansas, on the 9th of the following May, armed and equipped to cross the Rocky Mountains to California. We called ourselves the Western Emigration Society, and as soon as the pledge was drawn up every one who agreed to come signed his name to it, and it took like wildfire.


WESTERN TERRITORIES
IN THE FORTIES
SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL ROUTES OF EXPLORATION
SCALE OF ENGLISH MILES
100
200
BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH POSSESIONS BY TREATY OF 1846
BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO BY TREATY 1828
BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO BY TREATY OF 1853
PACIFIC OCEAN
LAKE SUPERIOR
LAKE MICHIGAN
OREGON
CALIFORNIA
NEW MEXICO
UTAH
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
INDIAN TERRITORY
TEXAS
LOUISIANA
ARKANSAS
MISSOURI
ILLINOIS
IOWA
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
MINNESOTA
DAKOTA
MONTANA
WASHINGTON
GREAT SALT LAKE
Ft. Vancouver
Ft. Hall
Ft. Bridger
Ft. Laramie
Ft. Leavenworth
Santa Fe
Ft. Smith
Ft. Gibson
Ft. Kearney
Ft. Union
Ft. William
Dubuque
Chicago
St. Louis
Nauvoo
Keytesville
Council Bluffs
Bellevue
Bracito
El Paso del Norte
San Diego
San Pedro
Los Angeles
Monterey
San Francisco
Sacramento
Sutter's
Sonoma
Bodega
Santa Barbara
Ft. Conception
La Purisima
San Luis Obispo
San Miguel
San Antonio
Soledad
Santa Clara
San Jose
Gilroy
Santa Cruz
Santa Inez
Buena Ventura
San Bernardino
San Gabriel
San Juan
Los Rey
Ft. Boise
Ft. Walla Walla
Ft. Okinakane
Ft. Nisqually
Ft. Hoskins
Ft. Astoria
Ft. Nez Perce
Ft. Bonneville
Ft. Boise
Ft. Hall
Ft. Laramie
Ft. Bridger
Ft. Leavenworth
Ft. Smith
Ft. Gibson
Ft. Kearney
Ft. Union
Ft. William
Ft. Madison
Ft. Gibson
Ft. Smith
Ft. Kearney
Ft. Laramie
Ft. Hall
Ft. Boise
Ft. Vancouver

In a short time, I think within a month, we had about five hundred names; we also had correspondence on the subject with people all over Missouri, and even as far east as Illinois and Kentucky, and as far south as Arkansas. As soon as the movement was announced in the papers we had many letters of inquiry, and we expected people in considerable numbers to join us. About that time we heard of a man living in Jackson County, Missouri, who had received a letter from a person in California named Dr. Marsh, speaking favorably of the country, and a copy of this letter was published.

Our ignorance of the route was complete. We knew that California lay west, and that was the extent of our knowledge. Some of the maps consulted, supposed of course to be correct, showed a lake in the vicinity of where Salt Lake now is; it was represented as a long lake, three or four hundred miles in extent, narrow and with two outlets, both running into the Pacific Ocean, either apparently larger than the Mississippi River. An intelligent man with whom I boarded — Elam Brown, who till recently lived in California, dying when over ninety years of age — possessed a map that showed these rivers to be large, and he advised me to take tools along to make canoes, so that if we found the country so rough that we could not get along with our wagons we could descend one of those rivers to the Pacific. Even Frémont knew nothing about Salt Lake until 1843, when for the first time he explored it and mapped it correctly, his report being first printed, I think, in 1845.

This being the first movement to cross the Rocky Mountains to California, it is not surprising that it suffered reverses before we were fairly started. One of these was the publication of a letter in a New York newspaper giving a depressing view of the country for which we were all so confidently longing. It seems that in 1837 or 1838 a man by the name of Farnham, a lawyer, went from New York City into the Rocky Mountains for his health. He was an invalid, hopelessly gone with consumption it was thought, and as a last resort he went into the mountains, traveled with the trappers, lived in the open air as the trappers lived, eating only meat as they did, and in two or three years he entirely regained his health; but instead of returning east by way of St. Louis, as he had gone, he went down the Columbia River and took a vessel to Monterey and thence to San Blas, making his way through Mexico to New York. Upon his return — in February or March, 1841 — he published the letter mentioned. His bad opinion of California was based wholly on his unfortunate experience in Monterey, which I will recount.

In 1840 there lived in California an old Rocky Mountaineer by the name of Isaac Graham. He was injudicious in his talk, and by boasting that the United States or Texas would some day take California, he excited the hostility and jealousy of the people. In those days Americans were held in disfavor by the native Californians on account of the war made by Americans in Texas to wrest Texas from Mexico. The number of Americans in California at this time was very small. When I went to California in 1841 all the foreigners — and all were foreigners except Indians and Mexicans — did not, I think, exceed one hundred; nor was the character of all of them the most prepossessing. Some had been trappers in the Rocky Mountains who had not seen civilization for a quarter of a century; others were men who had found their way into California, as Roubideaux had done, by way of Mexico; others still had gone down the Columbia River to Oregon and joined trapping parties in the service of the Hudson Bay Company going from Oregon to California — men who would let their beards grow down to their knees, and wear buckskin garments made and fringed like those of the Indians, and who considered it a compliment to be told "I took ye for an Injin." Another class of men from the Rocky Mountains were in the habit of making their way by the Mohave Desert south of the Sierra Nevada into California to steal horses, sometimes driving off four or five hundred at a time. The other Americans, most numerous perhaps, were sailors who had run away from vessels and remained in the country. With few exceptions this was the character of the American population when I came to California, and they were not generally a class calculated to gain much favor with the people. Farnham happened to come into the bay of Monterey when this fellow Graham and his confederates, and all others whom the Californians suspected, were under arrest in irons on board a vessel, ready for transportation to San Blas in Mexico, whither indeed they were taken, and where some of them died in irons. I am not sure that at this time the English had a consul in California; but the United States had none, and there was no one there to take the part of the Americans. Farnham, being a lawyer, doubtless knew that the proceeding was illegal. He went ashore and protested against it, but without effect, as he was only a private individual. Probably he was there on a burning hot day, and saw only the dreary sandhills to the east of the old town of Monterey. On arriving in New York he published the letter referred to, describing how Americans were oppressed by the native Californians, and how dangerous it was for Americans to go there. The merchants of Platte

"I TOOK YE FOR AN INJIN."

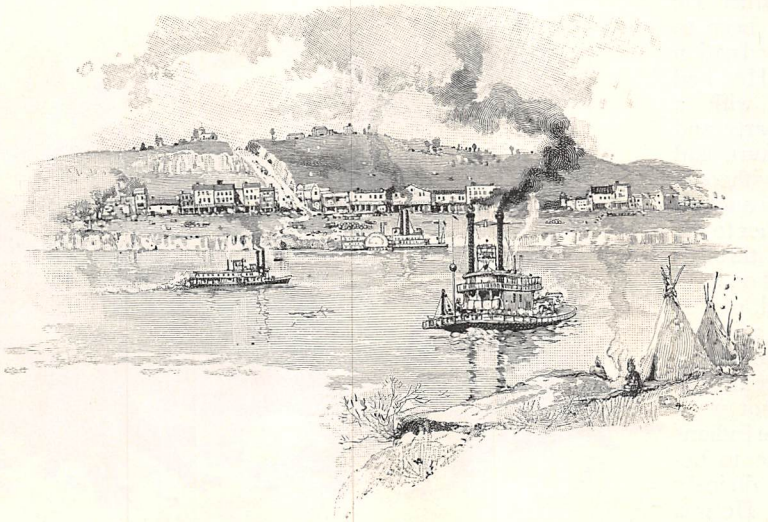
County had all along protested against our going, and had tried from the beginning to discourage and break up the movement, saying it was the most unheard-of, foolish, wild-goose chase that ever entered into the brain of man for five hundred people to pull up stakes, leave that beautiful country, and go away out to a region that we knew nothing of. But they made little headway until this letter of Farnham's appeared. They republished it in a paper in the town of Liberty in Clay County,— there being no paper published in Platte County,— and sent it broadcast all over the surrounding region. The result was that as the people began to think more seriously about the scheme the membership of the society began dropping off, and so it happened at last that of all the five hundred that signed the pledge I was the only one that got ready; and even I had hard work to do so, for I had barely means to buy a wagon, a gun, and provisions. Indeed, the man who was going with me, and who was to furnish the horses, backed out, and there I was with my wagon!

During the winter, to keep the project alive, I had made two or three trips into Jackson County, Missouri, crossing the Missouri River, always dangerous in winter when ice was running, by the ferry at Westport Landing, now Kansas City. Sometimes I had to go ten miles farther down — sixty miles from Weston — to a safer ferry at Independence Landing in order to get into Jackson County, to see men who were talking of going to California, and to get information.

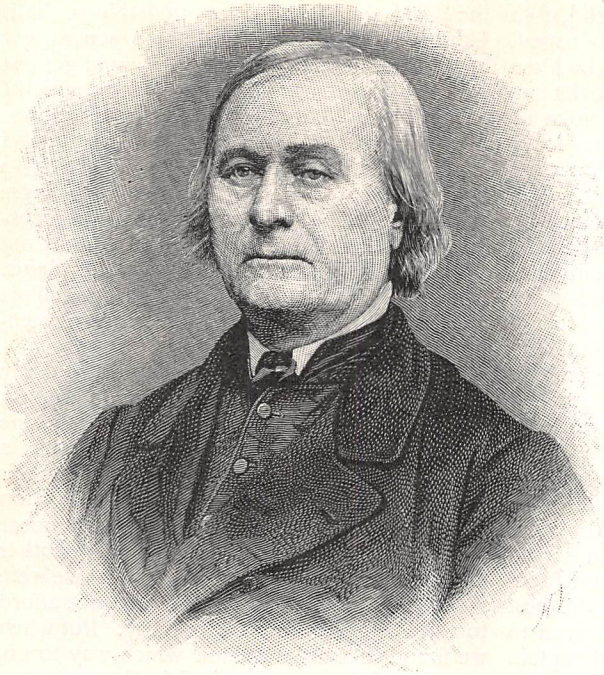
At the last moment before the time to start for the rendezvous at Sapling Grove — it seemed almost providential — along came a

man named George Henshaw, an invalid, from Illinois, I think. He was pretty well dressed, was riding a fine black horse, and had ten or fifteen dollars. I persuaded him to let me take his horse and trade him for a yoke of steers to pull the wagon and a sorry-looking, one-eyed mule for him to ride. We went *via* Weston to lay in some supplies. One wagon and four or five persons here joined us. On leaving Weston, where there had been so much opposition, we were six or seven in number, and nearly half the town followed us for a mile, and some for five or six miles, to bid us good-by, showing the deep interest felt in our journey. All expressed good wishes and desired to hear from us. When we reached Sapling Grove, the place of rendezvous, in May, 1841, there was but one wagon ahead of us. For the next few days one or two wagons would come each day, and among the recruits were three families from Arkansas. We organized by electing as captain of the company a man named Bartleson from Jackson County, Missouri. He was not the best man for the position, but we were given to understand that if he was not elected captain he would not go; and as he had seven or eight men with him, and we did not want the party diminished, he was chosen. Every one furnished his own supplies. The party consisted of sixty-nine, including men, women, and children. Our teams were of oxen, mules, and horses. We had no cows, as the later emigrants usually had, and the lack of milk was a great deprivation to the children. It was understood that every one should have not less than a barrel of flour with sugar and so forth to suit; but I laid in one hundred pounds of flour more than the usual quantity, besides other things. This I did because we were told that when we got into the mountains we probably would get out of bread and have to live on meat alone, which I thought would kill me even if it did not others. My gun was an old flint-lock rifle, but a good one. Old hunters told me to have nothing to do with cap or percussion locks, that they were unreliable, and that if I got my caps or percussion wet I could not shoot, while if I lost my flint I could pick up another on the plains. I doubt whether there was one hundred dollars in money in the whole party, but all were enthusiastic and anxious to go.

In five days after my arrival we were ready to start, but no one knew where to go, not even the captain. Finally a man came up, one of the last to arrive, and announced that a company of Catholic missionaries were on their way from St. Louis to the Flathead nation of Indians with an old Rocky Mountaineer for a guide, and that if we would wait another day they would be up with us. At first we were independent, and thought we could not afford to wait for a slow missionary party. But when we found that no one knew which way to go, we sobered down and waited for them to come up; and it was well we did, for otherwise probably not one of us would ever have reached California, because of our inexperience. Afterwards when we came in contact with Indians our people were so easily excited that if we had not had with us an old mountaineer the result would certainly have been disastrous. The name of the guide was Captain Fitzpatrick; he had been at the head of trapping parties in the Rocky Mountains for many years. He and the missionary party went with



WESTPORT LANDING, KANSAS CITY. (FROM A PRINT OF THE PERIOD.)



FATHER DE SMET.

us as far as Soda Springs, now in Idaho Territory, whence they turned north to the Flathead nation. The party consisted of three Roman Catholic priests — Father De Smet, Father Pont, Father Mengarini — and ten or eleven French Canadians, and accompanying them were an old mountaineer named John Gray and a young Englishman named Romaine, and also a man named Baker. They seemed glad to have us with them, and we certainly were glad to have their company. Father De Smet had been to the Flathead nation before. He had gone out with a trapping party, and on his return had traveled with only a guide by another route, farther to the north and through hostile tribes. He was genial, of fine presence, and one of the saintliest men I have ever known, and I cannot wonder that the Indians were made to believe him divinely protected. He was a man of great kindness and great affability under all circumstances; nothing seemed to disturb his temper. The Canadians had mules and Red River carts, instead of wagons and horses,— two mules to each cart, five or six of them,— and in case of steep hills they would hitch three or four of the animals to one cart, always working them tandem. Sometimes a cart would go over, breaking everything in it to pieces; and at such times Father De Smet would be just the same — beaming with good humor.

In general our route lay from near Westport, where Kansas City now is, northwesterly over the prairie, crossing several streams, till we struck the Platte River. Then we followed along the south side of the Platte to and a day's journey or so along the South Fork. Here the features of the country became more bold and interesting. Then crossing the South Fork of the Platte, and following up the north side for a day or so, we went over to the North Fork and camped at Ash Hollow; thence up the north side of that fork, passing those noted landmarks known as the Court House Rocks, Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluffs, etc., till we came to Fort Laramie, a trading post of the American Fur Company, near which was Lupton's Fort, belonging, as I understood, to some rival company. Thence after several days we came to another noted landmark called

A BIT OF ROUGH ROAD.

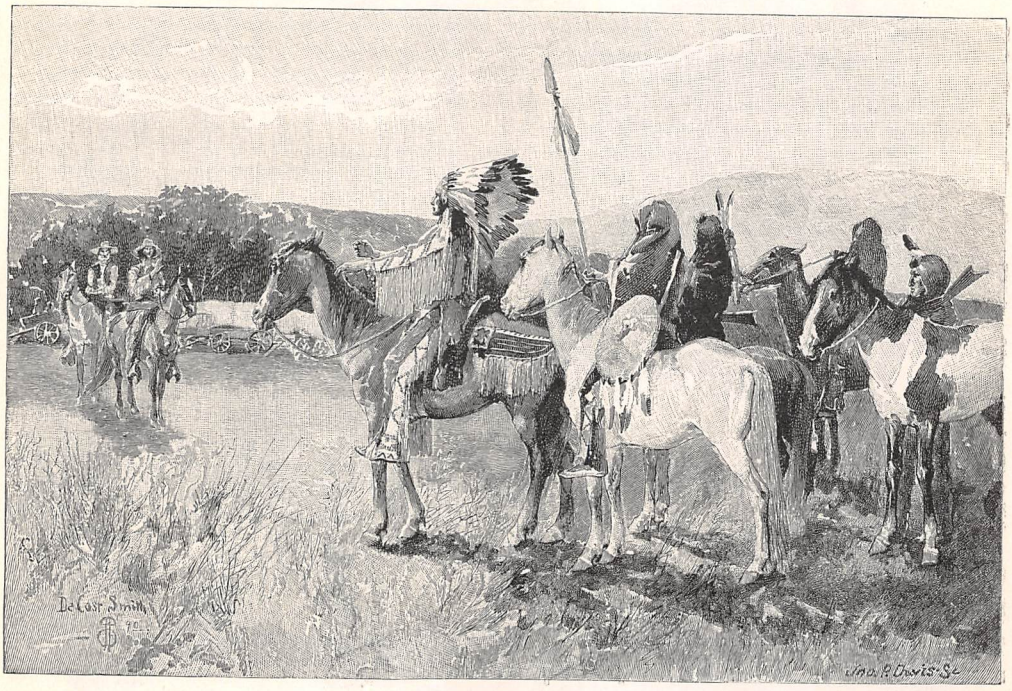
ON THE WAY TO THE PLATTE.

Independence Rock, on a branch of the North Platte called the Sweetwater, which we followed up to the head, soon after striking the Little Sandy, and then the Big Sandy, which empties into Green River. Next we crossed Green River to Black Fork, which we followed up till we came to Ham's Fork, at the head of which we crossed the divide between Green and Bear rivers. Then we followed Bear River down to Soda Springs. The waters of Bear Lake discharged through that river, which we continued to follow down on the west side till we came to Salt Lake. Then we went around the north end of the lake and struck out to the west and southwest.

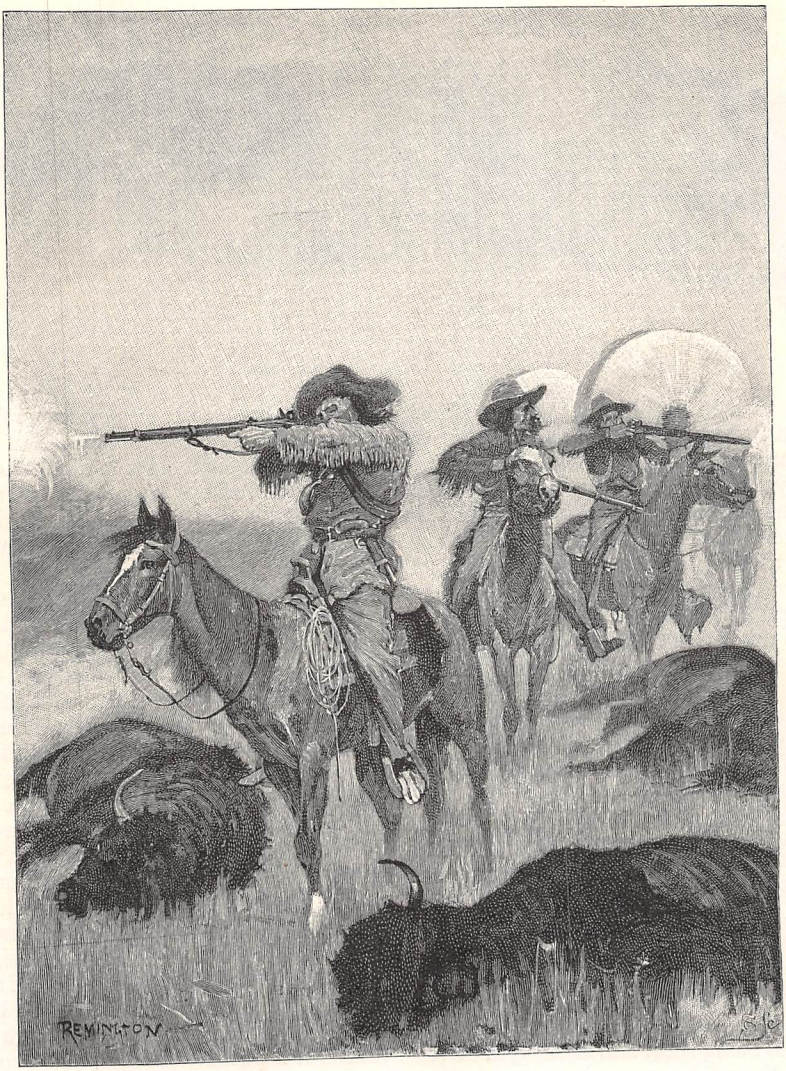
For a time, until we reached the Platte River, one day was much like another. We set forth every morning and camped every night, detailing men to stand guard. Captain Fitzpatrick and the missionary party would generally take the lead and we would follow. Fitzpatrick knew all about the Indian tribes, and

when there was any danger we kept in a more compact body, to protect one another. At other times we would be scattered along, sometimes for half a mile or more. We were generally together, because there was often work to be done to avoid delay. We had to make the road, frequently digging down steep banks, filling gulches, removing stones, etc. In such cases everybody would take a spade or do something to help make the road passable. When we camped at night we usually drew the wagons and carts together in a hollow square and picketed our animals inside in the corral. The wagons were common ones and of no special pattern, and some of them were covered. The tongue of one would be fastened to the back of another. To lessen the danger from Indians, we usually had no fires at night and did our cooking in the daytime.

The first incident was a scare that we had from a party of Cheyenne Indians just before we reached the Platte River, about two weeks after we set out. One of our men who chanced to be out hunting, some distance from the company and behind us, suddenly appeared without mule, gun, or pistol, and lacking most of his clothes, and in great excitement reported that he had been surrounded by thousands of Indians. The company, too, became excited, and Captain Fitzpatrick tried, but with little effect, to control and pacify them. Every man started his team into a run, till the oxen, like the mules and horses, were in a full gallop. Captain Fitzpatrick went ahead and directed them to follow, and as fast as they came to the bank of the river he put the wagons in the form of a hollow square and had all the animals securely picketed within. After a while the Indians came in sight. There were only forty of them, but they were well mounted on horses, and were evidently a war party, for they had no women except one, a medicine woman. They came up and camped within a hundred yards of us on the river below. Fitzpatrick told us that they would not have come in that way if they were hostile. Our hunter in his excitement said that there were thousands of them, and that they had robbed him of his gun, mule, and pistol. When the Indians had put up their lodges Fitzpatrick and John Gray, the old hunter mentioned, went out to them and by signs were made to understand that the Indians did not intend to hurt the man or to take his mule or gun, but that he was so excited when he saw them that they had to disarm him to keep him from shooting them; they did not know what had become of his pistol or of his clothes, which he said they had torn off. They surrendered the mule and the gun, thus showing that they were friendly. They proved to be Cheyenne Indians.



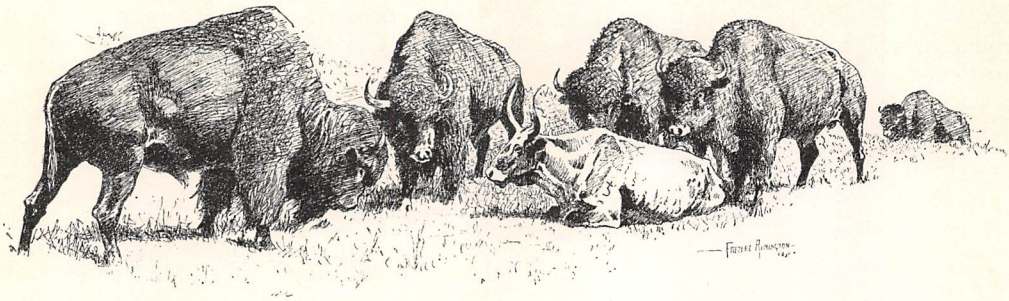
A POWWOW WITH CHEYENNES.



SPLITTING THE HERD.

Ever afterwards that man went by the name of Cheyenne Dawson.

As soon as we struck the buffalo country we found a new source of interest. Before reaching the Platte we had seen an abundance of antelope and elk, prairie wolves and villages of prairie dogs, but only an occasional buffalo. We now began to kill buffaloes for food, and at the suggestion of John Gray, and following the practice of Rocky Mountain white hunters, our people began to kill them just to get the tongues and the marrow bones, leaving all the rest of the meat on the plains for the wolves to eat. But the Cheyennes, who traveled ahead of us for two or three days, set us a better example. At their camps we noticed that when they killed buffaloes they took all the meat, everything but the bones. Indians were never wasteful of the buffalo except in winter for the sake of the robes, and then only in order to get the whisky which traders offered them in exchange. There is no better beef in the world than that of the buffalo; it is also very good jerked, *i. e.*, cut into strings and thoroughly dried. It was an easy matter to kill buffaloes after we got to where they were numerous, by keeping out of sight and to the leeward of them. I think I can truly say that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in all my life. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward continually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by thousands — so numerous were they that they changed not only the color of the

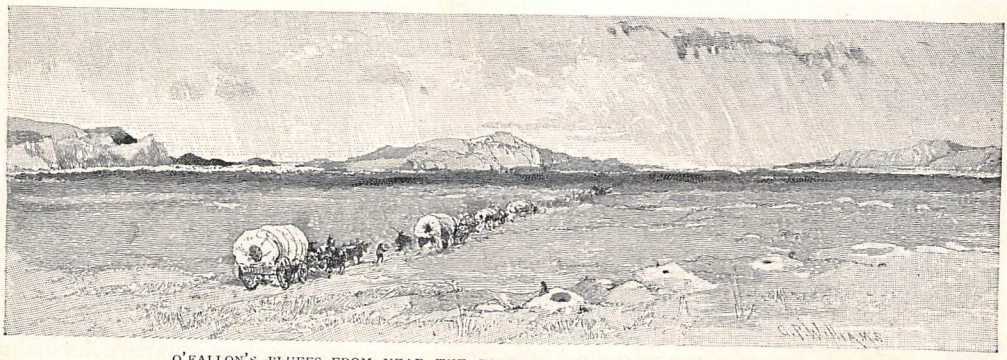


A RECRUIT FROM CIVILIZATION.

water, but its taste, until it was unfit to drink; but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the South Fork of the Platte they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. We were obliged to go out some distance from camp to turn them: Captain Fitzpatrick told us that if we did not do this the buffaloes in front could not turn aside for the pressure of those behind. We could hear them thundering all night long; the ground fairly trembled with vast approaching bands; and if they had not been diverted, wagons, animals, and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet. One cannot nowadays describe the rush and wildness of the thing. A strange feature was that when old oxen, tired and foot-sore, got among a buffalo herd, as they sometimes would in the night, they would soon become as wild as the wildest buffalo; and if ever recovered it was because they could not run so fast as the buffaloes or one's horse. The ground over which the herds trampled was left rather barren, but buffalo-grass being short and curling, in traveling over it they did not cut it up as much as they would other kinds.

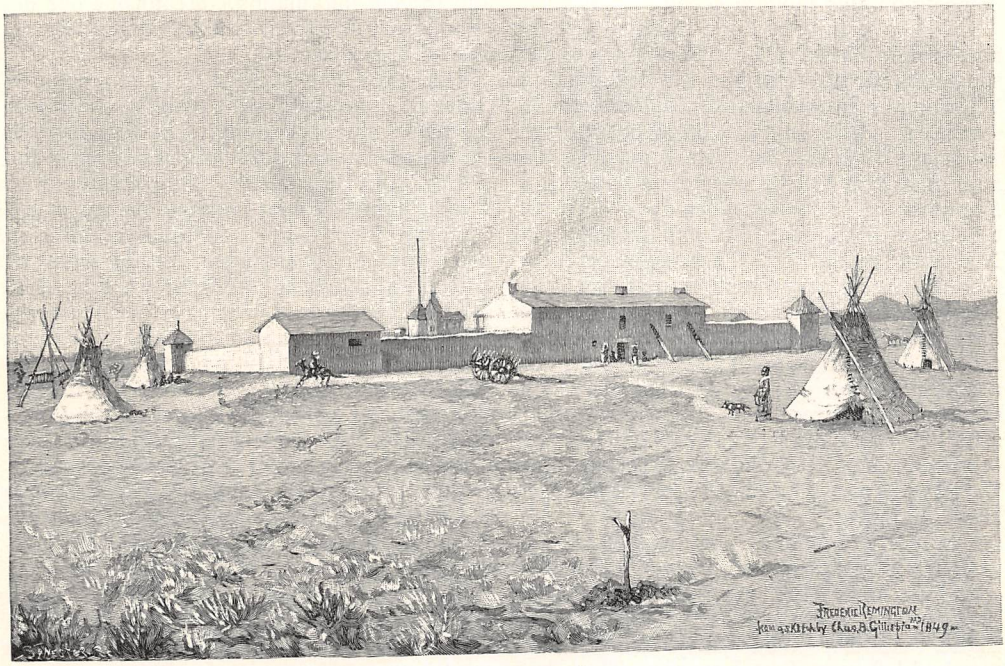
On the Platte River, on the afternoon of one of the hottest days we experienced on the plains, we had a taste of a cyclone: first came a terrific shower, followed by a fall of hail to the depth of four inches, some of the stones being as large as turkeys' eggs; and the next day a waterspout — an angry, huge, whirling cloud column, which seemed to draw its water from the Platte River — passed within a quarter of a mile behind us. We stopped and braced ourselves against our wagons to keep them from being overturned. Had it struck us it doubtless would have demolished us.

Above the junction of the forks of the Platte we continued to pass notable natural formations — first O'Fallon's Bluffs, then Court House Rocks, a group of fantastic shapes to which some of our party started to go. After they had gone what seemed fifteen or twenty miles the huge pile looked just as far off as when they started, and so they turned and came back — so deceptive are distances in the clear atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains. A noted landmark on the North Fork, which we sighted fifty miles away, was Chimney Rock. It was then nearly square, and I think it must have been fifty feet higher than now, though after we passed it a portion of it fell off. Scott's Bluffs are known to emigrants for their picturesqueness. These formations, like those first mentioned, are composed of indurated yellow clay or soft sand rock; they are washed and broken



O'FALLON'S BLUFFS FROM NEAR THE JUNCTION OF THE FORKS OF THE PLATTE.

into all sorts of fantastic forms by the rains and storms of ages, and have the appearance of an immense city of towers and castles. They are quite difficult to explore, as I learned by experience in an effort to pursue and kill mountain sheep or bighorn. These were seen in great numbers, but we failed to kill any, as they inhabit places almost inaccessible and are exceedingly wild.



FORT LARAMIE IN 1849.

As we ascended the Platte buffaloes became scarcer, and on the Sweetwater none were to be seen. Now appeared in the distance to the north of west, gleaming under its mantle of perpetual snow, that lofty range known as the Wind River Mountains. It was the first time I had seen snow in summer; some of the peaks were very precipitous, and the view was altogether most impressive. Guided by Fitzpatrick, we crossed the Rockies at or near the South Pass, where the mountains were apparently low. Some years before a man named William Subletts, an Indian fur trader, went to the Rocky Mountains with goods in wagons, and those were the only wagons that had ever been there before us; sometimes we came across the tracks, but generally they were obliterated, and thus were of no service. Approaching Green River in the Rocky Mountains, it was found that some of the wagons, including Captain Bartleson's, had alcohol on board, and that the owners wanted to find trappers in the Rocky Mountains to whom they might sell it. This was a surprise to many of us, as there had been no drinking on the way. John Gray was sent ahead to see if he could find a trapping party, and he was instructed, if successful, to have them come to a certain place on Green River. He struck a trail, and overtook a party on their way to the buffalo region to lay in provisions, *i. e.*, buffalo meat, and they returned, and came and camped on Green River very soon after our arrival, buying the greater part, if not all, of the alcohol, it first having been diluted so as to make what they called whisky — three or four gallons of water to a gallon of alcohol. Years afterwards we heard of the fate of that party: they were attacked by Indians the very first night after they left us and several of them killed, including the captain of the trapping party, whose name was Frapp. The whisky was probably the cause.

Several years ago when I was going down Weber Cañon, approaching Salt Lake, swiftly borne along on an observation car amid cliffs and over rushing streams, something said that night at the camp-fire on Green River was forcibly recalled to mind. We had in our party an illiterate fellow named Bill Overton, who in the evening at one of the camp-fires loudly declared that nothing in his life had ever surprised him. Of course that raised a dispute. "Never surprised in your life?" "No, I never was surprised." And, moreover,

he swore that nothing ever *could* surprise him. "I should not be surprised," said he, "if I were to see a steamboat come plowing over these mountains this minute." In rattling down the cañon of Weber River it occurred to me that the reality was almost equal to Bill Overton's extravaganza, and I could but wonder what he would have said had he suddenly come upon this modern scene.

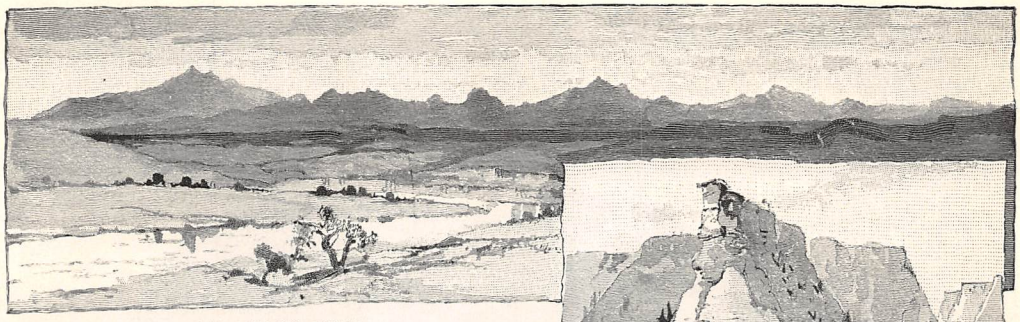
As I have said, at Soda Springs — at the northernmost bend of Bear River — our party separated. It was a bright and lovely place. The abundance of soda water, including the intermittent gushing so-called Steamboat Spring; the beautiful fir and cedar covered hills; the huge piles of red or brown sinter, the result of fountains once active but then dry — all these, together with the river, lent a charm to its wild beauty and made the spot a notable one. Here the missionary party were to turn north and go into the Flathead nation. Fort Hall, about forty miles distant on Snake River, lay on their route. There was no road; but something like a trail, doubtless used by the trappers, led in that direction. From Fort Hall there was also a trail down Snake River, by which trapping parties reached the Columbia River and Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company.

Our party, originally sixty-nine, including women and children, had become lessened to sixty-four in number. One had accidentally shot and killed himself at the forks of the Platte. Another of our party, named Simpson, had left us at Fort Laramie. Three had turned back from Green River, intending to make their way to Fort Bridger and await an opportunity to return home. Their names were Peyton, Rodgers, and Amos E. Frye. Thirty-two of our party, becoming discouraged, decided not to venture without path or guide into the unknown and trackless region towards California, but concluded to go with the missionary party to Fort Hall and thence find their way down Snake and Columbia rivers into Oregon.[1] The rest of us — also thirty-two in number, including Benjamin Kelsey, his wife and little daughter — remained firm, refusing to be diverted from our original purpose of going direct to California. After getting all the information we could from Captain Fitzpatrick, we regretfully bade good-by to our fellow emigrants and to Father De Smet and his party.

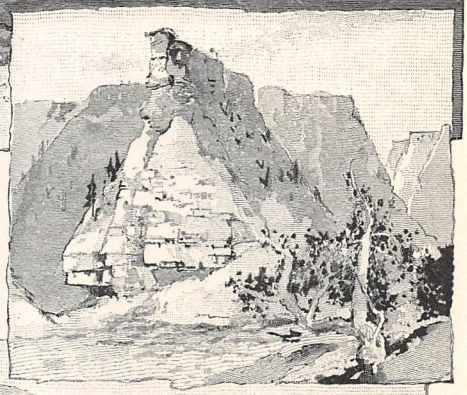
We were now thrown entirely upon our own resources. All the country beyond was to us a veritable *terra incognita*, and we only knew that California lay to the west. Captain Fitzpatrick was not much better informed, but he had heard that parties had penetrated the country to the southwest and west of Salt Lake to trap for beaver; and by his advice four of our men went with the parties to Fort Hall to consult Captain Grant, who was in charge there, and to gain information. Meanwhile our depleted party slowly made its way down the west side of Bear River.

Our separation at Soda Springs recalls an incident. The days were usually very hot, the nights almost freezing. The first day our little company went only about ten miles and camped on Bear River. In company with a man named James John — always called "Jimmy John" — I wandered a mile or two down the river fishing. Seeing snow on a high mountain to the west we longed to reach it, for the heat where we were was intense. So, without losing time to get our guns or coats or to give notice at the camp, we started direct for the snow, with the impression that we could go and return by sundown. But there intervened a range of lower mountains, a certain peak of which seemed almost to touch the snow. Both of us were fleet of foot and made haste, but we only gained the summit of the peak about sundown. The distance must have been twelve or fifteen miles. A valley intervened, and the snow lay on a higher mountain beyond. I proposed to camp. But Jimmy gave me a disdainful look, as much as to say, "You are afraid to go," and quickened his gait into a run down the mountain towards the snow. I called to him to stop, but he would not even look back. A firm resolve seized me — to overtake him, but not again to ask him to return. We crossed the valley in the night, saw many Indian campfires, and gained a sharp ridge leading up to the snow. This was first brushy and then rough and rocky. The brush had no paths except those made by wild animals; the rocks were sharp, and soon cut through our moccasins and made our feet bleed. But up and up we went until long after midnight, and until a cloud covered the mountain. We were above the timber line, excepting a few stunted fir trees, under one of which we crawled to wait for day, for it was too dark to see. Day soon dawned, but we were almost frozen. Our fir-tree nest had been the lair of grizzly bears that had wallowed there and shed quantities of shaggy hair. The

[1] Of the party leaving us at Soda Springs to go into Oregon I can now, after the lapse of forty-nine years, recall by their names only the following: Mr. Williams and wife; Samuel Kelsey, his wife and five children; Josiah Kelsey and wife; C. W. Flugge; Mr. Carroll; Mr. Fowler; a Methodist Episcopal preacher, whose name I think was also Williams; "Cheyenne Dawson"; and another called "Bear Dawson." Subsequently we heard that the party safely arrived in Oregon, and some of them we saw in California. One (C. W. Flugge) was in time to join a party and come from Oregon to California the same year (1841).

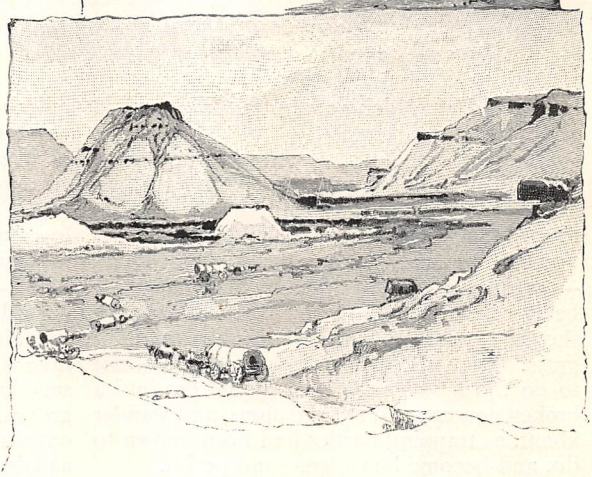


THE LARAMIE RANGE.



1

2

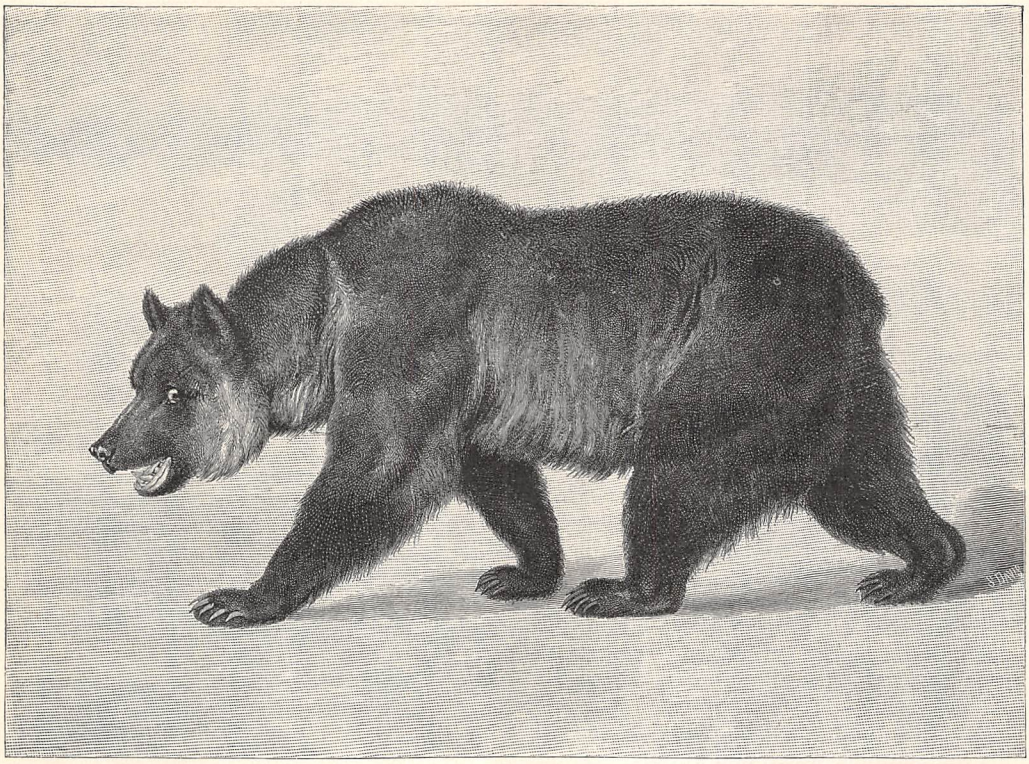


3

4

1. THE PLATTE CAÑON. 2. BRIDGER'S FORD. 3. THE BAD LANDS OF THE OLD TRAIL NEAR DOUGLAS (NO VEGETATION). 4. ON THE OLD CALIFORNIA TRAIL OVER THE LA PRÊLE (BRANCH OF THE PLATTE).

snow was still beyond, and we had lost both sight and direction. But in an hour or two we reached it. It was nearly as hard as ice. Filling a large handkerchief, without taking time to admire the scenery we started towards the camp by a new route, for our feet were too sore to go by way of the rocky ridge by which we had come. But the new way led into trouble. There were thickets so dense as to exclude the sun, and roaring little streams in deep, dark chasms; we had to crawl through paths which looked untrodden except by grizzlies; in one place a large bear had passed evidently only a few minutes before, crossing the deep gorge, plunging through the wild, dashing water, and wetting the steep bank as he went up. We carried our drawn butcher knives in our hands, for they were our only weapons. At last we emerged into the valley. Apparently numerous Indians had left that very morning, as shown by the tracks of lodge-poles drawn on the ground. Making haste, we soon gained the hills, and at about 2 P. M. sighted our wagons, already two or three miles on the march. When our friends saw us they stopped, and all who could ran to welcome us. They had given us up for lost, supposing that we had been killed by the hostile Blackfeet, who, as Captain Fitzpatrick had warned us, sometimes roamed through that region. The company had barricaded the camp at night as best they could, and every man had spent a sleepless night on guard. Next morning they passed several hours in scouring the country. Their first questions were: "Where have you been?" "Where have you been?" I was able to answer triumphantly, "*We have been up to the snow!*" and to demonstrate the fact by showing all the



THE GRIZZLY (URSUS HORRIBILIS). (FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THE LATE CHARLES NAHL.)

snow I had left, which was now reduced to a ball about the size of my fist.

In about ten days our four men returned from Fort Hall, during which time we had advanced something over one hundred miles towards Salt Lake. They brought the information that we must strike out west of Salt Lake, — as it was even then called by the trappers,— being careful not to go too far south, lest we should get into a waterless country without grass. They also said we must be careful not to go too far north, lest we should get into a broken country and steep cañons, and wander about, as trapping parties had been known to do, and become bewildered and perish.

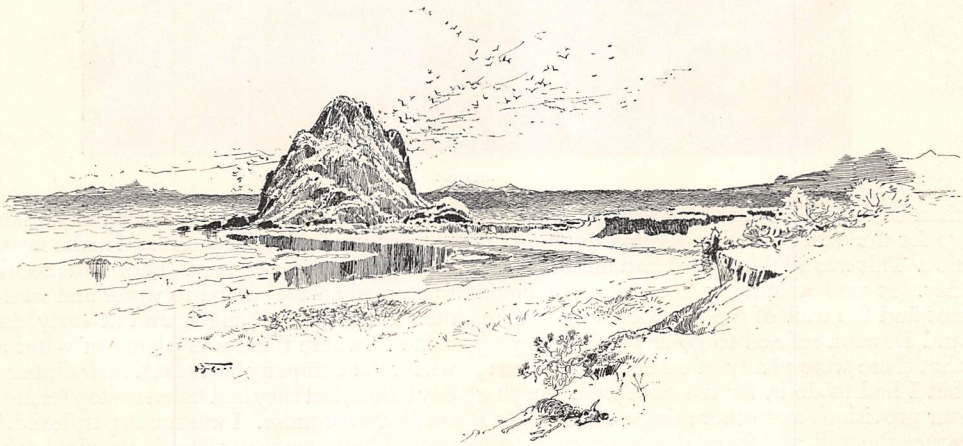
September had come before we reached Salt Lake, which we struck at its northern extremity. Part of the time we had purposely traveled slowly to enable the men from Fort Hall the sooner to overtake us. But unavoidable delays were frequent: daily, often hourly, the road had to be made passable for our wagons by digging down steep banks, filling gulches, etc. Indian fires obscured mountains and valleys in a dense, smoky atmosphere, so that we could not see any considerable distance in order to avoid obstacles. The principal growth, on plain and hill alike, was the interminable sage-brush (*Artemisia*), and often it was difficult, for miles at a time, to break a road through it, and sometimes a lightly laden wagon would be overturned. Its monotonous dull color and scraggy appearance gave a most dreary aspect to the landscape. But it was not wholly useless: where large enough it made excellent fuel, and it was the home and shelter of the hare — generally known as the "jack rabbit" — and of the sage-hen. Trees were almost a sure sign of water in that region. But the mirage was most deceptive, magnifying stunted sage-brush on diminutive hillocks into trees and groves. Thus misled, we traveled all day without water, and at midnight found ourselves in a plain, level as a floor, incrusted with salt, and as white as snow. Crusts of salt broken up by our wagons, and driven by the chilly night wind like ice on the surface of a frozen pond, was to me a most striking counterfeit of a winter scene. This plain became softer and softer until our poor, almost famished, animals could not pull our wagons. In fact, we were going direct to Salt Lake and did not know it. So, in search of water, we turned from a southerly to an easterly course, and went about ten miles, and soon after daylight arrived at Bear River. So near to Salt Lake were we that the water in the river was too salt for us or our animals to use, but we had to use it; it would not

quench thirst, but it did save life. The grass looked most luxuriant, and sparkled as if covered with frost. But it was salt; our hungry, jaded animals refused to eat it, and we had to lie by a whole day to rest them before we could travel.

Leaving this camp and bearing northwest we crossed our tracks on the salt plain, having thus described a triangle of several miles in dimensions. One of the most serious of our troubles was to find water where we could camp at night. So soon came another hot day, and hard travel all day and all night without water! From a westerly course we turned directly north, and, guided by antelope trails, came in a few miles to an abundance of grass and good water. The condition of our animals compelled us to rest here nearly a week. Meanwhile two of the men who had been to Fort Hall went ahead to explore. Provisions were becoming scarce, and we saw that we must avoid unnecessary delay. The two men were gone about five days. Under their lead we set forth, bearing west, then southwest, around Salt Lake, then again west. After two or three fatiguing days,—one day and a night without water,—the first notice we had of approach to any considerable mountain was the sight of crags, dimly seen through the smoke, many hundred feet above our heads. Here was plenty of good grass and water. Nearly all now said, "Let us leave our wagons, otherwise the snows will overtake us before we get to California." So we stopped one day and threw away everything we could not carry, made pack-saddles and packed the oxen, mules, and horses, and started.

On Green River we had seen the style of pack-saddles used by the trapping party, and had learned a little about how to make them. Packing is an art, and something that only an experienced mountaineer can do well so as to save his animal and keep his pack from falling off. We were unaccustomed to it, and the difficulties we had at first were simply indescribable. It is much more difficult to fasten a pack on an ox than on a mule or a horse. The trouble began the very first day. But we started—most of us on foot, for nearly all the animals, including several of the oxen, had to carry packs. It was but a few minutes before the packs began to turn; horses became scared, mules kicked, oxen jumped and bellowed, and articles were scattered in all directions. We took more pains, fixed things, made a new start, and did better, though packs continued occasionally to fall off and delay us.

Those that had better pack-saddles and had tied their loads securely were ahead, while the others were obliged to lag behind, because they had to repack, and sometimes things would be strewn all along the route. The first night I happened to be among those that kept pretty well back, because the horses out-traveled the oxen. The foremost came to a place and stopped where there was no water or grass, and built a fire so that we could see it and come up to them. We got there about midnight, but some of our oxen that had packs on had not come up, and among them were my two. So I had to return the next morning and find them, Cheyenne Dawson alone volunteering to go with me. One man had brought along about a quart of water, which was carefully doled out before we started, each receiving a little canister-cover full—less



MONUMENT POINT, SALT LAKE.

WATER!

than half a gill; but as Dawson and I had to go for the oxen, we were given a double portion. This was all the water I had until the next day. It was a burning hot day. We could not find the trail of the oxen for a long time, and Dawson refused to go any farther, saying that there were plenty of cattle in California; but I had to do it, for the oxen were carrying our provisions and other things. Afterwards I struck the trail, and found that the oxen instead of going west had gone north, and I followed them until nearly sundown. They had got into a grassy country, which showed that they were nearing water. Seeing Indian tracks on their trail following them, I felt there was imminent danger, and at once examined my gun and pistols to see that they were primed and ready. But soon I found my oxen lying down in tall grass by the side of the trail. Seeing no Indians, I hastened to fasten the packs and make my way to overtake the company. They had promised to stop when they came to water and wait for me. I traveled all night, and at early dawn came to where there was plenty of water and where the company had taken their dinner the day before, but they had failed to stop for me according to promise. I was much perplexed, because I had seen many fires in the night, which I took to be Indian fires, so I fastened my oxen to a scraggy willow and began to make circles around to see which way the company had gone. The ground was so hard that the animals had made no impression, which bewildered me. Finally, while making a circle of about three miles away off to the south, I saw two men coming on horseback. In the

glare of the mirage, which distorted everything, I could not tell whether they were Indians or white men, but I supposed them to be Indians, feeling sure our party would go west and not south. In a mirage a man on horseback looks as tall as a tree, and I could only tell by the motion that they were mounted. I made a beeline to my oxen, to make breastworks of them. In doing this I came to a small stream resembling running water, into which I urged my horse, whereupon he went down into a quagmire, over head and ears, out of sight. My gun also went under the mire. I got hold of something on the bank, threw out my gun, which was full of mud and water, and holding to the rope attached to my horse, by dint of hard pulling I succeeded in getting him out — a sorry sight, his ears and eyes full of mud, and his body covered with it. At last, just in time, I was able to move and get behind the oxen. My gun was in no condition to shoot. However, putting dry powder in the pan I determined to do my best in case the supposed Indians should come up; but lo! they were two of our party coming to meet me, bringing water and provisions. It was a great relief. I felt indignant that the party had not stopped for me — not the less so when I learned that Captain Bartleson had said, when they started back to find me, that they "would be in better business to go ahead and look for a road." He had not forgotten certain comments of mine on his qualities as a student of Indian character. An instance of this I will relate.

One morning, just as we were packing up, a party of about ninety Indians, on horseback, a regular war party, were descried coming up. Some of us begged the captain to send men out to prevent them from coming to us while we were in the confusion of packing. But he said, "Boys, you must not show any sign of hostility; if you go out there with guns the Indians will think us hostile, and may get mad and hurt us." However, five or six of us took our guns and went out, and by signs made them halt. They did not prove to be hostile, but they had carbines, and if we had been careless and had let them come near they might, and probably would, have killed us. At last we got packed up and started, and the Indians traveled along three or four hundred yards one side or the other of us or behind us all day. They appeared anxious to trade, and offered a buckskin, well dressed, worth two or three dollars, for three or four charges of powder and three or four balls. This showed that they were in want of ammunition. The carbines indicated that they had had communication with some trading-post belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. They had buffalo-robes also, which showed that they were a roving hunting party, as there were no buffaloes within three or four hundred miles. At this time I had spoken my mind pretty freely concerning Captain Bartleson's lack of judgment, as one could scarcely help doing under the circumstances.

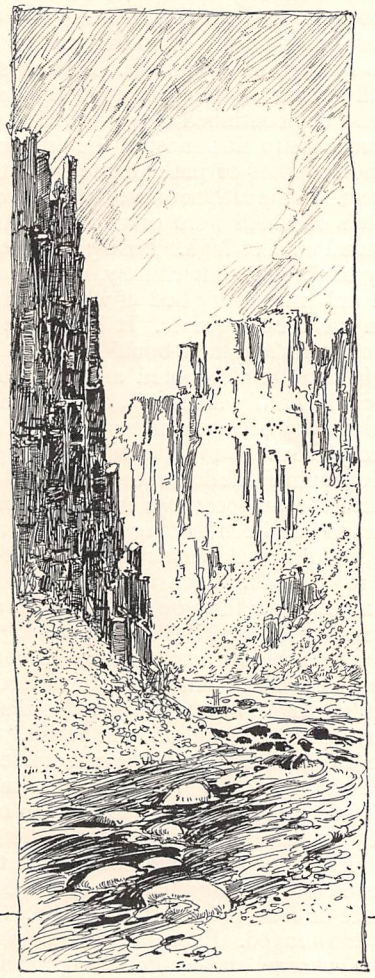
We now got into a country where there was no grass nor water, and then we began to catechize the men who had gone to Fort Hall. They repeated, "If you go too far south you will get into a desert country and your animals will perish; there will be no water nor grass." We were evidently too far south. We could not go west, and the formation of the country was such that we had to turn and go north across a range of mountains. Having struck a small stream we camped upon it all night, and next day continued down its banks, crossing from side to side, most of the time following Indian paths or paths made by antelope and deer. In the afternoon we entered a cañon the walls of which were precipitous and several hundred feet high. Finally the pleasant bermy banks gave out entirely, and we could travel only in the dry bed of what in the wet season was a raging river. It became a solid mass of stones and huge boulders, and the animals became tender-footed and sore so that they could hardly stand up, and as we continued the way became worse and worse. There was no place for us to lie down and sleep, nor could our animals lie down; the water had given out, and the prospect was indeed gloomy — the cañon had been leading us directly north. All agreed that the animals were too jaded and worn to go back. Then we called the men: "What did they tell you at Fort Hall about the northern region?" They repeated, "You must not go too far north; if you do you will get into difficult cañons that lead towards the Columbia River, where you may become bewildered and wander about and perish." This cañon was going nearly north; in fact it seemed a little east of north. We sent some men to see if they could reach the top of the mountain by scaling the precipice somewhere and get a view, and they came back about ten or eleven o'clock, saying the country looked better three or four miles farther ahead. So we were encouraged. Even the animals seemed to take courage, and we got along much better than had been thought possible, and by one o'clock that day came out on what is now known as the Humboldt River. It was not until four years later (1845) that General Frémont first saw this river and named it Humboldt.

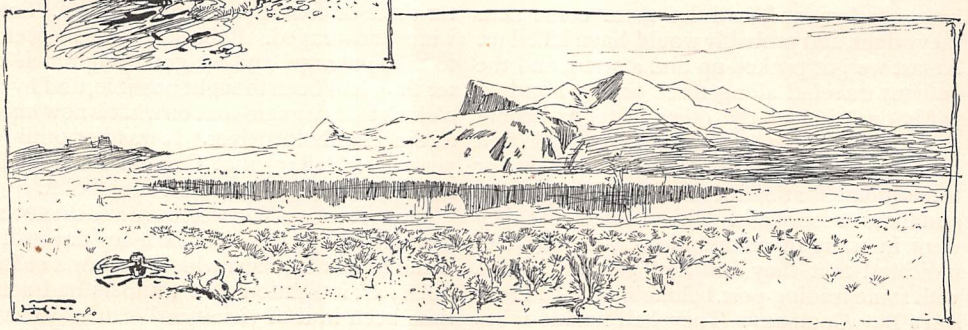
Our course was first westward and then southward, following this river for many days, till we came to its Sink, near which we saw a solitary horse, an indication that trappers had sometime been in that vicinity. We tried to catch him but failed; he had been there long enough

to become very wild. We saw many Indians on the Humboldt, especially towards the Sink. There were many tule marshes. The tule is a rush, large, but here not very tall. It was generally completely covered with honeydew, and this in turn was wholly covered with a pediculous-looking insect which fed upon it. The Indians gathered quantities of the honey and pressed it into balls about the size of one's fist, having the appearance of wet bran. At first we greatly relished this Indian food, but when we saw what it was made of—that the insects pressed into the mass were the main ingredient—we lost our appetites and bought no more of it.

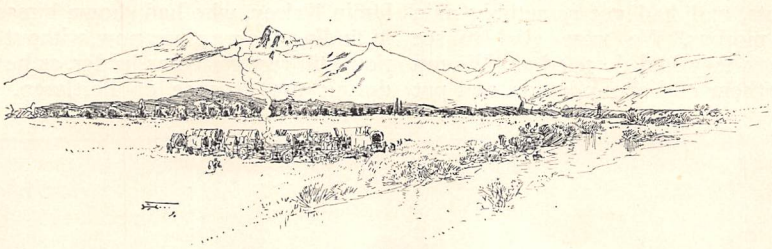
From the time we left our wagons many had to walk, and more and more as we advanced. Going down the Humboldt at least half were on foot. Provisions had given out; except a little coarse green grass among the willows along the river the country was dry, bare, and desolate; we saw no game except antelope, and they were scarce and hard to kill; and walking was very fatiguing. Tobacco lovers would surrender their animals for anyone to ride who would furnish them with an ounce or two to chew during the day. One day one of these devotees lost his tobacco and went back for it, but failed to find it. An Indian in a friendly manner overtook us, bringing the piece of tobacco, which he had found on our trail or at our latest camp, and surrendered it. The owner, instead of being thankful, accused the Indian of having stolen it—an impossibility, as we had seen no Indians or Indian signs for some days. Perhaps the Indian did not know what it was, else he might have kept it for smoking. But I think otherwise, for, patting his breast, he said, "Shoshone, Shoshone," which was the Indian way of showing he was friendly. The Shoshones were known as always friendly to the whites, and it is not difficult to see how other and distant tribes might claim to be Shoshones as a passport to favor.

On the Humboldt we had a further division of our ranks. In going down the river we went sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, but mostly on the north side, till we were nearing what are now known as the Humboldt Mountains. We were getting tired, and some were in favor of leaving the oxen, of which we then had only about seven or eight, and rushing on into California. They said there was plenty of beef in California. But some of us said: "No; our oxen are now our only supply of food. We are doing well,





THE HUMBOLDT PALISADES.—THE HUMBOLDT SINK.



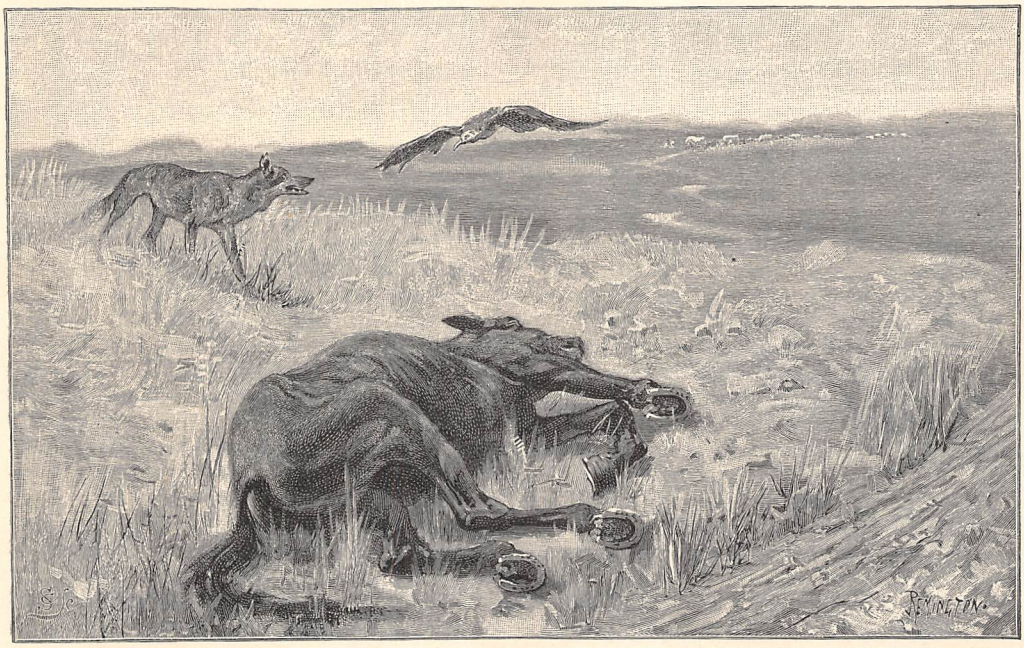
TRUCKEE MEADOWS.

making eighteen or twenty miles a day." One morning when it was my turn at driving the oxen, the captain traveled so fast that I could not keep up, and was left far behind. When night came I had to leave the trail and go over a rocky declivity for a mile and a half into a gloomy, damp bottom, and unpack the oxen and turn them out to eat, sleeping myself without blankets. I got up the next morning, hunted the oxen out of the willow thicket, and repacked them. Not having had supper or breakfast, and having to travel nine miles before I overtook the party, perhaps I was not in the best humor. They were waiting, and for the very good reason that they could have nothing to eat till I came up with the oxen and one could be killed. I felt badly treated, and let the captain know it plainly; but, much to my surprise, he made no reply, and none of his men said a word. We killed an ox, ate our breakfast, and got ready to start about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. When nearly ready to go, the captain and one or two of his mess came to us and said: "Boys, our animals are better than yours, and we always get out of meat before any of the rest of you. Let us have the most of the meat this time, and we will pay you back the next ox we kill." We gladly let them have all they wished. But as soon as they had taken it, and were mounted ready to start, the captain in a loud voice exclaimed: "Now we have been found fault with long enough, and we are going to California. If you can keep up with us, all right; if you cannot, you may go to ——"; and away they started, the captain and eight men. One of the men would not go with the captain; he said, "The captain is wrong, and I will stay with you, boys."

In a short time they were out of sight. We followed their trail for two or three days, but after they had crossed over to the south side of the Humboldt and turned south we came into a sandy waste where the wind had entirely obliterated their tracks. We were then thrown entirely upon our own resources. It was our desire to make as great speed as possible westward, deviating only when obstacles interposed, and in such case bearing south instead of north, so as to be found in a lower latitude in the event that winter should overtake us in the mountains. But, diverted by following our fugitive captain and party across the Humboldt, we thereby missed the luxuriant Truckee meadows lying but a short distance to the west, a resting-place well and favorably known to later emigrants. So, perforce, we followed down to the Sink of the Humboldt and were obliged to drink its water, which in the fall of the year becomes stagnant and of the color of lye, and not fit to drink or use unless boiled. Here we camped. Leaving the Sink of the Humboldt, we crossed a considerable stream which must have been Carson River, and came to another stream which must have been Walker River, and followed it up to where it came out of the mountains, which proved to be the Sierra Nevada. We did not know the name of the mountains. Neither had these rivers then been named; nor had they been seen by Kit Carson or Joe Walker, for whom they were named, nor were they seen until 1845 by Frémont, who named them.

We were now camped on Walker River, at the very eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, and had only two oxen left. We sent men ahead to see if it would be possible to scale the mountains, while we killed the better of the two oxen and dried the meat in preparation for the ascent. The men returned towards evening and reported that they thought it would be possible to ascend the mountains, though very difficult. We had eaten our supper, and were ready for the climb in the morning. Looking back on the plains we saw something coming, which we decided to be Indians. They traveled very slowly, and it was difficult to understand their movements. To make a long story short, it was the eight men that had left us nine days before. They had gone farther south than we and had come to a lake, probably Carson Lake, and there had found Indians who supplied them plentifully with fish and pine nuts. Fish caught in such water are not fit to

eat at any time, much less in the fall of the year. The men had all eaten heartily of fish and pine nuts, and had got something akin to cholera morbus. We were glad to see them although they had deserted us. We ran out to meet them and shook hands, and put our frying-pans on and gave them the best supper we could. Captain Bartleson, who when we started from Missouri was a portly man, was reduced to half his former girth. He said: "Boys, if ever I get back to Missouri I will never leave that country. I would gladly eat out of the troughs with my dogs." He seemed to be heartily sick of his late experience, but that did not prevent him from leaving us twice after that.



ABANDONED.

We were now in what is at present Nevada, and probably within forty miles of the present boundary of California. We ascended the mountains on the north side of Walker River to the summit, and then struck a stream running west which proved to be the extreme source of the Stanislaus River. We followed it down for several days and finally came to where a branch ran into it, each forming a cañon. The main river flowed in a precipitous gorge in places apparently a mile deep, and the gorge that came into it was but little less formidable. At night we found ourselves on the extreme point of the promontory between the two, very tired, and with neither grass nor water. We had to stay there that night. Early the next morning two men went down to see if it would be possible to get through down the smaller cañon. I was one of them, Jimmy John the other. Benjamin Kelsey, who had shown himself expert in finding the way, was now, without any election, still recognized as leader, as he had been during the absence of Bartleson. A party also went back to see how far we should have to go around before we could pass over the tributary cañon. The understanding was, that when we went down the cañon if it was practicable to get through we were to fire a gun so that all could follow; but if not, we were not to fire, even if we saw game. When Jimmy and I got down about three-quarters of a mile I came to the conclusion that it was impossible to get through, and said to him, "Jimmy, we might as well go back; we can't go here." "Yes, we can," said he; and insisting that we could, he pulled out a pistol and fired. It was an old dragoon pistol, and reverberated like a cannon. I hurried back to tell the company not to come down, but before I reached them the captain and his party had started. I explained, and warned them that they could not get down; but they went on as far as they could go, and then were obliged to stay all day and night to rest the animals, and had to go about among the rocks and pick a little grass for them, and go down to the stream through a terrible place in the cañon to bring water up in cups and camp-kettles, and some of the men in their boots, to pour down the animals' throats in order to keep them from perishing. Finally, four of them

pulling and four of them pushing a mule, they managed to get them up one by one, and then carried all the things up again on their backs — not an easy job for exhausted men.

In some way, nobody knows how, Jimmy got through that cañon and into the Sacramento Valley. He had a horse with him — an Indian horse that was bought in the Rocky Mountains, and which could come as near climbing a tree as any horse I ever knew. Jimmy was a character. Of all men I have ever known I think he was the most fearless; he had the bravery of a bulldog. He was not seen for two months — until he was found at Sutter's, afterwards known as Sutter's Fort, now Sacramento City.

We went on, traveling west as near as we could. When we killed our last ox we shot and ate crows or anything we could kill, and one man shot a wild-cat. We could eat anything. One day in the morning I went ahead, on foot of course, to see if I could kill something, it being understood that the company would keep on as near west as possible and find a practicable road. I followed an Indian trail down into the cañon, meeting many Indians on the way up. They did not molest me, but I did not quite like their looks. I went about ten miles down the cañon, and then began to think it time to strike north to intersect the trail of the company going west. A most difficult time I had scaling the precipice. Once I threw my gun up ahead of me, being unable to hold it and climb, and then was in despair lest I could not get up where it was, but finally I did barely manage to do so, and made my way north. As the darkness came on I was obliged to look down and feel with my feet lest I should pass over the trail of the party without seeing it. Just at dark I came to an enormous fallen tree and tried to go around the top, but the place was too brushy, so I went around the butt, which seemed to me to be about twenty or twenty-five feet above my head. This I suppose to have been one of the fallen trees in the Calaveras Grove of *Sequoia gigantea* or mammoth trees, as I have since been there, and to my own satisfaction identified the lay of the land and the tree. Hence I concluded that I must have been the first white man who ever saw the *Sequoia gigantea*, of which I told Frémont when he came to California in 1844. Of course sleep was impossible, for I had neither blanket nor coat, and burned or froze alternately as I turned from one side to the other before the small fire which I had built, until morning, when I started eastward to intersect the trail, thinking the company had turned north. But I traveled until noon and found no trail; then striking south, I came to the camp which I had left the previous morning. The party had gone, but not where they had said they would go; for they had taken the same trail I had followed, into the cañon, and had gone up the south side, which they had found so steep that many of the poor animals could not climb it and had to be left. When I arrived the Indians were there cutting the horses to pieces and carrying off the meat. My situation, alone among strange Indians killing our poor horses, was by no means comfortable. Afterward we found that these Indians were always at war with the Californians. They were known as the Horse Thief Indians, and lived chiefly on horse flesh; they had been in the habit of raiding the ranches even to the very coast, driving away horses by the hundreds into the mountains to eat. That night after dark I overtook the party in camp.

A day or two later we came to a place where there was a great quantity of horse bones, and we did not know what it meant; we thought that an army must have perished there. They were of course horses that the Indians had driven in there and slaughtered. A few nights later, fearing depredations, we concluded to stand guard — all but one man, who would not. So we let his two horses roam where they pleased. In the morning they could not be found. A few miles away we came to a village; the Indians had fled, but we found the horses killed and some of the meat roasting on a fire.

We were now on the edge of the San Joaquin Valley, but we did not even know that we were in California. We could see a range of mountains lying to the west,— the Coast Range,— but we could see no valley. The evening of the day we started down into the valley we were very tired, and when night came our party was strung along for three or four miles, and every man slept right where darkness overtook him. He would take off his saddle for a pillow and turn his horse or mule loose, if he had one. His animal would be too poor to walk away, and in the morning he would find him, usually within fifty feet. The jaded horses nearly perished with hunger and fatigue. When we overtook the foremost of the party the next morning we found they had come to a pond of water, and one of them had killed a fat coyote; when I came up it was all eaten except the lights and the windpipe, on which I made my breakfast. From that camp we saw timber to the north of us, evidently bordering a stream running west. It turned out to be the stream that we had followed down in the mountains — the Stanislaus River. As soon as we came in sight of the bottom land of the stream we saw an abundance of antelopes and sandhill cranes. We killed two of each the first evening.

Wild grapes also abounded. The next day we killed thirteen deer and antelopes, jerked the meat and got ready to go on, all except the captain's mess of seven or eight, who decided to stay there and lay in meat enough to last them into California! We were really almost down to tidewater, but did not know it. Some thought it was five hundred miles yet to California. But all thought we had to cross at least that range of mountains in sight to the west before entering the promised land, and how many more beyond no one could tell. Nearly all thought it best to press on lest the snows might overtake us in the mountains before us, as they had already nearly done on the mountains behind us (the Sierra Nevada). It was now about the first of November. Our party set forth bearing northwest, aiming for a seeming gap north of a high mountain in the chain to the west of us. That mountain we found to be Mount Diablo. At night the Indians attacked the captain's camp and stole all their animals, which were the best in the company, and the next day the men had to overtake us with just what they could carry in their hands.

The next day, judging by the timber we saw, we concluded there was a river to the west. So two men went ahead to see if they could find a trail or a crossing. The timber seen proved to be along what is now known as the San Joaquin River. We sent two men on ahead to spy out the country. At night one of them returned, saying they had come across an Indian on horseback without a saddle who wore a cloth jacket but no other clothing. From what they could understand the Indian knew Dr. Marsh and had offered to guide them to his place. He plainly said "Marsh," and of course we supposed it was the Dr. Marsh before referred to who had written the letter to a friend in Jackson County, Missouri, and so it proved. One man went with the Indian to Marsh's ranch and the other came back to tell us what he had done, with the suggestion that we should go on and cross the river (San Joaquin) at the place to which the trail was leading. In that way we found ourselves two days later at Dr. Marsh's ranch, and there we learned that we were really in California and our journey at an end. After six months we had now arrived at the first settlement in California, November 4, 1841.

The account of our reception, and of my own experiences in California in the pastoral period before the gold discovery, I must reserve for another paper.

John Bidwell.

CALIFORNIANA.

Grizzly and Pioneer.

A GREAT many persons have told stories about grizzlies and about pioneers. But there is an aspect in which the grizzly and the pioneer may be said to represent the beginnings of a chapter of national folklore, or the first halting steps towards the development of a noble myth.

I remember that an old silver-freighter who walked all day long for many successive weeks across the Nevada desert, beside his high ore-wagon, once said to me: "I had a curious notion lately. I thought that, perhaps, when the American frontiersman had been dead a hundred thousand years, the stories that would be written and believed about him would be like those of the demigods." My old silver-freighter was well educated, and knew his mythology better than I did. He had full faith, too, in the permanence of the myth-making spirit. "Some fellow, I don't know who," he said, "has got to stand right out to represent all this pioneering that hundreds of us have been doing for generations. It may be a fellow with buckskins and a Kentucky rifle, or it may be a fellow with a slouch hat and a mule-whip. We can't any of us tell yet awhile." Ten years later the railroad reached the camp; he bought a small California farm and settled down, as miners, prospectors, stage-drivers, and frontiersmen of every class are doing all the time.

I have often meditated upon the idea which the old teamster of the desert had evolved, in his crude way, feeling, far better than he could express it, the influence of the fast-passing epoch. As I consider the subject, two things, the grizzly and the California pioneer, seem on the way to take such form as to outlast railroads and cities. In a lesser sense they already belong together in literature, but perhaps they are slowly and surely assuming places side by side, or at least in the same group, in a new myth of the American continent. In the course of time — in five centuries, or twenty centuries — it may be that two giant shadows of the past, the Argonaut and his grizzly, will loom up over the Sierras, as Hercules and his Nemean lion in the legends of the Greeks.

No man is ever able to say of those things which lie within the present reality: "This is to perish; that is to broaden and grow, striking roots into universal nature until all men bear witness to its immortality." Nevertheless, when the last grizzly has perished, when the old race of miners is as far lost in traditions as the first Cornishman who picked up stream-tin, or the first iron-smelters of the Andreaswald who fought the Saxon invaders, when the great Californian valleys and all the shining slopes of the long, parallel mountain ranges beside the Pacific are clothed with continuous gardens and orchards, and mighty and populous cities grow from the villages of to-day, there ought to be a background of sublime fable to inspire poet, artist, and sculptor.

It is the first step towards a myth that always proves the most difficult. Already, the world over, men have come to know the old cañon-keeper and forest-dweller

as "the grizzly," not the grizzly bear. He has become differentiated, and is on the way to still further separation from other bears, and other creatures of the high order that furnish noble subjects for art. Sometime, I am sure, an American Thorwaldsen will know how to hew a Sierra grizzly out of some gray cliff of Rocklin granite, and there it will remain while the world endures, supreme as the Lion of Lucerne. Some day an American Barye will create in bronze a massive grizzly, lord of the land of pines and sequoias, calm and terrible as a Numidian lion. Perhaps in the day of battle, a thousand years hence, in some wild Sierra pass, the free men of the mountains, changing the course of history, and broadening the California myth to a world myth, will make the American Grizzly for all time such a name as the Lion of England, or the ancient Winged Bull of Assyria.

The Pacific Coast, a land larger in extent, more varied in soil, climate, and resources, than that western third of Europe from Gibraltar to the Arctic Circle, has already adopted the grizzly in its common speech. Where the oriental sage said of the wise man that he walked forth "alone, like the rhinoceros," the similar comparison known to the man of the land between Arizona and Alaska has been a comparison with the grizzly. A man is said to be "as strong as a grizzly," or as dreadful when aroused, or as much of a boss, or "a regular grizzly of a fellow." It is not a light phrase; it goes deep down to the roots of the matter; it is the last word said.

By a thousand camp-fires since the first trappers met grizzlies in the Rockies men have told stories of the mighty creature, and when the last grizzly is gone from the cañons the body of literature that will continue to grow up about him may some day be like the marvelous dragon literature that has sprung from the bones of the pterodactyl. The grizzly in his best estate has not only no equal for strength and dignity in the "three Americas," but he rivals the lion and tiger. Civilization is claiming his haunts so rapidly that two or three generations will see him as extinct as the saber-toothed tiger or the great cave-bear of Europe. This early perishing may give the grizzly another advantage in his progress towards a permanent place in art and literature.

Again, the grizzly stories that frontiersmen tell have all the unconscious dignity of their subject; they rise at times to the height of an epic of the Sierras, and they possess a singular vitality. One must gather them up from explorers like Lewis and Clarke, Kit Carson and St. Vrain, from placer-miners' stories of '49, from Spanish-Californian missions and stock-ranches, and from the lonely American preëmptors' cabins in the Siskiyous. One must cast aside the mere "newspaper yarns" invented by men who never saw a grizzly. Then one discovers this fundamental fact — that the grizzly has somehow impressed himself irrevocably upon the imagination of the man of the Pacific Coast, and this in a way that the black and brown bears have never yet done to any people. In the delightful German tales Bruin is a good-natured, stupid fellow, whom one cannot but like even while smiling over his adventures. The bear in the negro folk-lore of the South assumes much the same place. But the grizzly stands apart, so different in his very nature, and so impressive in every aspect, that another long step towards the creation of a noble and satisfactory myth appears to have been taken by the pioneers, the true myth-builders and makers of literature in their log-cabins, by their winter fires. How long a step has thus been gained we shall know better when the grizzly is gone from the Sierras. Perhaps the folk-lore of the American Indians will help the development of the myth, but it seems to me that it will be on Aryan lines.

What figure may fitly stand beside the grizzly, as the grizzly will look to men a thousand years hence, when mighty bulks of rough-hewn stone set forth his majestic strength in every American city, and we leave dragons, gryphons, and phenixes to the countries where they belong? The grizzly is American to the backbone, and his qualities are appreciated wherever he is known. His companion is to be found, if anywhere, in the first American pioneer of the Rockies and Sierras, the Gold Seeker, brave, rugged, and honest as the grizzly himself. My old silver-freighter had a glimpse of the truth. "Some fellow has got to stand up and represent the whole crowd." The fact of the growing grizzly legend helps one's imagination to seize upon the more complex fact of the growing pioneer legend, which, like the other, needs only time for its fulfilment.

The Argonaut — let us call him that because he seems to like it best — has even fewer years remaining than the grizzly. Name him as you will,— prospector, placer-miner, frontiersman of the Pacific Coast, son of four generations of pioneers; call him Californian or Arizonian, whichever you choose,— there he stands at the end of the road; and though he spreads out his grasp to Alaska and Mexico, the continent is crossed, and he is disappearing, as priest and *vaquero* disappeared before him.

Strange indeed is the law of the growth of the myth-spirit, which works continually among men, but only at long intervals to full achievement. The goddess of myths either seizes upon the first of a type to lift it to the stars, or else she waits until the last of the race of heroes goes forth, Sigurd-like, to his death, before she pours her cup of immortality on his name and line. Men hear of Volsung because of his son's son who rode the Glittering Heath. The goddess may not choose among the founders of the Atlantic colonies with their heroic histories. Perhaps she will not even take the buckskin-clad Boones and Crocketts, though over them her spirit still hangs uncertain. If it may not be trapper nor hunter, voyageur, guide, nor pioneer of the Atlantic slope, or the Mississippi Valley, what is more likely than that the imagination of the race will sometime, when the last pioneer is dead, crystallize the story of the whole westward march into some Sierra Titan leaning upon his mighty pick, as Thor upon his Mjölnir? The hills will be empty of gold; the waters will have reclaimed the deserts; new conditions of life may have come to pass over all the lands from Maine to California. But every child will hear the stories of old-world dragons and new-world grizzlies; of old-world giants and new-world pioneers.

Charles Howard Shinn.

HOW LONDON IS GOVERNED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLASGOW: A MUNICIPAL STUDY."

METROPOLITAN London, the greatest and most enlightened city this world has ever seen, has never had a legal existence, a fixed boundary line, or a municipal government. For limited purposes the metropolis became last year an administrative county and acquired a representative council; but previous to the new local government act, which gives all the counties of England elective councils, the metropolis had no distinct organization or corporate form. London, the ancient City, had maintained its old-time bounds and its venerable charters; but its area was only one square mile and its resident population was only fifty thousand, while "Greater London" had attained a population fully a hundred times as large, spread over an area of at least five hundred square miles. Greater London lay in the three counties of Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey, with huge suburbs in Essex and encroaching outposts in Hertfordshire. It was governed in the most anomalous manner by Parliament directly as an interposing providence, by the ministers of the Crown, by the magistrates of the several counties, by special boards and commissions, and by many scores of parish vestries and other minor local authorities. The acts of Parliament that affected one feature or another of the administration in whole or in part of the metropolitan area were legion, and were scattered through the statute-books of centuries. Truly this great aggregation of people and interests had a perplexingly intricate organization. But still it was somehow governed. Its vast expanding life as one social, commercial, and industrial entity found its organs.

How London has been governed in the past, how it is governed at present, how it is meeting the various social and economic problems of modern metropolitan life—these are questions eminently worthy of consideration by all who would study municipal matters. For London is the capital not only of the British Empire, but in some sense also of the whole world. Its experiences are of universal interest and importance. In it the new forces of urban life are at work in most significant ways. It is slowly but surely evolving central municipal institutions that shall meet its peculiar needs. Its population is waking up with a sense of unity and with an appreciation of great things to be done through united municipal action for the common welfare. It is only lately that the people of advanced industrial nations have learned to accept the fact that life in cities under artificial conditions must be the permanent lot of the great majority, and that it is the business of society to adapt the urban environment to the needs of the population. Life in the modern city should not be an evil or a misfortune for any class. There should be such sanitary arrangements and administration as to make the death rate of the great city smaller than that of the nation as a whole. There should be such educational facilities as to insure to all the young people of a city the most suitable physical, intellectual, and industrial training. The masses of people in London are rising to some faint perception of these truths, and they are beginning to clamor for social and governmental reforms. The immediate future of London is fraught with magnificent possibilities. From the extreme of chaos, disorganization, and uncontrolled freedom of individual action, it is not impossible that the great metropolis may a generation hence lead all the large cities of the world in the closeness and unity of its organization and in the range of its municipal activities. Municipal socialism has a better outlook in London than in Paris or Berlin, although as yet London has given fewer tangible evidences of this trend than has any other center of civilization. However that may be, the London questions have assumed an extraordinary importance in England, and to understand them reasonably well it is necessary to review and analyze with some care the government of London.

BRITISH MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE ever-memorable reform act of 1832, which gave representation in Parliament a modern and rational basis, was soon followed, as a part of the reform program of the day, by a general municipal government act which abolished the ancient and exclusive privileges of the merchants and trades gilds and enlarged the municipal corporations to the inclusion of the whole body of citizens paying a certain minimum amount of rates. This act of 1835 is the most signally important piece of

legislation in all the history of modern city governments. Similar to it, and a part of the same general movement, were the act of 1833, reforming the Scotch municipalities, and that of 1840, which rendered a like service to those of Ireland. Apart from minor differences in the three acts, this legislation gave a uniform framework of municipal government to practically all the large towns and cities of the United Kingdom. It preserved the old-time government by mayors, aldermen, and councilors, while doing away with close corporations and throwing open the municipal franchise to the new classes of electors who had received the borough parliamentary franchise in the reform of 1832, the councilors becoming the direct representatives of the burgesses or citizens. I have recently described the working of one of these reformed city governments in the pages of this magazine; and Glasgow may suffice as a type of the simply, and therefore effectively, organized municipality of Great Britain, in which the whole administrative authority centers in the town council, as an elective committee of the citizens, the mayor being the annually designated presiding officer of the council. Half a century witnessed much additional legislation, which was embodied in the great municipal government consolidation act of 1882; but the general plan of 1835 remains unchanged because experience has given it the stamp of thorough approval. It is not a little strange that none of our American States has seen fit to adopt the superior and strictly republican model of a city constitution that works so well in England, and that is so obviously suited to American conditions.

But London was excluded from the operation of this act that gave healthy and popular representation to all the other large communities of England. The situation of London was exceptional, and Lord Russell announced that its reform must be made the subject of a separate act. For more than fifty years that promised reconstruction and modernization of London government has been awaited in vain, except in so far as various special enactments are to be regarded as advance instalments of reform—the new administrative county government being a very substantial instalment.

The conditions of medieval town life seem to have been fairly well met by a local government that was in the hands of the organized mercantile and trade bodies. It was these associations of burgesses who secured the old borough charters and revived the local liberties that had languished under feudal tyranny. But when in the later days the organization of industry was revolutionized, and the towns were growing at an unprecedented rate under the new forces of modern life, the government by the self-perpetuating gilds became totally obsolete and inadequate. The gilds had remained as close corporations with their old names and old privileges, but they included few, sometimes none, of the actual working members of the trades whose names they bore, and they had no longer any relation to the industrial life, nor were they in any sense representative of the community at large. In short, their pretenses to exclusive governmental authority had become absurd and intolerable. Elsewhere they were disbanded and their accumulated estates were applied to public objects, or else they survived merely as social or mutual-benefit clubs; but in the City of London they held their ground, and they survive to-day, their authority being only slightly diminished.

THE GILDS OF LONDON.

LET us examine briefly the survival of old-time municipal government as it exists within the narrow bounds of London proper, before passing to the discussion of the great metropolis that has overflown the limits of the old City walls. There are nearly eighty of the so-called City companies, these being the survivors of the medieval gilds. They are commonly known as the Livery Companies, because on occasions of ceremony their members of the higher grade wear distinctive garbs that date from the reign of Edward III. The twelve principal companies, in the order of precedence, are the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers. It might seem superfluous to give the long list of minor companies; but each name contains a picture of the old London life of periods when nearly all the reputable citizens were grouped as members of these quaint callings. Alphabetically arranged, and omitting the twelve already named, the London companies are: Apothecaries, Armourers and Braziers, Bakers, Barbers, Basket Makers, Blacksmiths, Bowyers, Brewers, Broderers (Embroiderers), Butchers, Carmen, Carpenters, Clockmakers, Coach and Coach-Harness Makers, Cooks, Coopers, Cordwainers, Curriers, Cutlers, Distillers, Dyers, Fanmakers, Farriers, Fellowship Porters, Feltmakers, Fletchers, Founders, Framework Knitters, Fruiterers, Girdlers, Glass-sellers, Glaziers, Glovers, Gold and Silver Wire-drawers, Gunmakers, Horners, Innholders, Joiners, Leathersellers, Loriners, Makers of Playing Cards, Masons, Musicians, Needlemakers, Painters, Parish Clerks, Pattern Makers, Pewterers, Plasterers, Plumbers, Poulterers, Saddlers, Scriveners, Shipwrights,

Spectacle Makers, Stationers, Tallow Chandlers, Tinplate Workers, Turners, Tylers and Bricklayers, Upholders, Watermen and Lightermen, Wax Chandlers, Weavers, Wheelwrights, Woolmen.

The companies were originally designed to regulate the callings whose names they bear, and to benefit the members and their families in various ways. They became incorporated, and at length they assumed joint control of the government of the City. Admission to them was by the four methods of purchase, patrimony, apprenticeship, and honorary vote, all of which remain in vogue, although the apprenticeship is now, of course, a mere matter of form. The gilds are societies of gentlemen. Great endowments have accumulated from the rise in value and the gradual increase of modest estates or charity trust funds that were acquired by the companies for the most part several hundred years ago.

The aggregate annual income of the London gilds is not far from $5,000,000, most of it being derived from the rents of the house property that they own in all quarters of the metropolis. They have estates in many parts of England also, and the capitalized value of all their holdings would probably far exceed $100,000,000. The Mercers and Drapers are the richest, with incomes of $400,000 or $500,000 each; while the Goldsmiths, Clothworkers, and Fishmongers are reputed to be worth $250,000 or $300,000 a year. A number of other companies are very wealthy, while many of the minor gilds have trifling incomes. Half of the companies have their own halls, many of which are among the notable architectural survivals of the old-time London; and most of those which are without their separate buildings transact their business at the central Guildhall. About one-fourth of the income of the companies is derived from charitable trust property, and is devoted to the support of almshouses, to educational purposes, and to general charity. A large part of the remaining sums is spent in lavish ways, not less than half a million dollars a year going for banquets and entertainments. In many of the companies the members are paid solid cash for attending ordinary meetings. Membership varies from a mere handful of men in the smallest companies to about 450 in the largest, the average being not far from 100, and the total membership of the entire number being about 7000.

THE "CITY" AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

THE resident population of the City of London proper, as has been said, was fifty thousand by the last census. The "City" is a business district, with a day population of a million souls, nineteen-twentieths of whom reside in Greater London. The members of the gilds do not, of course, to any extent live in the City. But those who reside within a radius of twenty-five miles are entitled to have a part in the City's government. They vote, in one or another of the twenty-six City wards, for aldermen and common councilors. Each ward elects an alderman for life, and each elects a number of common councilors for a one year's term. The common council has two hundred and six members. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilors form a great court or governing body that controls all the affairs of the City. Recent legislation has made it possible for resident householders to assist in electing councilors and aldermen; but the affairs of the municipal corporation remain practically in the hands of the close and self-perpetuating gilds. The Lord Mayor — whose jurisdiction, it should be understood, extends only throughout the limits of the small inner City — is chosen annually from the ranks of the aldermen. The Court of Common Hall selects two aldermen who have served as Sheriff of London, and from these two the group of aldermen designate one to fill the office of Lord Mayor. Reëlection to that office is an honor rarely bestowed. When the year is ended, the Lord Mayor turns the Mansion House over to his successor and continues to serve the City as an alderman who has "passed the Chair." Of the present aldermen about half have "passed the Chair," *i. e.*, have served their year as Lord Mayor. The Queen almost invariably bestows knighthood upon the Lord Mayor, and he emerges from his brief and always exceedingly expensive months of lavish entertaining in the Mansion House with the handle of "Sir" to his name.

The City corporation, with its headquarters in the noble old Guildhall, has, like the individual companies, large estates, chiefly in the form of house property; and it also owns the great markets of London. Its affairs are administered by committees of the council. The City proper has its own separate police system, its street and drainage authorities, its educational work, and its various functions. Its "livery-men," or gild-men, besides voting for members of Parliament in the districts where they actually live, assist in electing two members for the City of London. It is not to be disputed that the corporation of London, with its constituent gilds, has become a great privileged monopoly, held together by the powerful but selfish interest of some seven thousand influential men. It was perhaps in 1873 that Mr. Gladstone in a speech at Nottingham declared that the London gilds must be reformed and their great sums of money devoted

to public purposes. Previous to that utterance the livery-men were to a considerable extent Liberal in politics, but since then they have become almost unanimously Conservative. In 1880 a parliamentary commission was appointed to inquire into the history, status, and revenues of the London companies; and its voluminous report, published in 1884, is marvelously interesting. This commission, composed of men of the highest weight and authority, advised the reform of the gilds by law, and the application of their properties to public uses.

Recent years have witnessed on the part of the workingmen and the Liberals of Greater London a series of determined assaults upon the companies; but as yet there has been no result except a marked change in the conduct of these societies. They have begun to make a large use of their funds for the purchase of parks and open spaces in and about the great metropolis, and for the endowment of technical and general education, principally in London, but also in other parts of the British Islands. The "City and Guilds of London Institute," endowed by a number of the companies, supports great central institutions for technical education, and it subsidies night classes in the practical trades throughout the United Kingdom. Two or three of the companies are contributing heavily to the maintenance of polytechnic institutes and "people's palaces" for the young working folk of London.

Sooner or later the gilds will be obliged to surrender their political and municipal privileges, and public opinion will compel them to account openly for their funds. Possibly their endowments may be construed by Parliament as public trusts, and devoted by law, after the analogy of the old London parochial charity endowments, to the promotion of the general welfare of the metropolitan masses. However that may be, the County Council, as the representative of the aroused and gradually centralized municipal life of the Greater London, will eventually undermine the venerable charters and privileges of the City, and will reduce the central district to the status of one of a series of subordinate parts of an inclusive municipal corporation. This survival of the unreformed medieval borough will pass away within a few years; and those who have never seen a Lord Mayor's show on the 8th of November should not postpone the sight too long.

GREATER LONDON'S BOUNDARIES.

But we must turn from this anomaly, this fossilized relic of medievalism, to the vast modern city in which it is embedded. What are the bounds of Greater London? There are a hundred or more diminutive old parishes within the area of the inner, the technical London. Outside this center, parish after parish has been invaded by the steadily extending rows of brick houses and the metropolitan street system. At least a hundred thousand people are added every year to this great aggregation that we popularly call London. One may go east or north or south or west from Charing Cross and almost despair of ever reaching the rim of the metropolis. In fact, at the time of the reform acts, between fifty and sixty years ago, the city had confessedly grown beyond all knowledge and control. It covered scores of parishes, each of which was governed upon ancient rural lines by an elected Board of Vestrymen whose business it was to provide for street-making, paving, drainage, public lighting, and other concerns, and to levy the rates wherewith to pay the cost of parochial government. No two parishes were governed exactly alike. There was little or no accountability on the part of local officers. No interest was taken in the election of vestrymen. One parish knew nothing about the affairs of another. The West End parishes knew less about those of East London than they knew about Calcutta or Hong Kong. Within the continuously built area there were several hundred separate local authorities. Scores of old villages had been swallowed up by the ever-encroaching metropolis, and rural conditions had given place to those of urban life.

There was a certain unmistakable organic unity in the metropolis; yet no political organization corresponding to that unity had been effected. Numerous affairs essentially important called for united action. But the absence of central agencies left the city to grow of itself, without regulation and without intelligent plans. When the vast developments of modern industry and commerce began fairly to appear, the necessity for measures recognizing the metropolis as a whole became absolutely imperative. Fortunately Parliament could be appealed to in cases of dire emergency; and the British Parliament may indeed be said to have been the governing body of London from the moment when it began to be regarded as something more than a network of contiguous parishes covered with houses.

The earliest recognition of the unity of London was shown by the general government in its provision for the registry of vital statistics. London, according to the Registrar-General, was not merely the ancient City, but the larger populated district. The old so-called Bills of Mortality, dating from the plague of 1592, prior to which deaths were not officially recorded, were from time to time extended to

include larger areas as the outside population grew. In 1838 this wider area came to be definitely known as the Registrar-General's district. It then contained 44,816 acres, or just seventy square miles. It was afterwards extended several times, but for many years it has remained fixed at 75,334 acres, or about 118 square miles. This district is practically identical with that which was adopted as the metropolis in 1855 for the purposes of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and which was adopted again in 1870 as the sphere within which the newly formed School Board for London should operate. And it has now, by the law which became operative early in 1889, and which detaches its parts from the counties of Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey, been erected into a separate administrative county. This, then, must be taken as the present official limit of Metropolitan London. The London of the Metropolitan Parliamentary Boroughs has until very lately remained an area nearly identical with the seventy square miles of the reform period of fifty years ago; but it now includes 125¼ square miles, and is therefore larger, by a district covering seven square miles, than the new county. But the Central Criminal Court District, which is regarded as another of the London boundaries, comprises more than 268,000 acres, or 420 square miles.

Finally, the Metropolitan Police District contains 690 square miles, and includes all within a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross. This district is now called "Greater London" in distinction from the Metropolis, in the weekly returns of the Registrar-General. The multiplicity of boundaries is somewhat confusing. But henceforth "London" or "the Metropolis" will be commonly regarded as the county area, and "Greater London" will designate in a general way the whole urban population most of which is included in the Metropolitan Police District. The census of 1881 gave the City of London 50,652 people, found 3,834,354 within the area now known as the Metropolis or the County of London, and enumerated a total of 4,776,661 in the "Greater London" of the Metropolitan Police District. The census of 1891 will show that the County now includes decidedly more than 4,000,000 people, and that there are within the police circumscription about 5,500,000. The estimate of 6,000,000 or 6,500,000 people living within twenty miles of Charing Cross may not be regarded as extravagant. And popularly speaking these people are all Londoners. Ultimately the official bounds of the municipality will include them. This larger area is not as yet densely peopled, and it will be made to accommodate several millions more.

THE GROWTH OF LONDON.

We are too frequently disposed to think of the rapid growth of our American cities as merely incidental to the settlement of a new country, and to regard the European cities as old and stationary. It is true that their *nuclei* are ancient, but so far as the greater part of their built-up area is concerned they are almost or quite as new as the American cities. They, like our own population centers, have grown unprecedentedly in recent decades as the result of modern transportation and industrial systems. Thus London to-day is five times as large as it was at the opening of the present century. From 900,000 at that time, the population of London grew to 1,500,000 in 1830; and by 1855 it had increased to 2,500,000. Since 1855 it has more than doubled. The present sovereign has witnessed a gain of two hundred per cent. or more since she began to reign. There are three or four dwelling-houses now for every one that was visible at the date of her coronation. In the past forty years from 2000 to 2500 miles of new streets have been formed in London. Who, studying the growth of foreign cities, can doubt the continued growth of our own? London is not an exception. All the other great towns of England have grown up as by magic within this century. And the same statement applies to those of the Continent. Paris is five times as large as it was in the year 1800; Berlin has grown much more rapidly than Paris; Vienna has expanded marvelously since 1840. This is a digression; but I shall continue it enough further to remark that an examination of the causes which have built up these European centers easily justifies the judgment that none of our twenty leading American cities has begun to approach its maximum size.

From about 1805 to 1855, an even half-century, London's population had grown from a round million to two millions and a half. The situation had become almost intolerable from lack of central management. The home department of the general government maintained a metropolitan police force and kept tolerably good order. Government commissioners of sewers also levied taxes upon the whole community and provided an imperfect sort of drainage system. Underground sewers were entirely unknown in London until 1831, and they were not numerous or extensive in 1855. Not a single large underground main had been constructed. Such as they were, the sewers and drainage ditches poured their pollution directly into the Thames at frequent intervals on both banks, and at times the river was so befouled and clogged with filth that navigation was obstructed. The era of mod-

ern trade and commerce had set in, and traffic was blocked on the streets for lack of suitable central arteries. There was not in all London at that time a good pavement, nor a broad convenient thoroughfare. The river was without an adequate supply of bridges, and without suitable embankments and retaining walls.

The parishes, of which there were seventy-eight outside the City proper and within the Registrar-General's metropolitan district, were attending in an irregular way to local concerns, while some parts of the metropolis were no-man's land and were without any pretext of local management whatever. The selfishness of the fossilized City corporation was egregious. It never at any time tried to extend its government so as to include the huge outlying population; nor would it consent to any reasonable scheme for the incorporation of the Greater London. Either proceeding would have swamped this inner sanctuary of monopoly and exclusive privilege. The outsiders were too disorganized to act together. Moreover, too many of their influential fellow-citizens were members of one or another of the city companies. And so reform dragged.

THE METROPOLIS MANAGEMENT ACT.

A GREAT beginning, however, was made in the year 1855. In lieu of the complete reform and municipalization of the overgrown city, Parliament enacted what has since been known as the Metropolis Management Act. This act contained the rudiments of a municipal constitution. It divided the area outside the City proper into thirty-eight districts, following parish lines and uniting small parishes for the purposes of the act. Twenty-three parishes were regarded as large and populous enough to stand singly, and fifty-five smaller ones were grouped into fifteen districts. To these thirty-eight districts were confirmed, under a somewhat more uniform system, the local functions that the parishes had always exercised—these including local sewerage, street making and paving, street lighting, sanitary administration, and some other minor matters to which additions have been made by subsequent enactments. The principal purpose of the act was, however, to create a central authority. This body was called the Metropolitan Board of Works. Each parish or district was governed by an elective board called in the single parishes the Vestry and in the consolidated areas entitled the District Board; and these bodies were chosen by all rate-payers who were taxed for the care of the poor on a rental value of $200 a year. The vestries and district boards varied in size according to the population of the area, the average being about 75, and the whole number of these local representatives being about 3000. Each district board or vestry was authorized to send a representative to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Corporation of the City of London was given three members. Subsequently the board was enlarged and the greater districts or parishes were accorded two or three delegates, making a central body of about sixty members in all.

These thirty-eight parishes and districts remain to-day in possession of their functions as constituted in 1855. The Metropolitan Board of Works survived until April, 1889, when it was superseded by the new County Council, which I shall take further occasion to describe. The central improvements of London for the period from 1855 to 1889, enormous as they have been in the aggregate, are the work of the metropolitan board. Its first and most imperative task was the creation of a system of main sewers. Obviously the petty parish vestries could undertake no such work. Then it became the board's duty to improve systematically the main thoroughfares. The river banks, the Thames bridges, the paramount problem of parks and open spaces, the problems of overcrowding and unsanitary houses and numerous lesser matters, came under the board's jurisdiction. Its rounded generation of active work has resulted in vast improvements. London was chaos when the board found it. To-day it has many of the appointments of a modern metropolis, and it is well advanced towards the assumption of a fully organized municipal life.

Before taking up the specific departments of the board's work, and the whole subject of London's municipal appointments and public services, it may be well to continue a little further the discussion of the governmental machinery. The metropolitan board accomplished a great work, but in its latter years its administration was honeycombed with scandals. Its indirect election removed it from the people. There was no interest in its personnel, and its members were for the most part obscure. The London public knew astonishingly little about it. It was the creature of the vestries, and these vestry local governments have not themselves been successful. The vestries and district boards are practically unaccountable. The taxpayers, at least until very recently, have almost utterly ignored the election of vestrymen. The levying of taxes has been at the most various rates in the different parts of the metropolis. There has been much incompetency and extravagance, and often much lack of wisdom in the making of such public improvements as have come within the sphere of the parishes and districts.

PROPOSED MUNICIPAL CONSTITUTIONS.

NUMEROUS attempts have been made to build further upon the foundation laid in 1855, and to secure a full-wrought municipal government for London. A select committee of Parliament reported in 1861 in favor of the direct election of the Metropolitan Board of Works by the ratepayers, with a view to transforming it into a regular municipal common council. And about once in four or five years ever since 1855 some Cabinet Minister or prominent member of the House has brought in a bill to make the board a central elective council, and to supersede the vestries by newly constituted local areas with subordinate councils. Such bills were introduced by Sir George Cornewall Lewis in 1860, by John Stuart Mill in 1867, by Charles Buxton in 1869–70, by Lord Elcho in 1875, by Mr. J. F. B. Firth in 1880, and by Sir William Harcourt as Mr. Gladstone's Home Secretary in 1884.

As the latest of these important propositions it may be worth while to examine the bill of 1884, introduced by Sir William Harcourt. It created a great central council of 240 members, merging the old City corporation into the metropolis, and treating the inner City as one of the thirty-nine administrative areas, but giving it a large representation in recognition of its historical importance and its heavy property and commercial interests. Among the other districts representation was proportioned to population and wealth. All the authority possessed by the old board of works, by all the parish and district boards, by the authorities of the City corporation, and by other local functionaries, was concentrated in the hands of the new central council. This body was expected to revise and consolidate the districts, reducing their number, and granting to each a local district council composed of the members of the central body from any given district and of other elected members. These local councils were to do simply the things delegated to them by the higher authority, and were to be subject always to the control of the central council.

This London proposition adapted the general municipal system of England to the peculiar conditions of the metropolis. The principle of the English system is that of "absolute control through a directly elected authority of all administration and of all expenditure." This principle was not in controversy; it was accepted by all parties. But there had long been a strong party, inspired by the livery-men of the gilds and now largely identified with the Conservatives, who advocated the partitioning of London into six or twelve, or even a greater number of cities, and the giving to each one a separate municipal government of its own. The idea had some seeming justification in the fact of London's vastness and of certain traditional topographic and natural lines of division. But the real motive was the effectual dismemberment of the great London that threatened to assimilate and absorb the ancient City and to dispossess its privileged beneficiaries.

What the situation called for was not a series of distinct municipalities, but a sort of federalized municipal government. There were great common concerns which required concerted action and vigorous central administration. The defeat of measures proposed in 1880 and 1884 was accomplished by the active opposition of the gilds, which spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in lobbying and sham demonstrations, and which flooded Parliament with petitions containing thousands of fictitious names. The great bill of 1884 contained the provisions of a magnificent metropolitan constitution, and its adoption would have been of incalculable advantage to the millions of Londoners.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY.

MEANWHILE there had been a continual demand for reform in the county governments of England. These governments had been wholly non-representative. In every county a number of gentlemen, usually belonging to the landlord class, held the Queen's commissions as magistrates or justices of the peace. And they, meeting four times a year in the so-called "quarter sessions," levied the county tax, managed the road business, granted liquor licenses, and attended to all the administrative as well as the minor judicial business of the county. The great towns had all acquired their representative municipal governments, and were for most ordinary purposes detached from the counties. It was at length proposed that elective councils on about the same plan as those of the municipalities should be given to the counties, with subordinate district councils in subdivisions of the county. This great measure was brought forward by the Ministry in 1888, and it became a law to the satisfaction of all parties. It was no part of the original intention of this measure to reform London administration; but it was found in drafting the so-called Local Government Bill that it would be wholly impracticable to include in an elective government intended for the great rural county of Kent a million or two of Londoners who had overflown the extreme northwestern corner of the county. And similar considerations were applicable to Middlesex and Surrey. It was found much more feasible

to treat all the great urban communities of England as separate counties for administrative purposes. Thus London was made a county, with the area of the old Metropolitan Board of Works. The other cities of England were already organized for administrative work; but the new "administrative county" of London had to be dealt with specifically in the bill. It is a curious fact that the Conservatives, who had so strenuously opposed the earlier plans for a great London municipal organism, were now the men who laid the solid framework for such a structure, as a mere incident in the elaboration of a measure intended to initiate local self-government in the rural parts of England. When direct and centralized self-government had been given to the towns and cities of England, London was made an exception. When, more than fifty years later, it was no longer possible to deny some measure of local self-government to the counties and townships of rural England, London was for the first time given an elective central authority. If English legislation is sometimes in defiance of logical symmetry, it sooner or later accomplishes the desired results with a practical wisdom that is rarely equaled in other countries.

The parishes and districts of 1855, which still remain the local government areas of the metropolis, and from whose vestries and boards the Metropolitan Board of Works had always been constituted as a delegate body, were not taken as the basis of apportionment for the new County Council. The parliamentary reform bill of 1885 had created fifty-seven districts besides the City within the metropolitan area, for the purpose of representation in the House of Commons; and these districts were taken as the best temporary divisions for the election of councilors. Each was accorded two members, while the City proper was allowed four; and thus provision was made for one hundred and eighteen members, to be elected every three years. The councilors were empowered to add to their body nineteen members having the rank of aldermen and holding their seats for six-year terms, but having no different authority from the ordinary members. They were further to choose annually, from their own number or otherwise, a chairman, a vice-chairman, and a deputy-chairman, thus bringing the whole body up to about one hundred and forty members of a metropolitan parliament.

The bill left much to be done in the future. Thus the City of London and its functions remain practically untouched, and the parish vestries and district boards continue to exercise their accustomed jurisdiction in minor affairs. Ultimately, of course, these powers will all be conferred upon the central County Council, in order that it may re-delegate such authority as it deems best to a revised series of ward or district councils; or else Parliament itself will ordain a new and improved subdivision of London, and constitute minor councils with well-defined duties subject to the County Council. But as matters stand, the County Council is not without an important range of authority. It supersedes the Metropolitan Board of Works, which had grown to be an administrative body of vast undertakings. It is also assigned certain administrative duties that had formerly belonged to the county justices. It is now demanding from Parliament very extensive additions to its powers. If as yet it is but a framework, it is a substantial and enduring one, and it will in the very early future have become the most important municipal administrative body in the world. It is expected that it will secure an enlargement of the official bounds of London to include an area perhaps as extensive as that of the police jurisdiction. Its members will ultimately sit ex officio in reformed district councils for minor administrative purposes. It will invade the sanctuary of the inner City and destroy its "flummery" and ancient traditions so far as they carry with them peculiar immunities and privileges. It will take in hand, one after another, great public works, and will make London a fitting place for its people to live in, and a convenient place for the vast world commerce that centers there.

THE BRITISH IDEAL.

HENCEFORTH, then, *the* government of London will be that of the County Council, which will gradually absorb the authority now belonging to obscure parish authorities, and will acquire very much of the jurisdiction now and heretofore exercised directly by departments or bureaus of the imperial government. The full development of that government is only a question of time. Nobody doubts what its form and principle will be. The absolute control of municipal affairs by one central, elective body, representing the masses of the citizens, will be the permanent and final government of this chief of urban communities. Such is the British ideal of a perfect municipal government. All administrative and appointive power will be vested in the council. It will work through standing committees, each committee supervising some branch of business or administration, at the head of which will be a skilled executive officer appointed upon his merits.

It is possible that the title of Mayor, or Lord Mayor, may sometime be transferred from the present head of the ancient City corporation

to the chairman of the County Council. In England, however, a mayor has no appointive power or special executive duties, but is simply a member of the common council and its presiding officer for the time being. The American idea of setting a mayor up, outside the council, as a sort of rival principality, would appear incomprehensibly absurd in England. In our own cities we attempt the impossible feat of governing ourselves by a council and by a mayor at the same time. Sometimes we arbitrarily give the greater power to the one, sometimes we give it to the other, and not infrequently we distrust both and confer administrative powers upon special boards and commissions. What is needed is municipal self-government exercised through one central organ; and this can be accomplished by choosing an absolute dictator from time to time under the title of mayor, in accordance with the ideas of certain American reformers. But this method is highly unrepublican, besides being incompatible with a wise continuity of policy. Why does it not occur to reformers in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other American cities to espouse the simple, republican, stably balanced system that pertains in all foreign countries, and *par excellence* in England, of a city government controlled throughout by a central elective council?

THE NEW COUNCIL AND ITS ELECTION.

LONDON'S new government rests upon a franchise so popular that practically nobody who would care to vote is excluded. In the first place, all householders are enfranchised; and this includes every man who rents a place for his family, even if it be only a small room in the garret or the cellar of a tenement house. It also includes those who live within fifteen miles of the metropolis, but own or occupy metropolitan quarters, for any purpose, worth a certain very limited rental. Owners of freehold property in London, no matter where they live, if British subjects, are entitled to vote. Widows and unmarried women who are householders, occupiers or owners of property, are also authorized to vote for county councilors. The principal basis of the franchise is the household; and the chief disqualifications are receipt of public alms and failure to pay rates that have fallen due. Any resident of the metropolis or vicinity who is entitled to vote is eligible to election. Furthermore, any British subject who owns land in London or who is possessed of a limited amount of property, no matter where he lives, may be chosen a councilor of the county of London. The fact of residence in one district does not disqualify, either in law or in the popular judgment, for candidacy in another district.

Thus the present council, elected in January, 1889, from fifty-seven districts besides the City, is constituted in utter disregard of the precise residence of members. The successful candidates in East or South London districts were in many instances prominent men who live in the West End or in rural suburbs. If it were the English fashion, as it is the American, to elect as representatives of a ward or district only men who live in that ward or district for the general duties of a municipal council, the ward plan would be given up in whole or in part, and councilors would be elected upon a general ticket by the whole city. For the strict ward plan can never result in a representative body of the best type. But nowhere in England is residence in a ward deemed a necessary qualification.

Great interest was shown in the election of the first council. The machinery of nomination and election was borrowed from the general municipal and parliamentary systems in vogue throughout the country. Thus, it being desired that John Burns should be a candidate for the Battersea district, it was only necessary for purposes of a valid nomination that a blank should be filled out with John Burns's name, residence, and calling, and the name of the district; that it should be signed by a "proposer," a "seconder," and eight other resident voters; and that it be filed with the county's returning officer at least six days before the date of the election. An unlimited number of such nominations may be filed. The names are announced, and opportunity is given for candidates to withdraw if they choose. Four days before the election the revised lists of candidates in all the districts are posted up conspicuously. The Australian system of secret voting has long been in vogue in England, and the government provides the ballot papers. Nobody may be voted for except those who have been duly nominated in the manner specified above.

Since two councilors are elected from each of the London districts, the nomination is equivalent to an election when only two candidates are presented. In the case of Battersea, for example, there were six nominations, and therefore six names appeared on the ballot paper. The voter marked two names, and the two candidates who received the highest number of votes were elected. The candidates averaged about five in each district, one having eight. In only one was there no contest. In Saint George, Hanover Square, Colonel Howard-Vincent and Mr. Antrobus were the only nominees, and no election was held. In subsequent elections it will doubtless happen in numerous districts that the present incumbents

will be returned without opposition, as is the custom to a great extent in municipal elections throughout Great Britain.

All the stringent regulations against the lavish and corrupt use of money that have proved so salutary in purifying English parliamentary elections have been made applicable to the election of London councilors. Under no circumstances may the election expenses of a councilor aggregate more than twenty-five pounds ($125), except that an additional threepence is allowed for each voter in the district above the first five hundred. All expenditures must be made through authorized agents, and these must report the items to the candidate, who within a month must render a complete return of expenses incurred in his election. No payments may be made on behalf of any candidate for conveyance of voters, for bands of music or parades or other public demonstrations, for clerks or messengers except at the rate of one employed person for each thousand voters, nor for placards or printed matter except through a selected advertising agent. These laws are construed strictly, carry heavy penalties, and are scrupulously observed.

This first London council possesses as high an average of ability and distinction as the House of Commons. Sir John Lubbock and the Earl of Rosebery are two of the four members for the City, and such well-known men as Mr. Firth, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Martineau, Colonel Hughes, Colonel Howard-Vincent, Mr. Antrobus, Lord Monkswell, Sir R. Hanson, Lord Compton, and John Burns are in the list, together with many who have a high local reputation for character and ability. Two ladies were elected — Lady Sandhurst and Miss Jane Cobden. The councilors added to their number by choosing the following persons as aldermen: Lord Lingen, Lord Hobhouse, Quintin Hogg, Sir Thomas Farrer, Frederic Harrison, John Barker, Edmund Routledge, Frank Debenham, S. S. Tayler, Arthur Arnold, Hon. R. Grosevenor, S. Hope Morley, J. Eccleston Gibb, G. W. E. Russell, Earl of Meath, Evan Spicer, Mark Beaufoy, Miss Cons, and the Rev. Fleming Williams. A council containing so much distinguished material and approved political ability can but have prestige and success. The aristocracy by no means predominates in the London council, although it is so liberally represented. The noble lords who hold seats are practical, popular men, with a talent for affairs, and they sit beside several scores of plain untitled citizens of London, some of whom are of as humble origin as John Burns, the labor leader, but most of whom are men of more than commonplace abilities. It may interest New York, Boston, and Chicago readers to be assured that there are no saloon-keepers or ward "bosses" in this London council, over which Lord Rosebery presides as chairman, while the scientist-statesman, Sir John Lubbock, serves as vice-chairman, and the distinguished London reformer, Mr. Firth, as deputy-chairman.

THE LONDON SEWERS.

THE defunct board of works handed down its unfinished undertakings to the County Council. The more than thirty years of the board's existence witnessed vast, but only partly successful, attempts to undo the mistakes of the past and to modernize the metropolis. The prime occasion for the establishment of the metropolitan board in 1855 was the need of main sewers. Upon this work of a general drainage system the board had spent $35,000,000 from 1856 to 1888. This is apart from the cost of the network of smaller sewers that ramify the parishes, and that have been built by the vestries and parish boards.

The natural drain for the whole region is, of course, the Thames; but the time had come when a free discharge at intervals into the river was intolerable. Long before this the stream would have been filled with a putrid, plague-generating mass of sludge, to the destruction of navigation and commerce as well as of life. Main sewer tunnels, following either bank, carry the sewage to a point some fifteen miles below the city, where it meets a strong tidal movement. Filtration works have been erected there at vast expense. It has been hoped that the compressed sludge, of which there are several thousand tons per day, can all eventually be disposed of as a manure; but hitherto it has been necessary to barge much of it out to sea, large vessels having been built for that purpose. The experimental work is far from completed, and the new council will find the problem of sewage disposal both expensive and vexatious. A royal commission appointed for that purpose in 1882 reported in 1884 upon this question. All the large cities of Europe have since then been watching the experiments at London, and hoping that a solution might be found that would be applicable elsewhere.

The royal commissioners found the discharge of crude sewage objectionable at any point on the Thames estuary, on both sanitary and navigation grounds, and could not approve, as a permanent measure, the discharge into the river of the impure liquid after the process of deposition or precipitation of the solid material. The only final remedy they could advise for the further purification of this liquid was its application to land. It now remains for the County Council to add sewage farms to its

present means for the disposal of the London drainage and the protection of the Thames. Sir Robert Rawlinson in an elaborate paper on "London Sewerage and Sewage" has lately declared that the entire volume of that sewage is now worth $8,750,000 a year for manurial purposes, and that the direct irrigation of land is the true system for the London authorities to adopt. London is now a well-sewered city; and this great sanitary reform has reduced the death rate most notably.

STREETS, PARKS, AND TRANSIT.

A STREET map of London as the city was in 1840 or 1850 would be necessary to make plain all the improvements that have been wrought, especially in the central districts lying within four or five miles of Charing Cross. As the metropolis grew, naturally the pressure of traffic upon its central thoroughfares became enormous. It was necessary, at great cost, to widen and straighten important streets, and to open new thoroughfares. Thus great improvements were made in the lines of streets that lead from Charing Cross to the Bank. It became imperative to create other arteries between the City and the West End, and the Holborn Viaduct with High Holborn and New Oxford streets was constructed. Queen Victoria street and the magnificent Thames embankments constituted still another new route created with the outlay of millions. The Northumberland Avenue, the Gray's Inn Road, the Charing Cross Road, and dozens of other now important thoroughfares, have been recently cut through solid masses of buildings, involving heavy financial operations in condemning property, clearing sites, constructing the streets, and reselling the new street frontage.

London, like all other old cities, is a vast tangled network of streets that for the most part begin nowhere and end nowhere. Upon this network it became necessary to superimpose a system of main thoroughfares as avenues of communication. This work had begun, either under the authorities of the City corporation or under special parliamentary commissions, long before the day of the metropolitan board; but this body has accomplished the major part. Including the splendid river boulevards and retaining walls known as the Albert, Victoria, and Chelsea embankments, I find that the metropolitan board had expended from 1856 to 1887 about $75,000,000 upon these main street improvements, during which time the outlying parts of the metropolis had added to the ordinary street system about 2000 miles of new thoroughfares, lined with from 500,000 to 600,000 new houses. But the cost of these new streets has been defrayed by the adjacent property owners and the local boards; and it is to the expense of main arterial improvements that I refer. Including what the City and special commissions have spent, not less than $100,000,000 has gone into this work of reforming the vicious street system of London since 1850. And still the task is far from completed. New lines of communication must yet be made to relieve the glut of traffic on east and west routes north of the Thames.

Only a competent central authority like the new council can manage these gigantic municipal reforms in the suitable way. While these main improvements have been in progress, it should be said in justice to the vestries and district boards that the network of lesser streets has been wonderfully changed for the better, and that London as a whole is now a well-paved city. It devolves upon the council, as upon its predecessor the board of works, to regulate the width and formation of new streets, the lining of the buildings, the naming of streets, and the numbering of houses. Unfortunately the metropolis was already far too large when this power was given to a central authority. There are fine avenues in the newer suburbs; but throughout most of the metropolis the lesser streets must remain in a condition that to an American seems painfully chaotic. An important work was done by the metropolitan board in constructing Thames bridges, but the supply is wholly insufficient. One or two new Thames tunnels are now in progress, and $20,000,000 ought to be expended soon for additional bridges.

Great attention has been given in recent years to the acquisition of ground for parks. Formerly the principal public gardens and open spaces of London were appurtenances of the Crown, and were under control of the "Commissioners of her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings." This remains true of Hyde Park, with St. James's and Green, of Richmond, Hampton Court, and the Kew Gardens, of Regent's Park and of Greenwich — all noble pleasure grounds that are freely at the service of the London masses. But the County Council has fallen heir to a number of parks that had been either created by the metropolitan board or transferred to it. Thus in 1887 the Victoria, Battersea, and Kennington parks had been transferred from the control of her Majesty's commissioners to the metropolitan board. And among the other well-known parks, commons, and open spaces that have come under the council's charge are Southwark, Finsbury, Blackheath, Hackney, Clapham, Hampstead Heath, Stoke Newington, Shepherd's Bush, Tooting Beck, Plumstead, Streatham, Wormwood Scrubs,

Wandsworth, Vauxhall, and Brixton. A large amount of legislation enacted within the past quarter-century has had for its object the creation and preservation of open spaces, the transformation of disused cemeteries into park spaces, and the encouragement in all possible ways of park-making in and about the metropolis. The result has been surprising in the aggregate. The City corporation has lately made good use of some of its wealth in the purchase for public parks of several extensive tracts beyond the limits of the metropolis. The gilds and certain private associations are also zealously helping to atone for past neglect, and to provide the present and future metropolis with recreation grounds and breathing-spaces. But there is daily reason for regret that the need of parks was not sooner foreseen, and that so many ancient tracts of common land have been swallowed up in the expanding wilderness of brick and mortar and narrow streets beyond recovery. Much remains to be done in the opening of park spaces in London.

The great metropolis needs improved and systematized local transit. For want of anything better, the omnibus system has grown to enormous magnitude. The street railways are only moderately successful, because not permitted in the heart of the city. There are three systems, one in South London, one in North London, and one in East London, operated by several companies, and having lines aggregating about a hundred miles in length. They are not very profitable, and contribute nothing to public revenues except ordinary taxes. The regular steam railways run innumerable suburban trains, and constitute the rapid-transit system of London. Their tracks are laid upon elevated road-beds which bridge the streets. But they enter the city with so little system that their network of tracks comes short of furnishing a really scientific scheme of metropolitan transit. An underground line, the "District" road, continued by another, the "Metropolitan," serves a very important purpose, making a circuit and connecting a number of the principal railway passenger stations. Ultimately this underground system will be extended, although it has many disadvantages. The streets of London are hardly broad enough or straight enough for the introduction of anything like a complete system of surface cable or electric lines.

WATER AND LIGHTING SUPPLIES.

THE London water supply is another problem that demands attention. The health, comfort, and permanent well-being of a large city depend upon its having an abundance of pure water as upon almost no other consideration. London has always been served by private water companies, and there are now eight of them operating in different districts. They derive nearly all their supply from the rivers Thames and Lea, the intakes being several miles above London. Strenuous attempts are made, under the acts forbidding the pollution of rivers, to keep these sources of supply uncontaminated, but with only partial success. For the most part the companies filter their water; but the supply is none of the purest, and it is limited in quantity. Because a continuous flow is not provided, most houses are obliged to use cistern storage. Legislation intended to protect consumers and compel the companies to give adequate service has not been very successful. Absurdly enough, the companies have been allowed to collect water rates based upon the rental value of the houses supplied. Now it so happens that the assessed rental value has trebled since 1855 and doubled since 1868. It has increased twenty-five per cent. since 1880. The consequence is that the water companies have been steadily increasing their charges without improving their services. They supply actually less water per house on the average than they did ten or fifteen years ago, and they collect greatly augmented rates. The market value of their shares has gone up accordingly. The advance in assessed values of house property from year to year is worth additional unearned profits of half a million dollars to the water companies every year. From 1871 to 1883 their stock had increased one hundred per cent. in value.

Parliamentary investigating committees have from time to time reported in favor of the assumption of the water supply by a central public authority, but until now the suitable authority has not existed. Negotiations looking to a purchase for the public a few years ago resulted in agreements on the part of the companies to sell out their antiquated and insufficient plants for the modest sum of about $170,000,000; but eminent engineers estimated that an entirely new and superior supply could be procured at a cost of $60,000,000 — this to include four gallons per inhabitant per diem of pure water for drinking purposes brought from the chalk strata, and an unlimited supply of river water for general uses. The fire department was under control of the metropolitan board, and is now subject to the County Council. Its work is hampered by the private control and the insufficiency of the water supply; and everything in the situation conspires to demand a new consolidated municipal water department. Upon the organization of the council last year,

a number of bills for the enlargement of its powers and the further improvement of London government were introduced in Parliament. One of these bills provided for the purchase of the plants and rights of the water companies by the County Council. The question has been vigorously agitated during the present year, and the County Council, encouraged by the vestries and all London, is besieging Parliament for the requisite authority. The demand cannot be long resisted. A public water supply would give the citizens a far better service at materially reduced cost, besides earning sufficient profits to pay the interest charges and gradually redeem the principal of the original investment.

Most of the large British towns and cities have assumed the gas supply as a municipal function, and have found it advantageous to do so. But London has not been properly organized for such undertakings, and the manufacture and distribution of gas remains in private hands, although it is under the surveillance of the County Council. Until a few years ago a large number of gas companies competed for the London business. These are now consolidated into three companies, which operate in different territories. Their shares sell at from 250 to 300, and they pay dividends of from 12 to 18 per cent. They, like the water companies, tear the streets up quite at their own pleasure. The general government with its postal telegraph wires, the water companies, the gas companies, the council with its main drainage system, and the parish boards with their control of local drainage and paving, all have independent right to break the street surface, and it would be superfluous to comment upon the confusion that has often resulted. Nothing could better illustrate the need of a fully empowered central authority.

Twenty years ago, or more, London began to construct capacious subways for wires, pipes, and various conduits to protect the surface of the streets. But the gas companies secured the right to use the subways or not at their option; and there are on record instances where, immediately after the completion of costly and magnificent subways under beautifully paved streets, gas companies have torn up the pavement on each side from one end of the street to the other, and laid their leaking pipes in the ground. It is not so very strange then, especially in view of the fact that nearly all of the large cities of Great Britain have assumed the water and gas supplies and are operating them with great success as municipal monopolies, that the London people are now determined to centralize and to municipalize such services in the hands of their new representative body.

Electric lighting has made relatively little progress in English cities; but a noteworthy beginning in London is now announced by the St. Pancras Vestry, which has decided to provide electric light within its own populous district both for street illumination and for private consumption. Within a few years we shall undoubtedly see the subway system extended throughout the central parts of the metropolis, and carrying water pipes, illuminating and fuel gas pipes, telegraph and telephone wires, electric light and power wires, numerous pneumatic tubes, and perhaps other and newer fangled things. And these services of supply will have been taken in hand very largely by the public authorities.

HOUSING AND SANITATION.

THE housing of the working people and of the masses of the population has forced its way to the front in London, as in all great European towns, as one of the most serious problems of the day. Unfortunately, in the period when the new forces of industry were giving modern cities so rapid a growth,— the period, we may roughly say, embraced in the first half of this century,— it was deemed a matter of little public concern how private owners constructed either factories or residence blocks. They might build tenement houses to accommodate a hundred families, with practically no open court space, with low, small, and dark apartments, and with an arrangement of rooms that offended against privacy and decency and invited epidemic diseases. An ounce of prevention would have been better than remedies that are costing millions of pounds sterling. The metropolitan board was given authority over the construction of new buildings, and by successive acts of Parliament it acquired wide functions as to the housing of the people, that have now descended to the council.

Besides regulations of a sanitary nature, and those relating to safety of construction, the authorities make rules as to the height, frontage, projections, and general street appearance of houses. An act of 1882 confers a much needed power to require a certain proportionate clear space in the rear of each house. Under a series of artisans and laborers' dwellings acts the metropolitan board acquired the power to buy up property in unhealthy areas, clear away the old houses, and sell or lease the ground for the erection of suitable tenements. Several millions have been expended in this way, the best results being due to the coöperation with the authorities of private individuals and associations. Thus the Peabody Fund houses, Miss Octavia Hill's model tenements, and the

fine blocks of several incorporated associations for building workingmen's dwellings, have provided decent homes within twenty years for several hundred thousand people.

Fortunately in the outlying parts of London the prevailing type is the small house of two or three stories, and in a majority of the metropolitan districts the average is not greater than eight or ten people to a house. There are, however, in the central quarters many terribly congested districts in which nothing will suffice but wholesale demolition by the public authorities. Gradually a million or two of Londoners must be rehoused; and the vastness of this problem seems to be transforming some very practical and conservative men into socialists. In connection with the house reform legislation, authority has been given to establish workingmen's lodging-houses in London, upon the plan of those so successful in Glasgow. But little or nothing has yet been done in this direction. The parish and district authorities have power to establish free libraries and reading-rooms, and to construct and operate public baths and wash-houses. Something has been accomplished towards these ends, and there are perhaps fifteen of the combined baths and wash-houses in London; but there should be at least a hundred and fifty. The free libraries, moreover, are so few and far between that their existence is known to a very small percentage of the population.

I am aware that there is much in the intricate management of London affairs that I have left undescribed. Thus for the purposes of the English poor law there is a Metropolitan Poor Law District, subdivided into thirty parishes or unions of parishes, each subdivision having a board of guardians elected by the rate-payers. These boards administer the poor laws and care for the hundred thousand paupers of London. They administer outside relief, and support poor-houses—"work-houses" as they are called in England—and infirmaries.

The ordinary sanitary administration is in the hands of the vestries and district boards. These bodies attend to garbage removal and street-cleansing, maintain sanitary inspection of houses, employ public analysts and food inspectors, and provide against epidemic diseases. It must be remembered that each of these parishes or consolidated districts is as populous as a fair-sized city, their average inhabitancy being more than 100,000. While their functions are similar, no two of them organize their business in exactly the same way, and there are wide differences in the efficiency of their work. The sanitary administration of the entire metropolis ought to be brought under the control and inspection of the central council, although parceled out for practical execution to the minor councils.

As a result of public improvements and reforms in the sanitary administration, imperfect as these reforms have been, the death rate of London has been reduced from more than thirty as the average annual rate per thousand during the half-century from 1800 to 1850, down to the present average rate of about twenty. This means in a population of 5,000,000 the saving of 50,000 lives a year. It means, of course, the prevention of a vastly greater number of cases of sickness, a marked increase in the average duration of life, and an important conservation of the physical strength and wealth-producing energy of the people. The saving of 500,000 lives in every decade in the one city of London as a result of improved public arrangements is a triumph in sanitary science that may well encourage further efforts.

THE LONDON SCHOOLS.

On the creation of a popularly elected school board for the metropolis in 1870 and its great work of education I may say in a word that it has now more than four hundred schools, with about 450,000 children enrolled as pupils. Prior to 1871 all the elementary schools of London were denominational and private, being partly supported by grants from the government. There were then about 300,000 pupils enrolled in all London; and a large proportion of the schools were utterly inefficient, and attendance was irregular. Probably not 200,000 children were receiving efficient and regular instruction. There are now at least 650,000 enrolled in schools of good character and standing approved by the government inspectors. Thus the general educational condition of London has been revolutionized within twenty years. Compulsory education is not a merely nominal provision in London, for school attendance is enforced by an army of 272 "visitors."

The school board was the first public body that the metropolitan population was permitted to elect by direct vote. It has fifty-five members, elected in eleven large districts. The entire board is renewed every three years, and the principle of minority representation prevails. Thus in the Tower Hamlets district, which elects five members, the voter might "plump" his five votes for a single candidate, or might distribute them to two, three, four, or five candidates. In that district two years ago Sir Edmund Hay Currie and Mrs. Annie Besant were regarded as candidates favoring the "progressive" as opposed to the "reactionary" policy. The radicals and anti-denominationalists con-

centrated their votes upon these two candidates and elected them, whereas if they had pushed a full ticket of five names they would have been defeated. The plan gives every considerable element an opportunity to secure representation.

Supported by various agencies, public and private, technical education is rapidly advancing in London. I have recently described in this magazine the Polytechnic Institute movement, and a long chapter might be written upon the gratifying progress of other practical education movements among the working people of London in recent years. No large American city has, at this moment, so favorable a prospect for the intellectual and industrial training of all its young people as has the English metropolis.

CERTAIN PENDING QUESTIONS.

THE metropolitan police force is not under the control of any local authority, but is directed by commissioners who are responsible to the Home Office of the general government. There is a strong demand in London for the transfer of the police authority to the County Council, and the subject has provoked much discussion. It is urged that the concentration of imperial and national interests in London is so vastly important that the higher authorities should maintain control of the police in protection of all those central concerns that pertain to the greatest capital in the world. Ultimately a compromise will probably be reached. The County Council ought certainly to have some share in the police administration of the metropolis.

A problem that is continually upon the minds of the London reformers is that of the ownership and taxation of the land upon which London stands. There is very little freehold land in or about the metropolis. Houses are built upon land acquired by leasehold title. When the leases fall in, they carry the houses with them. Everything eventually goes to the ground landlord. The ownership of ground-rents and of houses is usually separate, though sometimes united in the same individual; but it is almost never the case that the occupier is the owner of either. House occupiers have no motive to make repairs, and house owners make as few as possible, especially in the twenty years that precede the falling in of a lease. Nobody acquires the home feeling, or takes a proper interest in the affairs or improvements of the vicinity in which he lives. Taxes are collected chiefly from the occupier, and local revenues are raised almost wholly from rates imposed upon the rental value of occupied house property. Lots not built upon, since actual rental is the basis of taxation, are exempt.

The whole system is wrong. Large parts of London are held as individual properties, such as the estates of the Dukes of Westminster and Northampton and the Portman and Bedford estates; and these properties are increasing enormously in value by the falling in of leases and the increase of rentals. There is a powerful movement, led by the Liberal party, in favor of what is known as leasehold enfranchisement. It is proposed to enact laws giving the holder of a lease the right to purchase the freehold at a fair valuation. The reform has everything to commend it. The most determined opposition to it comes, however, from the advanced socialistic element that advocates the municipalization of the ground upon which London stands, and that fears the success of a reasonable reform like leasehold enfranchisement. Eminent men serving on a parliamentary commission that investigated the leasehold question in 1884 signed a report emphatically condemning it. "The system of building on leasehold ground is a great cause," they declared, "of the many evils connected with overcrowding, unsanitary building, and excessive rents"; and they further averred that "the prevailing system of building-leases is conducive to bad building, to deterioration of property towards the close of the lease, and to a want of interest on the part of the occupier in the house he inhabits; and legislation favorable to the acquisition on equitable terms of a freehold interest on the part of the leaseholder would conduce greatly to the improvement of the dwellings of the people of this country."

It remains to give a few facts about the financial administration of London. The parishes are the areas within which assessments and collections of taxes are made. The various rates are all levied upon the rental value of occupied premises, and the County Council and school board levies are collected and paid over to those central bodies by the local officers of the parishes and districts. Taxation is much heavier in some districts than in others, because of the greater amount of pauperism, or other neighborhood causes. Bills are pending in Parliament for the equalization of taxes throughout the metropolis. The council, as successor to the metropolitan board, is the borrowing authority for London. About one hundred lesser authorities — vestries, district boards, guardians of the poor for various districts, bath and wash-house commissioners, burial boards, and the school board — owe the council more than $40,000,000, which they have expended in public improvements. The council's own net indebtedness — inherited from the metropolitan

board—approaches $85,000,000. Thus the outstanding obligations in the name of the central municipal authority amount to about $125,000,000. This sum may be regarded as the debt of London. The annual rental value upon which rates are levied exceeds $150,000,000.

Many of the public improvements of the metropolis have been paid for out of the proceeds of an ancient but thoroughly objectionable tax of thirteen-pence—about twenty-six cents—upon every ton of coal brought by land or by water within an area considerably greater than that of the metropolis. The list of public works that the proceeds of these coal dues have secured in the past two hundred and fifty years is most formidable, but taxes of this kind bear too heavily upon the poor. It is the fault of the rating system of London that wealth does not pay its fair share towards public objects.

THERE is much that is instructive and admirable in the governmental arrangements of London, and still more that is commendable in the spirit of reform and progress that is now awake and active there. But perhaps the chief lessons for us in America are lessons of warning. If London, within the lifetime of men still in their prime, had taken due precautions, what errors might have been averted! London is now creating a park system, and acquiring land that has quadrupled in value within thirty years. London is widening and straightening streets, and incurring thereby the expense of appropriating frontage that costs twice as much now as it would have cost a few years ago. The people of London have been compelled to pay hundreds of millions as a penalty for the neglect to provide an adequate public water supply. They suffer an inestimable loss in convenience and in actual money through the haphazard nature of passenger transportation facilities. An intelligent system might have been devised if the matter had received due attention thirty years ago. If London had provided suitable building regulations forty or fifty years ago, and forbidden faulty and unsanitary construction, enormous subsequent expenses of demolition would have been averted. If the ground-rent system had not been allowed to grow insidiously through the past generations the general character of London, architecturally and in other respects, would have been enormously improved. Our American cities, studying the experience of Old World centers like London, cannot exercise too great forethought in preparing for the greatness that inevitably awaits them.

Albert Shaw.

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

WHEN the dead return, 't is not in garments ghostly,
And shapes like those in life they wore;
Not as vague phantoms shivering through the casements,
Like fugitives from night's dim shore:

Not with signs and omens dolorous their coming;
No outward sense their forms may mark;
To spirit prescience alone their spirits
Speak sweetly from the outer dark.

When the dead return, 't is as a blest conviction
That fills like light the waiting soul.
It is but this; and like the daylight fading
It vanishes without control.

Yet who has felt this bliss no more can sorrow
Hold utterly within her sway;
He knows that howso sharp may be his anguish
It can endure but for a day!

Arlo Bates.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"The Century's" Twentieth Anniversary.

THE first number of this magazine (under another name) bears the date of November, 1870. If this were not an unescapable fact it would be hard for those of us who have worked in the editing and publishing of it from the beginning to realize that twenty years have elapsed since, with how much of strain and anxiety, of enthusiasm and honest pride, the initial number was at last made up, printed, bound, and issued to the world!

It has seemed to us as perhaps more modest, as well as more feasible, not to attempt at this time a detailed review of the literary and art accomplishments of THE CENTURY, but instead to dwell upon the mechanical phase of magazine development in our day; and to this end we have asked Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne to describe the evolution which has taken place in his own printing house in connection with periodical printing. Mr. De Vinne was not the first printer of the magazine; but early in its history he took hold of it, and the progress made during the lifetime of THE CENTURY has been owing very largely to his own skill, energy, and patience in experiment. In the interesting article he has written, and which is published in this number, nothing is said of this; but it would ill become us not to make here and now such public acknowledgment. With a printer less conscientious, less open to new ideas, it would have been easy to block or delay the advance in magazine illustration which has been urged forward by the Art Department of The Century Co. and the artists and artist-engravers who have so ably worked for this magazine and for its companion ST. NICHOLAS. It is gratifying to be assured that the above statement will not be set down as a strained form of self-glorification, but that, on the contrary, it only expresses the opinion of nearly all, either at home or abroad, who have watched the development of modern illustrated periodicals.

It would be an agreeable task to speak here by name of the various members of THE CENTURY force, in all the various departments, who have worked with devotion to a single end, during a large part, or the whole, of the past twenty years. But omitting this we may, and should surely, speak of one who is no longer with us. Dr. Holland, besides being one of the founders, was editor-in-chief of the magazine during eleven years of its existence. The aims and methods and general character which he gave it are strongly impressed upon THE CENTURY; while, in sympathy with the times, it has continued, and doubtless will continue, to expand in new and important directions.

If some other writer were reviewing the twenty years of this magazine we would wish him to examine the record of these pages as to printing and wood-engraving; to note the relation of THE CENTURY to American literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, landscape gardening, science, and invention, and to the various reforms that have been made or are in progress in religious teaching, in education in general, in charitable enterprise, in the industrial world, and in governmental administration.

If there is any one dominant sentiment which an unprejudiced reviewer would recognize as pervading these forty half-yearly volumes it is, we think, a sane and earnest Americanism. Along with and part of the American spirit has been the constant endeavor to do all that such a publication might do to increase the sentiment of union throughout our diverse sisterhood of States — the sentiment of American nationality. It has always been the aim of THE CENTURY not only to be a force in literature and art, but to take a wholesome part in the discussion of great questions; not only to promote good literature and good art, but good citizenship.

The kind of Americanism which THE CENTURY has desired to cultivate is as far as possible from the "anti-abroad" cant of the political, literary, or artistic demagogue. It is the Americanism that deems the best of the Old World none too good for the New; that would, therefore, learn eagerly every lesson in good government, or in matters social or esthetic, that may be learned from the older countries; that would abolish entirely the stupid and brutal tax on foreign art, but is not so besotted in Anglomania as to wish, as do some American congressmen, to steal bodily the entire current literature of Great Britain for the benefit of American readers.

In working on the lines above briefly mentioned THE CENTURY has had the encouragement of a following of readers remarkable as to numbers — we believe in the same field unprecedented; remarkable also for generous appreciation. Mistakes have been no doubt made, some of them the result of that very spirit of experiment and desire for improvement which must characterize every live periodical — that spirit and that desire which if once lost would soon lose to us the immense and inspiring audience which it is THE CENTURY'S privilege and responsibility to address month by month and year by year.

Forestry in America.

WHAT is the present stage of development and discussion of forestry interests and subjects in this country? We have not, as yet, any real forestry in America; and we can have, therefore, only talk and writing about it, consideration and discussion, or, at best, efforts to arrange and prepare means and conditions for practical forestry. Some of the States have forestry commissions, and all should have, each with one paid officer to devote his time to the promotion of popular intelligence regarding the care of wooded lands and of the sources of streams, tree-planting, and the relation of forests to the fertility of the soil and to the agricultural prosperity of the country. We have also several State forestry associations, voluntary, unofficial organizations of public-spirited men and women who

wish to stimulate popular attention and interest regarding forestry matters. Their work is useful, but it might be made much more effective. Meetings, addresses, and newspaper writing are indispensable in the earlier stages of any movement requiring popular intelligence and coöperation, but systematic and continuous effort soon becomes necessary, and this can be commanded only by employing and paying a competent agent or secretary. Many good things have had their origin in gratuitous missionary labor, but the time comes when the work of carrying them forward must be paid for.

Effort in behalf of forestry interests takes different directions in different parts of the country. The State of New York has nearly a million acres of mountain forest lands, not in one compact body, but in scattered tracts separated by private holdings. In this situation the property of the State cannot be adequately protected from spoliation, nor properly administered as a source of revenue. Those who have given attention to the matter in this State therefore favor disposing of outlying tracts, by sale or exchange, and the acquisition by the State of sufficient additional territory to constitute a large State park, or forest reservation, around the sources of the Hudson River and the other great water-ways of the State. This plan was presented in a message from the governor to the Senate during the last session of the legislature, and by the concurrent action of both branches of that body was committed to the present Forest Commission for thorough investigation, the finding to be reported to the legislature at its next meeting. This is one of the most important forestry enterprises ever undertaken in this country. The business and commercial prosperity of the city of New York depends in very large measure upon the permanent maintenance of forest conditions around the sources of the Hudson River, and the interests of large portions of the interior of the State are also closely connected with the destiny of the North Woods. No part of the Adirondack Mountain forest region is adapted to cultivation. It is naturally suited to the perpetual production of timber, and to this crop alone. The five or six millions of people who will soon be dwellers in the great city which is so rapidly growing up on and around Manhattan Island will need the whole Adirondack wilderness for an outlying park and forest playground for their summer rest and recreation. The movement to preserve these mountain forests, and to make the region a public possession, should have the cordial support of all civilized anglers and huntsmen, of lumbermen and owners of timber lands, and of public-spirited citizens in general. At present large portions of the region are being rapidly and irretrievably ruined.

There is a recent movement in Massachusetts to secure the incorporation of a board of trustees empowered to hold any parcels of ground which may be conveyed to them on account of historic interest or beauty of scenery, and to open them as parks or commons for public use, under suitable regulations and on condition of police protection. This beginning is of great importance. All the pleasant and convenient portions of the coast of New England will soon be crowded with buildings. There will be an almost continuous town, with few places left where men can walk and meditate by the sea without being intruders upon private grounds. Land should be secured while it is obtainable for seashore commons, parks, and open spaces, with wise foresight of the conditions which will soon result from the increasing density of our population. Unless there is prompt action in this direction our children will probably live to see the shore lands everywhere inclosed, and in many places a fee demanded for a good view of the ocean, as we had to pay to see Niagara until the State of New York made that scene of beauty and grandeur a public possession and forever free to all.

It is desirable that all such efforts as this one just organized in Massachusetts should be made broad enough to include all the various public out-of-door interests which require the attention of the people, the care of beautiful scenery, of forests, streams, and wooded lands, historic sites, fish and game preserves, the purity of the water supply for towns, the treatment of roadsides, of parks, open spaces, and public grounds of all kinds. Such movements are apt to fail of full development and efficiency unless the coöperation of all classes of out-of-door people is secured. Plans for similar objects are under consideration in New Hampshire, and we hope they may be carried into effect in the preservation of the wonderful natural beauty of the White Mountain region. The scenery of New Hampshire is one of the most valuable pecuniary possessions of the people of the State. Good work has been done in Ohio and in other States in securing the preservation of important historic sites or of tracts of unusual natural beauty. California has been especially fortunate in this respect. One of her citizens, Col. J. B. Armstrong, has offered her a gift of six hundred acres of fine redwood forest to be set apart for the public use. Congress has passed the bill reserving for the public use the Tulare Big Trees, and there is every expectation that the bill for the establishment of the Yosemite National Park will also be passed. The endeavor to rescue the present Yosemite reservation from impending injury should attract and inspire all lovers of natural beauty and of the peace and joy which it nourishes, and should appeal especially to the pride and enlist the active coöperation of Californians. There is room and need for much more effort for similar objects. The people who are interested in forestry are acting wisely in organizing and carrying forward such movements. In many of the States of our country there is no opportunity for forestry in the proper sense of the term, but there is everywhere imperative need of popular education in the care of woodlands, trees, roadsides, and open spaces, and in appreciation of the value of change of scene and environment for all who live and work under the conditions of our modern life.

Our natural interest in forestry is connected chiefly with the problems of the management and destiny of the forests on the public domain. These forests, and the lands on which they stand, belong equally to the people of the whole country. They are as much the property of the inhabitants of New York and Virginia as of the people of the States in which the nation's forests and lands are situated. They should be at once withdrawn from sale, and the army of the United States should guard them from spoliation until a commission of competent men examines them and decides what portions of them should be kept permanently in forest for the protection of the sources of important

rivers. At present these invaluable forests are pillaged and devastated without scruple or limit by people who think it fine business to appropriate to themselves without cost the property of the nation. They have been doing this so long that they appear to claim the right to continue their ravages permanently, and are indignant at the suggestion of any interference by the owners of the property. Extensive tracts of these forests are destroyed by the pasturage of sheep owned by men who have no right whatever on the nation's land. Other great areas are desolated by fires, many of which are purposely started. Now these are the plain facts regarding mountain forests and their functions which are known to all persons of intelligence who have given any serious attention to forestry subjects. The sponge-like mass of roots, soil, leaves, and other vegetable matter which forms the forest floor acts as a natural storage reservoir, and holds back the water of rainfall and melting snow, allowing it to escape and descend but slowly to the channels of the streams, which are thus fed with comparatively equable flow all the year around. If forest conditions are destroyed, if the network of living root-fibers which holds the soil together and in place on steep slopes and around the shoulders of the hills is killed out by fire or pasturage, the soil soon begins to break and slip down from the hillsides, carrying away the sponge-like stratum which before had held vast quantities of water in store in a natural reservoir spread all over the surface of the hills. After this the water rushes down the hillsides in destructive torrents; and it soon scoops out great chasms and gullies, choking the streams and covering the fertile lands of the valleys below with inert sand and gravel.

The forests on the public domain have a special interest and value for the people of this country because they guard the sources of rivers which can be used to redeem and fertilize millions of acres of arid lands. A territory large enough for a great empire can be made marvelously productive by means of irrigation, if these forests on the nation's land are protected and preserved. If forest conditions are destroyed on these mountains, many millions of acres in the arid regions below must forever remain desert and uninhabitable. The timber of these forests can be fully utilized without impairing forest conditions, or affecting in any degree the permanent flow of the streams which have their sources in them. Artificial storage reservoirs will doubtless be found necessary for purposes of irrigation, to supplement the function of the natural reservoirs, the mountain forests, but if the forests are destroyed the reservoirs will be filled up with sand and gravel, dams will be broken and swept away, and there will soon be but little water available for use in agriculture. Besides, if the forest covering of the mountains is destroyed, the mountains themselves will soon begin to change. They depend upon the forests for their permanence. If they are deprived of their indispensable vital integument, "the everlasting hills" are torn away and dragged down by rushing torrents of water and storms of wind. The rivers perish because their sources are destroyed. As much water may fall as before, but it becomes destructive instead of vivifying. It rushes away in uncontrollable fury and is lost.

All this is known. It is not a matter of theory, probability, or opinion. It has been incontrovertibly established by repeated observations in all the mountain countries of the Old World and in our own country. The results are uniform. No exceptions have been observed, and there is no question or doubt regarding these destructive tendencies and effects among those who have observed the facts which are everywhere palpable in this department of nature and of human experience. Those who know anything of the subject are agreed that, in general, the forest-clothing of mountains cannot be permanently removed without far-reaching evil results. But the interests which are opposed to the protection of the nation's forests, and which are nourished by their constant and enormous spoliation, are strong and determined.

A Duty of Congress to Itself.

THE defeat of the International Copyright Bill on the 2d of May has illustrated the saying that next to a victory the best thing for a good cause is a defeat. The movement for honorable treatment of literary property has shown its vitality since that vote as never before; has, in fact,

Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows.

The indignant protest with which the unexpected rejection of this measure was greeted by the press and by the opinion of educated people in general cannot be mistaken: it clearly demonstrates that whatever stigma the House of Representatives may be willing to put upon itself, the people of the United States do not deserve to rest under the charge of being "a nation of pirates." Never was public sentiment more outraged or more ill-divined than by those Representatives who concluded that their popularity was to be enhanced by voting for what they erroneously supposed to be "cheap books." There has never been presented the slightest evidence that any considerable portion of our people oppose this reform, while the Copyright Committee has poured in upon Congress petitions for its passage from hundreds of the most distinguished Americans in all walks of life. The luster of these names should have challenged the attention of Representatives and plead for the importance of the measure. As it is, the House has put itself in a most disgraceful position — disgraceful to the country, but chiefly to itself. Happily there is yet an opportunity in the present Congress for righting the record. Should the present long session terminate without the redress of this time-honored wrong, let it be a solemn obligation upon every reader of these lines to urge upon his Representative during the recess his duty to the cause of justice, to the opinion of intelligent sentiment everywhere, and to the collective and individual reputation of members of Congress.

To Representatives who do not recognize an ethical obligation to set the official seal of criminality upon an offense which has incurred the condemnation of the civilized world, appeal may be made — indeed has unceasingly been made — in the name of the prosperity of American literature. It is humiliating to have to urge upon lawmakers so elementary a consideration as the value of a national literature — that literature is the phonograph of national life, preserving and reproducing what is most worth record; that it is a standing

army for the defense of national ideas and institutions; a necessary means of fireside travel and of intellectual interchange by which the sympathies of the different sections of the country are strengthened; and, last of all, the strongest barrier to a sordid materialism which is the greatest menace to the American system of government. Alas! to reach some legislators even these considerations seem too subtle; they are not cast in the idiom of the corridors of the Capitol. Some material equation of dollars and cents seems to be needed, such as the fact that American authors have suffered the loss of millions of money by the absence of International Copyright. To such Representatives that statement seems more tangible than, for instance, this significant paragraph from Sir Henry Maine's treatise on "Popular Government":

> The power to grant patents by federal authority has, however, made the American people the first in the world for the number and ingenuity of the inventions by which it has promoted the "useful arts"; while, on the other hand, the neglect to exercise this power for the advantage of foreign writers has condemned the whole American community to a literary servitude unparalleled in the history of thought.

These words, nevertheless, are painfully true, and until writers are admitted to the equality of the law with other men we probably shall never have in America a thoroughly self-sustaining profession of letters, producing a national literature of three dimensions—with depth of thought as well as length and breadth of superficial activity. It is not merely a question of the additional money return which ultimately would accrue to a given effort, though that is doubtless desirable as a condition to thorough work: it is a question rather of the soil and atmosphere which nourish letters—of a friendlier and more appreciative attitude of the people towards their own literature, of the restoration of the decreasing regard for books, and of the enhancement of the self-respect and dignity of the writer. To quote from the admirable address of the Western Association of Writers in memorializing Congress in favor of the Copyright bill:

> The classics of every nation should be read by every nation, but the bulk of the literature of each country should be its own, conveying its own traditions and national ideas, and inculcating the spirit of its own institutions.

For readers as well as for authors International Copyright means a declaration of American literary independence.

The Making of California.

WITH General Bidwell's faithful narrative in the present number THE CENTURY begins a systematic record of some of the chief features of the Anglo-Saxon movement to California, a part of the national life which has no parallel either in our own history or in that of any other country. We say "a part of the national life," for though the immediate scene of the search for gold and of the foundation of one of our greatest commonwealths was a narrow strip of Pacific coast, the lines of sympathy and interest at that day reached to every quarter of the country, if not to every quarter of the globe. Nothing more characteristically American than this movement has been exhibited in our hundred years. The material conquest of California is not only important in itself, but as having set the pitch for the winning of the nearer West. The actual successes of that period have had their counterparts in other portions of the country; but the romance, humor, and tragedy of the California movement have an enduring and attractive individuality. Frequently in the long story one catches a discordant note, savage or sordid, but he is a superficial student of the time who does not see that it was not all for gold that the buoyant, brave, and hardy pioneers poured into the land of promise, by every practicable route, from the workshops, colleges, farms, and offices of the East. That they were not mere misers or speculators is proved by the way they spent their treasure, the yield of which, it has been calculated, cost in the mass, in labor and expenditure, dollar for dollar.

It is, therefore, not only the development of California which interests us, but the development of Californians—the broadening of a self-reliant type of American. "Get work," says the saw:

> Get work; be sure 't is better far
> Than what you work to get.

Yet the spectacle of the activity of the surging crowds in the cañons of the Sierra lacks something of ideality until one ponders upon its inner motive, as shown in the entr'actes. One has only to read the newspapers of that day, or, better, to look through the volumes of "Hutchings' California Magazine," to catch the "very pulse" of the movement to California. Those pages are a sounding-board of homesick cries; they are pervaded with loneliness, with pathetic praises of home and children in prose and verse, intensified by the uncertainties of absence. Every note in the human gamut was familiar to the pioneer, but it is this lingering on the domestic note which in the retrospect gives him particular and poetic interest.

The picture of those times is a varied and salient one, full of light and shadow, and it will be the aim of our series to do justice to each. Adventure, danger, courage, heroism, and sacrifice are familiar terms to those who know the intimate life of the period, and these are thrown still more in relief against the unknown and changing conditions of a stormy experience. The events of that time are far enough away to be contemplated by this generation with the interest of novelty; and under the guidance of the pioneers themselves, led by the honored contributor of this month's paper, we hope to make our readers agreeably familiar with the pastoral life of the Spanish Californians, with the several perilous routes to the land of gold, and with the many-colored scenes in the midst of which a star of the first magnitude was added to the national flag.

OPEN LETTERS.

Spoiling the Egyptians.

THE traveler in Egypt is very soon confronted by the fact that Egypt is not all there. He visits the greatest ruin in the world, Karnak; the famous Hall of Ancestors has been stripped of its treasure: the bas-relief representing King Thothmes III. making offerings to threescore of his predecessors is in the Louvre. Seen on the spot such a sculpture would be of extraordinary interest and value even to the most casual student of Egyptian history. One stands in the doorway of the same hall and the great obelisk of Queen Hatasou rises before him — a reminder that her chair, recently found, is now in Manchester, England. A statue of the architect of Karnak would be a rare sight when one's thoughts were full of the glories of his work; the only one known is in Munich.

On one side of the main entrance to the Temple of Luxor, in front of the great pylon built by Rameses II., stands a single beautiful obelisk of red granite; its companion is in Paris. Of the two obelisks which formerly stood near Pompey's Pillar — the only conspicuous monument now left in Alexandria — one is on the Thames Embankment in London, while the other is being slowly reduced to powder by the climate of New York.[1]

At Assouan the tourist visits the granite quarries whence came most of the obelisks of Egypt. Close by was once a pillar bearing a Latin inscription, to the effect that "new quarries having been discovered near Philæ, many large pilasters and columns had been hewn from them during the reigns of Severus and Antoninus (Caracalla) and his mother Julia Domna," and that the hill was "under the guardianship of Jupiter-Ammon-Cenubis (Kneph) and Juno (Saté)," deities of Elephantiné. The inscription would be interesting to one standing on that very hill, but how carelessly is it passed by in the distant museum to which it has been removed.

Tombs are empty; not only were the mummies long since taken away by pilfering Arabs, but heavy sarcophagi, many of which might have been left in place without the possibility of injury, have been borne oversea.

Bubastis has been recently excavated, and its famous temple of Pasht is now scattered over the world — in London, Paris, Manchester, Greenock, York, Boston, Canada, and elsewhere. Bubastis is within two hours of Cairo on a main line of railway (to Ismailia on the Suez Canal), and if the interesting sculptures and statues found by M. Naville could have been kept on the ground and under proper surveillance (a less serious expense than their transportation) a museum would have been formed for the delight and instruction of visitors for all time. To-day, standing upon the elevated site of the houses of the town described by Herodotus, one looks across the bed of the broad canal which once flowed around the temple, and down upon a few scattered stones from among which nearly all of any interest have been removed. Probably no one person will ever see again all that was found at Bubastis, and the interest in the place itself is gone forever. Is it worth this to the museums which now hold the scattered fragments?

To give a list of all the Egyptian antiquities which are missing from their own land would be to reproduce the catalogue of the Egyptian exhibit of every museum in the world. A large part of these are mummies, funerary ornaments, vases, etc., of which there are thousands in existence, and such may properly be carried away to give pleasure and profit to the sight-seers of distant lands; but others are specific monuments, statues of gods and goddesses, bas-reliefs from the walls of certain tombs and temples, rare tablets, and the sarcophagi of famous kings, of every one of which there is but one.

The modern spoiling of Egypt was begun by Napoleon Bonaparte, who bore away the most precious things of a conquered land to enrich his own museums. Italy, served in the same way, has been more fortunate, and has seen many of her antiquities returned. In the time of Napoleon, before the era of railways and steamships, Egypt was farther removed from the great centers of civilization than is the interior of Australia to-day. Even forty years ago the traveler who had visited the temples of Egypt was looked upon as an explorer, and his book found a ready publisher. Then there was some reason for removing to other countries these neglected antiquities. The obelisk now in the Place de la Concorde was transplanted from the Temple of Luxor in 1831, when only the tops of the pylons and columns showed themselves here and there among the hovels of an Arab village. But to-day, thanks to the good work begun by M. Maspero, under the Egyptian government, the hovels have been swept away, the columns brought to light, and, when the work is completed, the temple will be seen in all its grandeur, but forever imperfect for want of the missing obelisk.

In this day of rapidly improving travel Egypt grows more accessible every year, and the time is not far distant when the journey from New York to Cairo will be no more serious a matter than is now the trip to Paris; and the Londoner will think nothing of running down to Luxor to spend his Christmas holidays under its warm sun. A thousand persons will visit Egypt a century hence to one to-day, and, without disparaging the heroic work of many of the excavators and the

[1] The following is quoted from an article in the "New York Tribune" of July 27, on the recent attempt to preserve the obelisk now standing in Central Park: "Before making the application [of the preservative] all the loose flakes on the surface were removed. *They filled more than six barrels with stone, and weighed in the aggregate more than half a ton.* . . . Now it is simply a question, Professor Newberry says, how long paraffine and other preservatives can fight off the climatic attacks. If strictly cared for, the inscriptions may be retained in good condition for a century or longer. . . . The obelisk, which is now in a healthy old age, will be obliged, like everything else, to succumb at last."

grand results of their labors, it may yet come to be a matter of regret that the era of excavation could not have been contemporaneous with the day when the world would no longer think of removing the monuments from their own land and their own associations. Antiquities seen in Egypt possess an interest for even the unscientific tourist which can never be felt in the lifeless halls of the Egyptian departments of our museums.

The paramount interest in the country of the Pharaohs is not an art interest but an historical one; and its connection with the Bible, so strongly accentuated by the recent finding of the royal mummies at Deir-el-Bahari, makes it surpass all other lands in this regard. In Palestine there are only the localities to remind one of the Bible, but Egypt is full of sculptures and inscriptions which bear upon sacred history, and now the very bodies of Bible characters are being brought to light. Are we furthering historical research by scattering the tools of study throughout the world? It may be granted that much good has been done in the past and many valuable discoveries made by allowing such a document as the Rosetta Stone to rest in the British Museum within reach of the scholars of England; and the thousands of sculptures and statues in the British Museum and in other collections have done a vast educational work and have helped to interest the world in ancient Egypt. Indeed many of the more fragile monuments would probably have been destroyed long ago had they not been removed to a safe place, and before the establishment of the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities there was no such place in Egypt. Is it not time, however, to call a halt, and to provide for the preservation to Egypt, from this day forth, of all the objects she needs to make her history complete?

The exportation of antiquities by private persons has long been forbidden by law, but responsible explorers are granted permission to excavate with the understanding that a share of the result of their work shall go to the Egyptian Museum — theoretically the Museum being allowed to take whatever it pleases. But professional courtesy makes it difficult for the Museum authorities to retain the best of everything found by other explorers when the matter is left to choice, and indeed, with English influence becoming every day more paramount in Egyptian affairs, it is impossible for them to act freely. There is also too great an opportunity for the concealment of treasures, and for the carrying away to other countries of more than is needed simply to gratify a love of acquisition.

When M. Mariette, the founder of the Egyptian Museum, was in charge of the monuments, he insisted that excavations should be made only by the government of Egypt, which then furnished the necessary money. Foreign excavators were excluded, and the removal of antiquities to other countries ceased for a time. The government now provides only enough for the actual expenses of the Museum, and if new excavations are to be made the means must be found outside of Egypt. If those interested in such work are not willing to intrust their money to the eminent commission, consisting of three Englishmen, three Egyptians, and two Frenchmen, which would at present have it in charge (provision could be made that certain approved explorers should do the work), then would it not be well to accept, with some modifications, the system of exploration which obtains in Greece? There such work by foreigners is allowed, with the restriction that absolutely no original object shall be taken from the country. Casts, squeezes, and drawings may be made, and reports published, and sometimes an explorer is granted for a certain number of years the sole right of reproduction of the objects he has excavated, and these he is allowed to sell to museums.[1]

The climate of Egypt is such that many objects which elsewhere would need a roof above them can there remain uncovered in the very spot where they are found. Such of the more fragile objects as need to be removed from the place of finding should be gathered into one great treasure-house, amid the climatic conditions which have already preserved them through so many centuries.

Some of the things still hidden may well be left for our successors, but we in our passing day are trustees of the monuments now known, and there is much to be done in the way of preserving, guarding, and further excavating these. Esneh, one of the most beautiful of the Ptolemaic temples, the traveler finds nearly covered with mud-huts, and with only a single great hall visible; but here the columns are so grand and the proportions so magnificent that he longs to organize a force on the spot, dig out the other halls and the sanctuary, and reveal the beauties which are only awaiting an explorer with the means.

Thirty years ago the Temple of Edfou, now the most perfect of all, was buried under forty feet of soil, and nothing was visible except the top of the pylons. M. Mariette says: "I caused to be demolished the sixty-four houses which encumbered the roof, as well as twenty-eight more which approached too near the wall of the temple. When the whole has been isolated from its present surroundings by a massive wall the work of restoration at Edfou will be accomplished." The wall is not yet built; the village huts come close to one side, and on the other side towers a heap of rubbish nearly to the top of the 125-foot pylon.

The same eminent authority tells us that "Karnak, more than any other Egyptian temple, has for a long time suffered from infiltration of the Nile, whose waters, saturated with niter, eat into the sandstone. . . . The time may come when, with crash after crash, the columns of the magnificent hypostyle hall, whose bases are already three parts eaten through, will fall, as have fallen the columns in the great court in front of it." At Karnak the earth is seven feet deep around the base of the columns, and heaps of rubbish rise close to the

[1] While the present law in Greece works well in the case of important monuments, yet when hundreds of small objects, almost identical, are found together, a few score of which would be sufficient for Grecian museums for all time, it becomes a matter of regret that some of these cannot be exported for the enrichment of foreign collections. The treasury of the National Museum could be benefited by the sale of articles which now only crowd its shelves in useless duplicate. So many objects found in Egypt are of this class that a law absolutely restricting the exportation of all antiquities would not only be continually violated (without much more severe customs' examinations than are now enforced), but it would be unnecessary. The present law which allows only antiquities under the seal of the Egyptian Museum to be removed is an admirable one, but it is almost a dead letter, and it is said that £20,000 worth of antiquities are exported every year.

outer walls and almost level with their tops. Fragments, not too large to be moved with comparatively simple machinery, and the proper position of which could be accurately determined by their inscriptions, lie everywhere; heads of statues, and even parts of obelisks, could be put in place. No one who sees the results of the work done in excavating the columns of Luxor, and in some cases reconstructing parts with brick and plaster, can doubt that similar labor put upon Karnak would repay a hundred fold in our day, and it might be the means of preserving to the world its grandest ruin. A recent commission has estimated that $15,000 spent upon Karnak will make it safe from immediate danger and practically restore it, and $42,500 is asked for by this commission as the minimum amount imperatively needed for the preservation and protection of all the most important temples.

Egypt must be aided in guarding her treasures. There is already a system of surveillance, and a tax of one pound is levied upon every Nile traveler to contribute to the preservation of the temples. But the ignorance and cupidity of the Arab guardians is apparent to every tourist: for a sufficient *bakshish* they can easily be induced to leave the traveler while he gratifies his own private bump of acquisitiveness by chipping away a piece of sculpture or cutting out a cartouche. A trustworthy man, of some education, should be in charge of each temple, and held responsible for damages to its walls. To such a man might be intrusted the work of continuing excavations and clearing away rubbish by slow degrees, as at Pompeii, so that no great amount of money need be spent at once; and, as at Pompeii, a new element of interest would constantly be added for the tourist.

The government does all it can with the limited means at command, but Egypt is "a nation meted out and trodden down," and the movement to preserve her monuments and to keep them within her own borders as the common heritage of all nations must come from without.

William W. Ellsworth.

COMMENT.

THE original spoiling of the Egyptians history considers to have been a creditable act; but the "spoiling" by our ninteenth-century vandals in Egypt is not only discreditable but barbarous. The Egypt Exploration Fund, whose vice-president for France is Maspero, is in hearty sympathy with the English society for the preservation of the monuments of Egypt, and some of its officers have started a fund for that purpose. Its managers have repeatedly called attention to the terrible mutilation of sculptures by relic fiends or by those who fill their orders. Professor Sayce, of our Fund, and Colonel Ross write earnestly from Egypt, extracts from their letters appearing in my letter on "Civilized Barbarism," in the "Boston Post" of March 19, 1890. Mr. Ellsworth does not express as much indignation as I then expressed. I closed with these suggestions:

I hope our American press will disseminate these painful facts as to the destruction of precious historical monuments at the instance of vandals who visit Egypt, or who pay gold for monuments that must be had at any and all sacrifice. First, I hope thereby our people will be more careful how they give *carte blanche* orders for monumental remains, without regard to how they are to be obtained. Secondly, that that perfection of pleasure-giving, instruction-imparting tours, a trip up the Nile, may not lose, at least in part, its infinite charm — that of the inscriptions, pictorial representations, ethnographic bas-reliefs of a great people and contemporaneous races of 2000 to 6000 years ago — to all educated people who would profit by their inspection of the remains of ancient Egypt. Lastly, that the importance of exploration and research, such as the Egypt Exploration Fund carries on, may be strikingly emphasized — and more decipherments be made ere it is too late. For its work is above as well as under ground. Professor Sayce declares that "it is evident that whatever inscriptions there are above ground in Egypt must be copied at once if they are to be copied at all."

Brimful with general sympathy for Mr. Ellsworth's views, I must yet touch judicially on a few of his special ideals and intimations. Egypt as a colossal Pompeii means a colossal and impossible fund to preserve absolutely intact her monumental treasures. Hence the museum at Cairo, to preserve the portable treasures, has a grand mission aside from its value as a great museum. Such is the greed of the Turk, Egyptian, Arab, that the greater the fund the greater would be their steals; such is iconoclasm in Egypt that it is religiously bound to deface statues and inscriptions. The most that we can accomplish, with a liberal outlay annually, will be the protection of the chief temples and sites. Let us spend $25,000 to $50,000 a year for this purpose; but who will give the money?

The most valuable of the portable sculptures discovered at Bubastis were removed to save them from certain destruction. There was no money for guards to protect them by night and day; much less for building a museum "for the delight and instruction of visitors for all time." The best pieces were reserved for the Cairo Museum, which always has the pick of all "finds" in Egypt, and whose director grants the right to explore for science and his museum's benefit. Most of the objects taken from Egypt by the Fund, by permission of the director, are duplicates which he does not wish, but which are of great value to other museums. Comparatively few people can see Egypt; but hundreds of thousands of people can and do see the collections elsewhere, to their great profit in many cases.

Greece is not a typical case: with fifty fold its monuments and every Greek an iconoclast, the cases would be parallel perhaps. No little triangular jealousy exists between English, French, and German savants in Egypt,— the natural *odium archæologicum*,— some of whom are sure to let the tongue wag under the influence of the green eye. I notice that sometimes tourists' letters unwittingly catch the glitter of that eye. Let us save the monuments of Egypt; let us explore; let us use the duplicates to make our own "Egypt at Home" for study and profit; all of which is consistent and may be accomplished.

Wm. C. Winslow.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND, BOSTON.

General Lee and the "Yankee in Andersonville."

AS a constant reader of THE CENTURY, "A Yankee in Andersonville," by Dr. T. H. Mann, comes under my observation in the July number. The article in

question seems a fair and faithful relation of facts; indeed, as I was in Lynchburg at the time he mentions, I know his account of his experience there is as he states it. Any one who experienced the necessary and often unnecessary horrors of many of the Northern "pens" where so many suffered and died can readily believe, as I do, all he says of Andersonville. But in speaking of seeing General R. E. Lee "for the first and only time in my life," he is evidently inaccurate. Dr. Mann says:

> He [Lee] sat upon his horse carelessly, with one knee resting upon the pommel of the saddle, and leisurely smoking a cigar. He appeared a middle-sized man, with iron-gray hair and full gray beard, not very closely cut; as fine-looking a specimen of a man and soldier as I ever saw. He remarked, as we filed past him, "Am sorry to see you in this fix, boys, but you must make the best of it." His tone was kind, and spoken as though he really sympathized with us, as I have no doubt he did.

It is kind in Dr. Mann to think and speak thus of our Lee, but it is plain he never saw General Robert E. Lee. All who knew him will say this picture is not true to nature. "Jeb" Stuart's favorite attitude, sometimes indeed under fire, was to sit "carelessly, with one knee resting upon the pommel of his saddle," and maybe "leisurely smoking a cigar,"—though I never saw him smoke,— but General Lee never did so undignified a thing as this in his life. If there was any trait of his character that was always conspicuous it was dignity, and while on duty he was the sternest man I ever saw. In the social circle he was most courteous and affable. That he should have addressed Federal prisoners gratuitously at all was very unlike him; but if he had, it certainly would not have been in that free-and-easy, glib style quoted. It would have been very much more like him to have used the term *men*, but to have called them "boys" is altogether inconsistent. That he "sympathized" with the prisoners no one will doubt who correctly estimated the goodness and noble-heartedness of the man. His humanity and sympathy for his suffering "people"—a term of his own that he always used in speaking of his soldiers — in my humble judgment alone prevented him from being what Stonewall Jackson was, the greatest general of either army. I was connected with General Lee's army for four years nearly, and I believe if he had been a smoker I would have known it. And I am informed by one who knew General Lee better than I could that he never smoked a cigar in his life.

Very likely Dr. Mann really saw one of the many bogus counterfeits of General Lee, as I have many a time seen them attitudinizing in the conceit that they resembled him in personal appearance, which would explain some inconsistencies of an otherwise interesting and very likely faithful war reminiscence.

Dr. Mann, in speaking of his two-days' railway trip to Danville from Lynchburg (a two-hours' ride now), mentions that it was his only experience of riding in a passenger coach, "box-cars" being used on all other occasions. If he had known how few coaches there were in the Confederacy he would not have been surprised. Our troops, and indeed the sick and wounded, were from necessity nearly always transported in box-cars; and on one occasion as early as 1862, when our resources were not nearly so exhausted, I saw Jefferson Davis get out of a box-car at Gordonsville, having ridden from Culpeper, the only other occupants of the car being Federal prisoners captured from Pope's army.

And if Dr. Mann had known how scarce "raw corn" was as late as 1864, he would not have commented on its being issued as rations to prisoners, when very likely our soldiers in the field (many of them) were suffering even for raw corn. I could give some personal experience here in point.

One more item, which I must say with all respect is beyond my understanding, how it was possible for the prisoners at Andersonville to dig wells (not tunnels),— perpendicular wells, and a number of them,— eighty and even a hundred feet deep, in the hard clay soil, with only pieces of old canteens as digging implements. I can believe that the "mass of maggots" was "from one to two feet deep," but there must be some mistake about the depth of the wells or the pieces of canteens.

E. A. Craighill, M. D.,
Late Private Co. G., 2d Va. Inf'y, 1st (Stonewall) Brigade A. N. Va., and Ass't Surgeon C. S. A.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

DR. MANN'S REJOINDER.

IT is possible, of course, that I did not see General Lee, but the picture he made sitting upon his horse in the twilight of May 5, 1864, has not yet been effaced from my mind. Dr. Craighill will agree with me that the men of either army, who stood up for four years and took the brunt of battle, were not in the habit of seeing apparitions.

The Confederate army did suffer much from lack of rations, and no doubt at times from lack even of raw corn, but the cause was lack of transportation rather than of such supplies within the Confederacy. There was corn enough rotting in the fields ungathered, and in the bins, within twenty miles of Andersonville to feed properly every prisoner in that stockade.

Why could not a well one hundred feet deep be dug with a split canteen for a shovel and an old case-knife for a pick as easily as could a tunnel? No doubt it puzzled a Virginia planter in ante-bellum days to imagine how a New England Yankee could obtain a living from the bleak and rocky hills he inhabited; yet he did it by digging away, in sunshine and rain, every day in the year except Sundays, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Fast Day, and "'Lection."

T. H. Mann, M. D.,
MILFORD, MASS. *Late of Co. I., 18th Regt. Mass. Vols.*

"The Builders of the First Monitor."

AS one of the executors of the late Captain John Ericsson, I feel called upon to correct some of the statements made by Mr. G. G. Benedict in his article in THE CENTURY for March, 1890. From documents in my possession, and facts of which I have personal knowledge, it is clear that Mr. Benedict is seriously at fault in many of his statements.

It is not true, for example, that Mr. C. S. Bushnell had less "practical experience and wealth" than his associates. His practical experience in vessels dated from his boyhood, when at sixteen years of age he was master of a large vessel, and a large owner and extensive builder in sailing and steam ships up to the time when he became contractor for the ironclad *Galena*,

of which Messrs. Winslow and Griswold were subcontractors under him for the iron plating.

Captain Ericsson's most intimate friend, Mr. C. H. Delamater, is entitled to the credit of bringing the plan of the *Monitor* to the attention of Mr. Bushnell, who no sooner saw and appreciated it than he carried it to Hartford, Connecticut, where the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Gideon Welles, on a certain Friday early in September, 1861, urged him to take the plan immediately to Washington and lay it before the Government. This Mr. Bushnell did, not stopping at his home in New Haven, but arriving at the capital on Sunday morning. After breakfast he invited Mr. Winslow and Mr. Griswold to take a ride with him, that he might, undisturbed, explain to them the magnitude of his discovery. To their credit it may be said that this was an easy task, and it was agreed that all three should call upon Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln the following (Monday) morning. Mr. Seward gave them a letter of introduction to Mr. Lincoln, and the latter was so much pleased with the plan that he promised to meet them the next day (Tuesday) at the Navy Department, and use his influence with the Naval Board for its adoption. Promptly at eleven o'clock Mr. Lincoln appeared, and, after listening to the adverse criticism, expressed his opinion that "there was something in it, as the Western girl said when she put her foot into her stocking!" After the President had withdrawn, Messrs. Bushnell and Winslow secured from Admiral Smith and Commodore Paulding a promise to sign a favorable report, provided Captain Davis — the remaining member of the committee — would join them. This he declined to do, and the enterprise seemed hopelessly blocked. Mr. Bushnell, after consulting with Secretary Welles, then started for New York, and by persistent persuasion succeeded in inducing Captain Ericsson to go on to Washington, where he had no difficulty in satisfying Captain Davis of the stability of the *Monitor*, and inducing him to join his associates in recommending a contract for its construction.

Mr. Benedict's statements, that "Days lengthened into weeks while Bushnell labored ineffectually to remove the prejudices and obtain the approval of the Board," that "His own efforts having proved thus unavailing," he applied to Messrs. Winslow and Griswold, and that they "decided to take the scheme past the Naval Board, directly to the head of the nation," etc., are wholly misleading. The fact is, that the entire enterprise was managed with the greatest expedition. The plan was never presented to the Board until the Tuesday morning when President Lincoln met Mr. Bushnell and his associates at Admiral Smith's office, and was accepted three days later, after Mr. Ericsson's arrival from New York.

"Mr. Bushnell says that [the hard conditions exacted by the Government were] never an embarrassment to Captain Ericsson and himself. If so, may it not have been because their pecuniary risk was so much less than that of their associates?"

The real reason was because of the unbounded faith which Ericsson had — and which Mr. Bushnell shared — in the ability of the vessel to do all that was required of her. It may also be said that Mr. Bushnell had secured other parties to take the place of Messrs. Winslow and Griswold in case they finally refused to sign the contract. After hesitating for a week, they decided to share in the enterprise, but only on condition that Mr. Bushnell should secure Mr. Daniel Drew of New York and Hon. N. D. Sperry of New Haven as bondsmen for all parties. Mr. Bushnell was both able and willing to take all the risks involved in his share of the work, and has always felt more than satisfied with the public appreciation of his effort to aid the country in its darkest days. He has never had the slightest wish to appropriate the lion's share of the credit, and joins most heartily with Mr. Benedict in honoring all gentlemen whose names are given such well-earned distinction in Mr. Benedict's article.

George H. Robinson.

The Flag first hoisted at Mobile.

THE June CENTURY, page 309, speaks of the flag hoisted by Lieutenant De Peyster over Richmond as "the same one that had been first hoisted at Mobile on the capture of that city."

Now the *first* flag hoisted over Mobile was hoisted by men from the ironclad *Cincinnati*. On April 12, 1865, a fleet of transports took the force that had been operating on the east side of Mobile Bay against Spanish Fort, reported to be about fifteen thousand men, over to the west side of the bay. The naval force accompanied them, ready for action. On landing, a white flag, or its equivalent, was found on every house. The citizens reported Mobile evacuated. Two boats left the *Cincinnati* to hoist a flag over one of the batteries in the harbor. The gig commanded by Acting Master J. B. Williams, executive officer, reached Battery McIntosh first and hoisted the flag there. They found everything in order except that the powder had been thrown into the bay before the evacuation. After some little time spent in rummaging, the two crews started for the city. They found no opposition to their landing, and hoisted the ensign they carried on the roof of the Battle House, climbing up on each other's shoulders to get to the flagstaff on the roof. Twenty-five minutes after our ensign was hoisted a party of cavalry came tearing in, their horses all in a foam. They went up to the roof of the custom house, across the street from the Battle House, and the first thing they saw was our flag and our men across the way. They were chagrined, and set up the flag they bore against a chimney, where it could not be seen from the street. Our men went over and helped them hoist it where it could be properly seen, then we took down our ensign and returned to the ship. Our flag was hoisted while the mayor was surrendering the city.

Ambrose S. Wight,
Late Clerk to the Commander of the "Cincinnati."
LINDEN, MICHIGAN.

A Letter from Lincoln when in Congress.

THE following copy of an autograph letter of Congressman Abraham Lincoln to the Hon. Josephus Hewett of Natchez, Mississippi, evinces a spirit of fairness and kindly feeling towards the South, and may be found of interest to readers of THE CENTURY. The original is in possession of Mrs. M. E. Gilkey of this place.

DUNCANSBY, MISS. *L. L. Gilkey.*

WASHINGTON, February 13, 1848.

DEAR HEWETT: Your Whig representative from Mississippi, P. W. Tompkins, has just shown me a

letter of yours to him. I am jealous because you did not write to me — perhaps you have forgotten me. Don't you remember a long black fellow who rode on horseback with you from Tremont to Springfield nearly ten years ago, swimming our horses over the Mackinaw on the trip? Well, I am that same one fellow yet. I was once of your opinion, expressed in your letter, that presidential electors should be dispensed with, but a more thorough knowledge of the causes that first introduced them has made me doubt. The causes were briefly these. The convention that framed the Constitution had this difficulty: the small States wished to so form the new government as that they might be equal to the large ones, regardless of the inequality of population; the large ones insisted on equality in proportion to population. They compromised it by basing the House of Representatives on *population*, and the Senate on States regardless of population, and the execution of both principles by electors in each State, equal in number to her senators and representatives. Now throw away the machinery of electors and this compromise is broken up and the whole yielded to the principle of the larger States. There is one thing more. In the slave States you have representatives, and consequently electors, partly upon the basis of your slave population, which would be swept away by the change you seem to think desirable. Have you ever reflected on these things?

But to come to the main point. I wish you to know that I have made a speech in Congress, and that I want you to be *enlightened* by reading it; to further which object I send you a copy of the speech by this mail.

For old acquaintance' sake, if for nothing else, be sure to write to me on receiving this. I was very near forgetting to tell you that on my being introduced to General Quitman and telling him I was from Springfield, Illinois, he at once remarked, "Then you know my valued friend, Hewett of Natchez"; and on being assured I did, he said just such things about you as I like to hear said about my own valued friends.

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

Horace Greeley at Lincoln's First Nomination.

ON reading "The Inside Facts of Lincoln's Nomination" in the July CENTURY, I am reminded that I was in that large house in the Chicago "Wigwam" the day Lincoln was nominated, and was very desirous of the nomination of William H. Seward, as were a large number with me from Wisconsin. After the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, before proceeding to the nomination of Vice-President, the convention adjourned until the afternoon. I went from the convention to the Tremont House. Shortly after arriving there Horace Greeley came into the reception hall of the hotel with some of his friends. I then thought his face never showed more feeling of triumphant satisfaction that his political antagonist was defeated, that Seward and Thurlow Weed were humbled. I noticed this the more as I knew of the bitter feeling existing between Greeley and Seward and Weed.

Mr. Greeley's friends were gathering around him in the hall, congratulating him on the result. I heard one ask him: "Now what next? Who is it best to bring forward for Vice-President?" Mr. Greeley said, "The friends of Mr. Seward are very sore, and they must have their own way as to Vice-President." On being asked if he had in his mind the proper name, Mr. Greeley put his open hand to the side of his mouth and in an undertone said, "Hamlin of Maine"; and Mr. Hamlin was nominated in the afternoon.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL. *G. H. Stewart.*

An Error in "A Single Tax upon Land."

IN his article on "A Single Tax upon Land," in the July CENTURY, Mr. Edward Atkinson says:

> It was presented more than a century since by the economists of France known as the physiocrats; it was applied in France under Turgot, before the French Revolution, with very disastrous results.

This is a remarkable statement for a man to make who "has endeavored, to the best of his ability, to explore the subject," for the proposition of the physiocrats holds about the same relation to the modern proposition as Fulton's steamboat holds to the *Umbria*. Besides, it was not applied by Turgot, though he attempted an approach to it, and as a result he was swept out of power by the privileged classes whose monopolies were threatened.

Henri Van Laun says in "The French Revolutionary Epoch," Vol. I., p. 35:

> At all events, Turgot, "the man with the brain of a Bacon and the heart of a Chancellor de L'Hôpital," is regarded as the likely savior of France. His fame had preceded him, and this led the people to expect a renewal of administrative marvels, such as his intendantship of Limoges brought to light. If regeneration without a revolution had been possible for France, Turgot would have accomplished it. Plans vast and numerous, comprising everything the Revolution afterwards effected, were incubated: the abolition of feudal rights, of laboring upon the highways, vexatious restrictions of the salt system, interior imposts, liberty of conscience and of the press, unfettered commerce and industry, disestablishment of the monastic orders, revision of criminal and civil codes, uniformity of weights and measures, and many others.

When at last Parliament was convened (see p. 41),

> to them Turgot, with honest straightforward eloquence, unfolds his scheme. "No bankruptcy, no increase of imposts, no loans"; to which are added free trade in corn, the abolition of gilds, and last, but not least, equality of territorial imposts for all. What matters it to them that in less than two years, with provisional measures of this kind, he has paid twenty-four million francs to the public creditors, redeemed twenty-eight millions of installed money, and moreover discharged fifty millions of debt. Let him do so again, but not ask them to abate one iota of their privileges. They refuse to be taxed like the common herd; they consider such demand preposterous, and flatly decline to listen to it.

As a last resort Turgot prevails upon the king to register the edicts in a bed of justice, but the pressure of the privileged classes is so great that Turgot is compelled to resign (p. 44).

> Good Malesherbes, Turgot's trusty helper, disgusted with all these vile cabals, voluntarily quits the Ministry; the latter, more courageous, waits until he is sent away, uttering these memorable words at his first dismissal: "Sire, the destiny of kings led by courtiers is that of Charles I."

Says John Morley, "Critical Miscellanies," Vol. II., pp. 150–151:

> He suppressed the corvées and he tacked the money payment which was substituted on the Twentieths — an impost from which the privileged classes were not exempt.

This was about as near to the *impôt unique* as the privileged classes permitted him to get.

Leon Say in his work on Turgot, Anderson's translation (p. 205), says:

> Calonne's territorial subvention, bearing upon all land owners and upon all estates without exception or privilege, was nothing more than the land tax of which Turgot was developing the plan at the very moment of his dismissal, and which was to have been the object of his next reform.

James Middleton.

NEW ORLEANS.

MR. ATKINSON'S CORRECTION.

MR. JAMES MIDDLETON'S Open Letter, which I am glad to see in print, gives me the opportunity to correct the error in my article on the "Single Tax upon Land" and in the rejoinder to Mr. Henry George, to which Mr. Middleton refers.

The single tax, or what the physiocrats call *l'impôt unique*, was not applied in France under Turgot; that is, it was not put into practice. The services which Turgot rendered are rightly and fully stated in the extracts given by Mr. Middleton. *L'impôt unique*, or the single tax advocated by the physiocrats, may or may not have been of the same nature as the single tax on land valuation now proposed by Mr. Henry George. It was, however, based upon the same idea, in which Turgot shared, that all wealth is derived from land.

I may rightly give an explanation as to how this error crept into my copy and into THE CENTURY. You may remember that the first draft of this article upon the "Single Tax upon Land" was submitted to you, and while you liked it and desired to publish it, it was too long; neither did it satisfy myself that it was in a sufficiently popular form to be easily comprehended.

In that original draft I attributed the issue of the French *assignats*, the paper money of the French Revolution which collapsed in such a disastrous manner although secured upon the confiscated lands of the nobles, to the misconception in regard to land which had been held by the physiocrats and sustained or applied by Turgot. In making the necessary excision I overlooked the fact that I left the statement in an incorrect form, as if a single tax on land valuation, corresponding to the plan of Mr. George, had been actually put into practice in France. This is not the fact; and the simplest way is to admit the error. Even when writing my short rejoinder to Mr. George, I failed to observe that by my excision I had left the paragraph in its erroneous form.

Edward Atkinson.

BOSTON.

George D. Prentice and S. S. Prentiss.

MR. JOHN GILMER SPEED writes to us that although Mr. Joseph Jefferson's remarks as to Mr. Prentice's dueling prowess reflect the opinion of others with better opportunities to judge, nevertheless Mr. Prentice was bravely and consistently opposed to what he called "the miserable code that is said to require two men to go out and shoot at each other for what one of them may consider a violation of etiquette or punctilio in the use of language." Mr. Speed says: "Mr. Prentice had on more than one occasion to defend himself from attacks made upon him in the streets, but he was never the aggressor in such fights."

With regard to S. S. Prentiss (who, by the way, was lawyer, orator, and statesman, but not an editor), letters from lawyers state that while he did fight two duels with General Foote, he fought no others, and was really opposed to the practice; yielding in these cases to what Dr. Nott in his sermon on the death of Hamilton termed "the force of an imperious custom."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Present Style.

JONES, Smith, Robinson,
Simmons, Kent, Parr,
Riley, Moore, Grant, Dunn,
Little, Lillie, Carr,

Marsh, Dusenbury, Bland,
Hurley, Murphy, Daw,
And Jamison, Attorneys and
Counselors at law.

R. K. Munkittrick.

Observations.

TO know a thing we must see it as a whole; to understand it we must see it as a part.

WHETHER I shall be unfortunate depends also on others; whether I shall be unhappy depends only on myself.

EVEN mine enemy can sympathize with my grief; but only my friend can sympathize with my joy.

HEAVEN is a place into which the more I push others the more I am led myself.

TWO men have no need of philosophy — those who have no leisure for it, and those who have.

Ivan Panin.

Some Bookish Rhymes.

AN UNCUT COPY.

WHEN I was young I sent my friend a copy of "My Verses,"
And when he died he left his books to me, dear to his heart.
To-day I looked them over all, and find — ten thousand curses! —
My book is there and no two leaves have e'er been cut apart.

AN INCONSISTENCY.

THE bibliophile who loves his margins wide —
Who grudges e'en to type an inch or two —
Most strangely has not ever stepped aside
To read with glee a virgin blank-book through.

THE GRANGERITE.

HE says he 's fond of books as of himself —
This man who never yet has hesitated
To hack and cut a dozen books for pelf
Wherewith *one* may be extra-illustrated!

John Kendrick Bangs.

A Reader's Choice.

LET critics praise the thoughtful prose
Of warriors and of sages,
Let maidens linger o'er the verse
Wherein the poet rages —
From these I turn without regret
To Advertising Pages.

The authors drive unwilling pens
In search of novel plots;
The poet's lines are haunted by
The ghosts of those he blots;
We smell the artist's midnight oil
In all his lines and dots.

But oh! the Advertiser,
He seeks untraveled ways —
We feel the eager wish to please
In every word he says;
The other's toil is hired,
For leave to speak *he* pays.

No matter how inspired
The poet may seem to be,
For every foot I give his price —
Each throb is charged to me;
The Advertiser's efforts
Are always thrown in, free.

They greet one with "Good-morning!"
Sweet words of cheer and hope! —
(What matter that they 're followed
By hints of toilet soap?)
They offer us great padded chairs
In every kind of slope.

A cup of chocolate is brought
Upon a dainty tray;
Assorted jack-knives then are shown
In bluff and easy way;
You 're asked to see Niagara,
And pressed to spend the day —

There 's no time to be weary:
Before one has a chance
Up pops a "gent" in shirt-sleeves,
And with a backward glance
Displays invitingly a pair
Of his "Three Dollar Pants."

Typewriters by the dozen
Dazzle our eager eyes,
And each one "holds the record,"
And each one "took the prize";
And when we read of any
The others we despise.

Of powders made for baking
There 's but one pure in ten,
As proved by affidavits
Of scientific men;
You turn the page — and all 's disproved
By men as wise again.

Behold a Queen Anne cottage
Where Cupid loves to dwell!
'T is built for really nothing —
Just how, "our book will tell";
And here are patent shingles
To roof the pretty shell.

Lo! fountain-pens, unnumbered,
"On trial," and the rest,
All used by Twain and Tennyson,
All guaranteed the best,
All worth their weight in — promises
After a six-months' test.

We read of schools on mountain tops,
Of railroads to the sea,
Of cameras, revolvers,
Of tricycles and tea,
With gowns and gaiters, watches, clocks,
Each on a guarantee.

For agents, all are begging,
Though fortunes great are made
In books upon commission
And "all expenses paid";
They offer farms for nothing
On maps and plans displayed.

In winter — here are heaters
With patent grate and flue;
In summer — ice-cream freezers,
Refrigerators, too;
And here are Brobdingnagian fruits,
That grow in spite of you.

Oh! could I own a check-book
In Russia, edged with gold,
Backed by some banker's well-stored vaults,
And all his wealth untold,
I 'd write to every one of them
A letter fierce and bold —

I 'd order from each dealer
All he did advertise,
And all these dreams of luxury
At once I 'd realize,
Then sit and open bundles
In a sort of Paradise!

Tudor Jenks.

A Song of a Square.

IT 'S a bright little spot in the heart of the town,
And the sun in its wanderings often looks down
On the fledglings of fashion who constantly fare
With jesting and laughter through Rittenhouse Square.

Whole bevies of beauties in glistening brocade
Stroll languidly under the sycamores' shade
To gossip and chatter while taking the air
And flaunting their feathers in Rittenhouse Square.

While loitering over the greensward there go
In endless procession fop, gallant, and beau
Tricked out like Sir Plume in his ruffles, to stare
At the gay promenaders of Rittenhouse Square.

But one little maid in the glittering host
Is humble and poor. All the wealth she can boast
Is the gold that shifts over her shimmering hair
When sunshine is plenty in Rittenhouse Square,

Yet not a fine lady of any we meet
Has glances so cheery or smiles half so sweet
As those she flings over her shoulder at care
When walking beside me through Rittenhouse Square.

O Nelly, sweet Nelly! The proud world goes by,
But what is its scorn when we know, you and I,
That when April is white upon apple and pear
There 'll be wedding-bells ringing in Rittenhouse Square!

Mary E. Wardwell.

In Cap and Bells.

In motley, I — a jester, I —
Time's fool with bauble, asses' ears,
And peeping from my hood there blears
A face all seamed and scarred with smiles —
The footprints of the miles and miles
Of weary jests,
Jested at Master Time's stern hests.

In motley, I — a jester, I —
Living to make King Time each day
Crack his pale cheeks with laughter gay,
To smooth the hard cushions of his throne,
He, the strong mastiff — I, the bone
Crunched in his teeth,
Ending my jests for him in death.

In motley, I — a jester, I —
But oh! we wear — Time's honored fools —
Hearts of sable on life's field, gules.
The world 's a bladder; men, dried pease;
I, the stick, rattle them to please
King Time alway:
But *I*, I am not that I play.

You like the colors of my cap?
Marry, 't is well!
You like the jingle of each little bell?
Marry, 't is good!
I 'll shake my hood
To drop you quips at your command.
So, come to me: hold out your hand:
But for each ringing laugh you give, *I* cry,
"You are the jester, *you*: it is not I."

Esther Singleton.

Patient Griselda.

In days of yore called Golden,
'T was the woman was beholden
To her husband for her high or low degree;
He raised her to his level,
Were he banker, bishop, devil,
Angel, poet, alderman, or Ph. D.

So Griselda, called the Patient,
Had to stay where she was stationed,
Nilly willy, in her high or low degree;
To fill my lordship's goblet,
Or darn his holey doublet,
Was all *she* knew of life or liberty.

To-day in late requital
Let the husband take his title
To distinction through his lady's high degree,
And rank in art and science
As professor by alliance,
Perchance as consort of a K. C. B.

Oh, she asked not for the ballot,
For it is not to her palate;
But she claims her right to learning's high degree
With doctors of divinity
With whom she feels affinity,
And wants a little lien on LL. D.

So, though eons she has waited,
Is Griselda re-instated
(Not as that patient person thought to be),
In learning's lore man's counterpart —
And yet we think thy woman's heart
Thy crowning grace, Griselda, Ph. D!

Marguerite Merington.

His Old Yellow Almanac.

I left the farm when mother died, and changed my place of dwellin'
To daughter Susie's stylish house, right in the city street,
And there was them, before I came, that sort of scared me, tellin'
How I would find the town folks' ways so difficult to meet.
They said I 'd have no comfort in the rustlin', fixed-up throng,
And I 'd have to wear stiff collars every week-day right along.

I find I take to city ways just like a duck to water,
I like the racket and the noise, and never tire of shows;
And there 's no end of comfort in the mansion of my daughter,
And everything is right at hand, and money freely flows,
And hired help is all about, just listenin' for my call,
But I miss the yellow almanac off my old kitchen wall.

The house is full of calendars, from attic to the cellar,
They 're painted in all colors, and are fancy-like to see;
But just in this particular I 'm not a modern feller,
And the yellow-covered almanac is good enough for me:
I 'm used to it, I 've seen it round from boyhood to old age,
And I rather like the jokin' at the bottom of each page.

I like the way the "S" stood out to show the week's beginnin'
(In these new-fangled calendars the days seem sort of mixed),
And the man upon the cover, though he wa' n't exactly winnin',
With lungs and liver all exposed, still showed how we are fixed;
And the letters and credentials that were writ to Mr. Ayer
I 've often, on a rainy day, found readin' very fair.

I tried to find one recently: there wa' n't one in the city.
They toted out great calendars in every sort of style;
I looked at 'em in cold disdain, and answered 'em in pity,
"I 'd rather have my almanac than all that costly pile."
And, though I take to city life, I 'm lonesome, after all,
For that old yellow almanac upon my kitchen wall.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

DAPHNE.

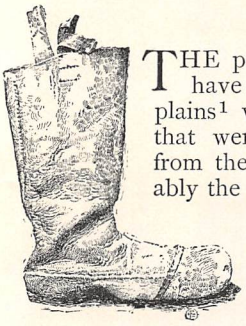
FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. DECEMBER, 1890. NO. 2.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA BEFORE THE GOLD DISCOVERY.

BY JOHN BIDWELL (PIONEER OF '41).



SUTTER'S BOOT. (IN THE PIONEER SOCIETY'S ROOMS, SACRAMENTO.)

THE party whose fortunes I have followed across the plains[1] was not only the first that went direct to California from the East; we were probably the first white people, except Bonneville's party of 1833, that ever crossed the Sierra Nevada. Dr. Marsh's ranch, the first settlement reached by us in California, was located in the eastern foothills of the Coast Range Mountains, near the northwestern extremity of the great San Joaquin Valley and about six miles east of Monte Diablo, which may be called about the geographical center of Contra Costa County. There were no other settlements in the valley; it was, apparently, still just as new as when Columbus discovered America, and roaming over it were countless thousands of wild horses, of elk, and of antelope. It had been one of the driest years ever known in California. The country was brown and parched; throughout the State wheat, beans, everything had failed. Cattle were almost starving for grass, and the people, except perhaps a few of the best families, were without bread, and were eating chiefly meat, and that often of a very poor quality.

Dr. Marsh had come into California four or five years before by way of New Mexico. He was in some respects a remarkable man. In command of the English language I have scarcely ever seen his equal. He had never studied medicine, I believe, but was a great reader: sometimes he would lie in bed all day reading, and he had a memory that stereotyped all he read, and in those days in California such a man could easily assume the rôle of doctor and practise medicine. In fact, with the exception of Dr. Marsh there was then no physician of any kind anywhere in California. We were overjoyed to find an American, and yet when we became acquainted with him we found him one of the most selfish of mortals. The night of our arrival he killed two pigs for us.[2] We felt very grateful, for we had by no means recovered from starving on poor mule meat, and when he set his Indian cook to making tortillas (little cakes) for us, giving one to each,— there were thirty-two in our party,— we felt even more grateful; and especially when we learned that he had had to use some of his seed wheat, for he had no other. Hearing that there was no such thing as money in the country, and that butcher-knives, guns, ammunition, and everything of that kind were better than money, we expressed our gratitude the first night to the doctor by presents — one giving a can of powder, another a bar of lead or a butcher-knife, and another a cheap but serviceable set of surgical instruments. The next morning I rose early, among the first, in order to learn from our host something about California,— what we could do, and where we could go,— and, strange as it may seem, he would scarcely answer a question. He seemed to be in an ill humor, and among other things he said, "The company has already been over a hundred dollars' expense to me, and God knows whether I will ever get a *real* of it or not." I was at a loss to account for this, and went out and told some of

1 See "The First Emigrant Train to California," in THE CENTURY for November, 1890.

2 Men reduced to living on poor meat, and almost starving, have an intense longing for anything fat.

Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

the party, and found that others had been snubbed in a similar manner. We held a consultation and resolved to leave as soon as convenient. Half our party concluded to go back to the San Joaquin River, where there was much game, and spend the winter hunting, chiefly for otter, the skins being worth three dollars apiece. The rest — about fourteen — succeeded in gaining information from Dr. Marsh by which they started to find the town of San José, about forty miles to the south, then known by the name of Pueblo de San José, now the city of San José. More or less of our effects had to be left at Marsh's, and I decided to remain and look out for them, and meantime to make short excursions about the country on my own account. After the others had left I started off traveling south, and came to what is now called Livermore Valley, then known as Livermore's Ranch, belonging to Robert Livermore, a native of England. He had left a vessel when a mere boy, and had married and lived like the native Californians, and, like them, was very expert with the lasso. Livermore's was the frontier ranch, and more exposed than any other to the ravages of the Horse-thief Indians of the Sierra Nevada (before mentioned). That valley was full of wild cattle,— thousands of them,— and they were more dangerous to one on foot, as I was, than grizzly bears. By dodging into the gulches and behind trees I made my way to a Mexican ranch at the extreme west end of the valley, where I staid all night. This was one of the noted ranches, and belonged to a Californian called Don José Maria Amador — more recently, to a man named Dougherty.[1] Next day, seeing nothing to encourage me, I started to return to Marsh's ranch.

SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

On the way, as I came to where two roads, or rather paths, converged, I fell in with one of the fourteen men, M. C. Nye, who had started for San José. He seemed considerably agitated, and reported that at the Mission of San José, some fifteen miles this side of the town of San José, all the men had been arrested and put in prison by General Vallejo, Mexican commander-in-chief of the military under Governor Alvarado, he alone having been sent back to tell Marsh and to have him come forth-

[1] The rancheros marked and branded their stock differently so as to distinguish them. But it was not possible to keep them separate. One would often steal cattle from the other. Livermore in this way lost cattle by his neighbor Amador. In fact it was almost a daily occurrence — a race to see which could get and kill the most of the other's cattle. Cattle in those days were often killed for the hides alone. One day a man saw Amador kill a fine steer belonging to Livermore. When he reached Livermore's — ten or fifteen miles away — and told him what Amador had done, he found Livermore skinning a steer of Amador's!

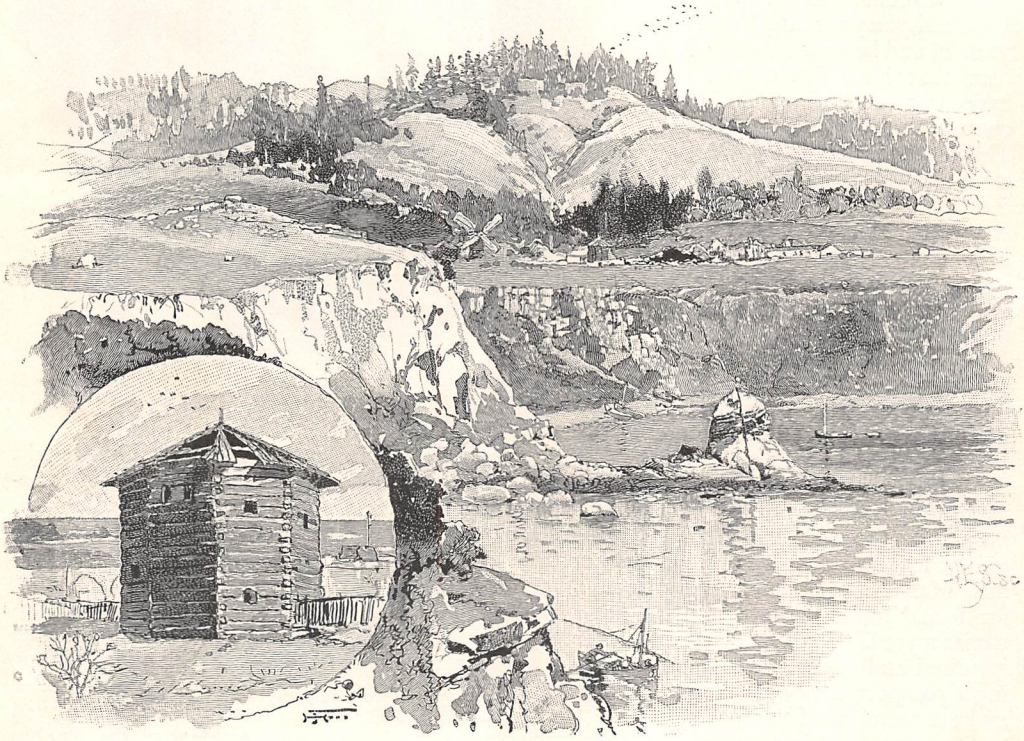
with to explain why this armed force had invaded the country. We reached Marsh's after dark. The next day the doctor started down to the Mission of San José, nearly thirty miles distant, with a list of the company, which I gave him. He was gone about three days. Meanwhile we sent word to the men on the San Joaquin River to let them know what had taken place, and they at once returned to the ranch to await results. When Marsh came back he said ominously, "Now, men, I want you all to come into the house and I will tell you your fate." We all went in, and he announced, "You men that have five dollars can have passports and remain in the country and go where you please." The fact was he had simply obtained passports for the asking; they had cost him nothing. The men who had been arrested at the Mission had been liberated as soon as their passports were issued to them, and they had at once proceeded on their way to San José. But five dollars! I don't suppose any one had five dollars; nine-tenths of them probably had not a cent of money. The names were called and each man settled, giving the amount in something, and if unable to make it up in money or effects he would give his note for the rest. All the names were called except my own. There was no passport for me. Marsh had certainly not forgotten me, for I had furnished him with the list of our names myself. Possibly his idea was — as others surmised and afterwards told me — that, lacking a passport, I would stay at his ranch and make a useful hand to work.

GENERAL M. G. VALLEJO.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, LENT BY LOYALL FARRAGUT.)

The next morning before day found me starting for the Mission of San José to get a passport for myself. Mike Nye, the man who had brought the news of the arrest, went with me. A friend had lent me a poor old horse, fit only to carry my blankets. I arrived in a heavy rain-storm, and was marched into the calaboose and kept there three days with nothing to eat, and the fleas were so numerous as to cover and darken anything of a light color. There were four or five Indians in the prison. They were ironed, and they kept tolling a bell, as a punishment, I suppose, for they were said to have stolen horses; possibly they belonged to the Horse-thief tribes east of the San Joaquin Valley. Sentries were stationed at the door. Through a grated window I made a motion to an Indian boy outside and he brought me a handful of beans and a handful of *manteca*, which is used by Mexicans instead of lard. It seemed as if they were going to starve me to death. After having been there three days I saw through the door a man whom, from his light hair, I took to be an American, although he was clad in the wild picturesque garb of a native Californian, including serape and the huge spurs used by the vaquero. I had the sentry at the door hail him. He proved to be an American, a resident of the Pueblo of San José, named Thomas Bowen, and he kindly went to Vallejo, who was right across the way in the big Mission building, and procured for me the passport. I think I have that passport now, signed by Vallejo and written in Spanish by Victor Prudon, secretary of Vallejo. Every one at the Mission pronounced Marsh's action an outrage; such a thing was never known before.

We had already heard that a man by the name of Sutter was starting a colony a hundred miles away to the north in the Sacramento Valley. No other civilized settlements had been attempted anywhere east of the Coast Range; before Sutter came the Indians had reigned supreme. As the best thing to be

done I now determined to go to Sutter's, afterward called "Sutter's Fort," or New Helvetia. Dr. Marsh said we could make the journey in two days, but it took us eight. Winter had come in earnest, and winter in California then, as now, meant rain. I had three companions. It was wet when we started, and much of the time we traveled through a pouring rain. Streams were out of their banks; gulches were swimming; plains were inundated; indeed, most of the country was overflowed. There were no roads, merely paths, trodden only by Indians and wild game. We were compelled to follow the paths, even when they were under water, for the moment our animals stepped to one side down they went into the mire. Most of the way was through the region now lying between Lathrop and Sacramento. We got out of provisions and were about three days without food. Game was plentiful, but hard to shoot in the rain. Besides, it was impossible to keep our old flint-lock guns dry, and especially the powder dry in the pans. On the eighth day we came to Sutter's settlement; the fort had not then been begun. Sutter received us with open arms and in a princely fashion, for he was a man of the most polite address and the most courteous manners, a man who could shine in any society. Moreover, our coming was not unexpected to him. It will be remembered that in the Sierra Nevada one of our men named Jimmy John became separated from the main party. It seems that he came on into California, and, diverging into the north, found his way down to Sutter's settlement perhaps a little before we reached Dr. Marsh's. Through this man Sutter heard that our company of thirty men were already somewhere in California. He immediately loaded two mules with provisions taken out of his private stores, and sent two men with them in search of us. But they did not find us, and returned, with the provisions, to Sutter's. Later, after a long search, the same two men, having been sent out again by Sutter, struck our trail and followed it to Marsh's.



OLD RUSSIAN BUILDING. FORT ROSS.

John A. Sutter was born in Baden in 1803 of Swiss parents, and was proud of his connection with the only republic of consequence in Europe. He was a warm admirer of the United States, and some of his friends had persuaded him to come across the Atlantic. He first went to a friend in Indiana with whom he staid awhile, helping to clear land, but it was business that he was not accustomed to. So he made his way to St. Louis and invested what means he had in merchandise, and went out as a New Mexi-

GENERAL JOHN A. SUTTER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.)

can trader to Santa Fé. Having been unsuccessful at Santa Fé, he returned to St. Louis, joined a party of trappers, went to the Rocky Mountains, and found his way down the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver. There he formed plans for trying to get down to the coast of California to establish a colony. He took a vessel that went to the Sandwich Islands, and there communicated his plans to people who assisted him. But as there was no vessel going direct from the Sandwich Islands to California, he had to take a Russian vessel by way of Sitka. He got such credit and help as he could in the Sandwich Islands and induced five or six natives to accompany him to start the contemplated colony. He expected to send to Europe and the United States for his colonists. When he came to the coast of California, in 1840, he had an interview with the governor, Alvarado, and obtained permission to explore the country and find a place for his colony. He came to the bay of San Francisco, procured a small boat and explored the largest river he could find, and selected the site where the city of Sacramento now stands.

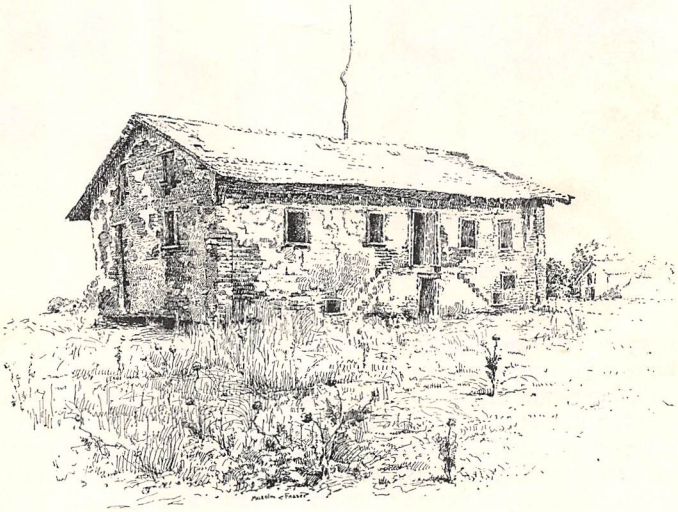
A short time before we arrived Sutter had bought out the Russian-American Fur Company at Fort Ross and Bodega on the Pacific. That company had a charter from Spain to take furs, but had no right to the land. The

SUTTER'S FORT. (REDRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OLD PRINT.)

charter had about expired. Against the protest of the California authorities they had extended their settlement southward some twenty miles farther than they had any right to, and had occupied the country to, and even beyond, the bay of Bodega. The time came when the taking of furs was no longer profitable; the Russians were ordered to vacate and return to Sitka. They wished to sell out all their personal property and whatever remaining right they had to the land. So Sutter bought them out — cattle and horses; a little vessel of about twenty-five tons burden, called a launch; and other property, including forty odd pieces of old rusty cannon and one or two small brass pieces, with a quantity of old French flint-lock muskets pronounced by Sutter to be of those lost by Bonaparte in 1812 in his disastrous retreat from Moscow. This ordnance Sutter conveyed up the Sacramento River on the launch to his colony. As soon as the native Californians heard that he had bought out the Russians and was beginning to fortify himself by taking up the cannon they began to fear him. They were doubtless jealous because Americans and other foreigners had already commenced to make the place their headquarters, and they foresaw that Sutter's fort would be for them, especially for Americans, what it naturally did become in fact, a place of protection and general rendezvous; and so they threatened to break it up. Sutter had not as yet actually received his grant; he had simply taken preliminary steps and had obtained permission to settle and proceed to colonize. These threats were made before he had begun the fort, much less built it, and Sutter felt insecure. He had a good many Indians whom he had collected about him, and a few white men (perhaps fifteen or twenty) and some Sandwich Islanders. When he heard of the coming of our thirty men he inferred at once that we would soon reach him and be an additional protection. With this feeling of security, even before the arrival of our party Sutter was so indiscreet as to write a letter to the governor or to some one in authority, saying that he wanted to hear no more threats of dispossession, for he was now able not only to defend himself but to go and chastise them. That letter having been despatched to the city of Mexico, the authorities there sent a new governor in 1842 with about six hundred troops to subdue Sutter. But the new governor, Manuel Micheltorena, was an intelligent man. He knew the history of California and was aware that nearly all of his predecessors had been expelled by insurrections of the native Californians. Sutter sent a courier to meet the governor before his arrival at Los Angeles, with a letter in French, conveying his greetings to the governor, expressing a most cordial welcome, and submitting cheerfully and entirely to his authority. In this way the governor and Sutter became fast friends, and through Sutter the Americans had a friend in Governor Micheltorena.

The first employment I had in California was in Sutter's service, about two months after our arrival at Marsh's. He engaged me to go to Bodega and Fort Ross and to stay there until he could finish removing the property which he had bought from the Russians. I remained there fourteen months, until everything was removed; then I came up into Sacramento Valley and took charge for Sutter of his Hock farm (so named from a large Indian village on the place), remaining there a little more than a year—in 1843 and part of 1844.

Nearly everybody who came to California made it a point to reach Sutter's Fort.[1] Sutter was one of the most liberal and hospitable of men. Everybody was welcome—one man or a hundred, it was all the same. He had peculiar traits: his necessities compelled him to take all he could buy, and he paid all he could pay; but he failed to keep up with his payments. And so he soon found himself immensely — almost hopelessly — involved in debt. His debt to the Russians amounted at first to something near one hundred thousand dollars. Interest increased apace. He had agreed to pay in wheat, but his crops failed. He struggled in every way, sowing large areas to wheat, increasing his cattle and horses, and trying to build a flouring mill. He kept his launch running to and from the bay, carrying down hides, tallow, furs, wheat, etc., returning with lumber sawed by hand in the redwood groves nearest the bay and other supplies. On an average it took a month to make a trip. The fare for each person was five dollars, including board. Sutter started many other new enterprises in order to find relief from his embarrassments; but, in spite of all he could do, these increased. Every year found him worse and worse off; but it was partly his own fault. He employed men — not because he always needed and could profitably employ them, but because in the kindness of his heart it simply became a habit to employ everybody who wanted employment. As long as he had anything he trusted any one with everything he wanted — responsible or otherwise, acquaintances and strangers alike. Most of the labor was done by Indians, chiefly wild ones, except a few from the Missions who spoke Spanish. The wild ones learned Spanish so far as they learned anything, that being the language of the country, and everybody had to learn some-



SUTTER'S FORT AS IT IS NOW.
(REDRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. BEALS.)

1 Every year after the arrival of our party, in 1841, immigrant parties came across the plains to California; except in 1842, when they went to Oregon, most of them coming thence to California in 1843. Ours of 1841 being the first, let me add that a later party arrived in California in 1841. It was composed of about twenty-five persons who arrived at Westport, Mo., too late to come with us, and so went with the annual caravan of St. Louis traders to Santa Fé, and thence *via* the Gila River into Southern California.

Among the more noted arrivals on this coast I may mention:

1841.—Commodore Wilkes's Exploring Expedition, a party of which came overland from Oregon to California, under Captain Ringgold, I think.

1842.—Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones, who raised the American flag in Monterey.

1843.—*First.* L. W. Hastings, *via* Oregon. He was ambitious to make California a republic and to be its first president, and wrote an iridescent book to induce immigration,— which came in 1846,— but found the American flag flying when he returned with the immigration he had gone to meet. Also among the noted arrivals in 1843 was Pierson B. Reading, an accomplished gentleman, the proprietor of Reading's ranch in Shasta County, and from whom Fort Reading took its name. Samuel J. Hensley was also one of the same party. *Second.* Dr. Sandels, a very intelligent man.

1844.—*First.* Frémont's first arrival (in March); Mr. Charles Preuss, a scientific man, and Kit Carson with him. *Second.* The Stevens-Townsend-Murphy party, who brought the first wagons into California across the plains.

1845.—*First.* James W. Marshall, who, in 1848, discovered the gold. *Second.* Frémont's second arrival, also Hastings's second arrival.

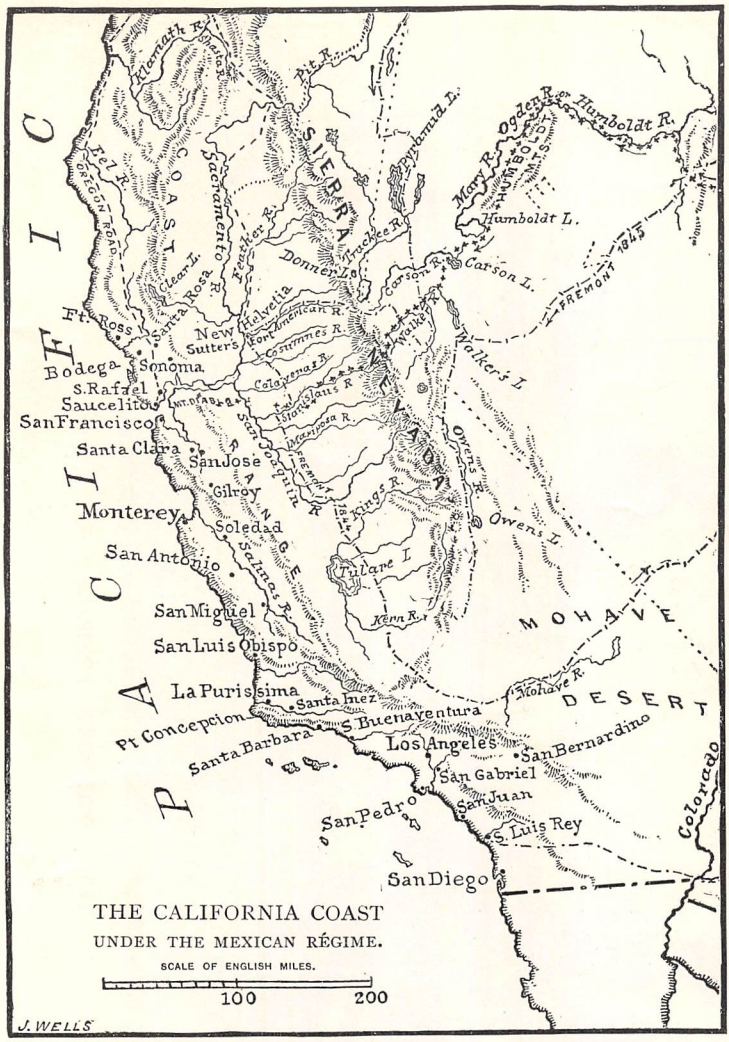
1846.—Largest immigration party, the one Hastings went to meet. The Donner party was among the last of these immigrants.

thing of it. The number of men employed by Sutter may be stated at from 100 to 500 — the latter number at harvest time. Among them were blacksmiths, carpenters, tanners, gunsmiths, vaqueros, farmers, gardeners, weavers (to weave coarse woolen blankets), hunters, sawyers (to saw lumber by hand, a custom known in England), sheep-herders, trappers, and, later, millwrights and a distiller. In a word, Sutter started every business and enterprise possible. He tried to maintain a sort of military discipline. Cannon were mounted, and pointed in every direction through embrasures in the walls and bastions. The soldiers were Indians, and every evening after coming from work they were drilled under a white officer, generally a German, marching to the music of fife and drum. A sentry was always at the gate, and regular bells called men to and from work.

A CALIFORNIA CART.

Harvesting, with the rude implements, was a scene. Imagine three or four hundred wild Indians in a grain field, armed, some with sickles, some with butcher-knives, some with pieces of hoop iron roughly fashioned into shapes like sickles, but many having only their hands with which to gather by small handfuls the dry and brittle grain; and as their hands would soon become sore, they resorted to dry willow sticks, which were split to afford a sharper edge with which to sever the straw. But the wildest part was the threshing. The harvest of weeks, sometimes of a month, was piled up in the straw in the form of a huge mound in the middle of a high, strong, round corral; then three or four hundred wild horses were turned in to thresh it, the Indians whooping to make them run faster. Suddenly they would dash in before the band at full speed, when the motion became reversed, with the effect of plowing up the trampled straw to the very bottom. In an hour the grain would be thoroughly threshed and the dry straw broken almost into chaff. In this manner I have seen two thousand bushels of wheat threshed in a single hour. Next came the winnowing, which would often take another month. It could only be done when the wind was blowing, by throwing high into the air shovelfuls of grain, straw, and chaff, the lighter materials being wafted to one side, while the grain, comparatively clean, would descend and form a heap by itself. In this manner all the grain in California was cleaned. At that day no such thing as a fanning mill had ever been brought to this coast.

The kindness and hospitality of the native Californians have not been overstated. Up to the time the Mexican régime ceased in California they had a custom of never charging for anything; that is to say, for entertainment — food, use of horses, etc. You were supposed, even if invited to visit a friend, to bring your blankets with you, and one would be very thoughtless if he traveled and did not take a knife with him to cut his meat. When you had eaten, the invariable custom was to rise, deliver to the woman or hostess the plate on which you had eaten the meat and beans — for that was about all they had — and say,



country, it prevailed in the towns too. There was not a hotel in San Francisco, or Monterey, or anywhere in California, till 1846, when the Americans took the country. The priests at the Missions were glad to entertain strangers without charge. They would give you a room in which to sleep, and perhaps a bedstead with a hide stretched across it, and over that you would spread your blankets.

At this time there was not in California any vehicle except a rude California cart; the wheels were without tires, and were made by felling an oak tree and hewing it down till it made a solid wheel nearly a foot thick on the rim and a little larger where the axle went through. The hole for the axle would be eight or nine inches in diameter, but a few years' use would increase it to a foot. To make the hole, an auger, gouge, or chisel was sometimes used, but the principal tool was an ax. A small tree required but little hewing and shaping to answer for an axle. These carts were always drawn by oxen, the yoke being lashed with rawhide to the horns. To lubricate the axles they used soap (that is one thing the Mexicans could make), carrying along for the purpose a big pail of thick soapsuds which was constantly put in the box or hole; but you could generally tell when a California cart was coming half a mile away by the squeaking. I have seen the families of the wealthiest people go long distances at the rate of thirty miles or more a day, visiting in one of these clumsy two-wheeled vehicles. They had a little framework around it made of round sticks, and a bullock hide was put in for a floor or bottom. Sometimes the better class would have a little calico for curtains and cover. There was no such thing as a spoked wheel in use then. Somebody sent from Boston a wagon

"*Muchas gracias, Señora*" ("Many thanks, madame"); and the hostess as invariably replied, "*Buen provecho*" ("May it do you much good"). The Missions in California invariably had gardens with grapes, olives, figs, pomegranates, pears, and apples, but the ranches scarcely ever had any fruit.[1] When you wanted a horse to ride, you would take it to the next ranch — it might be twenty, thirty, or fifty miles — and turn it out there, and sometime or other in reclaiming his stock the owner would get it back. In this way you might travel from one end of California to the other.

The ranch life was not confined to the

[1] With the exception of the tuna, or prickly pear, these were the only cultivated fruits I can recall to mind in California, except oranges, lemons, and limes, in a few places.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON. ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

THE GOVERNOR'S EQUIPAGE.

as a present to the priest in charge of the Mission of San José, but as soon as summer came the woodwork shrunk, the tires came off, and it all fell to pieces. There was no one in California to set tires. When Governor Micheltorena was sent from Mexico to California he brought with him an ambulance, not much better than a common spring wagon, such as a marketman would now use with one horse. It had shafts, but in California at that time there was no horse broken to work in them, nor was there such a thing known as a harness; so the governor had two mounted vaqueros to pull it, their reatas being fastened to the shafts and to the pommels of their saddles. The first wagons brought into California came across the plains in 1844 with the Townsend or Stevens party. They were left in the mountains and lay buried under the snow till the following spring, when Moses Schallenberger, Elisha Stevens (who was the captain of the party), and others went up and brought some of the wagons down into the Sacramento Valley. No other wagons had ever before reached California across the plains.[1]

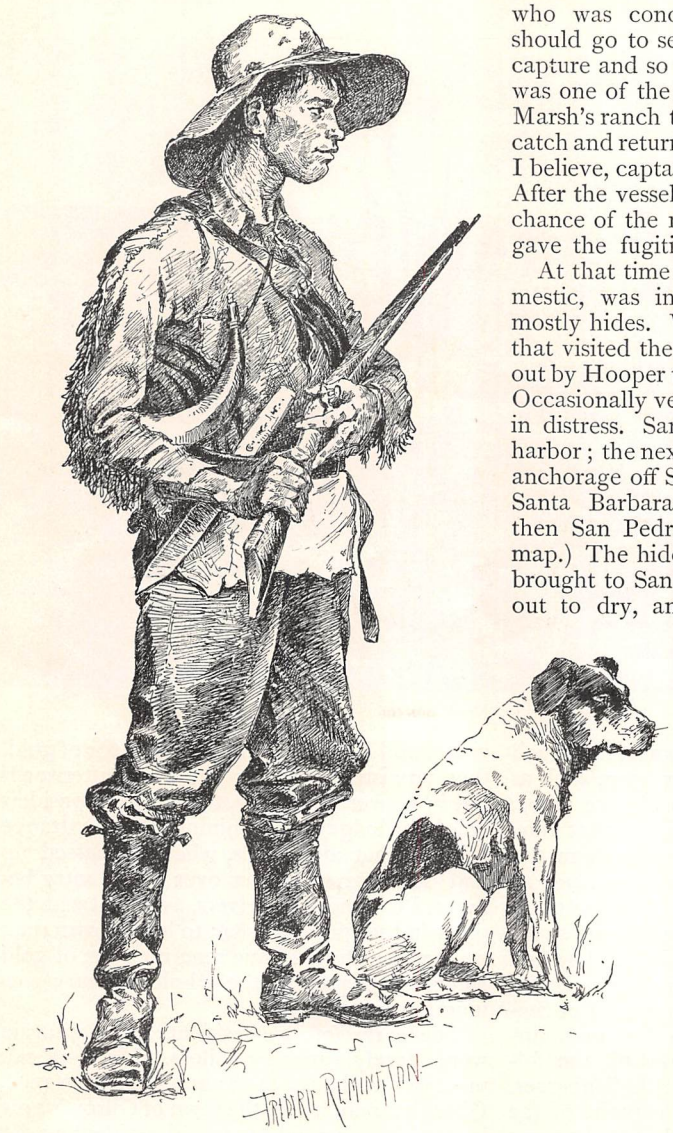
Elisha Stevens was from Georgia and had there worked in the gold mines. He started across the plains with the express purpose of finding gold. When he got into the Rocky Mountains, as I was told by his friend Dr. Townsend, Stevens said, "We are in a gold country." One evening (when they camped for the night) he went into a gulch, took some gravel and washed it and got the color of gold, thus unmistakably showing, as he afterwards did in Lower California, that he had considerable knowledge of gold mining. But the strange thing is, that afterwards, when he passed up and down several times over the country between Bear and Yuba rivers, as he did with the party in the spring of 1845 to bring down their wagons, he should have seen no signs of gold where subsequently the whole country was found to contain it.

HUNTING A RUNAWAY SAILOR.

The early foreign residents of California were largely runaway sailors. Many if not most would change their names. For instance, Gilroy's ranch, where the town of Gilroy is now located, was owned by an old resident under the assumed appellation of Gilroy. Of course vessels touching upon this coast were liable, as they were everywhere, to lose men by desertion, especially if the men were maltreated. Such things have been so common that it is

[1] Mr. Schallenberger still lives at San José. He remained a considerable part of the winter alone with the wagons, which were buried under the snow. When the last two men made a desperate effort to escape over the mountains into California, Schallenberger tried to go with them, but was unable to bear the fatigue, and so returned about fifteen miles to the cabin they had left near Donner Lake (as it was afterward called), where he remained, threatened with starvation, till one of the party returned from the Sacramento Valley and rescued him.

not difficult to believe that those who left their vessels in early days on this then distant coast had cause for so doing. To be known as a runaway sailor was no stain upon a man's character. It was no uncommon thing, after my arrival here, for sailors to be skulking and hiding about from ranch to ranch till the vessel they had left should leave the coast. At Amador's ranch, before mentioned, on my first arrival here, I met a sailor boy, named Harrison Pierce, of eighteen or twenty years, who was concealing himself till his vessel should go to sea. He managed to escape recapture and so remained in the country. He was one of the men who went with me from Marsh's ranch to Sutter's. Californians would catch and return sailors to get the reward which, I believe, captains of vessels invariably offered. After the vessels had sailed and there was no chance of the reward the native Californians gave the fugitives no further trouble.



TWO PIKE COUNTY ARRIVALS.

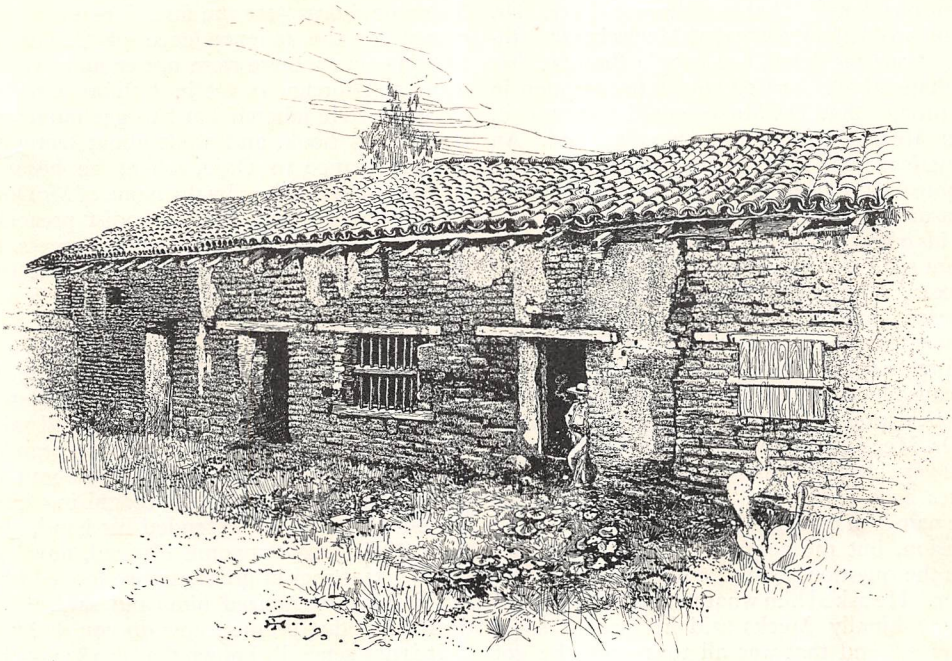
At that time the only trade, foreign or domestic, was in hides, tallow, and furs; but mostly hides. With few exceptions the vessels that visited the coast were from Boston, fitted out by Hooper to go there and trade for hides.[1] Occasionally vessels would put in for water or in distress. San Francisco was the principal harbor; the next was Monterey. There was an anchorage off San Luis Obispo; the next was Santa Barbara, the next San Buenaventura, then San Pedro, and lastly San Diego. (See map.) The hides were generally collected and brought to San Diego and there salted, staked out to dry, and folded so that they would lie compactly in the ship, and thence were shipped to Boston. Goods were principally sold on board the vessels: there were very few stores on land; that of Thomas O. Larkin at Monterey was the principal one. The entrance of a vessel into harbor or roadstead was a signal to all the ranchers to come in their little boats and launches laden with hides to trade for goods. Thus vessels went from port to port, remaining few or many days according to the amount of trade. When the people stopped bringing hides, a vessel would leave.[2]

[1] See Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" for a description of the California coast at this period.

[2] My first visit to the bay of San Francisco was in the first week of January, 1842. I had never before seen salt water. The town was called Yerba Buena, for the peppermint which was plentiful around some springs, located probably a little south of the junction of Pine and Sansome streets. Afterward — in 1847 — when through the immigration of 1846 across the plains, and through arrivals around Cape Horn, the place had become a village of some importance, the citizens changed the name to San Francisco, the name of the bay on which it is situated. With the exception of the Presidio and the Aduana (custom-house), all the buildings could be counted on the fingers and thumbs of one's hands. The most pretentious was a frame building erected by Jacob P. Leese, but then owned and occupied by the Hudson Bay Company, of which a Mr. Ray was agent. The others belonged to Captain Hinckley, Nathan Spear, Captain John J. Vioget, a Mr. Fuller, "Davis the carpenter," and a few others.

Monterey, when I first saw it (in 1844), had possibly 200 people, besides the troops, who numbered

I have said that there was no regular physician in California. Later, in 1843, in a company that came from Oregon, was one Joe Meeks, a noted character in the Rocky Mountains. On the way he said, "Boys, when I get down to California among the Greasers I am going to palm myself off as a doctor"; and from that time they dubbed him Dr. Meeks. He could neither read nor write. As soon as the Californians heard of his arrival at Monterey they began to come to him with their different ailments. His first professional service was to a boy who had a toe cut off. Meeks, happening to be near, stuck the toe on, binding it in a poultice of mud, and it grew on again. The new governor, Micheltorena, employed him as surgeon. Meeks had a way of looking and acting very wise, and of being reticent when people talked about things which he did not understand. One day he went into a little shop kept by a man known as Dr. Stokes, who had been a kind of hospital steward on board ship, and who had brought ashore one of those little medicine chests that were usually taken to sea, with apothecary scales, and a pamphlet giving a short synopsis of diseases and a table of weights and medicines, so that almost anybody could administer relief to



THE FIRST CALIFORNIA JAIL, MONTEREY.

about 500. The principal foreigners living there then were: Thomas O. Larkin, David Spence, W. E. P. Hartnell, James Watson, Charles Walter, A. G. Toomes, R. H. Thomes, Talbot H. Green (Paul Geddes), W. Dickey, James McKinley, Milton Little, and Dr. James Stokes. The principal natives or Mexicans were Governor Micheltorena, Manuel Jimeno, José Castro, Juan Malarine, Francisco Arce, Don José Abrego. Larkin received his commission as American consul for California, at Mazatlan, in 1844. On his return to Monterey the woman who washed his clothes took the small-pox. Larkin's whole family had it; it spread, and the number of deaths was fearful, amounting to over eighty.

When I first saw Santa Barbara, February 5, 1845, the old Mission buildings were the principal ones. The town — probably half a mile to the east — contained possibly one hundred persons, among whom I recall Captain Wilson, Dr. Nicholas Den, Captain Scott, Mr. Sparks, Nibever; and of natives, Pablo De la Guerra, Carlos Antonio, Carillo, and others.

Los Angeles I first saw in March, 1845. It then had probably two hundred and fifty people, of whom I recall Don Abel Stearns, John Temple, Captain Alexander Bell, William Wolfskill, Lemuel Carpenter, David W. Alexander; also of Mexicans, Pio Pico (governor), Don Juan Bandini, and others. On ranches in the vicinity lived William Workman, B. D. Wilson, and John Roland. At San Pedro, Captain Johnson. At Rancho Chino, Isaac Williams. At San Juan Capistrano, Don Juan Foster.

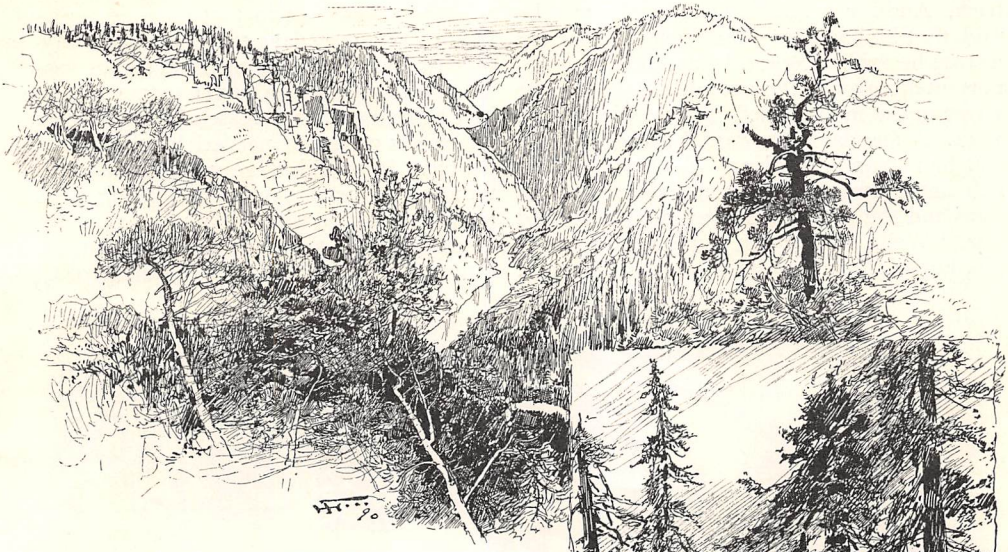
I went to San Diego, July, 1846, with Frémont's battalion, on the sloop of war *Cyane*, Captain Dupont (afterwards Admiral). The population was about one hundred, among whom I recall Captain Henry D. Fitch, Don Miguel de Pedrorena, Don Santiago Arguello, the Bandini family, J. M. Estudillo, and others. Subsequently, after the revolt of September, 1846, San Diego was the point from which, in January, 1847, the final conquest of California was made.

sick sailors. Meeks went to him and said, "Doctor, I want you to put me up some powders." So Stokes went behind his table and got out his scales and medicines, and asked, "What kind of powders?" "Just common powders—patient not very sick." "If you will tell me what kind of powders, Dr. Meeks—" "Oh, just common powders." That is all he would say. Dr. Stokes told about town that Meeks knew nothing about medicine, but people thought that perhaps Meeks had given the prescription in Latin and that Dr. Stokes could not read it. But Meeks's reign was to have an end. An American man-of-war came into the harbor. Thomas O. Larkin was then the United States consul at Monterey, and the commander and all his officers went up to Larkin's store, among them the surgeon, who was introduced to Dr. Meeks. The conversation turning upon the diseases incident to the country, Meeks became reticent, saying merely that he was going out of practice and intended to leave the country, because he could not get medicines. The surgeon expressed much sympathy and said, "Dr. Meeks, if you will make me out a list I will very cheerfully divide with you such medicines as I can spare." Meeks did not know the names of three kinds of medicine, and tried evasion, but the surgeon cornered him and put the question so direct that he had to answer. He asked him what medicine he needed most. Finally Meeks said he wanted some "draps," and that was all that could be got out of him. When the story came out his career as a doctor was at an end, and he soon after left the country.

In 1841 there was likewise no lawyer in California. In 1843 a lawyer named Hastings arrived *via* Oregon. He was an ambitious man, and desired to wrest the country from Mexico and make it a republic. He disclosed his plan to a man who revealed it to me. His scheme was to go down to Mexico and make friends of the Mexican authorities, if possible get a grant of land, and then go into Texas, consult President Houston, and go East and write a book, praising the country to the skies, which he did, with little regard to accuracy. His object was to start a large immigration, and in this he succeeded. The book was published in 1845, and undoubtedly largely induced what was called the "great immigration" of 1846 across the plains, consisting of about six hundred. Hastings returned to California in the autumn of 1845, preparatory to taking steps to declare the country independent and to establish a republic and make himself president. In 1846 he went back to meet the immigration and to perfect his plans so that the emigrants would know exactly where to go and what to do. But in 1846 the Mexican war intervened, and while Hastings was gone to meet the immigration California was taken possession of by the United States. These doubtless were the first plans ever conceived for the independence of California. Hastings knew there were not enough Americans and foreigners yet in California to do anything. He labored hard to get money to publish his book, and went about lecturing on temperance in Ohio, where he became intimate with a fellow by the name of McDonald, who was acting the Methodist preacher and pretending, with considerable success, to raise funds for missionary purposes. At last they separated, McDonald preceding Hastings to San Francisco, where he became bartender for a man named Vioget, who owned a saloon and a billiard table — the first, I think, on the Pacific coast. Hastings returned later, and, reaching San Francisco in a cold rain, went up to Vioget's and called for brandy. He poured out a glassful and was about to drink it, when McDonald, recognizing him, leaned over the bar, extended his hand, and said, "My good temperance friend, how are you?" Hastings in great surprise looked him in the eyes, recognized him, and said, "My dear Methodist brother, how do you do?"

It is not generally known that in 1841—the year I reached California — gold was discovered in what is now a part of Los Angeles County. The yield was not rich; indeed, it was so small that it made no stir. The discoverer was an old Canadian Frenchman by the name of Baptiste Ruelle, who had been a trapper with the Hudson Bay Company, and, as was not an infrequent case with those trappers, had drifted down into New Mexico, where he had worked in placer mines. The mines discovered by Ruelle in California attracted a few New Mexicans, by whom they were worked for several years. But as they proved too poor, Ruelle himself came up into the Sacramento Valley, five hundred miles away, and engaged to work for Sutter when I was in Sutter's service.[1] Now it so happened that almost every year a party of a dozen men or more would come from or return to Oregon. Of such parties some — perhaps most of them — would be Canadian French, who had trapped all over the country, and these were generally the guides. In 1843 it was known to every one that such a party was getting ready to go to Oregon.

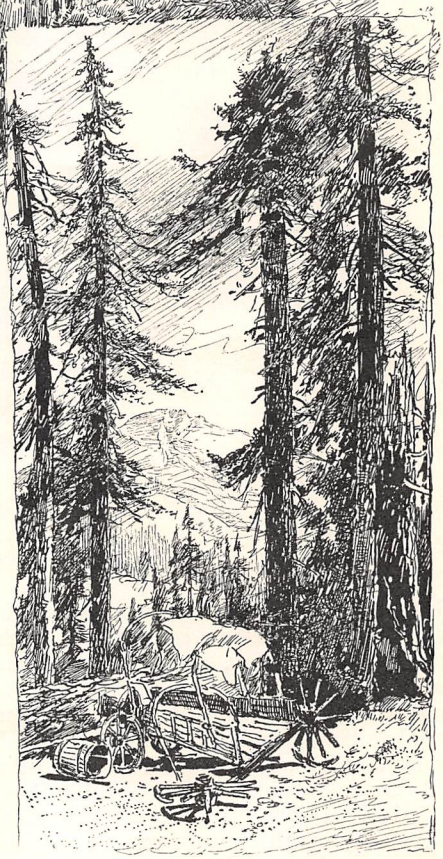
[1] New Mexican miners invariably carried their gold (which was generally small, and small in quantity as well) in a large quill — that of a vulture or turkey buzzard. Sometimes these quills would hold three or four ounces, and, being translucent, they were graduated so as to see at any time the quantity in them. The gold was kept in by a stopper. Ruelle had such a quill, which appeared to have been carried for years.



CAÑON OF THE AMERICAN RIVER.

Baptiste Ruelle had been in Sutter's employ several months, when one day he came to Sutter, showed him a few small particles of gold, and said he had found them on the American River, and he wanted to go far into the mountains on that stream to prospect for gold. For this purpose he desired two mules loaded with provisions, and he selected two notedly stupid Indian boys whom he wanted to go into the mountains with him, saying he would have no others. Of course he did not get the outfit. Sutter and I talked about it and queried, What does he want with so much provision — the American River being only a mile and the mountains only twenty miles distant? And why does he want those two stupid boys, since he might be attacked by the Indians? Our conclusion was that he really wanted the outfit so that he could join the party and go to Oregon and remain. Such I believe was Ruelle's intention; though in 1848, after James W. Marshall had discovered the gold at Coloma, Ruelle, who was one of the first to go there and mine, still protested that he had discovered gold on the American River in 1843. The only thing that I can recall to lend the least plausibility to Ruelle's pretensions would be that, so far as I know, he never, after that one time, manifested any desire to go to Oregon, and remained in California till he died. But I should add, neither did he ever show any longing again to go into the mountains to look for gold during the subsequent years he remained with Sutter, even to the time of Marshall's discovery.

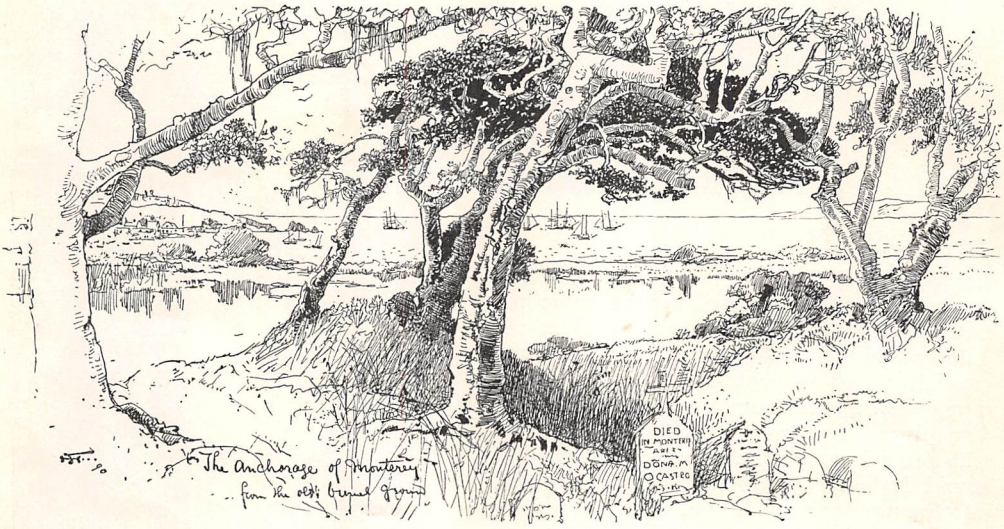
Early in the spring of 1844, a Mexican working under me at the Hock Farm for



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE SIERRA.

Sutter came to me and told me there was gold in the Sierra Nevada. His name was Pablo Gutierrez. The discovery by Marshall, it will be remembered, was in January, 1848. Pablo told me this at a time when I was calling him to account because he had absented himself the day before without permission. I was giving him a lecture in Spanish, which I could speak quite well in those days. Like many Mexicans, he had an Indian wife; some time before, he had been in the mountains and had bought a squaw. She had run away from

him, and he had gone to find and bring her back. And it was while he was on this trip, he said, that he had seen signs of gold. After my lecture he said, "Señor, I have made an important discovery; there surely is gold on Bear River in the mountains." This was in March, 1844. A few days afterward I arranged to go with him up on Bear River. We went five or six miles into the mountains, when he showed me the signs and the place where he thought the gold was. "Well," I said, "can you not find some?" No, he said, because he must have a *batea*. He talked so much about the "batea" that I concluded it must be a complicated machine. "Can't Mr. Keiser, our saddle-tree maker, make the batea?" I asked. "Oh, no." I did not then know that a batea is nothing more nor less than a wooden bowl which the Mexicans use for washing gold. I said, "Pablo, where can you get it?" He said, "Down in Mexico." I said, "I will help pay your expenses if you will go down and get one," which he promised to do. I said, "Pablo, say nothing to anybody else about this gold discovery, and we will get the batea and find the gold." As time passed I was afraid to let him go to Mexico, lest when he got among his relatives he might be induced to stay and not come back, so I made a suggestion to him. I said, "Pablo, let us save our earnings and get on a vessel and go around to Boston, and there get the batea; I can interpret for you, and the Yankees are very ingenious and can make anything." The idea pleased him, and he promised to go as soon as we could save enough to pay our expenses. He was to keep it a secret, and I believe he faithfully kept his promise. It would have taken us a year or two to get money enough to go. In those days there were every year four or five arrivals, sometimes six, of vessels laden with goods from Boston to trade for hides in California. These vessels brought around all classes of goods needed by the Mexican people. It would have required about six months each way, five months being a quick passage. But, as will be seen, our plans were interrupted. In the autumn of that year, 1844, a revolt took place. The native chiefs of California, José Castro and ex-Governor Alvarado, succeeded in raising an insurrection against the Mexican governor, Micheltorena, to expel him from the country. They accused him of being friendly to Americans and of giving them too much land. The truth was, he had simply shown impartiality. When Americans had been here long enough, had conducted themselves properly, and had complied with the colonization laws of Mexico, he had given them lands as readily as to native-born citizens. He was a fair-minded man and an intelligent and good governor, and wished to develop the country. His friendship for Americans was a mere pretext; for his predecessor, Alvarado, and his successor, Pio Pico, also granted lands freely to foreigners, and among them to Americans. The real cause of the insurrection against Micheltorena, however, was that the native chiefs had become hungry to get hold again of the revenues. The feeling against Americans was easily aroused and became their main excuse. The English and French influence, so far as felt, evidently leaned towards the side

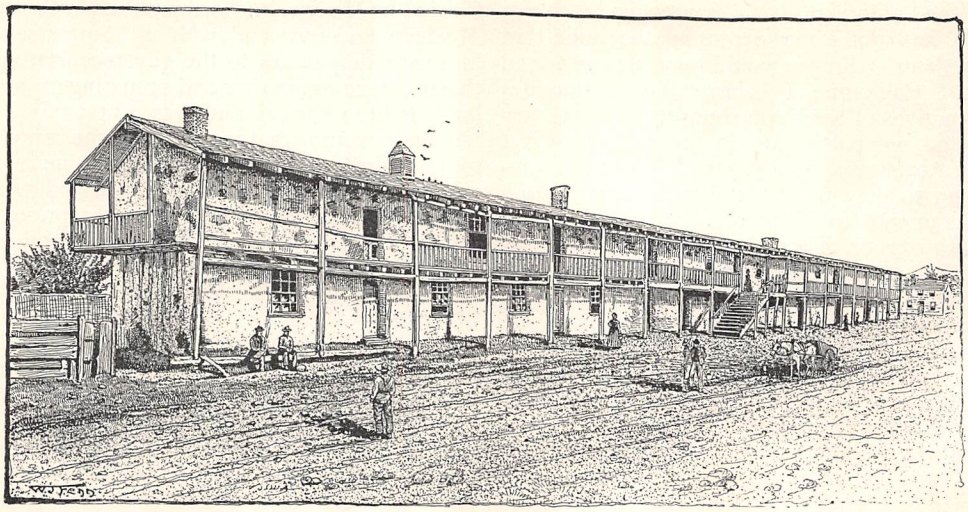


THE ANCHORAGE OF MONTEREY FROM THE OLD BURIAL-GROUND.

of the Californians. It was not open but it was felt, and not a few expressed the hope that England or France would some day seize and hold California. I believe the Gachupines — natives of Spain, of whom there were a few — did not participate in the feeling against the Americans, though few did much, if anything, to allay it. In October Sutter went from Sacramento to Monterey, the capital, to see the governor. I went with him. On our way thither, at San José, we heard the first mutterings of the insurrection. We hastened to Monterey, and were the first to communicate the fact to the governor. Sutter, alarmed, took the first opportunity to get away by water. There were in those days no mail routes, no public conveyances of any kind, no regular line of travel, no public highways. But a vessel happened to touch at Monterey, and Sutter took passage to the bay of San Francisco, and thence by his own launch reached home. In a few days the first blow was struck, the insurgents taking all the horses belonging to the government at Monterey, setting the governor and all his troops on foot. He raised a few horse as best he could and pursued them, but could not overtake them on foot. However, I understood that a sort of parley took place at or near San José, but no battle, surrender, or settlement. Meanwhile, having started to return by land to Sutter's Fort, two hundred miles distant, I met the governor returning to Monterey. He stopped his forces and talked with me half an hour and confided to me his plans. He desired me to beg the Americans to be loyal to Mexico; to assure them that he was their friend, and in due time would give them all the lands to which they were entitled. He sent particularly friendly word to Sutter. Then I went on to the Mission of San José and there fell in with the insurgents, who had made that place their headquarters; I staid all night, and the leaders, Castro and Alvarado, treated me like a prince. The two insurgents protested their friendship for the Americans, and sent a request to Sutter to support them. On my arrival at the fort the situation was fully considered, and all, with a single exception, concluded to support Micheltorena. He had been our friend; he had granted us land; he promised, and we felt that we could rely upon, his continued friendship; and we felt, indeed we knew, we could not repose the same confidence in the native Californians. This man Pablo Gutierrez, who had told me about the gold in the Sierra Nevada, was a native of Sinaloa in Mexico, and sympathized with the Mexican governor and with us. Sutter sent him with despatches to the governor, stating that we were organizing and preparing to join him. Pablo returned, and was sent again to tell the governor that we were on the march to join him at Monterey. This time he was taken prisoner with our despatches and was hanged to a tree, somewhere near the present town of Gilroy. That of course put an end to our gold discovery; otherwise Pablo Gutierrez might have been the discoverer instead of Marshall.[1]

But I still had it in my mind to try to find gold; so early in the spring of 1845 I made it a point to visit the mines in the south discovered by Ruelle in 1841. They were in the mountains about twenty miles north or northeast of the Mission of San Fernando, or say fifty miles from Los Angeles. I wanted to see the Mexicans working there, and to gain what knowledge I could of gold digging. Dr. John Townsend went with me. Pablo's confidence that there was gold on Bear River was fresh in my mind; and I hoped the same year to find time to return there and explore, and if possible find gold in the Sierra Nevada. But I had no time that busy year to carry out my purpose. The Mexicans' slow and inefficient manner of working the mine was most discouraging. When I returned to Sutter's Fort the same spring Sutter desired me to engage with him for a year as bookkeeper, which meant his general business man as well. His financial matters being in a bad way, I consented. I had a great deal to do besides keeping the books. Among other undertakings we sent men southeast in the Sierra Nevada about forty miles from the fort to saw lumber with a whipsaw. Two men would saw of good timber about one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five feet a day. Early in July I framed an excuse to go into the mountains to give the men some special directions about lumber needed at the fort. The day was one of the hottest I had ever experienced. No place looked favorable for a gold discovery. I even attempted to descend into a deep gorge through which meandered a small stream, but gave it up on account of the brush and the heat. My search was fruitless. The place where Marshall discovered gold in 1848 was about forty miles to the north of the saw-pits at this place. The next spring, 1849, I joined a party to go to the mines on and south of the Cosumne and

[1] The insurrection ended in the capitulation — I might call it expulsion — of Micheltorena. The causes which led to this result were various, some of them infamous. Pio Pico, being the oldest member of the Departmental Assembly, became governor, and Castro commander-in-chief of the military. They reigned but one year, and then came the Mexican war. Castro was made governor of Lower California, and died there. Pio Pico was not a vindictive man; he was a mild governor, and still lives at Los Angeles.



THE OLD CUARTEL AT MONTEREY.

Mokelumne rivers. The first day we reached a trading post—Digg's, I think, was the name. Several traders had there pitched their tents to sell goods. One of them was Tom Fallon, whom I knew. This post was within a few miles of where Sutter's men sawed the lumber in 1845. I asked Fallon if he had ever seen the old saw-pits where Sicard and Dupas had worked in 1845. He said he had, and knew the place well. Then I told him how I had attempted that year to descend into the deep gorge to the south of it to look for gold.

"My stars!" he said. "Why, that gulch down there was one of the richest placers that have ever been found in this country"; and he told me of men who had taken out a pint cupful of nuggets before breakfast.

Frémont's first visit to California was in the month of March, 1844. He came *via* eastern Oregon, traveling south and passing east of the Sierra Nevada, and crossed the chain about opposite the bay of San Francisco, at the head of the American River, and descended into the Sacramento Valley to Sutter's Fort. It was there I first met him. He staid but a short time, three or four weeks perhaps, to refit with fresh mules and horses and such provisions as he could obtain, and then set out on his return to the United States. Coloma, where Marshall afterward discovered gold, was on one of the branches of the American River. Frémont probably came down that very stream. How strange that he and his scientific corps did not discover signs of gold, as Commodore Wilkes's party had done when coming overland from Oregon in 1841! One morning at the breakfast table at Sutter's, Frémont was urged to remain a while and go to the coast, and among other things which it would be of interest for him to see was mentioned a very large redwood tree (*Sequoia sempervirens*) near Santa Cruz, or rather a cluster of trees, forming apparently a single trunk, which was said to be seventy-two feet in circumference. I then told Frémont of the big tree I had seen in the Sierra Nevada in October, 1841, which I afterwards verified to be one of the fallen big trees of the Calaveras Grove. I therefore believe myself to have been the first white man to see the mammoth trees of California. The Sequoias are found nowhere except in California. The redwood that I speak of is the *Sequoia sempervirens*, and is confined to the sea-coast and the west side of the Coast Range Mountains. The *Sequoia gigantea*, or mammoth tree, is found only on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada—nowhere farther north than latitude 38° 30′.

Sutter's Fort was an important point from the very beginning of the colony. The building of the fort and all subsequent immigrations added to its importance, for that was the first point of destination to those who came by way of Oregon or direct across the plains. The fort was begun in 1842 and finished in 1844. There was no town till after the gold discovery in 1848, when it became the bustling, buzzing center for merchants, traders, miners, etc., and every available room was in demand. In 1849 Sacramento City was laid off on the river two miles west of the fort, and the town grew up there at once into a city. The first town was laid off by Hastings and myself in the month of January, 1846, about three or four miles below the mouth of the American River, and called Sutterville. But first the Mexican war, then the lull which always follows excitement, and then the rush

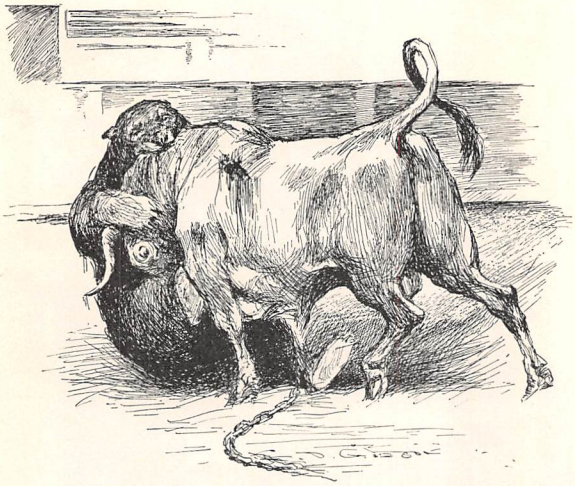
and roar of the gold discovery, prevented its building up till it was too late. Attempts were several times made to revive Sutterville, but Sacramento City had become too strong to be removed. Sutter always called his colony and fort "New Helvetia," in spite of which the name mostly used by others, before the Mexican war, was Sutter's Fort, or Sacramento, and later Sacramento altogether.

Sutter's many enterprises continued to create a growing demand for lumber. Every year, and sometimes more than once, he sent parties into the mountains to explore for an available site to build a sawmill on the Sacramento River or some of its tributaries, by which the lumber could be rafted down to the fort. There was no want of timber or of water power in the mountains, but the cañon features of the streams rendered rafting impracticable. The year after the war (1847) Sutter's needs for lumber were even greater than ever, although his embarrassments had increased and his ability to undertake new enterprises became less and less. Yet, never discouraged, nothing daunted, another hunt must be made for a sawmill site. This time Marshall happened to be the man chosen by Sutter to search the mountains. He was gone about a month, and returned with a most favorable report.

James W. Marshall went across the plains to Oregon in 1844, and thence came to California the next year. He was a wheelwright by trade, but, being very ingenious, he could turn his hand to almost anything. So he acted as carpenter for Sutter, and did many other things, among which I may mention making wheels for spinning wool, and looms, reeds, and shuttles for weaving yarn into coarse blankets for the Indians, who did the carding, spinning, weaving, and all other labor. In 1846 Marshall went through the war to its close as a private. Besides his ingenuity as a mechanic, he had most singular traits. Almost every one pronounced him half crazy or harebrained. He was certainly eccentric, and perhaps somewhat flighty. His insanity, however, if he had any, was of a harmless kind; he was neither vicious nor qurrelsome. He had great, almost overweening, confidence in his ability to do anything as a mechanic. I wrote the contract between Sutter and him to build the mill. Sutter was to furnish the means; Marshall was to build and run the mill, and have a share of the lumber for his compensation. His idea was to haul the lumber part way and raft it down the American River to Sacramento, and thence, his part of it, down the Sacramento River, and through Suisun and San Pablo bays to San Francisco for a market. Marshall's mind, in some respects at least, must have been unbalanced. It is hard to conceive how any sane man could have been so wide of the mark, or how any one could have selected such a site for a sawmill under the circumstances. Surely no other man than Marshall ever entertained so wild a scheme as that of rafting sawed lumber down the cañons of the American River, and no other man than Sutter would have been so confiding and credulous as to patronize him. It is proper to say that, under great difficulties, enhanced by winter rains, Marshall succeeded in building the mill — a very good one, too, of the kind. It had improvements which I had never seen in sawmills, and I had had considerable experience in Ohio. But the

A SPANISH-CALIFORNIAN TYPE.

mill would not run because the wheel was placed too low. It was an old-fashioned flutter wheel that propelled an upright saw. The gravelly bar below the mill backed the water up, and submerged and stopped the wheel. The remedy was to dig a channel or tail-race through the bar below to conduct away the water. The wild Indians of the mountains were employed to do the digging. Once through the bar there would be plenty of fall. The digging was hard and took some weeks. As soon as the water began to run through the tail-race the wheel was blocked, the gate raised, and the water permitted to gush through all night. It was Marshall's custom to examine the race while the water was running through in the morning, so as to direct the Indians where to deepen it, and then shut off the water for them to work during the day. The water was clear as crystal, and the current was swift enough to sweep away the sand and lighter materials. Marshall made these examinations early in the morning while the Indians were getting their breakfast. It was on one of these occasions, in the clear shallow water, that he saw something bright and yellow. He picked it up—it was a piece of gold! The world has seen and felt the result. The mill sawed little or no lumber; as a lumber enterprise the project was a failure, but as a gold discovery it was a grand success.



BULL AND BEAR FIGHT.

There was no excitement at first, nor for three or four months—because the mine was not known to be rich, or to exist anywhere except at the sawmill, or to be available to any one except Sutter, to whom every one conceded that it belonged. Time does not permit me to relate how I carried the news of the discovery to San Francisco; how the same year I discovered gold on Feather River and worked it; how I made the first weights and scales to weigh the first gold for Sam Brannan; how the richness of the mines became known by the Mormons who were employed by Sutter to work at the sawmill, working about on Sundays and finding it in the crevices along the stream and taking it to Brannan's store at the fort, and how Brannan kept the gold a secret as long as he could till the excitement burst out all at once like wildfire.

Among the notable arrivals at Sutter's Fort should be mentioned that of Castro and Castillero, in the fall of 1845. The latter had been before in California, sent, as he had been this time, as a peace commissioner from Mexico. Castro was so jealous that it was almost impossible for Sutter to have anything like a private interview with him. Sutter, however, was given to understand that, as he had stood friendly to Governor Micheltorena on the side of Mexico in the late troubles, he might rely on the friendship of Mexico, to which he was enjoined to continue faithful in all emergencies. Within a week Castillero was shown at San José a singular heavy reddish rock, which had long been known to the Indians, who rubbed it on their hands and faces to paint them. The Californians had often tried to smelt this rock in a blacksmith's fire, thinking it to be silver or some other precious metal. But Castillero, who was an intelligent man and a native of Spain, at once recognized it as quicksilver, and noted its resemblance to the cinnabar in the mines of Almaden. A company was immediately formed to work it, of which Castillero, Castro, Alexander Forbes, and others were members. The discovery of quicksilver at this time seems providential in view of its absolute necessity to supplement the imminent discovery of gold, which stirred and waked into new life the industries of the world.

It is a question whether the United States could have stood the shock of the great rebellion of 1861 had the California gold discovery not been made. Bankers and business men of New York in 1864 did not hesitate to admit that but for the gold of California, which monthly poured its five or six millions into that financial center, the bottom would have dropped out of everything. These timely arrivals so strengthened the nerves of trade and stimulated business as to enable the Government to sell its bonds at a time when its credit was its life-

blood and the main reliance by which to feed, clothe, and maintain its armies. Once our bonds went down to thirty-eight cents on the dollar. California gold averted a total collapse, and enabled a preserved Union to come forth from the great conflict with only four billions of debt instead of a hundred billions. The hand of Providence so plainly seen in the discovery of gold is no less manifest in the time chosen for its accomplishment.

I must reserve for itself in a concluding paper my personal recollections of Frémont's second visit to California in 1845–46, which I have purposely wholly omitted here. It was most important, resulting as it did in the acquisition of that territory by the United States.

John Bidwell.

RANCH AND MISSION DAYS IN ALTA CALIFORNIA.

IT seems to me that there never was a more peaceful or happy people on the face of the earth than the Spanish, Mexican, and Indian population of Alta California before the American conquest. We were the pioneers of the Pacific coast, building towns and Missions while General Washington was carrying on the war of the Revolution, and we often talk together of the days when a few hundred large Spanish ranches and Mission tracts occupied the whole country from the Pacific to the San Joaquin. No class of American citizens is more loyal than the Spanish Californians, but we shall always be especially proud of the traditions and memories of the long pastoral age before 1840. Indeed, our social life still tends to keep alive a spirit of love for the simple, homely, outdoor life of our Spanish ancestors on this coast, and we try, as best we may, to honor the founders of our ancient families, and the saints and heroes of our history since the days when Father Junipero planted the cross at Monterey.

The leading features of old Spanish life at the Missions, and on the large ranches of the last century, have been described in many books of travel, and with many contradictions. I shall confine myself to those details and illustrations of the past that no modern writer can possibly obtain except vaguely, from hearsay, since they exist in no manuscript, but only in the memories of a generation that is fast passing away. My mother has told me much, and I am still more indebted to my illustrious uncle, General Vallejo, of Sonoma, many of whose recollections are incorporated in this article.

When I was a child there were fewer than fifty Spanish families in the region about the bay of San Francisco, and these were closely connected by ties of blood or intermarriage. My father and his brother, the late General Vallejo, saw, and were a part of, the most important events in the history of Spanish California, the revolution and the conquest. My grandfather, Don Ygnacio Vallejo, was equally prominent in his day, in the exploration and settlement of the province. The traditions and records of the family thus cover the entire period of the annals of early California, from San Diego to Sonoma.

What I wish to do is to tell, as plainly and carefully as possible, how the Spanish settlers lived, and what they did in the old days. The story will be partly about the Missions, and partly about the great ranches.

The Jesuit Missions established in Lower California, at Loreto and other places, were followed by Franciscan Missions in Alta California, with presidios for the soldiers, adjacent pueblos, or towns, and the granting of large tracts of land to settlers. By 1782 there were nine flourishing Missions in Alta California — San Francisco, Santa Clara, San Carlos, San Antonio, San Luis Obispo, San Buenaventura, San Gabriel, San Juan, and San Diego. Governor Fajés added Santa Barbara and Purissima, and by 1790 there were more than 7000 Indian converts in the various Missions. By 1800 about forty Franciscan fathers were at work in Alta California, six of whom had been among the pioneers of twenty and twenty-five years before, and they had established seven new Missions — San José, San Miguel, Soledad, San Fernando, Santa Cruz, San Juan Bautista, and San Luis Rey. The statistics of all the Missions, so far as they have been preserved, have been printed in various histories, and the account of their growth, prosperity, and decadence has often been told. All that I wish to point out is that at the beginning of the century the whole system was completely established in Alta California. In 1773 Father Palou had reported that all the Missions, taken together, owned two hundred and four head of cattle and a few sheep, goats, and mules. In 1776 the regular five years' supplies sent from Mexico to the Missions were as follows: 107 blankets, 480 yards striped sackcloth, 389 yards blue baize, 10 pounds blue maguey cloth,

A SPANISH WINDOW.

4 reams paper, 5 bales red pepper, 10 arrobas of tasajo (dried beef), beads, chocolate, lard, lentils, rice, flour, and four barrels of Castilian wine. By 1800 all this was changed: the flocks and herds of cattle of California contained 187,000 animals, of which 153,000 were in the Mission pastures, and large areas of land had been brought under cultivation, so that the Missions supplied the presidios and foreign ships.

No one need suppose that the Spanish pioneers of California suffered many hardships or privations, although it was a new country. They came slowly, and were well prepared to become settlers. All that was necessary for the maintenance and enjoyment of life according to the simple and healthful standards of those days was brought with them. They had seeds, trees, vines, cattle, household goods, and servants, and in a few years their orchards yielded abundantly and their gardens were full of vegetables. Poultry was raised by the Indians, and sold very cheaply; a fat capon cost only twelve and a half cents. Beef and mutton were to be had for the killing, and wild game was very abundant. At many of the Missions there were large flocks of tame pigeons. At the Mission San José the fathers' doves consumed a cental of wheat daily, besides what they gathered in the village. The doves were of many colors, and they made a beautiful appearance on the red tiles of the church and the tops of the dark garden walls.

The houses of the Spanish people were built of adobe, and were roofed with red tiles. They were very comfortable, cool in summer and warm in winter. The clay used to make the bricks was dark brown, not white or yellow, as the adobes in the Rio Grande region and in parts of Mexico. Cut straw was mixed with the clay, and trodden together by the Indians. When the bricks were laid, they were set in clay as in mortar, and sometimes small pebbles from the brooks were mixed with the mortar to make bands across the house. All the timber of the floors, the rafters and crossbeams, the doorways, and the window lintels were "built in" as the house was carried up. After the house was roofed it was usually plastered inside and out to protect it against the weather and make it more comfortable. A great deal of trouble was often taken to obtain stone for the doorsteps, and curious rocks were sometimes brought many miles for this purpose, or for gate-posts in front of the dwelling.

The Indian houses were never more than one story high, also of adobe, but much smaller and with thinner walls. The inmates covered the earthen floors in part with coarse mats woven of tules, on which they slept. The Missions, as fast as possible, provided them with blankets, which were woven under the fathers' personal supervision, for home use and for sale. They were also taught to weave a coarse serge for clothing.

It was between 1792 and 1795, as I have heard, that the governor brought a number of artisans from Mexico, and every Mission wanted them, but there were not enough to go around. There were masons, millwrights, tanners, shoemakers, saddlers, potters, a ribbonmaker, and several weavers. The blankets and the coarse cloth I have spoken of were first woven in the southern Missions, San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, and others. About 1797 cotton cloth was also made in a few cases, and the cotton plant was found to grow very well. Hemp was woven at Monterey. Pottery was

made at Mission Dolores, San Francisco. Soap was made in 1798, and afterwards at all the Missions and on many large ranches. The settlers themselves were obliged to learn trades and teach them to their servants, so that an educated young gentleman was well skilled in many arts and handicrafts. He could ride, of course, as well as the best cow-boy of the Southwest, and with more grace; and he could throw the lasso so expertly that I never heard of any American who was able to equal it. He could also make soap, pottery, and bricks, burn lime, tan hides, cut out and put together a pair of shoes, make candles, roll cigars, and do a great number of things that belong to different trades.

The California Indians were full of rude superstitions of every sort when the Franciscan fathers first began to teach them. It is hard to collect old Indian stories in these days, because they have become mixed up with what the fathers taught them. But the wild Indians a hundred years ago told the priests what they believed, and it was difficult to persuade them to give it up. In fact, there was more or less of what the fathers told them was "devil-worship" going on all the time. Rude stone altars were secretly built by the Mission Indians to "Cooksuy," their dreaded god. They chose a lonely place in the hills, and made piles of flat stones, five or six feet high. After that each Indian passing would throw something there, and this act of homage, called "pooish," continued until the mound was covered with a curious collection of beads, feathers, shells from the coast, and even garments and food, which no Indian dared to touch. The fathers destroyed all such altars that they could discover, and punished the Indians who worshiped there. Sometimes the more ardent followers of Cooksuy had meetings at night, slipping away from the Indian village after the retiring-bell had rung and the alcalde's rounds had been made. They prepared for the ceremony by fasting for several days; then they went to the chosen place, built a large fire, went through many dances, and called the god by a series of very strange and wild whistles, which always frightened any person who heard them. The old Indians, after being converted, told the priests that before they had seen the Spaniards come Cooksuy made his appearance from the midst of the fire in the form of a large white serpent; afterward the story was changed, and they reported that he sometimes took the form of a bull with fiery eyes.

Indian alcaldes were appointed in the Mission towns to maintain order. Their duty was that of police officers; they were dressed better than the others, and wore shoes and stockings, which newly appointed officers dispensed with as often as possible, choosing to go barefoot, or with stockings only. When a vacancy in the office occurred the Indians themselves were asked which one they preferred of several suggested by the priest. The Mission San José had about five thousand Indian converts at the time of its greatest prosperity, and a number of Indian alcaldes were needed there. The alcaldes of the Spanish people in the pueblos were more like local judges, and were appointed by the governor.

The Indians who were personal attendants of the fathers were chosen with much care, for their obedience and quickness of perception. Some of them seemed to have reached the very perfection of silent, careful, unselfish service. They could be trusted with the most important matters, and they were strictly honest. Each father had his own private barber, who enjoyed the honor of a seat at the table with him, and generally accompanied him in journeys to other Missions. When the Missions were secularized, this custom, like many others, was abolished, and one Indian barber, named Telequis, felt the change in his position so much that when he was ordered out to the field with the others he committed suicide by eating the root of a poisonous wild plant, a species of celery.

The Indian vaqueros, who lived much of the time on the more distant cattle ranges, were a wild set of men. I remember one of them, named Martin, who was stationed in Amador Valley and became a leader of the hill vaqueros, who were very different from the vaqueros of the large valley near the Missions. He and his friends killed and ate three or four hundred young heifers belonging to the Mission, but when Easter approached he felt that he must confess his sins, so he went to Father Narciso and told all about it. The father forgave him, but ordered him to come in from the hills to the Mission and attend school until he could read. The rules were very strict; whoever failed twice in a lesson was always whipped. Martin was utterly unable to learn his letters, and he was whipped every day for a month; but he never complained. He was then dismissed, and went back to the hills. I used to question Martin about the affair, and he would tell me with perfect gravity of manner, which was very delightful, how many calves he had consumed and how wisely the good father had punished him. He knew now, he used to say, how very hard it was to live in the town, and he would never steal again lest he might have to go to school until he had learned his letters.

It was the custom at all the Missions, during the rule of the Franciscan missionaries, to

keep the young unmarried Indians separate. The young girls and the young widows at the Mission San José occupied a large adobe building, with a yard behind it, inclosed by high adobe walls. In this yard some trees were planted, and a *zanja*, or water-ditch, supplied a large bathing-pond. The women were kept busy at various occupations, in the building, under the trees, or on the wide porch; they were taught spinning, knitting, the weaving of Indian baskets from grasses, willow rods and roots, and more especially plain sewing. The treatment and occupation of the unmarried women was similar at the other Missions. When heathen Indian women came in, or were brought by their friends, or by the soldiers, they were put in these houses, and under the charge of older women, who taught them what to do.

The women, thus separated from the men, could only be courted from without through the upper windows facing on the narrow village street. These windows were about two feet square, crossed by iron bars, and perhaps three feet deep, as the adobe walls were very thick. The rules were not more strict, however, than still prevail in some of the Spanish-American countries in much higher classes, socially, than these uneducated Indians belonged to; in fact, the rules were adopted by the fathers from Mexican models. After an Indian, in his hours of freedom from toil, had declared his affection by a sufficiently long attendance upon a certain window, it was the duty of the woman to tell the father missionary and to declare her decision. If this was favorable, the young man was asked if he was willing to contract marriage with the young woman who had confessed her preference. Sometimes there were several rival suitors, but it was never known that any trouble occurred. After marriage the couple were conducted to their home, a hut built for them among the other Indian houses in the village near the Mission.

The Indian mothers were frequently told about the proper care of children, and cleanliness of the person was strongly inculcated. In fact, the Mission Indians, large and small, were wonderfully clean, their faces and hair fairly shining with soap and water. In several cases where an Indian woman was so slovenly and neglectful of her infant that it died she was punished by being compelled to carry in her arms in church, and at all meals and public assemblies, a log of wood about the size of a nine-months'-old child. This was a very effectual punishment, for the Indian women are naturally most affectionate creatures, and in every case they soon began to suffer greatly, and others with them, so that once a whole Indian village begged the father in charge to forgive the poor woman.

The padres always had a school for the Indian boys. My mother has a *novena*, or "nine-days' devotion book," copied for her by one of the Indian pupils of the school at the Mission San José, early in the century. The handwriting is very neat and plain, and would be a credit to any one. Many young Indians had good voices, and these were selected with great care to be trained in singing for the church choir. It was thought such an honor to sing in church that the Indian families were all very anxious to be represented. Some were taught to play on the violin and other stringed instruments. When Father Narciso Duran, who was the president of the Franciscans in California, was at the Mission San José, he had a church choir of about thirty well-trained boys to sing the mass. He was himself a cultivated musician, having studied under some of the best masters in Spain, and so sensitive was his ear that if one string was out of tune he could not continue his service, but would at once turn to the choir, call the name of the player, and the string that was out of order, and wait until the matter was corrected. As there were often more than a dozen players on instruments, this showed high musical ability. Every prominent Mission had fathers who paid great attention to training the Indians in music.

A Spanish lady of high social standing tells the following story, which will illustrate the honor in which the Mission fathers were held:

Father Majin Catala, one of the missionaries early in the century, was held to possess prophetic gifts, and many of the Spanish settlers, the Castros, Peraltas, Estudillos, and others, have reason to remember his gift. When any priest issued from the sacristy to celebrate mass all hearts were stirred, but with this holy father the feeling became one of absolute awe. On more than one occasion before his sermon he asked the congregation to join him in prayers for the soul of one about to die, naming the hour. In every case this was fulfilled to the very letter, and that in cases where the one who died could not have known of the father's words. This saint spent his days in labor among the people, and he was loved as well as feared. But on one occasion, in later life, when the Mission rule was broken, he offended an Indian chief, and shortly after several Indians called at his home in the night to ask him to go and see a dying woman. The father rose and dressed, but his chamber door remained fast, so that he could not open it, and he was on the point of ordering them to break it open from without, when he felt a warning, to the

effect that they were going to murder him. Then he said, "To-morrow I will visit your sick: you are forgiven; go in peace." Then they fled in dismay, knowing that his person was protected by an especial providence, and soon after confessed their plans to the father.

Father Real was one of the most genial and kindly men of the missionaries, and he surprised all those who had thought that every one of the fathers was severe. He saw no harm in walking out among the young people, and saying friendly things to them all. He was often known to go with young men on moonlight rides, lassoing grizzly bears, or chasing deer on the plain. His own horse, one of the best ever seen in the valley, was richly caparisoned, and the father wore a scarlet silk sash around his waist under the Franciscan habit. When older and graver priests reproached him, he used to say with a smile that he was only a Mexican Franciscan, and that he was brought up in a saddle. He was certainly a superb rider.

It is said of Father Amoros of San Rafael that his noon meal consisted of an ear of dry corn, roasted over the coals. This he carried in his sleeve and partook of at his leisure while overseeing the Indian laborers. Some persons who were in the habit of reaching a priest's house at noontime, so as to be asked to dinner, once called on the father, and were told that he had gone to the field with his corn in his *manguilla*, but they rode away without seeing him, which was considered a breach of good manners, and much fun was made over their haste.

The principal sources of revenue which the Missions enjoyed were the sales of hides and tallow, fresh beef, fruits, wheat, and other things to ships, and in occasional sales of horses to trappers or traders. The Russians at Fort Ross, north of San Francisco, on Bodega Bay, bought a good deal from the Missions. Then too the Indians were sent out to trade with other Indians, and so the Missions often secured many valuable furs, such as otter and beaver, together with skins of bears and deer killed by their own hunters.

The *embarcadero*, or "landing," for the Mission San José was at the mouth of a salt-water creek four or five miles away. When a ship sailed into San Francisco Bay, and the captain sent a large boat up this creek and arranged to buy hides, they were usually hauled there on an ox-cart with solid wooden wheels, called a *carreta*. But often in winter, there being no roads across the valley, each separate hide was doubled across the middle and placed on the head of an Indian. Long files of Indians, each carrying a hide in this manner, could be seen trotting over the unfenced level land through the wild mustard to the *embarcadero*, and in a few weeks the whole cargo would thus be delivered. For such work the Indians always received additional gifts for themselves and families.

A very important feature was the wheat harvest. Wheat was grown more or less at all the Missions. If those Americans who came to California in 1849 and said that wheat would not grow here had only visited the Missions they would have seen beautiful large wheatfields. Of course at first many mistakes were made by the fathers in their experiments, not only in wheat and corn, but also in wine-making, in crushing olives for oil, in grafting trees, and in creating fine flower and vegetable gardens. At most of the Missions it took them several years to find out how to grow good grain. At first they planted it on too wet land. At the Mission San José a tract about a mile square came to be used for wheat. It was fenced in with a ditch, dug by the Indians with sharp sticks and with their hands in the rainy season, and it was so deep and wide that cattle and horses never crossed it. In other places stone or adobe walls, or hedges of the prickly pear cactus, were used about the wheatfields. Timber was never considered available for fences, because there were no saw-mills and no roads to the forests, so that it was only at great expense and with extreme difficulty that we procured the logs that were necessary in building, and chopped them slowly, with poor tools, to the size we wanted. Sometimes low adobe walls were made high and safe by a row of the skulls of Spanish cattle, with the long curving horns attached. These came from the *matanzas*, or slaughter-corrals, where there were thousands of them lying in piles, and they could be so used to make one of the strongest and most effective of barriers against man or beast. Set close and deep, at various angles, about the gateways and corral walls, these cattle horns helped to protect the inclosure from horse-thieves.

When wheat was sown it was merely "scratched in" with a wooden plow, but the ground was so new and rich that the yield was great. The old Mission field is now occupied by some of the best farms of the valley, showing how excellent was the fathers' judgment of good land. The old ditches which fenced it have been plowed in for more than forty years by American farmers, but their course can still be distinctly traced.

A special ceremony was connected with the close of the wheat harvest. The last four sheaves taken from this large field were tied to poles in the form of a cross, and were then brought by the reapers in the "harvest procession" to the church, while the bells were rung, and the father, dressed in his robes,

carrying the cross and accompanied by boys with tapers and censers, chanting the Te Deum as they marched, went forth to meet the sheaves. This was a season of Indian festival also, and one-fifth of the whole number of the Indians were sometimes allowed to leave the Mission for a certain number of days, to gather acorns, dig roots, hunt, fish, and enjoy a change of occupation. It was a privilege that they seldom, or never, abused by failing to return, and the fact shows how well they were treated in the Missions.

Governor Neve proposed sowing wheat, I have heard, in 1776, and none had been sown in California before that time. At the pueblo of San José, which was established in 1777, they planted wheat for the use of the presidios, and the first sowing was at the wrong season and failed, but the other half of their seed did better. The fathers at San Diego Mission sowed grain on the bottom lands in the willows the first year, and it was washed away; then they put it on the mesa above the Mission, and it died; the third year they found a good piece of land, and it yielded one hunhundred and ninety-five fold.

As soon as the Missions had wheatfields they wanted flour, and mortars were made. Some of them were holes cut in the rock, with a heavy pestle, lifted by a long pole. When La Pérouse, the French navigator, visited Monterey in 1786, he gave the fathers in San Carlos an iron hand-mill, so that the neophyte women could more easily grind their wheat. He also gave the fathers seed-potatoes from Chili, the first that were known in California. La Pérouse and his officers were received with much hospitality at San Carlos. The Indians were told that the Frenchmen were true Catholics, and Father Palou had them all assembled at the reception. Mrs. Ord, a daughter of the De la Guerra family, had a drawing of this occasion, made by an officer, but it was stolen about the time of the American conquest, like so many of the precious relics of Spanish California. La Pérouse wrote: "It is with the sweetest satisfaction that I shall make known the pious and wise conduct of these friars, who fulfil so perfectly the object of their institution. The greatest anchorites have never led a more edifying life."

Early in the century flour-mills by water were built at Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, San José, and San Gabriel. The ruins of some of these now remain; the one at Santa Cruz is very picturesque. Horse-power mills were in use at many places. About the time that the Americans began to arrive in numbers the Spanish people were just commencing to project larger mill enterprises and irrigation ditches for their own needs. The difficulties with land titles put an end to most of these plans, and some of them were afterward carried out by Americans when the ranches were broken up.

One of the greatest of the early irrigation projects was that of my grandfather, Don Ygnacio Vallejo, who spent much labor and money in supplying San Luis Obispo Mission with water. This was begun in 1776, and completed the following year. He also planned to carry the water of the Carmel River to Monterey; this has since been done by the Southern Pacific Railway Company. My father, Don J. J. Vallejo, about fifty years ago made a stone aqueduct and several irrigation and mill ditches from the Alameda Creek, on which stream he built an adobe flour-mill, whose millstones were brought from Spain.

I have often been asked about the old Mission and ranch gardens. They were, I think, more extensive, and contained a greater variety of trees and plants, than most persons imagine. The Jesuits had gardens in Baja California as early as 1699, and vineyards and orchards a few years later. The Franciscans in Alta California began to cultivate the soil as soon as they landed. The first grapevines were brought from Lower California in 1769, and were soon planted at all the Missions except Dolores, where the climate was not suitable. Before the year 1800 the orchards at the Missions contained apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, cherries, figs, olives, oranges, pomegranates. At San Diego and San Buenaventura Missions there were also sugar canes, date palms, plantains, bananas, and citrons. There were orchards and vineyards in California sufficient to supply all the wants of the people. I remember that at the Mission San José we had many varieties of seedling fruits which have now been lost to cultivation. Of pears we had four sorts, one ripening in early summer, one in late summer, and two in autumn and winter. The Spanish names of these pears were the *Presidenta*, the *Bergamota*, the *Pana*, and the *Lechera*. One of them was as large as a Bartlett, but there are no trees of it left now. The apples, grown from seed, ripened at different seasons, and there were seedling peaches, both early and late. An interesting and popular fruit was that of the *Nopal*, or prickly pear. This fruit, called *tuna*, grew on the great hedges which protected part of the Mission orchards and were twenty feet high and ten or twelve feet thick. Those who know how to eat a *tuna*, peeling it so as to escape the tiny thorns on the skin, find it delicious. The Missions had avenues of fig, olive, and other trees about the buildings, besides the orchards. In later times American squatters and campers often cut down these trees for firewood, or built fires against the trunks, which

killed them. Several hundred large and valuable olive trees at the San Diego Mission were killed in this way. The old orchards were pruned and cultivated with much care, and the paths were swept by the Indians, but after the sequestration of the Mission property they were neglected and ran wild. The olive-mills and wine-presses were destroyed, and cattle were pastured in the once fruitful groves.

The flower gardens were gay with roses, chiefly a pink and very fragrant sort from Mexico, called by us the Castilian rose, and still seen in a few old gardens. Besides roses, we had pinks, sweet-peas, hollyhocks, nasturtiums which had been brought from Mexico, and white lilies. The vegetable gardens contained pease, beans, beets, lentils, onions, carrots, red peppers, corn, potatoes, squashes, cucumbers, and melons. A fine quality of tobacco was cultivated and cured by the Indians. Hemp and flax were grown to some extent. A fine large cane, a native of Mexico, was planted, and the joints found useful as spools in the blanket factory, and for many domestic purposes. The young shoots of this cane were sometimes cooked for food. Other kinds of plants were grown in the old gardens, but these are all that I can remember.

In the old days every one seemed to live out-doors. There was much gaiety and social life, even though people were widely scattered. We traveled as much as possible on horseback. Only old people or invalids cared to use the slow cart, or *carreta*. Young men would ride from one ranch to another for parties, and whoever found his horse tired would let him go and catch another. In 1806 there were so many horses in the valleys about San José that seven or eight thousand were killed. Nearly as many were driven into the sea at Santa Barbara in 1807, and the same thing was done at Monterey in 1810. Horses were given to the runaway sailors, and to trappers and hunters who came over the mountains, for common horses were very plenty, but fast and beautiful horses were never more prized in any country than in California, and each young man had his favorites. A kind of mustang, that is now seldom or never seen on the Pacific coast, was a peculiar light cream-colored horse, with silver-white mane and tail. Such an animal, of speed and bottom, often sold for more than a horse of any other color. Other much admired colors were dapple-gray and chestnut. The fathers of the Mission sometimes rode on horseback, but they generally had a somewhat modern carriage called a *volante*. It was always drawn by mules, of which there were hundreds in the Mission pastures, and white was the color often preferred.

Nothing was more attractive than the wedding cavalcade on its way from the bride's house to the Mission church. The horses were more richly caparisoned than for any other ceremony, and the bride's nearest relative or family representative carried her before him, she sitting on the saddle with her white satin shoe in a loop of golden or silver braid, while he sat on the bear-skin covered *anquera* behind. The groom and his friends mingled with the bride's party, all on the best horses that could be obtained, and they rode gaily from the ranch house to the Mission, sometimes fifteen or twenty miles away. In April and May, when the land was covered with wild-flowers, the light-hearted troop rode along the edge of the uplands, between hill and valley, crossing the streams, and some of the young horsemen, anxious to show their skill, would perform all the feats for which the Spanish-Californians were famous. After the wedding, when they returned to lead in the feasting, the bride was carried on the horse of the groomsman. One of the customs which was always observed at the wedding was to wind a silken tasseled string or a silken sash, fringed with gold, about the necks of the bride and groom, binding them together as they knelt before the altar for the blessing of the priest. A charming custom among the middle and lower classes was the making of the satin shoes by the groom for the bride. A few weeks before the wedding he asked his betrothed for the measurement of her foot, and made the shoes with his own hands; the groomsman brought them to her on the wedding-day.

But few foreigners ever visited any of the Missions, and they naturally caused quite a stir. At the Mission San José, about 1820, late one night in the vintage season a man came to the village for food and shelter, which were gladly given. But the next day it was whispered that he was a Jew, and the poor Indians, who had been told that the Jews had crucified Christ, ran to their huts and hid. Even the Spanish children, and many of the grown people, were frightened. Only the missionary father had ever before seen a Jew, and when he found that it was impossible to check the excitement he sent two soldiers to ride with the man a portion of the way to Santa Clara.

A number of trappers and hunters came into Southern California and settled down in various towns. There was a party of Kentuckians, beaver-trappers, who went along the Gila and Colorado rivers about 1827, and then south into Baja California to the Mission of Santa Catalina. Then they came to San Diego, where the whole country was much excited over their hunter clothes, their rifles, their traps, and the strange stories they told of the deserts, and fierce Indians, and things that no one in Cali-

fornia had ever seen. Captain Paty was the oldest man of the party, and he was ill and worn out. All the San Diego people were very kind to the Americans. It is said that the other Missions, such as San Gabriel, sent and desired the privilege of caring for some of them. Captain Paty grew worse, so he sent for one of the fathers and said he wished to become a Catholic, because, he added, it must be a good religion, for it made everybody so good to him. Don Pio Pico and Doña Victoria Dominguez de Estudillo were his sponsors. After Captain Paty's death the Americans went to Los Angeles, where they all married Spanish ladies, were given lands, built houses, planted vineyards, and became important people. Pryor repaired the church silver, and was called "Miguel el Platero." Laughlin was always so merry that he was named "Ricardo el Buen Mozo." They all had Spanish names given them besides their own. One of them was a blacksmith, and as iron was very scarce he made pruning shears for the vineyards out of the old beaver traps.

On Christmas night, 1828, a ship was wrecked near Los Angeles, and twenty-eight men escaped. Everybody wanted to care for them, and they were given a great Christmas dinner, and offered money and lands. Some of them staid, and some went to other Missions and towns. One of them who staid was a German, John Gronigen, and he was named "Juan Domingo," or, because he was lame, "Juan Cojo." Another, named Prentice, came from Connecticut, and he was a famous fisherman and otter hunter. After 1828 a good many other Americans came in and settled down quietly to cultivate the soil, and some of them became very rich. They had grants from the governor, just the same as the Spanish people.

It is necessary, for the truth of the account, to mention the evil behavior of many Americans before, as well as after, the conquest. At the Mission San José there is a small creek, and two very large sycamores once grew at the Spanish ford, so that it was called *la aliso.* A squatter named Fallon, who lived near the crossing, cut down these for firewood, though there were many trees in the cañon. The Spanish people begged him to leave them, for the shade and beauty, but he did not care for that. This was a little thing, but much that happened was after such pattern, or far worse.

In those times one of the leading American squatters came to my father, Don J. J. Vallejo, and said: "There is a large piece of your land where the cattle run loose, and your vaqueros have gone to the gold mines. I will fence the field for you at my expense if you will give me half." He liked the idea, and assented, but when the tract was inclosed the American had it entered as government land in his own name, and kept all of it. In many similar cases American settlers in their dealings with the rancheros took advantage of laws which they understood, but which were new to the Spaniards, and so robbed the latter of their lands. Notes and bonds were considered unnecessary by a Spanish gentleman in a business transaction, as his word was always sufficient security.

Perhaps the most exasperating feature of the coming-in of the Americans was owing to the mines, which drew away most of the servants, so that our cattle were stolen by thousands. Men who are now prosperous farmers and merchants were guilty of shooting and selling Spanish beef "without looking at the brand," as the phrase went. My father had about ten thousand head of cattle, and some he was able to send back into the hills until there were better laws and officers, but he lost the larger part. On one occasion I remember some vigilantes caught two cattle-thieves and sent for my father to appear against them, but he said that although he wanted them punished he did not wish to have them hanged, and so he would not testify, and they were set free. One of them afterward sent conscience money to us from New York, where he is living in good circumstances. The Vallejos have on several occasions received conscience money from different parts of the country. The latest case occurred last year (1889), when a woman wrote that her husband, since dead, had taken a steer worth twenty-five dollars, and she sent the money.

Every Mission and ranch in old times had its *calaveras*, its "place of skulls," its slaughter-corral, where cattle and sheep were killed by the Indian butchers. Every Saturday morning the fattest animals were chosen and driven there, and by night the hides were all stretched on the hillside to dry. At one time a hundred cattle and two hundred sheep were killed weekly at the Mission San José, and the meat was distributed to all, "without money and without price." The grizzly bears, which were very abundant in the country,— for no one ever poisoned them, as the American stock raisers did after 1849,— used to come by night to the ravines near the slaughter-corral where the refuse was thrown by the butchers. The young Spanish gentlemen often rode out on moonlight nights to lasso these bears, and then they would drag them through the village street, and past the houses of their friends. Two men with their strong rawhide reatas could hold any bear, and when they were tired of this sport they could kill him. But sometimes the bears would walk through the village on their way to or from the corral of the butchers, and so

scatter the people. Several times a serenade party, singing and playing by moonlight, was suddenly broken up by two or three grizzlies trotting down the hill into the street, and the gay *caballeros* with their guitars would spring over the adobe walls and run for their horses, which always stood saddled, with a reata coiled, ready for use, at the saddle bow. It was the custom in every family to keep saddled horses in easy reach, day and night.

Innumerable stories about grizzlies are traditional in the old Spanish families, not only in the Santa Clara Valley, but also through the Coast Range from San Diego to Sonoma and Santa Rosa. Some of the bravest of the young men would go out alone to kill grizzlies. When they had lassoed one they would drag him to a tree, and the well-trained horse would hold the bear against it while the hunter slipped out of the saddle, ran up, and killed the grizzly with one stroke of his broad-bladed *machete*, or Mexican hunting knife. One Spanish gentlemen riding after a large grizzly lassoed it and was dragged into a deep *barranca*. Horse and man fell on the bear, and astonished him so much that he scrambled up the bank, and the hunter cut the reata and gladly enough let him go. There were many cases of herdsmen and hunters being killed by grizzlies, and one could fill a volume with stories of feats of courage and of mastery of the reata. The governor of California appointed expert bear hunters in different parts of the country, who spent their time in destroying them, by pits, or shooting, or with the reata. Don Rafael Soto, one of the most famous of these men, used to conceal himself in a pit, covered with heavy logs and leaves, with a quarter of freshly killed beef above. When the grizzly bear walked on the logs he was shot from beneath. Before the feast-days the hunters sometimes went to the foothills and brought several bears to turn into the bull-fighting corral.

The principal bull-fights were held at Easter and on the day of the patron saint of the Mission, which at the Mission San José was March 19. Young gentlemen who had trained for the contest entered the ring on foot and on horseback, after the Mexican manner. In the bull and bear fights a hindfoot of the bear was often tied to the forefoot of the bull, to equalize the struggle, for a large grizzly was more than a match for the fiercest bull in California, or indeed of any other country. Bull and bear fights continued as late as 1855. The Indians were the most ardent supporters of this cruel sport.

The days of the *rodeos*, when cattle were driven in from the surrounding pastures, and the herds of the different ranches were separated, were notable episodes. The ranch owners elected three or five *juezes del campo* to govern the proceedings and decide disputes. After the rodeo there was a feast. The great feast-days, however, were December 12 (the day of our Lady Guadalupe), Christmas, Easter, and St. Joseph's Day, or the day of the patron saint of the Mission.

Family life among the old Spanish pioneers was an affair of dignity and ceremony, but it did not lack in affection. Children were brought up with great respect for their elders. It was the privilege of any elderly person to correct young people by words, or even by whipping them, and it was never told that any one thus chastised made a complaint. Each one of the old families taught their children the history of the family, and reverence towards religion. A few books, some in manuscript, were treasured in the household, but children were not allowed to read novels until they were grown. They saw little of other children, except their near relatives, but they had many enjoyments unknown to children now, and they grew up with remarkable strength and healthfulness.

In these days of trade, bustle, and confusion, when many thousands of people live in the Californian valleys, which formerly were occupied by only a few Spanish families, the quiet and happy domestic life of the past seems like a dream. We, who loved it, often speak of those days, and especially of the duties of the large Spanish households, where so many dependents were to be cared for, and everything was done in a simple and primitive way.

There was a group of warm springs a few miles distant from the old adobe house in which we lived. It made us children happy to be waked before sunrise to prepare for the "wash-day expedition" to the *Agua Caliente*. The night before the Indians had soaped the clumsy carreta's great wheels. Lunch was placed in baskets, and the gentle oxen were yoked to the pole. We climbed in, under the green cloth of an old Mexican flag which was used as an awning, and the white-haired Indian *ganan*, who had driven the carreta since his boyhood, plodded beside with his long *garrocha*, or ox-goad. The great piles of soiled linen were fastened on the backs of horses, led by other servants, while the girls and women who were to do the washing trooped along by the side of the carreta. All in all, it made an imposing cavalcade, though our progress was slow, and it was generally sunrise before we had fairly reached the spring. The oxen pulled us up the slope of the ravine, where it was so steep that we often cried, "Mother, let us dismount and walk, so as to make it easier." The steps of the carreta were so low that we could climb in or out without

stopping the oxen. The watchful mother guided the whole party, seeing that none strayed too far after flowers, or loitered too long talking with the others. Sometimes we heard the howl of coyotes, and the noise of other wild animals in the dim dawn, and then none of the children were allowed to leave the carreta.

A great dark mountain rose behind the hot spring, and the broad, beautiful valley, unfenced, and dotted with browsing herds, sloped down to the bay as we climbed the cañon to where columns of white steam rose among the oaks, and the precious waters, which were strong with sulphur, were seen flowing over the crusted basin, and falling down a worn rock channel to the brook. Now on these mountain slopes for miles are the vineyards of Josiah Stanford, the brother of Senator Leland Stanford, and the valley below is filled with towns and orchards.

We watched the women unload the linen and carry it to the upper spring of the group, where the water was best. Then they loosened the horses, and let them pasture on the wild oats, while the women put home-made soap on the clothes, dipped them in the spring, and rubbed them on the smooth rocks until they were white as snow. Then they were spread out to dry on the tops of the low bushes growing on the warm, windless, southern slopes of the mountain. There was sometimes a great deal of linen to be washed, for it was the pride of every Spanish family to own much linen, and the mother and daughters almost always wore white. I have heard strangers speak of the wonderful way in which Spanish ladies of the upper classes in California always appeared in snow-white dresses, and certainly to do so was one of the chief anxieties of every household. Where there were no warm springs the servants of the family repaired to the nearest *arroyo*, or creek, and stood knee-deep in it, dipping and rubbing the linen, and enjoying the sport. In the rainy season the soiled linen sometimes accumulated for several weeks before the weather permitted the house mistress to have a wash-day. Then, when at last it came, it seemed as if half the village, with dozens of babies and youngsters, wanted to go along too and make a spring picnic.

The group of hot sulphur-springs, so useful on wash-days, was a famed resort for sick people, who drank the water, and also buried themselves up to the neck in the soft mud of the slope below the spring, where the waste waters ran. Their friends brought them in litters and scooped out a hole for them, then put boughs overhead to shelter them from the hot sun, and placed food and fresh water within reach, leaving them sometimes thus from sunrise to sunset. The Paso Robles and Gilroy Springs were among the most famous on the coast in those days, and after the annual *rodeos* people often went there to camp and to use the waters. But many writers have told about the medicinal virtues of the various California springs, and I need not enlarge upon the subject. To me, at least, one of the dearest of my childish memories is the family expedition from the great thick-walled adobe, under the olive and fig trees of the Mission, to the *Agua Caliente* in early dawn, and the late return at twilight, when the younger children were all asleep in the slow carreta, and the Indians were singing hymns as they drove the linen-laden horses down the dusky ravines.

Guadalupe Vallejo.

CALIFORNIANA.

Trading with the Americans.

IN the autumn of 1840 my father lived near what is now called Pinole Point, in Contra Costa County, California. I was then about twelve years old, and I remember the time because it was then that we saw the first American vessel that traded along the shores of San Pablo Bay. One afternoon a horseman from the Peraltas, where Oakland now stands, came to our ranch, and told my father that a great ship, a ship "with two sticks in the center," was about to sail from Yerba Buena into San Pablo and Suisun, to buy hides and tallow.

The next morning my father gave orders, and my brothers, with the peons, went on horseback into the mountains and smaller valleys to round up all the best cattle. They drove them to the beach, killed them there, and salted the hides. They tried out the tallow in some iron kettles that my father had bought from one of the Vallejos, but as we did not have any barrels, we followed the common plan in those days. We cast the tallow in round pits about the size of a cheese, dug in the black adobe and plastered smooth with clay. Before the melted tallow was poured into the pit an oaken staff was thrust down in the center, so that by the two ends of it the heavy cake could be carried more easily. By working very hard we had a large number of hides and many pounds of tallow ready on the beach when the ship appeared far out in the bay and cast anchor near another point two or three miles away. The captain soon came to our landing with a small boat and two sailors, one of whom was a Frenchman who knew Spanish very well, and who acted as interpreter. The captain looked over the hides, and then asked my father to get into the boat and go to the vessel. Mother was much afraid to let him go, as we all thought the Americans were not to be trusted unless we knew them well. We feared they would carry my father off and keep him a prisoner. Father said, however, that it was all right: he went

and put on his best clothes, gay with silver braid, and we all cried, and kissed him good-by, while mother clung about his neck and said we might never see him again. Then the captain told her: "If you are afraid, I will have the sailors take him to the vessel, while I stay here until he comes back. He ought to see all the goods I have, or he will not know what to buy." After a little my mother let him go with the captain, and we stood on the beach to see them off. Mother then came back, and had us all kneel down and pray for father's safe return. Then we felt safe.

He came back the next day, bringing four boat-loads of cloth, axes, shoes, fish-lines, and many new things. There were two grindstones and some cheap jewelry. My brother had traded some deerskins for a gun and four tooth-brushes, the first ones I had ever seen. I remember that we children rubbed them on our teeth till the blood came, and then concluded that after all we liked best the bits of pounded willow root that we had used for brushes before. After the captain had carried all the hides and tallow to his ship he came back, very much pleased with his bargain, and gave my father, as a present, a little keg of what he called Boston rum. We put it away for sick people.

After the ship sailed my mother and sisters began to cut out new dresses, which the Indian women sewed. On one of mine mother put some big brass buttons about an inch across, with eagles on them. How proud I was! I used to rub them hard every day to make them shine, using the tooth-brush and some of the pounded egg-shell that my sisters and all the Spanish ladies kept in a box to put on their faces on great occasions. Then our neighbors, who were ten or fifteen miles away, came to see all the things we had bought. One of the Moragas heard that we had the grindstones, and sent and bought them with two fine horses.

Soon after this I went to school, in an adobe, near where the town of San Pablo now stands. A Spanish gentleman was the teacher, and he told us many new things, for which we remember him with great respect. But when he said the earth was round we all laughed out loud, and were much ashamed. That was the first day, and when he wrote down my name he told me that I was certainly "La Cantinera, the daughter of the regiment." Afterward I found out it was because of my brass buttons. One girl offered me a beautiful black colt she owned for six of the buttons, but I continued for a long time to think more of those buttons than of anything else I possessed.

MARTINEZ. *Prudencia Higuera.*

"The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite."

YOUR correspondent, Mr. Bunnell, in the September CENTURY, writes an interesting account of his discovery of the Yosemite, March 5, 1851. I am sorry to despoil him of the honor of being the *first* discoverer, but a truthful regard for history makes it my duty to fix an earlier date.

During the month of January, 1851, I was making a tour of observation along the western slope of the Sierra of California in company with Professor Forrest Shepard of New Haven, Conn., and Professor Nooney, formerly of Western Reserve College, Ohio. Between the 12th and 15th of January we halted at the trading post established by Coulter, who was then and there doing a prosperous business in selling supplies to the gold miners in the vicinity. The locality, I believe, is now known as Coulterville, and is about twenty-five miles west of the Yosemite Cañon. We stopped there overnight, and during our stay heard from some of the men assembled in Coulter's store the following incidents, of which they said they had been witnesses or participants.

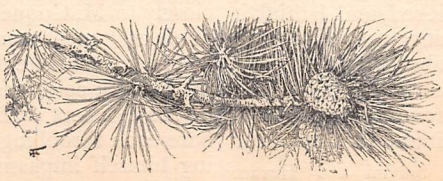
There had been some friction and disturbance in the relations of Indians and whites, but the open and general hostility which gave occasion for the subsequent movements of the "Mariposa Battalion" had not commenced at the time of our visit. The first serious quarrel occurred a few days before, when six Indians came to a trading tent in the Coulter camp and a drunken ruffian from Texas, without any reasonable cause, stabbed to the heart the chief of their party. The other five Indians with their bows and arrows at once shot the Texan, and having killed him retreated to the forest. Two nights later a pack of sixteen mules were stolen from Coulter's corral and driven off into the mountains by Indians.

Great excitement prevailed, and a company of about one hundred men from the camp and vicinity armed themselves and started on the trail. They followed the tracks into the great cañon and surprised the Indians, who had already converted the mules into jerked meat and had hung it up to dry. They had the satisfaction of slaughtering a large number of the Indians, with their squaws and papooses. They noticed especially the grandeur that surrounded the battlefield. They had returned from the expedition just before our arrival. In narrating their story they gave no name to the cañon, but gave us a description such as could apply to no place on earth other than the Yosemite. I made no record of the names of these discoverers, for what with the big trees, big lumps of gold, and other wonders that were seen and heard of daily, a big rift in the mountains would not be thought exceptional or extraordinary.

If Mr. Coulter or any of his associates are still living they can probably give the names, besides adding other valuable information.

I fix the date of the fight at the Yosemite, and thus of the discovery by the company of men who went from Coulter's January 10, 1851, as proximate, if not exact, both from memory and from corroborative records.

MONTCLAIR, N. J. *Julius H. Pratt.*



SOME VIEWS ON ACTING.[1]

BY TOMMASO SALVINI.

TO my quiet country villa among the woods of Vallombrosa some echoes reached of the friendly controversy which seems to have been waged in American and English magazines and newspapers regarding one of the underlying principles of the art to which I have devoted my life; a controversy in which were ranged on opposite sides two such eminent actors as Mr. Henry Irving and M. Constant Coquelin. These echoes have remained ringing in my ears until, despite the fact that I think an actor is as a rule better employed in studying the words of others than in committing phrases of his own to paper, I have ventured to shape, as briefly and simply as possible, my own views on the point in dispute. This point, if I have rightly understood it, resolves itself mainly into the simple question, Should an actor feel positively and be moved by the emotions he portrays, or should he be entirely negative and keep his own emotion at arm's length, as it were, and merely make his audience believe that he is moved?

Let me, in the first place, frankly state my own opinion, warning my readers first of all that it is merely an opinion (for questions of art can never be solved definitely, like a mathematical problem), and then I can at greater length strive to show why I hold such views. I believe, then, that every great actor ought to be, and is, moved by the emotion he portrays; that not only must he feel this emotion once or twice, or when he is studying the part, but that he must feel it in a greater or less degree — and to just that degree will he move the hearts of his audiences — whenever he plays the part, be it once or a thousand times, and that he must cultivate this susceptibility to emotion as carefully as he cultivates the development of his vocal organs, or the habit of moving and walking easily and gracefully. This is what I believe and always have believed, and I think it must be acknowledged that my position as to the point at issue is no doubtful one.

M. Coquelin, on the other hand, maintains, if I rightly interpret his extremely well and forcibly put expression of opinion, that an actor should remain perfectly calm and collected however stormy may be the passion he is portraying; that he should merely make believe, as it were, to feel the emotion he strives to make the audience believe he really feels, and that he should act entirely with his brain and not with his heart, to typify by physiological organs two widely differentiated methods of artistic work. That M. Coquelin really and truly believes this somewhat paradoxical theory and endeavors to put his theory into practice, I do not for one moment doubt. Accomplished and versatile artist as he is, I have been struck more than once, as I have enjoyed the pleasure of his performances, with the thought that something amid all the brilliancy of execution was lacking; and this want, so apparent, was due, I apprehend, to the fact that one of the most skillful artists in the world was deliberately trying to belittle himself and the art of which it was in his power to raise the interpretation to such lofty heights. The actor who does not feel the emotion he portrays is but a skillful mechanician, setting in motion certain wheels and springs which may give to his lay figure such an appearance of life that the observer is tempted to exclaim: "How marvelous! Were it only alive 't would make me laugh or weep." He who feels, on the contrary, and can communicate this feeling to the audience, hears the cry: "That *is* life! That *is* reality! See — I laugh! I weep!" It is, in a word, the power of feeling that marks the artist; all else is but the mechanical side which is common to all the arts. There are many born actors who have never faced an audience, as there are many true poets who have never written a verse, and painters who have never taken a palette in hand. To some only is given the power of expression as well as of feeling, and they become artists in the sight of the world as the others are in the sight of our semi-divine mistress, the Art universal.

It is at this point that I approach more closely to M. Coquelin. "The actor," he says in effect, "must carry self-restraint so far that where the creature he simulates would burn, he must be cold as ice. Like callous scientist, he must dissect each quivering nerve and lay bare each throbbing artery, all the time keeping himself impassive as one of the gods of old Greece, lest a rush of hot heart's blood

[1] Translated by Alexander Salvini and Horace Townsend.

come and spoil his work." I also say that the actor must have the gift of impassivity, but to a certain point only. He must feel, but he must guide and check his feeling as a skillful rider curbs and guides a fiery horse, for he has a double part to play: merely to feel himself is not enough; he has to make others feel, and this he cannot do without the exercise of restraint. Let me make use of an instance afforded me by M. Coquelin himself. Once, he says, he was tired before he came on the stage, and falling sound asleep when feigning sleep, he snored real snores instead of feigned ones. The result was, he tells us, that he never snored so badly. Naturally so, since he had lost control of the steed of feeling, by the fact of his sleeping, and so it ran away and carried him he knew not where; but had M. Coquelin at some time in his experience shed real tears, while at the same time in full possession of his waking faculties, and had he been able to guide those tears into the channel that his artistic sense told him to be the right one, then we should not have heard that the audience found those real tears less effective than tears wholly feigned and the product of intellect rather than of feeling.

Raphael, when he painted his Madonnas, shed real tears, not imitative ones, and the result we know. Michael Angelo in earnest threatened his statue because it did not breathe; but I do not think M. Gérôme or M. Bouguereau, the talented countrymen of M. Coquelin, admirable as their work is, feel any acute emotion as they produce their pictures so brimful of astonishing technique, and, may I be permitted to hint, so wanting in soul and feeling.

It is difficult for me to write on a subject such as this without incurring, or running the risk of incurring, the reproach of being egotistical. I cannot, however, refrain from referring to my own experience and my own methods in some degree, especially as by so doing I can, I doubt not, make more clear the theory I hold than by any other means; for I shall be able, as it were, to show not only how I put my theory into practice, but what the visible results have been. That I am chiefly guided by feeling is probably the reason that I have never been able to play with satisfaction, either to my audience or to myself, any part with which I have not full sympathy, and of late years I have not even attempted any such part. This attitude of mine towards his creations should, I conceive, be assumed in a greater or less degree by every actor who has a part to play, and not be confined simply to those who, like myself, have identified themselves more closely with what, for want of a better term, I may call "heroic" rôles. One may sympathize even with a villain and yet remain an honest man, so that in counseling a student first of all to put himself in sympathy with his character I am by no means urging on him the acquirement of even the remotest obliquity of moral vision. After having satisfied myself that the character I was about to attempt was one with whom I could put myself in full sympathy, I have next set myself laboriously to study its inner nature, concerning myself not one particle with the outward characteristics or the points wherein the supposititious being might differ in his figure, bearing, or speech from the rest of his fellow-men. These are trifles, the simulation of which is, or ought to be, within the scope of any actor who has learned his trade and is skilled in the mechanics of his art. What is of supreme importance, though, is the mental and spiritual differentiation of the character from those around him. As to how I actually attain this object I can speak in no way that could be clearly understood by my readers, for I do not clearly understand the process myself. It is perhaps at this point that what we are wont to call inspiration comes to our assistance, and helps to elevate the artist above the artisan. Now, having got in touch with inner workings of my character's nature, by this process of spiritual dissection, which I find it so difficult to classify, I proceed by slow degrees to an understanding of how he would speak and act in the various situations in which he has been placed by the dramatist, and here I am on surer ground, so far as giving some comprehension of the means I adopt towards the end is concerned. I simply try *to be* the character I am playing; to think with his brain, to feel with his feelings, to cry with him and to laugh with him, to let my breast be anguished by his emotions, to love with his love and to hate with his hate. Then having thus hewn my creation out of the block of marble provided me by the dramatist, I clothe him with his proper clothes and endue him with his proper voice, his tricks of gesture, his walk — in short, his outward and bodily appearance, as distinct from, though doubtless depending upon, his inward and spiritual fashioning. When this is completed to my satisfaction, when I have my man shaped, both in his inner and outer being, as I would have him, I am ready to place him before my public, and they help me to his further completion. M. Coquelin, doubtless, if he adheres with fidelity to his admirably expressed theories, could play a part as successfully and artistically in an empty room as in a crowded theater. I must confess that I could not. I cannot live my mimic life save in the glare of the footlights; for it is only the sympathy and feeling of my audience which react upon me and allow me, on my part, to

cause my audience to sympathize and feel with me. But what I particularly wish to impress upon my readers is, that while I am acting I am living a dual life, crying or laughing on the one hand, and simultaneously so dissecting my tears and laughter that they may appeal most forcibly to those whose hearts I wish to reach. And what is my experience has been the experience of all the greatest artists I have known. Ristori shed actual tears night after night, as she herself has told me; while one of the most gifted of comedians it has ever been my pleasure to know has assured me that he entered so fully into the spirit of the character he was playing that he became to all intents and purposes one with him, enjoying his humor as though he himself had fathered it.

That this susceptibility of the emotions tends to uneven or unequal impersonations of the same character by the same actor on different occasions, I absolutely deny. That the jealously conscientious soul of the artist is at times troubled by the consciousness that on some certain occasion he has not equaled his own best work is doubtless true; though, as I conceive it, the conscience of the devotee of the mechanical system must be equally touched at times, for even the most skillful wood-turner cannot every day turn his rings of exactly equal size and shape. But if this difference is due to the emotional nature gaining too great control and taking the mental bit into its mouth instead of being guided by it, then art is lacking, and knowledge and skill of craft also. There are actors, it is true, who allow themselves to be guided by the emotion of the moment; there is one who by her genius has added luster to the American stage; but, genius notwithstanding, they are not artists in the truest sense of the word. This is the Scylla of unrestrained, untrained, and disproportionate emotion, akin almost to hysteria, which we must avoid, while at the same time keeping clear from the Charybdis of cold, deliberate mechanical artificiality, which leads indubitably to monotony of method and treatment, and to consequent lack of the art which conceals the art and its mechanism from the most keen-eyed of watchful spectators.

I gather that M. Coquelin deplores the tendency of the day to subordinate the actor to the costumer and scene-painter—a tendency which will, in my judgment, after working an infinity of harm to art, end by being swept away by a reaction which will carry us back to something akin to the archaic simplicity of the days of Shakspere, Molière, and Alfieri, or, to go even farther along the corridors of time, to those of Sophocles and Euripides. I deplore it, I say, and yet I fail to see that it is more dangerous to the art we both love than would be the general adoption of the views he has so eloquently, and in a manner so much more graceful than my own, espoused; views which would degrade the art of acting to the level of mere mimicry and make of the actor but a cleverly articulated piece of mechanism, informed by no breath of that Promethean fire we call genius; views which would inevitably make of the stage a means but to amuse, and would rob it of all claim to be considered as a channel of as ennobling an art in its highest aspect as can be claimed by poet, sculptor, or painter.

Tommaso Salvini.

TO A FRIEND ACROSS THE SEA.

(W. C.)

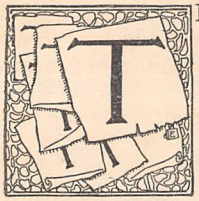
BUT once or twice we met, touched hands.
To-day between us both expands
A waste of tumbling waters wide,
A waste by me as yet untried,
Vague with the doubt of unknown lands.

Time like a despot speeds his sands:
A year he blots, a day he brands;
We walked, we talked by Thamis' side
But once or twice.

What makes a friend? What filmy strands
Are these that turn to iron bands?
What knot is this so firmly tied
That naught but fate can now divide?—
Ah, these are things one understands
But once or twice!

Austin Dobson.

FRANKLIN IN ALLEGORY.



HE Frenchman's American is Benjamin Franklin. It was so when they first began to know him, when he went in and out among them a living man, and it is so to-day, when an even century has closed around his simple tomb. There is something grand in the personality of this man who was able to inspire such deep admiration and such sinister hatred by the same act. Benjamin Franklin was, without doubt, a strong man — a man of strong and positive character, whose friends and enemies were equally strong in their feelings of like and dislike. The men who were ranged as his enemies have been relegated to a second place on the page of history, while those who were his friends stand out boldly in the front rank of the notable characters of the past. If we were asked to say what was the characteristic in Franklin that made him an idol among the French nation, we should answer his versatility. He was the adroit diplomat and the simple bourgeois, the learned philosopher and scientist, and the gay *bon vivant* and *bonhomme*. He could write a despatch or an epigram with equal facility, and he could control the electric fluid and a smoky chimney with equal success. He at turns could be the chivalric courtier or the simple representative of the infant republic, and whatever he did or whatever pose he assumed he was the same peerless Franklin; and now that he has been at rest these hundred years he stands forth on the page of history as the first American — not even second to Washington himself.

It was a sarcasm of Rufus Choate that Pennsylvania's two most distinguished citizens were Benjamin Franklin, a native of Massachusetts, and Robert Morris, a native of Great Britain; and while the slur is perhaps unfortunately true, Pennsylvania's native sons should be none the less proud of these two first citizens. Yet it would seem from the way she places herself upon record that she rather accepts and emphasizes the slur, and, instead of rising above the prejudice of birth, endeavors to elevate to the foremost place those of lesser rank. If one looks around the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, at the statues intended to commemorate the first citizens of the several States, in vain will search be made for the statue of Benjamin Franklin as the first citizen of the Keystone State. Unfortunately kissing goes by favor and not by right, or Peter Muhlenberg and Robert Fulton would not look down from the pedestals that should bear Franklin and Morris, or Penn, or Logan, or Rush, or Rittenhouse, or Wayne, or Mifflin, or McKean.

This digression has taken us some little distance away from our text, but it is suitable matter for introduction.

The French have ever been ready to sanctify their heroes in allegory. It has been a favorite method with them to show how much above ordinary mortals every one of their favorites is; and so it came to be Franklin's turn during his sojourn in France to be embalmed in this way. These historical works of art are not common, and are not familiar to many, even among students of art and history, and it seems as if the present was a proper occasion to bring these allegories to public notice and attention.

It was on the night of Saturday, the seventeenth day of April, 1790, that Benjamin Franklin died, at the advanced age of eighty-four years and three months, and on the following Wednesday the Boston printer-boy, the Pennsylvania lawgiver, the American diplomat, and the world's philosopher was laid to rest in Christ Church burying-ground, at Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

He had provided for his resting-place by a codicil to his will, dated June 23, 1789:

> I wish to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone to be made by Chambers, six feet long, four feet wide, plain, with only a small moulding round the upper edge, and this inscription,
>
> BENJAMIN
AND
DEBORAH } FRANKLIN,
178–,
>
> to be placed over us both.

Unostentatious in life, he desired to preserve the same character after death, and his wishes have been obeyed.

So much has lately been written upon "Franklin in France" that were it not that the theme chosen for this commemorative paper necessitates some reference to his career there, it would be studiously avoided. At the same

time it must be admitted that it was the most important service of his life and until recently the least understood.

Franklin visited Paris first in 1767, and again in 1769, when he was welcomed for his scientific writings and his dissertations on economics. This introduction formed the entering wedge for his greater popularity when he returned, some years later, as commissioner with Arthur Lee and Silas Deane, for it must be remembered that it was not until after the Treaty of Alliance was made that the joint commission was abolished and Franklin chosen minister plenipotentiary. His commission, which was carried to him by Lafayette, is not known to be in print, and we copy it from a duplicate original in the archives of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

INDEPENDENT AMERICA.

TO OUR GREAT, FAITHFUL, AND BELOVED FRIEND AND ALLY, LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

Great, faithful, and beloved Friend and Ally: The principles of Equality and Reciprocity on which you have entered into Treaties with us give you an additional security for that good faith with which we have observed them from motives of Honor and of Affection to your Majesty. The distinguished part you have taken in the support of the Liberties and Independence of these States cannot but inspire them with the most ardent wishes for the Interest and the glory of France.

We have nominated Benjamin Franklin, Esqur., to reside at your Court in quality of our Minister Plenipotentiary that he may give you more particular assurances of the grateful sentiments which you have excited in us and in each of the United States. We beseech you to give entire Credit to everything which he shall deliver on our Part, especially when he shall assure you of the Permanency of our Friendship, and we pray God that He will keep your Majesty, our great, faithful, and beloved Friend and Ally, in his most holy Protection.

Done at Philadelphia the twenty-first day of October, 1778, by the Congress of the United States of North America, your good Friends and Allies.

HENRY LAURENS, *Presd.*

Attest: CHAS. THOMSON, *Secy.*

In announcing this appointment to his cousin, Jonathan Williams, Franklin writes from Passy, February 13, 1779:

I have the pleasure of acquainting you that the Congress have been pleased to honor me with a sole appointment to be their Minister Plenipotentiary at this Court, and I have just received my credentials. This mark of public confidence is more agreeable to me as it was not obtained by any solicitation or intrigue on my part, nor have I ever written a syllable to any person in or out of Congress magnifying my own services or diminishing those of others.

It was the combination of fortuitous circumstances that made Franklin's reception in

France so cordial and enthusiastic. The French people were permeated with the doctrines of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Montesquieu, and they saw in the struggling colonies an attempt to put these doctrines into practice: therefore they saw in Franklin the living representative of these ideas. He was immediately received by that brilliant coterie of philosophers, the Encyclopedists, into their circle. D'Alembert, Diderot, Morellet, and Condorcet were his companions, and Turgot and Beaumarchais his friends. By his manners and ways of life he became the most popular man in France, so that when he gained his presentation to the king his future was assured. As he passed through the streets of Paris he was followed by admiring eyes and cheered loudly by enthusiastic voices. A contemporary writes: "A friend of mine paid something for a place at a two-pair-of-stairs window to see him pass by in his coach, but the crowd was so great that he could but barely say he saw him." He was the Frenchman's embodiment of the ideal citizen, republican, philosopher, and friend. He completely captivated and captured the people of France, whom he perfectly understood, and he well knew "that a popular man becomes soon more powerful than power itself." Condorcet said: "It was an honor to have seen him. People repeated what they had heard him say. Every fête which he consented to receive, every house where he consented to go, spread in society new admirers, *who became so many partisans of the American Revolution.*"

There are plenty of proofs that both the king and the queen individually were opposed to the cause of America, but the will of the people was beginning already to be felt and here gained its first control. In snatching the scepter from the tyrant, as Turgot wrote, Franklin gave a lesson to France which made Marie Antoinette later exclaim, "To-day we pay dear on account of our infatuation and enthusiasm for the American war." In the midst of the commotion of the French Revolution Franklin died, and France halted and went into mourning for Franklin; while Mirabeau pronounced his eulogy before the National Assembly, in which he said, "Antiquity would have raised altars to the powerful genius who for the good of man, embracing in his thoughts heaven and earth, could subdue lightning and tyrants."

The origin and authorship of this most appropriate inscription for Franklin, "Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis," has from time to time been discussed and questioned and generally ascribed to some classic writer of antiquity. There seems, however, to be no reasonable doubt that we owe it to the classic pen of Turgot. These beautiful words are closely connected with the recognition of American Independence, and have always excited both interest and curiosity. Franklin was asked for his opinion upon a translation into French of this verse, which, he being the subject of, he declined to give, "except that it ascribes too much to me, specially in what relates to the tyrant, the Revolution having been the work of many able and fair men, wherein it is sufficient honor for me if I am allowed a small share." It was especially composed for an "Inscription for a portrait of Benjamin Franklin" soon after the doctor reached Paris on his mission for our recognition, and was very generally so used. This same Turgot, a quarter of a century before American independence, when a mere youth of twenty-three, in a prize essay had foreshadowed that event. He said: "Colonies are like fruits, which do not hold to the tree after their maturity. Having become sufficient in themselves, they do that which Carthage did, *that which America will one day do.*"

Franklin's portrait was everywhere, in painting, in sculpture, and in engraving, until it was said by a gossip of the day "to be found at the hearth of the poor and in the boudoir of the beautiful." It was especially engraved in a circle an inch and a half in diameter for the purpose of being worn in the case of a watch, and an ode was written upon seeing a watch thus embellished. His bust during the festival of Liberty was elevated with those of Rousseau and Voltaire. Writing to his daughter in 1779, upon a certain medallion portrait she had referred to, he said:

> A variety of others have been made since of different sizes; some to be set in the lids of snuff-boxes and some so small as to be worn in rings; and the numbers sold are incredible. These, with the pictures, busts, and prints (of which copies upon copies are spread everywhere), have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon, so that he durst not do anything that would oblige him to run away, as his phiz would discover him wherever he would venture to show it. It is said by learned etymologists that the name *doll* for the images children play with is derived from the word *idol.* From the number of *dolls* now made of him he may be truly said in that sense to be *i-doll-ized* in this country.

These are the playful words of the man of whom a distinguished French historian said: "Men imagined they saw in Franklin a sage of antiquity come back to give austere lessons and generous examples to the moderns. They personified in him the republic of which he was the representative and the legislator. They regarded his virtues as those of his countrymen, and even judged of their physiognomy by the imposing and serene traits of his own. Happy was he who could gain admittance to

see him in the house which he occupied. This venerable old man, it was said, joined to the demeanor of Phocion the spirit of Socrates."

His closing days were filled with apprehensions for his old friends in France. The Revolution, which was the natural outgrowth of the infatuation and enthusiasm felt for our Revolution, had assumed its terrific aspect. Upon astonishment being expressed to him at the course of events in France, he is related to have said:

Why, I see nothing irregular in all this, but, on the contrary, what might naturally be expected. The French have served an apprenticeship to liberty in this country, and now that they are out of their time they have set up for themselves.

"*L'Amérique Indépendante.*"—This is the title of the illustration on page 198, which was designed by A. Borel, 1778, and engraved in line by J. C. Levasseur. The plate is dedicated to the Congress of the United States by its author, and as near as the dates can be fixed it is the earliest effort at apotheosizing Franklin in this pictorial manner, as it is also the most elaborate in design and execution. Franklin is of course the central figure, and appears in the severe classical costume of a Roman senator—bare legs and sandals, toga and tunic, and a wreath of oak leaves upon his head. His right hand rests upon the shoulder of America, represented by a female wearing a crown of chicken feathers, kneeling at the base of a statue of Liberty, whence a tortoise is creeping away. To the right, Mercury with the caduceus and Ceres with her foot on a plowshare are intently watching the tortoise making its way over to Britannia, who has fallen beneath the club of Hercules upon the prostrate body of Neptune, whose trident is snapped in twain. Over Franklin and America hovers Victory. The engraved surface is 14 x 19, and what nowadays would probably be called the *remarque* are thirteen rings linked together around a harp entwined with the legend "*Majora minorib, Consonat.*" Each ring is inscribed with the name of one of the original States. On each side are emblems of peace and plenty.

"*Le Docteur Francklin couronné par la Liberté.*"—The "Pennsylvania Gazette" for March 31, 1779, gives the following description of this plate, then lately engraved in Paris:

The principal figure is the Genius of Liberty descending—one foot on the earth, both arms fully extended, and a wreath of laurel in each hand. She is surrounded with light, while clouds, representing Ignorance and Slavery, are driven back by her presence. Before her is a bust of the doctor, which she is in the act of crowning with laurels; and the cause of her doing so is expressed by a globe on his right hand, America in view, with an olive branch bearing fruit running up it. Behind, and leaning on the globe, is the genius of the doctor, with the sword of justice and other emblems in its right hand; in its left is a scroll, falling upon the globe, on which is inscribed, "Constitution of the Government of Pennsylvania." In front of the globe is a bundle of fasces bound with olive branches, also bearing fruit, representing future union, peace, and plenty. The crowning of the bust expresses the honors which will be paid to his memory. Under the whole is inscribed, "Dr. Franklin crowned by Liberty."

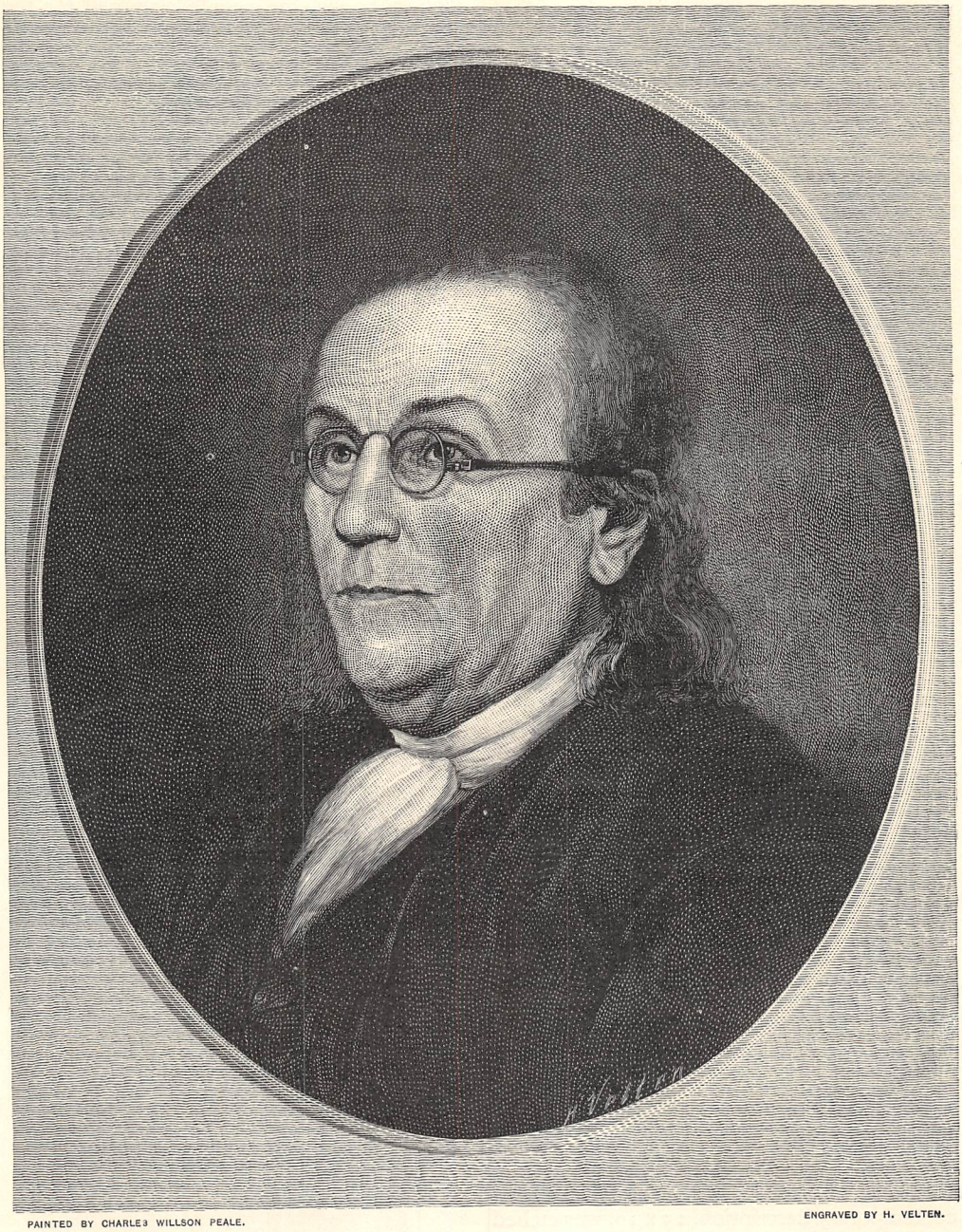
The description of the engraving in the "Pennsylvania Gazette" is not quite correct, as will be seen by the illustration. The bust of the doctor is placed on the globe which has America in view, and not to "his [the doctor's] right hand." The figure representing the genius of the doctor is leaning against the globe with his left arm around the pedestal of the bust, etc. This plate, 7 x 9, is aqua-tinted, giving the appearance of an India-ink drawing.

"*Au Génie de Franklin.*"—In the "Pennsylvania Packet," June 3, 1780, we read:

The love and attachment of the French nation for America is carried at this time to such a degree of enthusiasm as is difficult to be conceived. There are few personages that have borne an interesting part in this contest but have employed the hands of the most famous artists, and the pens of the brightest geniuses of that nation. But among so many illustrious characters the celebrated Dr. Franklin is distinguished in a particular manner; and of the several homages that are incessantly offered to his merit none must ever have been more flattering to him than the provinces of France contending with each other for having given birth to some of his ancestors, and endeavoring to prove by similarity of names that this great man derives his descent from among them—an honor of which, since the days of Homer, who exciting a like dispute among seven of the most flourishing cities of Greece, nobody has even been thought worthy.

The following extract from the "Gazette of Amiens," the capital of Picardy, in France, is the most convincing proof of what has been just now advanced: "Mr. Fragonard, the king's painter at Paris, has lately displayed the utmost efforts of his genius in an elegant picture dedicated to the genius of Franklin. Mr. Franklin is represented in it opposing with one hand the ægis of Minerva to the thunderbolt, which he first knew how to fix by his conductors, and with the other commanding the god of war to fight against avarice and tyranny; whilst America, nobly reclining upon him, and holding in her hand the fasces, a true emblem of the union of the American States, looks down with tranquillity on her defeated enemies. The painter, in this picture, most beautifully expressed the idea of the Latin verse, which has been so justly applied to Mr. Franklin:

Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.
(He snatched the thunderbolt from heaven and the scepter from the hands of tyrants.)



PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE. ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN.

B. Franklin

"HE SNATCHED THE THUNDERBOLT FROM HEAVEN AND THE SCEPTER FROM TYRANTS."

"The name of Franklin is sufficiently celebrated that one may glory in bearing it; and a nation prides herself in having given birth to the ancestors of a man who has rendered that name so famous. We think ourselves entitled to dispute with the English nation an honor of which they have rendered themselves so unworthy. Franklin appears rather to be of a French than of an English origin. It is certain that the name of Franklin, or Franquelin, is very common in Picardy, especially in the district of Vimeu and Ponthieu. It is very probable that one of the doctor's ancestors has been an inhabitant of this country, and has gone over to England with the fleet of Jean de Biencourt, or that which was fitted out by the nobility of this province. In genealogical matters there are bolder conjectures than this. There was at Abbeville, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a family of the name of Francklin. We see in the public records of the town one John and Thomas Franquelin, woolen drapers, in 1521. This family remained at Abbeville till the year 1600; they have since been dispersed through the country, and there are still some of their descendants so far as Auz le Château. These observations are a new homage which we offer to the genius of Franklin."

The picture of which we have the above contemporary description, 15 x 19, was etched as well as designed by Fragonard, and is full of spirit and artistic sentiment.

"*Le Tombeau de Voltaire.*"—Voltaire returned to Paris in February, 1778, after an exile of twenty-eight years, and three months later he was dead. The story of the meeting of Franklin and Voltaire, and the benediction of "God and liberty," which the latter pronounced upon the little grandson of the former, and how, upon their first joint appearance in public, the people clamored for the two philosophers to embrace according to the custom of the country, calling forth the exclamation that "Solon embraced Sophocles," are too trite to bear repeating here; but the way the people of France joined the two men in their thoughts is noticeable and aptly shown by this illustration. The incident represented was suggested, most probably, by an account of the meeting of the Masonic Lodge of the Nine Sisters to commemorate Voltaire, when "a huge sepulchral pyramid reminded the audience for what purpose they were gathered." When the eulogy had been pronounced "the pyramid vanished, and in its place stood a huge picture of the apotheosis of Voltaire." This was followed by placing a crown upon the head of Franklin and others, which they, in turn, laid before the apotheosis as a tribute to the dead sage of Ferney. It doubtless was as a reminiscence of this occasion that the print under consideration was produced which is "Dédié à Madame la Marquise de Villette, Dame de Ferney."

The following is a translation of the description that appears upon the print:

Near a cloistered Gothic portal is seen a tomb and a pyramid raised to the manes of the singer of Henri. The four quarters of the globe are personified—Europe by the illustrious D'Alembert; Asia by Catharine II., Empress of the Russians; Africa by the sovereign and learned Prince Oronoco; and America by the erudite and liberator, Franklin. These sovereigns and genii, after having shed their tears upon the tomb of the father of the fine arts, are making ready to ornament it with crowns and palms, when suddenly they find themselves repulsed by the foolhardy and pitiless prejudice of Ignorance, who, armed with rods and supported by infernal wings, rushes from his cavern and endeavors

DR. FRANKLIN CROWNED BY LIBERTY.

MIRABEAU CROWNED BY FRANKLIN.

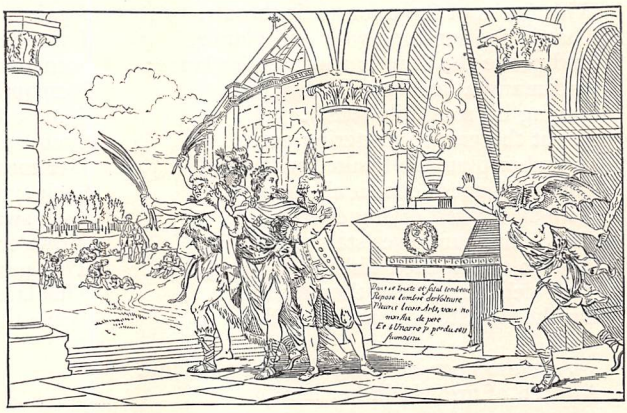
to oppose himself to the homage about to be rendered from the four quarters of the earth. Another monument is disclosed in the distance — that of the philosopher of Geneva, who reposes in "l'Isle des Peupliers," consecrated to him by kind friends. Many persons of all ages are expressing by their actions the philosophy of his "Émile."

Franklin here again appears in the severe garb of the ancients, excepting the headdress, which this time is nothing less than the old fur cap handed down in Cochin's portrait of him; and the big bone glasses, too, are upon his nose. In his outstretched hand he carries a palm branch. The ludicrous combination of bare legs, sandals, toga, fur cap, and spectacles is hardly what one would expect from a Frenchman treating so serious a subject. There are two plates of this picture, both the same size, 8 x 12, which would indicate that it was considerably in demand by the many admirers of Voltaire.

"*Mirabeau arrive aux Champs Élisées.*" — This is the title of a plate, 9 x 13, designed by J. M. Moreau and engraved by L. J. Masquelier. The Genius of Liberty, represented by a winged cherub, is floating above Mirabeau, bearing a banner with the inscription "*La France libre,*" Mirabeau advances towards Rousseau and presents him with a "*charte constitutionnelle.*" Genii follow him laden down with his works. Franklin is placing a crown of evergreen oak on his head. Montesquieu, Voltaire, Mably, and Fénelon are coming forward to receive him. In the background Demosthenes and Cicero are conversing about the French orator while they look intently upon him.

The five plates here described, from the writer's collection, are the only ones known devoted to the title subject of this article. There is, however, an engraving of Franklin in an oval frame after the portrait ascribed to Madame le Filleul, which, while not strictly coming under our title, yet is so near akin to it that it should be mentioned. Diogenes is leaning over the portrait holding his lantern in the right hand while with the left he points to the portrait of the honest man. Beneath is the inscription, "*Stupete Gentes Reperit vivum Diogenes.*" A large plate, entitled "*L'Apôtre de la Liberté Immortalisé,*" was published after Franklin's death by one Barincou Monbrun, but it is so absurd as to be little better than a vulgar caricature. It, with most of the others mentioned, can be found in the important collection of Washington and Franklin iconography given to the Metropolitan Museum by the late William H. Huntington of Paris.

The portrait of Franklin which accompanies this article is from the last known to have been painted from life, and seems to express the individuality and character of the man, as shown by his life, more satisfactorily than any other we know. It was done by Charles Willson Peale in Philadelphia during the sittings of the convention to frame a constitution for the United States. Peale's ability as a portrait painter is very much underestimated, and for the reason that his work is familiar chiefly through his inferior productions, those *made* for his museum gallery. But any one who saw the examples from his easel in the exhibition of historical portraits in Philadelphia, two years ago, will be very sure to have a marked



THE TOMB OF VOLTAIRE.

respect for the man who painted them. The picture from which our engraving is made is one which will do him no discredit. From this painting he made a mezzotinto with the following inscription: "His Excellency B. Franklin, LL. D., F. R. S., President of Pennsylvania and late Minister of the United States of America at the Court of France. C. W. Peale pinxt. et fecit, 1787." This mezzotinto is exceedingly scarce and valuable, but some impressions doubtless found their way to France, for two of the few located came thence, and a French print in colors by P. M. Alix, published towards the close of the last century and purporting to be after a picture by Vanloo, is evidently a copy, by an awkward and inferior hand, of Peale's picture, and not, as Mr. Hale in his late book thinks, Peale's copy of this French picture. The original painting from which this portrait has been engraved belongs to Mrs. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia, and a replica of the head, with accessories, hangs in the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Benjamin Franklin was what is vulgarly called a self-made man, but he was in truth a God-made man, for he was born with the spark of genius in his blood which developed him into the *Vir* he finally became. His strongest characteristic was quick perception, that most valuable quality of mind, that can as readily grasp the salient points of a question as it can disregard those of minor importance, to which in him was united a sound, agile judgment. With all his transcendent abilities he has not left a single monument that alone can be pointed to as proof of his power. His career, stamped as it was with great successes, and left as it has an imperishable mark upon the page of history, is much like the career of a great lawyer whose powers and abilities have contributed largely to build up the body of laws we call government; yet the finger can point to no one great controlling act—his was the rounded whole.

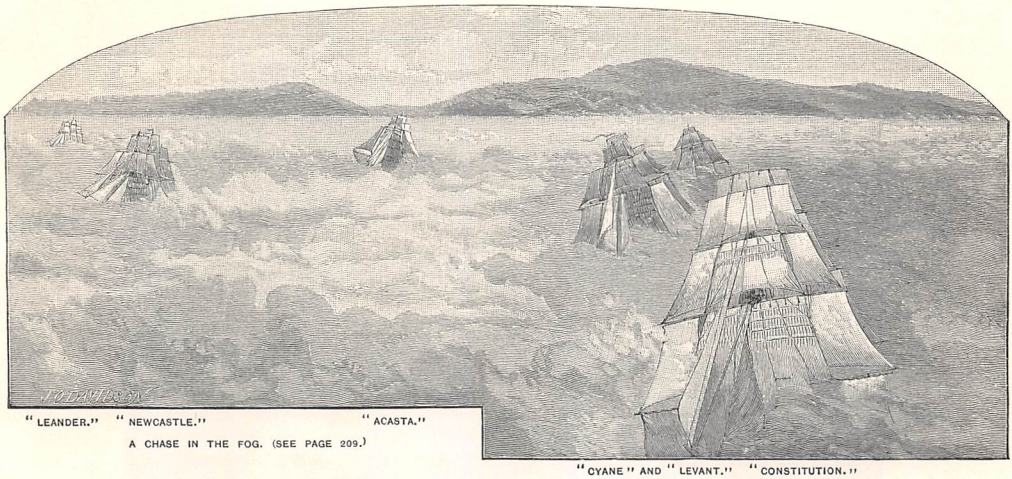
Charles Henry Hart.

MY HOLLYHOCK.

AH me, my scarlet hollyhock,
Whose stately head the breezes rock,
How sad, that in one night of frost
Thy radiant beauty shall be lost,
And all thy glory overthrown
Ere half thy ruby buds have blown!
All day across my window low
Thy flowery stalk sways to and fro
Against a background of blue sea.
On the south wind, to visit thee,
Come airy shapes in sumptuous dyes—
Rich golden, black-edged butterflies,
And humming-birds in emerald coats,
With flecks of fire upon their throats,
That in the sunshine whir and glance,
And probe the flowers with slender lance;
And many a drunken, drowsy bee,
Singing his song hilariously.
About the garden fluttering yet,
In amber plumage freaked with jet,
The goldfinches charm all the air
With sweet, sad crying everywhere.
To the dry sunflower stalks they cling,
And on the ripened disks they swing,
With delicate delight they feed
On the rich store of milky seed.

Autumn goes loitering through the land,
A torch of fire within her hand.
Soft sleeps the bloomy haze that broods
O'er distant hills and mellowing woods;
Rustle the cornfields far and near,
And nuts are ripe, and pastures sere,
And lovely odors haunt the breeze,
Borne o'er the sea and through the trees.
Belated beauty, lingering still
So near the edge of winter's chill,
The deadly daggers of the cold
Approach thee, and the year grows old.
Is it because I love thee so
Thou waitest, waving to and fro
Thy flowery spike, to gladden me,
Against the background of blue sea?
I wonder—hast thou not some sense,
Some measure of intelligence
Responding to my joy in thee?
Almost I dream that it may be,
Such subtleties are Nature's, hid
Her most well-trodden paths amid;
Such sympathies along her nerves;
Such sweetness in her fine reserves.
Howe'er it be, I thank the powers
That gave me such enchanted hours
This late October, watching thee
Wave thy bright flowers against the sea.

Celia Thaxter.



"LEANDER." "NEWCASTLE." "ACASTA."

A CHASE IN THE FOG. (SEE PAGE 209.)

"CYANE" AND "LEVANT." "CONSTITUTION."

LAURELS OF THE AMERICAN TAR IN 1812.

NOTES ON AMERICAN SEAMANSHIP AND GUNNERY, THE OVERWEIGHT OF ENGLISH-FRENCH METAL, AND THE UNTRUSTWORTHINESS OF THE ENGLISH REPORT OF THE "SHANNON'S" VICTORY OVER THE "CHESAPEAKE."

IT was during the war of 1812 that the advantage of building our cruisers so that "separately [they] would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions"[1] was demonstrated. In the three years of that war the British navy met with disasters which were unique in its annals. Before the close of the war the British Admiralty were compelled to build in imitation of the American cruisers. On the 17th of March, 1814, the following notice appeared in the London "Times": "Sir G. Collier was to sail yesterday from Portsmouth for the American station in the *Leander*, 54. This ship has been built and fitted out exactly upon the plan of the large American frigates."

The second idea embodied in the Secretary's report of 1794, in regard to building American cruisers, was "that if assailed by numbers they would be always able to lead ahead." At the very threshold of the war of 1812 the *Constitution* owed her escape from Captain Broke's squadron, in a large degree, to this very forethought in her construction. For three nights and two days, beginning on July 17, off New York, she was in imminent danger of capture, part of which time she was almost within gunshot of their leading ships. To this same provision in her construction the *President* owed her remarkable career and numerous escapes from British squadrons and ships of the line while she was scouring all corners of the navigable globe in her daring essays against the enemy's commerce. Such was her success in this particular that the origin of the common sea phrase "By the jumping John Rodgers" is attributable to her exploits, Commodore John Rodgers being her commander during the greater part of this war.

Again, in April, 1815, while in the Southern Atlantic the sloop-of-war *Hornet* was chased three days and three nights by the British ship of the line *Cornwallis*, Admiral Sir George Burleton. So close was the pursuit that at times "shot and shell were whistling about our ears and not a person on board had the most distant idea that there was a possibility of escape. We all packed our things and waited until the enemy's shot would compel us to heave to and surrender. Captain Biddle mustered the crew and told them he was pleased with their conduct during the chase, and looked still to perceive that propriety of conduct which had already marked their character and that of the American tar generally; that we might soon expect to be captured, etc. Not a dry eye was to be seen at the mention of the capture of

[1] From the report of the Secretary of War, made April 1, 1794, in which he said that the six frigates authorized by the law of the previous March "separately would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions; that if assailed by numbers they would be always able to lead ahead; that they could never be obliged to go into action but on their own terms, except in a calm; and that in heavier weather they would be capable of engaging double-decked ships." These six frigates were the *Constitution*, *President*, *United States*, *Chesapeake*, *Congress*, and *Constellation*.—EDITOR.

THE "CONSTITUTION" CHASED BY CAPTAIN BROKE'S SQUADRON.

The ports on the upper deck aft were roughly cut to meet the emergency. The sailors in the rigging threw water from buckets upon the sails to make them hold better the faint breeze, and below hose pipe was used to the same purpose. During the three days' chase boats were sent out to tow, and kedge anchors were used to warp the ship forward.

the poor little *Hornet*."[1] But notwithstanding the closeness of the chase the *Hornet* finally effected her escape through her sailing qualities.

In no instance up to the close of the war of 1812 was an American cruiser overtaken by a vessel of her own class when she was desirous of making her escape. The case of the *President* when pursued by Captain Hayes's squadron on the 15th of January, 1815, cannot be noted as an exception, for the reason that while endeavoring to get out of New York harbor, the night before the chase, she grounded on the bar, where for two hours she thumped violently and became so "hogged" or "broken-backed" as to impair seriously her seaworthiness. A portion of her false keel was displaced, several rudder braces broken, and the frigate otherwise so injured as to render a

[1] Private journal of one of the *Hornet's* officers.

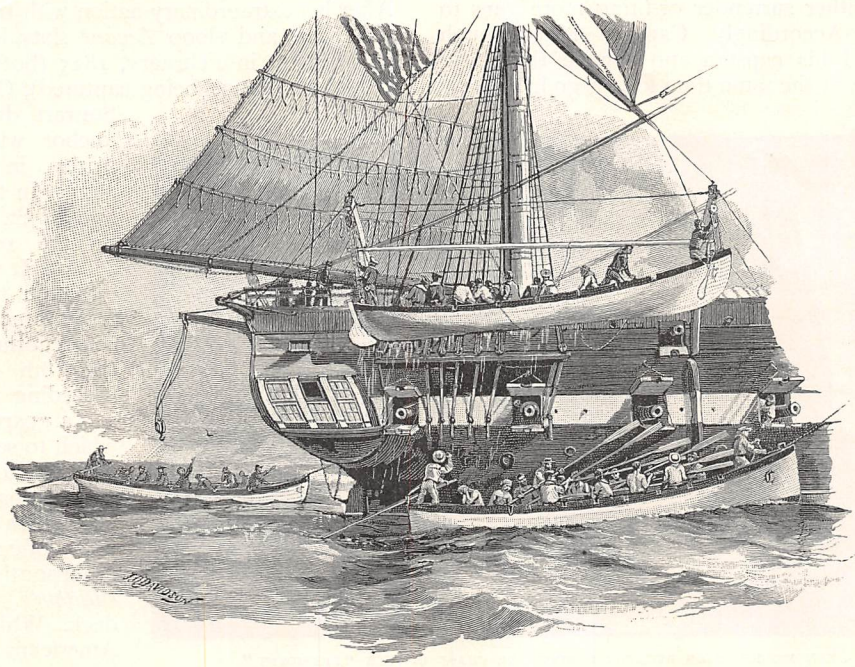
return to port imperative. This, however, owing to the strength and direction of the wind, was impossible, so she was forced over the bar and put to sea in a crippled condition. After dismantling the *Endymion* — during which action Commodore Decatur was wounded by a splinter — the *President* was attacked by the *Tenedos* and *Pomona* before her rigging could be repaired, and was forced to surrender.

The American system of officering, manning, and carrying on discipline was superior to that of the English. Impressment was rarely, if ever, resorted to; the men enlisted of their own free will, and tempted by generous wages the finest seamen flocked to our service. Many of the petty officers had been mates and even masters in merchantmen before the war of 1812, and contributed not a little by their skill and experience to the results of that conflict. While English press-gangs were descending on quiet towns, and hurrying men into service without giving them time to arrange their affairs for the change, American frigates were having their complements filled with picked seamen by merely announcing vacancies. The superiority of most American crews during this war was so obvious as to need little discussion. William James concedes the point, and while speaking of the 44-gun frigate *United States* further adds:

> The crew of the *United States* were the finest set of men ever seen collected on shipboard. Had Captain Decatur and his five lieutenants been below in the hold, there were officers enough among the ship's company to have brought the action to the same successful issue.[1]

But it was in the matter of officering the ship that the American system had the greatest advantage. Favoritism and family influence, which elevated men to high rank over the heads of older and more deserving officers, cost the British navy many bitter humiliations during the war of 1812. The battle of Lake Champlain affords a good illustration of the manner in which British commanders were outmanœuvered and outwitted. The forces engaged on this occasion were nearly equal, that of the Americans being 86 guns of 1904 pounds of metal and 850 men, while the English force was 92 guns of 1900 pounds of metal and 1000 men. After the battle had lasted two hours without either side being able to turn the tide, Captain Macdonough in the *Saratoga* found himself in a most critical condition. The *Linnet* had secured a very advantageous position off the *Eagle's* starboard quarter where the latter could bring but few guns to bear. Finding his springs shot away, Captain Henly of the *Eagle* sheeted home his topsails, stood about, ran down the western side of the American line, and anchored between the *Saratoga* and *Ticonderoga*. This brought the *Eagle's* fresh (port) broadside in full play on the *Confiance*, Captain

[1] James's "History of the British Navy," Vol. V., p. 401.



HOISTING IN THE "CONSTITUTION'S" BOATS AT THE END OF THE THREE DAYS' CHASE.

Downie's flagship, but it also enabled the *Linnet* to turn the American line. Captain Pring of the *Linnet* immediately availed himself of this advantage and soon was athwart the *Saratoga's* forefoot, raking her from stem to stern with great effect.

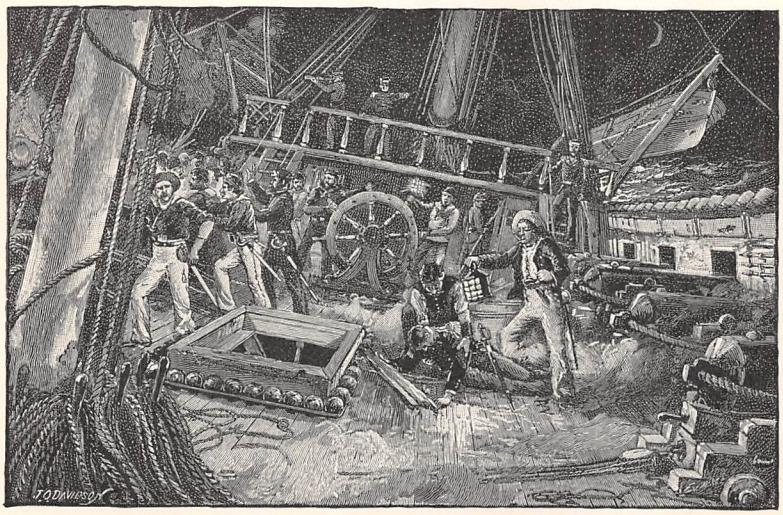
As gun after gun was disabled the firing between the flagships gradually diminished until only a few cannon were in use. Aboard the *Saratoga* nearly all the carronades had been rendered useless by overcharging. Now that the *Linnet* was raking her with impunity, the situation of the American flagship was desperate in the extreme. To add to her accumulating disasters the bolt of the last carronade on the engaged side broke; the gun, flying off its carriage, tumbled down the main hatch. This left her with nearly every gun in her starboard battery dismounted, while the *Confiance* and *Linnet* were still keeping up an effective fire.

It was in this extremity, when by all human calculations the day was lost, that the forethought of the American commander came into play. When arranging his line of battle he took the precaution to anchor his vessels far enough apart so that should the starboard battery of any ship become disabled her commander, by tripping his bow anchor and then dropping a stern anchor, could swing his vessel around in the northerly breeze and bring a fresh broadside to bear on the enemy without breaking the line of battle or overlapping the ship astern.

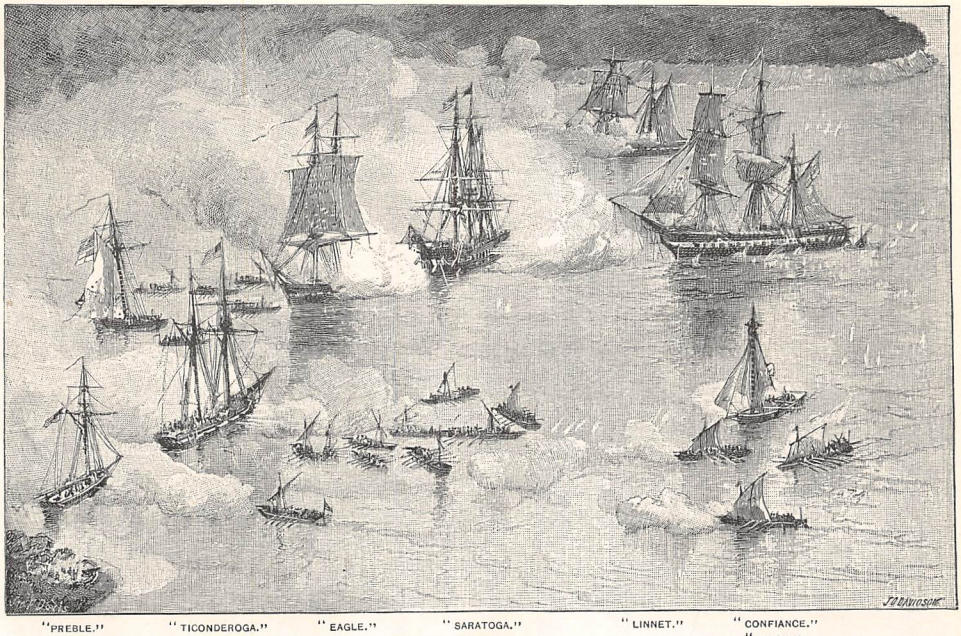
The time had now come when the *Saratoga* must either surrender or bring more guns to bear. Accordingly Captain Macdonough manned his capstan and tripped the bower anchor, at the same time letting go his stream anchor over the stern. But unfortunately the wind had abated so that the ship remained motionless. A line, which had been made fast to the stream anchor, was then carried forward and hauled on. This slowly brought the vessel around, but during all of this time the *Linnet* was pouring in broadside after broadside, and now as the *Saratoga* exposed her stern the *Confiance* raked her with great effect. After several minutes of this fearful exposure Captain Macdonough succeeded in bringing his port battery into full play. The Americans then rushed to their guns and worked with vigor. Being subjected to the fire of this fresh broadside, the *Confiance* soon had the few remaining guns of her port battery disabled. Seeing the success of the *Saratoga's* manœuver, the British commander attempted it also. He hove in his bow cables until he tripped anchor. But further than this his ship would not move for want of wind, and lacking the quick expedients of the American officers, he saw his ship become a wreck without being able to strike a blow in return, so after a conflict of two hours and a half he surrendered.

Another conspicuous illustration of the readiness of an American officer was afforded in the fourth cruise of the *Constitution*. Captain Charles Stewart, born of poor parents in the city of Philadelphia in 1778, entered upon the profession of the sea in his thirteenth year as cabin boy in a merchantman, and rose step by step through personal merit to the command of the favorite frigate of the American navy.

After his extraordinary action with the corvette *Cyane* and sloop *Levant* sixty leagues from Madeira in February, 1815 (both after a gallant resistance being captured), Captain Stewart dropped anchor with his prizes in Port Praya, in the island of St. Jago, on the 10th of March. It was his intention to employ the merchant ship captured on the 18th of the preceding month as a cartel in which to send all prisoners to England, preparatory to which they were collected in groups on the *Constitution's* main deck. While the Americans were busily engaged



THE WOUNDING OF DECATUR DURING THE CHASE OF THE "PRESIDENT" BY THE BRITISH SQUADRON.



BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The *Saratoga* and *Eagle* are represented in their second position; the *Chubb* has been captured and is being carried within the American line, and the *Confiance* is being raked by the *Saratoga*.

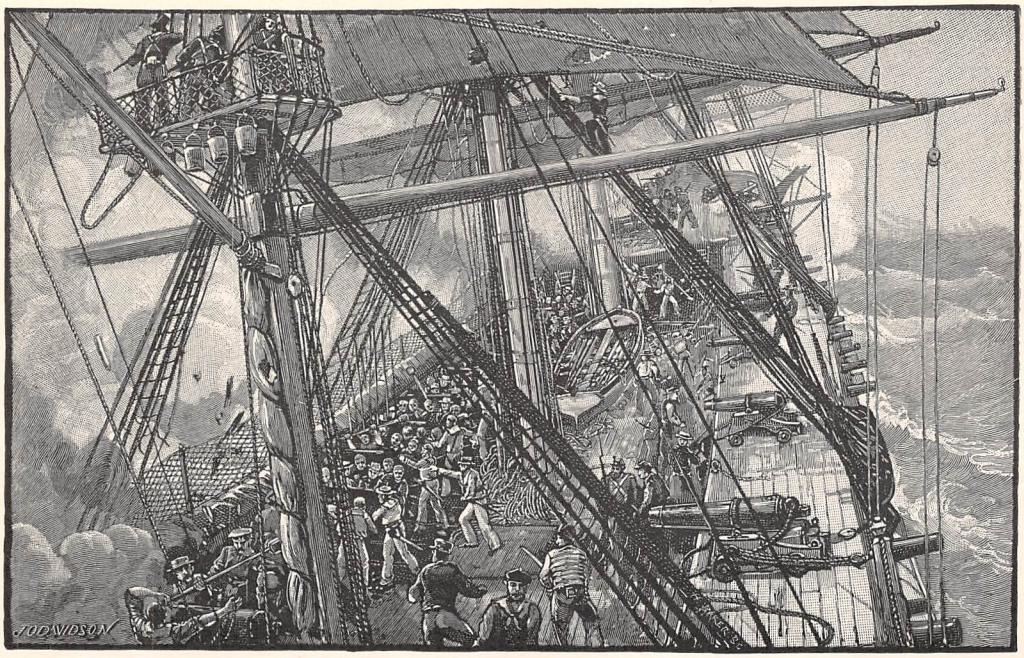
the officer of the deck, Lieutenant Shubrick, was attracted by an exclamation from one of the British midshipmen. Noticing that an English lieutenant reprimanded him in an undertone, Lieutenant Shubrick became suspicious of foul play or some conspiracy, and was about to communicate his fears to Captain Stewart, when a quartermaster called his attention to the sails of a large vessel just discernible through the fog in the offing. The sea at the entrance of the harbor was covered with a heavy mist, but in the lighter haze above the sails of a large ship making its way to port were visible.

This apparition, evidently the cause of the midshipman's exclamation, was brought to the attention of Captain Stewart. As the fog shifted a little the sails of two more vessels, apparently heavy men-of-war, were discovered by the sharp-eyed quartermaster standing into the roads. After the experience of the *Essex* at Valparaiso, Captain Stewart well knew that English commanders could not be trusted to respect the rights of neutral ports that were not sufficiently fortified to enforce them. The defenses of Port Praya were impotent against a first-rate frigate, and should the sails descried in the offing prove to be those of English men-of-war, as five chances to one they were, the position of the *Constitution* and her prizes was critical in the extreme.

Captain Stewart instantly sent his crew to quarters, prisoners were hurried below, the cables cut, topsails set, and in seven minutes from the time of the first alarm the frigate was under way. Signals were made to the *Cyane* and *Levant* to follow, Lieutenants Hoffman and Ballard precipitately obeyed, and in an incredibly short time the three ships were speeding pell-mell down the harbor. A number of prisoners who had been landed were left behind, and observing the strange sails in the offing and surmising them to be English, they rushed to a battery and began firing so as to warn the approaching strangers of the presence of enemies.

The wind was fresh from the northeast, while the strangers were approaching the harbor from the south. Captain Stewart therefore hugged the north shore, hoping to get to sea to the windward of them. Just as the American vessels were clearing East Point the strangers came within long range. At this instant they discovered the Americans and crowded on all sail to intercept them. It now became a question of sailing. The *Constitution* crossed her topgallant yards, set foresail, mainsail, spanker, flying-jib, and her topgallant sails, while the two boats towing astern were cut adrift. The *Cyane* and *Levant* followed in quick succession, while the enemy luffed up, close-hauled their tacks, and settled down for a long and determined chase.

The strangers proved to be the English 50-



THE "CONSTITUTION" IN ACTION WITH THE "LEVANT" AND "CYANE."
On the right is seen the upper deck gangway carrying carronades.

gun frigate *Leander*, Sir George Collier, which we noticed as having "been built and fitted out exactly upon the plan of the large American frigates"; the 50-gun frigate *Newcastle*, Captain Lord George Stuart; and the 40-gun frigate *Acasta*, Captain Kerr. This powerful squadron had followed the *Constitution* across the Atlantic into this obscure quarter and now had her under their guns.

Although the American vessels had gained an offing it was still so foggy that the hulls of the enemy were concealed, so that Captain Stewart was unable to make out their force or nationality. All the ships, however, had every stitch of canvas set from royal studding-sails down, and were rushing through the water at ten knots. The *Acasta*, by laying her head close to the wind, succeeded in weathering the *Cyane* and *Levant*, but the splendid sailing qualities of the *Constitution* enabled Captain Stewart to hold his own. Observing that he was drawing away from his prizes and that the enemy must soon close on them, he, at ten minutes past one o'clock, signaled the *Cyane*, the sternmost vessel, to tack to the northwest, hoping thereby to divide the enemy's force. Lieutenant Hoffman tacked as ordered, but, to the surprise of all, none of the pursuing ships were detailed after her. Taking advantage of this blunder, the *Cyane* continued on this course until she had run the enemy out of sight, when she made for America, arriving in New York on the 10th of April.

By 2.30 P. M. the *Newcastle* had gained a position off the *Constitution's* lee quarter and commenced firing by divisions. The shot splashed the water within a hundred yards of the ship, but did not reach her. At 3 P. M. the *Levant* was in the same danger from which the *Cyane* had so strangely been allowed to escape. Captain Stewart now signaled the *Levant* to head northwest also, hoping that this would draw off one of his pursuers at least. But, to the astonishment of every man in the American frigate, all the pursuing ships tacked after the *Levant*, whereupon Lieutenant Ballard changed his course to due west so as to regain the port, where he succeeded in anchoring under the guns of the fort.

The conduct of Sir George Collier in allowing the *Constitution* and her prizes to escape his powerful squadron has given rise to many conflicting explanations on the part of English writers. Some claim that he did not give the order for all the ships to tack after the *Levant*, others that the signal was misinterpreted, while many maintain that the flags became entangled.

It was in gunnery, however, that Americans attained their most conspicuous success. Long before the war of 1812 firing at targets was a regular order of routine, so that it has well been said that for each shot fired in earnest ten had been fired in practice. The "London

Times" for October 22, 1813, while speaking of the action between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, said:

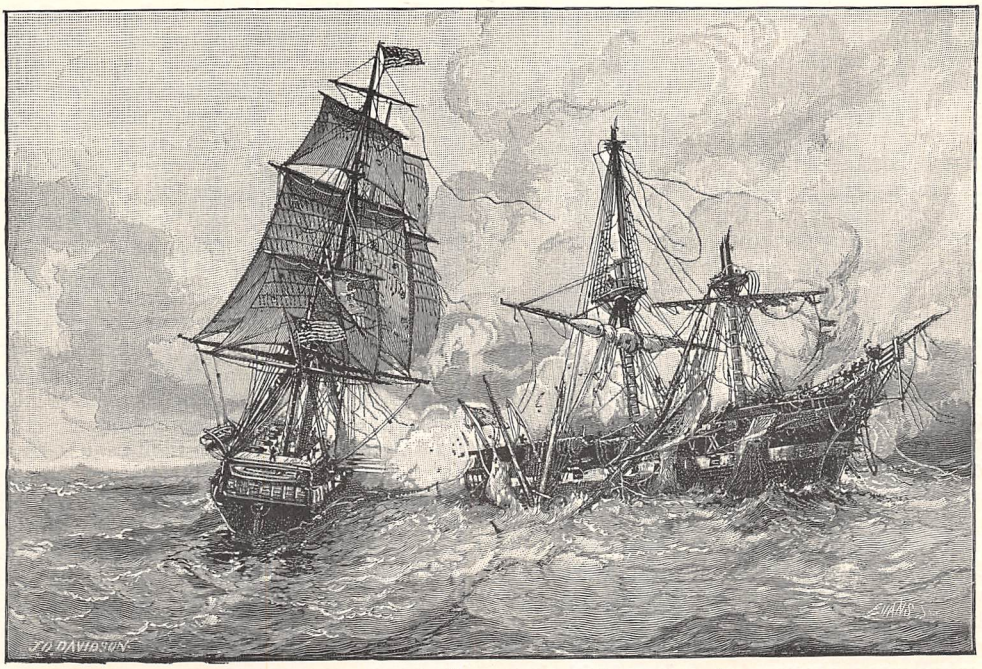
> What we regret to perceive stated, and trust will be found much exaggerated, is, that the *Boxer* was literally cut to pieces in sails, rigging, spars, and hull; whilst the *Enterprise* (her antagonist) was in a situation to commence a similar action immediately afterwards. The fact seems to be but too clearly established, that the Americans have some superior mode of firing; and we cannot be too anxiously employed in discovering to what circumstances that superiority is owing.

Sir Edward Codrington, in writing to Lady Codrington in reference to the *Peacock-Épervier* fight, states: "It seems that the *Peacock*, American sloop-of-war, has taken our *Épervier*. But the worst part of our story is, that our sloop was cut to pieces and the other scarcely scratched!"

The firing of the 44-gun frigate *United States*, Captain Decatur, during her action on October 25, 1812, with the 38-gun frigate *Macedonian*, Captain Carden, is described as wonderful. "The firing of the American gunners was so rapid that in a few minutes their ship was enveloped in a dense volume of smoke, illumined by lurid flashes of lightning and emitting a continuous roar of thunder." When the *Macedonian* came to close quarters with the idea of boarding, "the American carronades opened and added their fire to that of the long guns, so that by the time she was at close quarters the broadside of the *United States* appeared like a continuous line of flame, and at one time the enemy believed her to be on fire."

On the 18th of October, 1812, the American sloop *Wasp*, 18 guns, had a remarkable encounter in a heavy sea with the British sloop *Frolic*, 19 guns. In forty-three minutes the *Wasp* reduced her adversary to a wreck, and killed or wounded 90 out of a crew of 110 men; her own loss in a crew of 135 being only ten. At the end of the engagement the British ship *Poictiers*, 74 guns, hove in sight, and running down on the *Wasp* captured her and her prize.

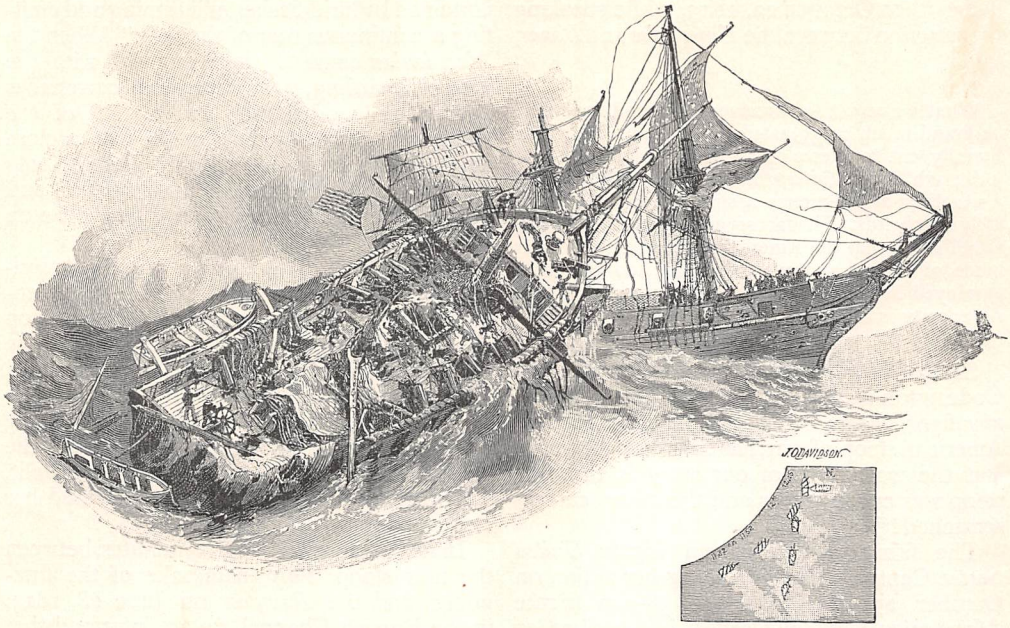
In an action, of only twenty minutes, between the new sloop *Wasp* (namesake of the foregoing) and the *Reindeer* on June 28, 1814, in the English Channel, we are informed that the hull of the *Reindeer* was literally cut to pieces.[1] Another English writer observes: "In a line with her ports the *Reindeer* was literally cut to pieces; her upper works, boats, and spare spars were one complete wreck. Her masts were both badly wounded; particularly her foremast, which was left in a tottering



THE "UNITED STATES" CAPTURES THE "MACEDONIAN."

which from the enemy's deck appeared like a huge thunder-cloud rolling along the water,

[1] Allen's "Battles of the British Navy," Vol. II., p. 463.



THE "FROLIC" REDUCED TO A WRECK BY THE FIRST "WASP."

state,"[1] and on the following day, in spite of all efforts, it went by the board. Finding his prize too shattered to keep afloat, Captain Blakely blew her up. The *Wasp* received six round shot in her hull, and 24-pound shot through her foremast and some injury to her rigging. Two months after this the *Wasp* had a night action with the *Avon*, also a sloop-of-war of her own rate, the *Wasp* receiving only four round shot in her hull and some inconsiderable injury to her rigging. The fact that the *Avon* sank two hours after the *Wasp* was compelled by the approach of her consorts to leave her plainly shows that she was terribly shattered by the American's gunnery.

The proficiency of American gunnery in this war is perhaps best illustrated by the *Constitution's* first action, with the *Guerrière*, in which she was hulled but three times, while her antagonist, to use the words of her commander, was reduced to a "perfect wreck"[2] within forty minutes from the time the *Constitution* began to fire. This battle occurred on August 19, 1812. In her action with the *Java*, December 29, 1812, off the coast of Brazil, the *Constitution* was hulled but four times, and with the exception of her maintopsail yard she did not lose a spar.[3] The *Java*, on the other hand, was "totally dismasted,"[4] while her hull was so shattered and pierced with shot-holes that it was impossible to get her to the harbor of San Salvador, which was only a few hours' sail. In her action with the *Cyane* and *Levant* the forces opposed were: *Constitution*, 51 guns with 1287 pounds of metal; British, 55 guns with 1508 pounds of metal. In this extraordinary action the *Constitution* was hulled only thirteen times, while the *Cyane* had every brace and bow-line cut away, "her main and mizzen masts left in a tottering state, and other principal spars wounded, several shot in the hull, nine or ten between wind and water."[5] The *Levant* also was roughly handled.

Before dismissing the subject of gunnery we should take into consideration: 1. The inferior quality of American cannon and shot. 2. The deficiency in weight of American shot. 3. The fact that in two of the four actions between single frigates the English used French cannon and shot, which were eight per cent. heavier than their nominal English equivalents.

The first of these considerations has been mentioned in a general way, while the second, the deficiency in weight of American metal, has been touched upon by Cooper in an appendix to his "Naval History," but he has not brought it into the discussion of the battles. The third consideration, that of the use of French cannon and shot in at least two of the frigate actions, seems to have been overlooked.

1 James's "History of the British Navy," Vol. VI., p. 163.
2 Official report of Captain Dacres.
3 Cooper's "United States Naval History," Vol. II., p. 70.
4 Allen's "Battles of the British Navy," Vol. II., p. 414.
5 James's "History of the British Navy," Vol. VI., p. 249.

As to the first of these points we have indisputable testimony from both American and English sources. In some instances, owing to imperfect casting, shot flew to pieces even before reaching the mark. In a private letter published in a London paper of the year 1812, written by an officer in the British 36-gun frigate *Belvidera*, Captain Richard Byron, which was chased June 22, 1812, by Commodore Rodgers's squadron, we have proof of the inferiority of American shot as used in that chase. Speaking of one of the shot that came aboard the *Belvidera* from the *President* he says: "This shot being of bad quality, it split into about fifty pieces." The cannon also were dangerously defective. In chasing the *Belvidera*, the *President* lost sixteen men by the bursting of her bow chaser and only six from the enemy's fire. This catastrophe so disconcerted her crew that the remaining bow chaser was not used for some time after. In the action between the new 44-gun frigate *Guerrière* and the Algerine frigate *Mashouda* in 1816, one of the guns in the former burst, killing or wounding seven men. In arriving at an equitable comparison of the forces engaged in the war of 1812, therefore, this inferior quality of American cannon and shot must be constantly kept in mind.

In regard to the underweight of American shot, an English historian finds it "not worth inquiring whether or not this alleged trifling variation in weight between American and British shot does exist,"[1] though no point in favor of the other side is too infinitesimal for his consideration.

Owing to the primitive condition of American manufactures this discrepancy in the nominal weight of shot is exceedingly probable, and needs only the confirmation of a few specific instances for proof. In the action between the American sloop-of-war *Wasp* and the British sloop *Avon*, Captain Blakely officially reported to the Secretary of the Navy that "the four shot which struck [us] are all thirty-two pounds in weight, being a pound and three-quarters heavier than any belonging to this vessel." Cooper records that an American officer, after the engagement between the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, actually weighed the shot of both frigates and found that the *Constitution's* 24-pound shot weighed but 22½ pounds; and in the appendix to his "Naval History" he says:

> In the course of the war I personally weighed a quantity of shot, both English and American, and made a note of the result. It was found that the old shot, or those with which the ships were supplied at the commencement of the war of 1812, were comparatively lighter than those which had been cast at a later day; but in no instance was an American shot even then [that is, at the close of the war] found of full weight. On the other hand, the English shot were uniformly of accurate weight. Some of the American 32-pound shot weighed thirty pounds. The average of the 18-pound shot was about seventeen pounds; but it was understood, as this examination occurred several years after the peace, that the shot, as well as the guns, were then materially better than they had been previously to and during the war.

Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Naval War of 1812," states that the deficiency in weight averaged seven per cent. Thus a 32-pound shot weighed about thirty pounds, a 24-pound shot but 22½ pounds, and so on throughout all the grades of metal.

The importance of the third point, that in two of the four actions between single frigates the English used French cannon and shot, lies in the fact that a French 12-pound shot weighed thirteen pounds in English measurement, a French 18-pound shot weighed 19½ English pounds, and a French 24-pound shot twenty-six English pounds. In the action between the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, and again between the *Constitution* and *Java*, the Americans were opposed to French-built frigates retaining their French guns and shot. The *Guerrière* was captured in 1806 by H. B. M. ship *Blanche*, and "on being transferred to the British navy became a valuable acquisition to the class of large thirty-eights."[2] The *Java*, formerly the *Renommée*, was captured from the French in the latter part of February, 1811.

During the thirty-four years prior to the close of this war, 1780–1814, the English had captured between one hundred and fifty to two hundred French vessels of war whose armaments aggregated from six thousand to eight thousand cannon, together with hundreds of thousands of very valuable shot. It is not reasonable to suppose that, when so many captured French vessels of war were taken into the British navy, this great quantity of expensive cannon was thrown aside for old iron. On the contrary, it is more than probable that the French cannon were retained in the ships in which they were captured, and which had been built expressly to accommodate these bulky engines of death.

It is still more probable that these captured French ships were supplied solely with captured French shot, for a 13-pound shot (French twelve pounds) was not cast to fit a 12-pound muzzle nor a 26-pound shot to fit a 24-pound muzzle, and so on throughout the list. Although it is quite possible to fire a 12-pound shot from

[1] James's "Naval Occurrences between the United States and Great Britain," p. 10.

[2] James's "History of the British Navy," Vol. IV., p. 162.

THE "GUERRIÈRE" IN THE TROUGH OF THE SEA.

a 13-pound gun, and a 24-pound shot from a 26-pound bore, yet it cannot be presumed that the Admiralty supplied their frigates mounting 26-pound cannon with 24-pound shot when they had an enormous quantity of 26-pound shot cast expressly for their 26-pound guns; especially when they could not use this captured shot for English cannon.

In several instances James, as well as other English writers, speaks of the French cannon carried by English commanders, although not in connection with the actions mentioned above.

In the case of the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, Mr. Cooper informs us in a note[1] — with no reference to the employment of French cannon in English ships, however — that an "officer of the *Constitution*, of experience and great respectability, who is now dead, assured the writer that he actually weighed the shot of both ships, and found that the *Constitution's* twenty-fours were only three pounds heavier than the *Guerrière's* eighteens, and that there was nearly the same difference in favor of the latter's thirty-twos." If the *Guerrière's* "eighteens" were English 18-pounders, this would make a deficiency of three pounds, or fourteen per cent., in the *Constitution's* shot, or just twice as much as was claimed to exist under any circumstances or was ever found to exist.

[1] Cooper's "United States Naval History," Vol. II., p. 58.

These irreconcilable discrepancies in figures can only be explained by calculating the *Guerrière's* eighteens as French eighteens, which makes everything clear. Her 18-pound shot weighed 19½ English pounds, which was the scale used by the officer in question. He found the *Constitution's* twenty-fours were only "three pounds heavier," which would bring her shot down, not to twenty-one pounds, as would have been the case had the *Guerrière's* 18-pounders been English, but to 22½ pounds, which, allowing for the discrepancy of seven per cent. that was found to exist in American metal, would be in strict keeping with all the figures given. There can be no doubt then, from the above evidence, that the *Guerrière* on the occasion of her engagement with the *Constitution* carried her original French armament and shot.

With the above conditions kept in view, namely, the inferior quality of American castings, the deficiency in weight of their shot, and the superior weight of French guns, we have a far more intelligent understanding of these two actions of the *Constitution* and the other engagements of this war.

In accounting for their naval disasters of 1812–15, English historians rightly state that in the first three frigate actions the Americans carried heavier metal; that where the English ship was armed with 18-pounders on the main deck the American carried 24-pound-

ers, and where the Englishman had 32-pounders on the forecastle and quarter-deck the American had 42-pounders. But it was just this heavy metal which the English commanders declared would detract from the frigate's efficiency. British naval experts insisted that 24 and 42 pounders were too heavy. Experience had taught them that 18 and 32 pound calibers were the medium weights from which the highest possible effectiveness could be derived, and when 24 and 42 pounders were introduced in American frigates they pronounced them innovations, contrary to all established rules, highly characteristic of American assurance, and bound to end in disaster.

During the several years preceding the declaration of war American and British officers frequently interchanged visits, in which the heavy calibers of American frigates were criticized. Captain Carden of the *Macedonian*, whose exceptional delicacy in carrying out the inimical instructions of his government against American merchantmen had placed him on an intimate footing with American officers, often met Decatur in the *United States*, and on one of these occasions, while at the latter's table, "particularly pointed out the inefficiency of the 24-pounders on the main deck of the *United States;* he said that they could not be handled with ease and rapidity in battle, and that long eighteens would do as much execution, and were as heavy as experience had proved a frigate ought to carry. 'Besides, Decatur,' said Carden, 'though your ships may be good enough, and you are a clever set of fellows, what practice have you had in war? There is the rub!"[1] That Captain Carden held to the opinion that 18 and 32 pounders were superior to 24 and 42 pounders in point of effectiveness, long after his ship had been captured by the *United States*, is seen both in his official report of that action and in his address before his court-martial.

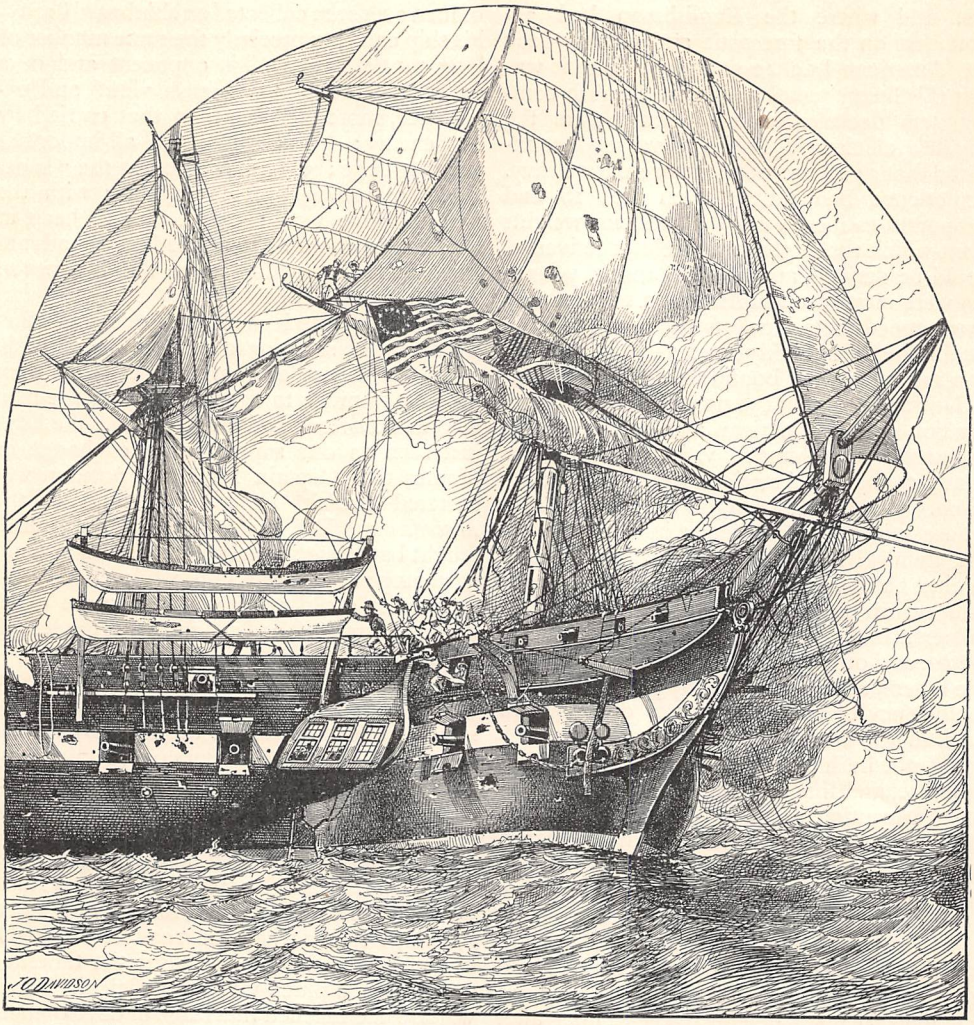
Such, then, was the opinion in reference to 24 and 42 pounders among British officers and naval experts before the war. After the war, however, they raise the cry of "heavier metal," "superior calibers," "it could never have been otherwise," "result of sheer superiority of the American frigate," etc., though this was not, as a rule, the cry raised by the English commanders involved in these actions.

In order to test the relative value of ships, as ships, let us suppose that in the fight between the *United States* and *Macedonian* the two crews and their officers had exchanged frigates: 1 — then we should have Captain Decatur, according to James, in "one of the finest frigates in the British Navy"; 2 — with "the finest set of men ever seen collected on shipboard"; 3 — his ship carrying precisely the same number of long range guns as his opponent and of a caliber, according to English views and experience, more effective than that carried by his enemy; 4 — he has the all-important weather gage; 5 — his frigate has the "superiority of sailing," which together with the weather gage would enable him to keep at long range where he knew he had the advantage. It is very evident, then, that it is not so much a question of ships.

Although American frigates in point of effectiveness were superior to those of the English, yet I am persuaded that their victories were due not so much to the vessels as to the men who manœuvered and fought them. We have just seen in our supposititious exchange of frigates that Captain Decatur's position was bettered twofold by his command of the *Macedonian*. Yet, as it was, he gained a hard-fought battle with a marvelously small amount of damage to his own ship, while that of his antagonist could not have been more expeditiously wrecked had she for the same length of time been opposed by a ship of the line.

This action and the engagements between the *Constitution* and *Guerrière* and the *Constitution* and *Java* stand unsurpassed for the wonderful difference in damage sustained by two frigates that mutually sought an engagement. I would not for a moment suggest that the British tar, in all these actions, did not fully maintain his well-deserved reputation for pluck. Captains Dacres, Carden, and Lambert and their several crews fought with a persevering heroism which must call forth eulogies from friend and foe alike. But the time had arrived when pluck was not sufficient. Naval warfare had reached that stage of development where brute strength and animal courage had become secondary considerations. Success now depended more on the higher discipline of the men, better training at the guns, the intelligent use of improved weapons, the skillful manipulations of the sails, and the thousand and one little improvements in, about, and all over a ship, which only a cultivated intellect would suggest. The superiority of American gunnery and seamanship of this war, their better arrangement and construction of their frigates, have been shown in this paper. These improvements, together with that indomitable pluck and quick perception which have ever characterized the American seaman, overwhelmed the British navy with disaster and consternation. This was the mainspring of our brilliant successes, and it was just in this particular, namely, the supremacy of the mind over matter, that our naval officers achieved their highest triumph.

[1] Mackenzie's "Life of Decatur," p. 157.



THE "SHANNON'S" CREW BOARDING THE "CHESAPEAKE."

It will prove a matter of interest, at this late day, to observe with what effect the news of the first three frigate actions with the United States was received in England. The capture of their first frigate, the *Guerrière*, was taken with philosophical surprise. The news of the loss of the *Macedonian* was discredited at first in London, and the "Times" for December 26, 1812, says:

There is a report that another English frigate, the *Macedonian*, has been captured by an American. We shall certainly be very backward in believing a second recurrence of such a national disgrace. . . . We have heard that the statement is discredited at the Admiralty; but we know not on what precise grounds. Certainly there was a time when it would not have been believed that the American navy could have appeared upon the seas after six months' war with England; much less that it could, within that period, have been twice victorious: *sed tempora mutantur*.

The news of the loss of the *Java*, which arrived in London, March 19, 1813, seems to have drawn the following resigned soliloquy from the "Times":

The public will learn with sentiments which we shall not presume to anticipate that a third British frigate has struck to an American. . . . This is an occurrence that calls for serious reflection — this and the fact stated in our paper of yesterday, that Lloyd's list contains notices of upwards of five hundred British vessels captured, in seven months, by the Americans. Five hundred merchantmen, and three frigates? Can these statements be true; and can the English people bear them unmoved? Any one who had predicted such a result of an American war this time last year would have been treated as a madman or a traitor. He would have been

told, if his opponents had condescended to argue with him, that long ere seven months had elapsed the American flag would be swept from the seas, the contemptible navy of the United States annihilated, and their maritime arsenals rendered a heap of ruins. Yet down to this moment not a single American frigate has struck her flag.

There has been a disposition among English writers to point to the action between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* as the one instance in which an American and English frigate met on equal terms, both equally prepared for battle and meeting in response to a challenge to single combat. A close investigation of the condition of the two frigates, however, will show that they met on very unequal terms, and not in response to a challenge to single combat.

Landing in New York in the latter part of March, 1813, after his brilliant victory in the *Hornet* over the *Peacock* on February 24, Captain Lawrence was received with great enthusiasm. Previous to his return he had been promoted to the rank of post captain and was now offered the command of the frigate *Constitution*, on the condition, however, that neither Captain Porter nor Captain Evans applied for her. This conditional offer, being distasteful to Lawrence, was declined, upon which the Secretary of the Navy gave him the unconditional command of that favorite ship. A few weeks after, however, Captain Lawrence was surprised by counter orders with instructions to repair immediately to Boston and take command of the *Chesapeake*, then nearly ready for sea.

From the time of her ignominious surrender to the *Leopard* in 1806, the *Chesapeake* had been stigmatized as an "unlucky ship."

After cruising among the West Indies for four months without success, Captain Evans headed the *Chesapeake* for the north, arriving at Boston on the 18th of April, 1813. While entering the harbor she lost a topmast, the men on it at the time being drowned. This accident was regarded among the sailors as an inauspicious omen for the next cruise, which, together with her previous reputation for bad luck and a tar's dread for such ships, rendered it exceedingly difficult to enlist another crew. The men made haste to leave, while her officers found employment in other vessels. Captain Evans, having lost the sight of one eye and being in imminent danger of losing that of the other, was granted a furlough while undergoing medical treatment.

Such was the condition of the *Chesapeake* after her last unsuccessful cruise. In the following letter to Captain Biddle of the *Wasp* Captain Lawrence shows a very evident disinclination to accept the command of the *Chesapeake:*

BOSTON, May 27, 1813.

DEAR SIR: In hopes of being relieved by Captain Stewart, I neglected writing agreeably to promise; but as I have given over all hopes of seeing him, and the *Chesapeake* is almost ready, I shall sail on Sunday, provided I have a chance of getting out clear of the *Shannon* and *Tenedos*, who are on the lookout. My intention is to pass out by Cape Sable, then run out west [east?] until I get into the stream, then haul in for the Cape Canso and run for Cape Breton, where I expect the pleasure of seeing you; I think your best chance of getting out is through the Sound. In haste, yours sincerely,

CAPTAIN BIDDLE. JAMES LAWRENCE.

So strong was this aversion for the *Chesapeake* that we have it upon the authority of Washington Irving that Lawrence even requested to be retained in command of the sloop-of-war *Hornet* rather than accept the command of the frigate *Chesapeake*. He wrote "four letters successively to the Secretary" requesting some change in his last instructions, but receiving no answer he was constrained to obey.

Arriving in Boston, Captain Lawrence found the *Chesapeake* nearly ready for sea, wanting only an adequate complement. She had been provisioned for a long cruise to the northwest with a view of breaking up the enemy's whale fisheries off the coast of Greenland. On the morning of June 1, while the *Chesapeake* was at anchor in President Roads, the British 38-gun frigate *Shannon*, Captain Broke, appeared in the offing and by her manœuvers seemed to invite the American to come out and engage. Captain Lawrence had arrived in Boston but a few days before and was unacquainted with his officers, men, or ship. The first lieutenant, O. A. Page, an officer of experience, was confined on shore by a serious illness of which he soon after died. His place was supplied by Lieutenant Ludlow of the marines, who, though an officer of merit, was "scarcely twenty-one years of age,"[1] and was in a strange position where experience was indispensable. The second lieutenant, Mr. Budd, was the only commissioned sea officer of experience in the ship. The positions of third and fourth lieutenants were also vacant and were filled by Midshipmen Cox and Ballard, who now served in these capacities for the first time. This most unfortunate inexperience among the lieutenants, even with a well-trained crew, would have much embarrassed the working and fighting of a frigate. But it will be interesting to discover what kind of men these young officers had to manage.

The *Chesapeake's* crew, as finally brought together, was composed in a large measure of landsmen, foreigners,— the boatswain's

1 Ludlow's monument, Trinity churchyard, New York City.

mate being a Portuguese,— and the least desirable sailors in port, the better seamen naturally preferring a better ship. So ignorant were the officers of the *Chesapeake* of their own men that one of her lieutenants joined a party of British boarders supposing them to be Americans. The ship's company had not been together on blue water a single day. The captain, just arrived, took charge of a strange ship with a green crew, with only one lieutenant who had ever served in that capacity before, while the crew was largely composed of landsmen who did not know the mainbrace from a marlinspike. Besides all this there was the by no means fanciful disadvantage of an "unlucky ship."

Such being the condition of the *Chesapeake* it is surprising that Captain Lawrence did not postpone the meeting until he could bring his men under better training. It afterwards appeared that Captain Broke had sent a written challenge to Lawrence, requesting the latter to select some time and place "at any bearing and distance you please to fix off the south breakers of Nantucket, or the shoal of St. George's Banks, so that the two frigates might engage in single action, both equally prepared." This challenge did not arrive in Boston until after the *Chesapeake's* departure;[1] so when Captain Lawrence observed the British frigate in the offing apparently daring him to give battle he understood it as a challenge to immediate action, and, obeying the impulse of a brave but impetuous nature, he made sail to engage. The *Chesapeake* went out to meet the *Shannon*, not prepared for single combat, not in response to Captain Broke's challenge, but as if the two vessels had met casually before the harbor.

We will now turn to English records and investigate the condition of the *Shannon* and the causes which led Captain Broke so earnestly to desire an action with the *Chesapeake*. According to Mr. Young, the naval historian, "From the time that Captain Broke took command of her [the *Shannon*] he had carefully trained her crew in gunnery and in every other exercise calculated to make them really efficient in the day of trial." Turning to other records, we find that Captain Broke assumed command of the *Shannon* on the 14th of September, 1806, so that up to this date he had commanded her over six years, and developed her efficiency in speed and in battle.

It further appears that Captain Broke had not only been in continuous command of the *Shannon* over six years, but that his present crew had served under him five years, for Mr. Allen informs us that "The crew of the *Shannon* had been five years together commanded by the same captain." So we find that Captain Broke was thoroughly acquainted with his crew. That he had trained them to the highest possible degree of efficiency, and that he was regarded as an unusually able disciplinarian for the British navy of that period, is seen in the following from Mr. James:

> Previously to our dismissing the action of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* we shall confer a service on the profession by stating as much as we know of the means taken by Captain Broke to endow his men with that proficiency the effects of which were so decisive and astonishing. Every day for about an hour and a half in the forenoon, when not prevented by chase or the state of the weather, the men were exercised at training the guns, and for the same time in the afternoon in the use of the broadsword, pike, musket, etc. Twice a week the crew fired at targets, both with the great guns and musketry, and Captain Broke, as an additional stimulus beyond the emulation excited, gave a pound of tobacco to every man that put a shot through the bull's-eye.

Captain Brenton in his "Naval History of Great Britain" says: "The British navy, depressed by repeated mortifications, had in some measure lost its spirits, and the dissatisfaction expressed in the public journals of the empire produced a feeling of discontent and disgust in the bosom of our seamen." During the eighteen years preceding the war of 1812 the British navy had matched its strength against the strongest marine powers of the world, and in some one hundred and fifty actions between single ships it was defeated but five times, and on those five occasions the British vessel was inferior in force to her antagonist. But in the short space of six months this same navy had suffered five consecutive defeats, in one of which its vessel was acknowledged to be of superior force, and had gained not one corresponding success! And this too from what the "London Times" called "the contemptible navy of the United States."

Thus it was that the *Shannon*, the best frigate on the North American station, appeared before Boston harbor with a perfect crew, augmented by seamen taken from a recaptured merchantman, and burning with a desire to avenge these "repeated mortifications" and in some degree mitigate the humiliation of their recent disasters. Mr. James virtually admits that the *Shannon* on this occasion had been so thoroughly prepared for battle as to be nearly or quite able to give battle successfully to the *Constitution*— it being borne in mind that the *Constitution* was a much heavier frigate than the *Chesapeake*, one rating as a 44-gun and the other as a 36-gun ship.

Even while the *Chesapeake* was sailing out

[1] Washington Irving.

of Boston harbor Captain Lawrence had a foretaste of the quality of his crew. Having cleared the land he called them together and gave them a short harangue. In the midst of his speech he was interrupted by their loud murmurs and mutinous attitude.[1] When allowed to finish his remarks "a scoundrel Portuguese, who was boatswain's mate,"[2] spoke up and demanded in an insolent manner prize money which had been due to some of the crew for several weeks past. Here was an awakening for Captain Lawrence! An enemy in the poor quality and dangerous disposition of his crew, and a powerful foe awaiting his oncoming.

Sir Provo Wallis, senior admiral of the British navy, and in 1813 second lieutenant of the *Shannon*, describes the approach of the frigate as a beautiful sight. He says "Lawrence displayed great skill and tactics when closing with us, to prevent our fire, which, however, we did not attempt, for Broke had given orders not to fire whilst the gallant fellow keeps his head towards us."[3] Just before the action opened Sir Provo handed his watch to a seaman who was stationed below decks in the magazine, remarking, "You will be safe; should anything happen to me, give this to my father." By this watch the seaman timed the firing, and "by it we know the cannonading lasted for only eleven minutes."[4]

The *Chesapeake's* armament as given by Sir Provo Wallis, who took command of her immediately upon her surrender and remained in her for a week after, was: "Main deck, 28 long 18-pounders; quarter-deck, 16 short 32-pounders; forecastle, 4 short 32-pounders and 1 long 18-pounder — 49 guns in all";[5] giving a total weight, when allowing for deficiency in weight in American shot, of 1081 pounds. Out of her complement of 340 she lost 47 killed and 99 wounded, making in all 146.[6] The fact which reflects most credit is that the loss in the *Chesapeake* was confined to the American portion of the crew, the foreigners skulking about the ship, seeking to escape their own officers as well as the enemy. The *Chesapeake* was not surrendered until every officer in the ship was either killed or wounded.

The *Shannon*, according to English accounts, carried 28 long 18-pounders, 4 long 9-pounders, 1 long 6-pounder, 16 short 32-pounders, and 3 short 12-pounders; in all 52 guns with 1094 pounds of metal. Her complement is given at 330, out of which she lost 23 killed and 56 wounded; total, 79.

COMPARATIVE FORCE AND LOSS.

	Guns.	Lbs.	Crew.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Chesapeake	49	1081	340	47	99	146
Shannon	52	1094	330	23	56	79

Time, 15 m.

In connection with this battle Mr. James makes this statement: "Out of a crew including eight recaptured seamen and twenty-two Irish laborers, two days in the ship," Captain Broke increased his force, etc. The impression derived from this wording is that twenty-two out of the thirty men taken into the *Shannon* just before the action were landsmen, more in the way than of use. Inquiring of Admiral Wallis in reference to this point the writer was authorized to state that "the 'twenty-two Irish laborers' on board the *Shannon* were a part of the thirty as stated in Broke's challenge to Lawrence," where they are distinctly described as "thirty seamen, boys, and passengers."

The *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, as compilations of wood, iron, and guns, were as equally matched as any two frigates possibly could be. In point of preparation, however, which is of vital importance, the *Shannon* had an overwhelming superiority, as seen in the results. Had the *Chesapeake* been a 44-gun frigate, or even a 60-gun razee, and had come into this action under the same conditions, the issue hardly could have been different.

It has frequently been stated by students of history, and inscribed by at least one historian, that it was doubtful if Captain Lawrence ever gave expression to the words, "Don't give up the ship." In reference to this point the writer was authorized by Sir Provo Wallis to publish the following statement: "We [officers of the *Shannon*] heard that when they were carrying Captain Lawrence below, mortally wounded, he uttered the words, 'Don't give up the ship.'" It hardly seems possible that such a myth could be started during the great excitement of battle and the confusion consequent on its termination and immediately after have reached the ears of the British officers.

Furthermore an officer of the *Chesapeake*, writing in a private letter of the voyage of the two ships from Boston to Halifax after the battle, remarks: "Captain Broke and Captain Lawrence were both delirious from their wounds. . . . When Captain Lawrence could speak, he would say, 'Don't give up the ship.'" This clearly shows that these words were strongly impressed upon his mind when he received his mortal wound.

Perhaps no naval encounter of this war called from contemporary writers and newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic so much

1 Washington Irving; also Brighton's "Memoir of Admiral Sir P. B. V. Broke."
2 Washington Irving.
3 Sir Provo to the writer.
4 *Ibid.*
5 *Ibid.*
6 Official report of Lieutenant Budd.

misrepresentation and exaggeration as the battle between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. The Americans were filled with the profoundest gloom and an unreasonable loss of confidence in their navy, while the English gave vent to most extravagant rejoicings; simply because an English frigate had captured an American of the same force. The published official report of Captain Broke contains the following episode: "Mr. Smyth, who commanded in our foretop, stormed the enemy's foretop from the foreyard arm, and destroyed all the Americans remaining in it." Sir Provo Wallis, however, who was present on that occasion, gives a somewhat different rendering. The "storming" he flatly contradicts. "It was mere invention 'Smith's having stormed her foretop'; but he did board her from our foreyard and slid down on one of her backstays." The same published official report observes: "The Lieutenants Johns and Law, of the marines, bravely boarded at the head of their respective divisions." To this Sir Provo replies: "Neither did the officers of the marines board, for when I took command of the quarter-deck I found them there." The report furthermore goes on to say: "Both ships came out of the action in the most beautiful order, their rigging appearing as perfect as if they had been only exchanging a salute." Admiral Wallis thought otherwise, for he says: "It was equally erroneous to say that the ships came out of action as perfect as if they had been only exchanging a salute; the fact being that our lower rigging was all cut through, and the masts, consequently, unsupported, so that had any sea been on they would have gone over the side." Finally, the report states: "I [Broke] was only capable of giving command till assured our conquest was complete; and then directing Second Lieutenant Wallis to take charge of the *Shannon* and secure the prisoners, I left the third lieutenant, Mr. Falkner (who had headed the main-deck boarders), in charge of the prize." In reference to this Admiral Wallis states: "Finally, the story of Broke having given me the orders to take charge of the *Shannon*, and Falkner the *Chesapeake*, was fabulous."

The English official report as published is dated "*Shannon*, Halifax, June 6, 1813," and is signed "P. B. V. Broke." The following medical certificate, however, proves that Captain Broke on the 6th of June, 1813, and for six days before and several weeks after, was absolutely unable "to dictate or write" any account of the action whatever.

These are to certify that I, the undersigned, David Rowlands, M. D., F. R. S., late surgeon of H. B. M. Naval Hospital at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, was there when H. M. S. *Shannon* arrived with her prize, the American frigate *Chesapeake*, on Sunday, the 6th of June, 1813. The former was commanded by the present Captain Wallis, owing to the dreadful wound which Captain Broke had received in the action with the enemy a few days previous. On the 7th of June I was requested by Mr. Alexander Jack, the surgeon of the *Shannon*, to visit Captain Broke, confined to bed at the Commissioner's house in the dockyard, and found him in a very weak state, with an extensive saber wound on the side of the head, the brain exposed to view for three inches or more; he was unable to converse, save in monosyllables, and, I am sure, totally unable to dictate or write an account of the action for some time afterwards, owing to his severe wounds, loss of blood, and the shock his whole frame must have experienced by the blow on the head. . . . I grant this certificate to Captain Wallis, being called to do so by the death of Mr. Jack, the surgeon.

[Signed] D. Rowlands, M. D.

Thus it appears that this published official report signed "P. B. V. Broke" was neither dictated nor authorized by that gallant officer, but was "a concoction of Commissioner Woodhouse and Captains Capel and Byron." Even had the gentleman who drew up the letter submitted it to the inspection of those personally engaged in the battle, said Admiral Wallis, "I would have corrected the errors."

It is such a disclosure as this that justifies American historians in hesitating to accept the official reports of the British commanders, as given to the public, as accurate copies of the originals when these originals are so jealously withheld from the scrutiny of impartial eyes; especially when English historians themselves repeatedly depart from the figures given in these published reports. The writer made every endeavor and brought every influence to bear in order personally to inspect and copy the original reports of all British commanders concerned in the war of 1812. But all to no purpose, the answer being, "Their Lordships express to you their regret at not being able to comply with this request, as the regulations in force preclude all public inspection of Admiralty records after the year 1800."

Edgar S. Maclay.

THE CYNICAL MISS CATHERWAIGHT.

MISS CATHERWAIGHT'S collection of orders and decorations and medals was her chief offense in the eyes of those of her dear friends who thought her clever but cynical.

All of them were willing to admit that she was clever, but some of them said she was clever only to be unkind.

Young Van Bibber had said that if Miss Catherwaight did not like dances and days and teas she had only to stop going to them instead of making unpleasant remarks about those who did. So many people repeated this that young Van Bibber believed finally that he had said something good, and was somewhat pleased in consequence, as he was not much given to that sort of thing.

Mrs. Catherwaight, while she was alive, lived solely for society, and, so some people said, not only lived but died for it. She certainly did go about a great deal, and she used to carry her husband away from his library every night of every season and left him standing in the doorways of drawing-rooms, outwardly courteous and distinguished looking, but inwardly somnolent and unhappy. She was a born and trained social leader, and her daughter's coming out was to have been the greatest effort of her life. She regarded it as an event in the dear child's lifetime second only in importance to her birth; equally important with her probable marriage, and of much more poignant interest than her possible death. But the great effort proved too much for the mother, and she died, fondly remembered by her peers and tenderly referred to by a great many people who could not even show a card for her Thursdays. Her husband and her daughter were not going out, of necessity, for more than a year after her death, and then felt no inclination to begin over again, but lived very much together and showed themselves only occasionally.

They entertained, though, a great deal in the way of dinners, and an invitation to one of these dinners soon became a diploma for intellectual as well as social qualifications of a very high order.

One was always sure of meeting some one of consideration there, which was pleasant in itself, and also rendered it easy to let one's friends know where one had been dining. It sounded so flat to boast abruptly, "I dined at the Catherwaights' last night"; while it seemed only natural to remark, "That reminds me of a story that novelist, what 's his name, told at Mr. Catherwaight's," or "That English chap, who 's been in Africa, was at the Catherwaights' the other night, and told me —"

After one of these dinners people always asked to be allowed to look over Miss Catherwaight's collection, of which — almost everybody had heard. It consisted of over a hundred medals and decorations which Miss Catherwaight had purchased while on the long tours she made with her father in all parts of the world. Each of them had been given as a reward for some public service; as a recognition of some virtue of the highest order — for personal bravery, for statesmanship, for great genius in the arts; and each had been pawned by the recipient or sold outright. Miss Catherwaight referred to them as her collection of dishonored honors, and called them variously her Orders of the Knights of the Almighty Dollar, pledges to patriotism and the pawnshops, and honors at second hand.

It was her particular fad to get as many of these together as she could and to know the story of each. The less creditable the story the more highly she valued the medal. People might think it was not a pretty hobby for a young girl, but they could not help smiling at the stories and at the scorn with which she told them.

"These," she would say, "are crosses of the Legion of Honor; they are of the lowest degree, that of chevalier. I keep them in this cigar box to show how cheaply I got them and how cheaply I hold them. I think you can get them here in New York for six dollars; they cost more than that, about forty francs, in Paris. At second-hand, of course. The French government can imprison you, you know, for ten years, if you wear one without the right to do so, but they have no punishment for those who choose to part with them for a mess of pottage.

"All these," she would run on, "are English war medals. See, on this one is 'Tel-el-Kebir,' 'Assonsan,' and 'Aboul-Keala.' He was quite a veteran, was he not? Well, he sold this to a dealer on Wardour street, London, for five and six. You can get any number of them on the Bowery for their weight in sil-

ver. I tried very hard to get a Victoria Cross when I was in England, and I only succeeded in getting this one after a great deal of trouble. They value the cross so highly, you know, that it is the only other decoration in the case which holds the Order of the Garter in the Jewel Room at the Tower. It is made of copper so that its intrinsic value won't have any weight with the man who gets it, but I bought this nevertheless for one pound six. The soldier to whom it belonged had loaded and fired a cannon all alone when the rest of the men about the battery had run away. He was captured by the enemy, but retaken immediately afterward by reënforcements from his own side, and the general in command recommended him to the Queen for decoration. He sold his cross to the proprietor of a curiosity shop and drank himself to death. I felt rather meanly about keeping it and hunted up his widow to return it to her, but she said I could have it for a pound.

"This gold medal was given, as you see, to 'Hiram J. Stillman, of the sloop *Annie Barker*, for saving the crew of the steamship *Olivia*, June 18, 1888,' by the President of the United States and both Houses of Congress. I found it on Baxter street in a pawnshop. The gallant Hiram J. had pawned it for sixteen dollars and never came back to claim it."

"But, Miss Catherwaight," some optimist would object, "these men undoubtedly did do something brave and noble once. You can't get back of that; and they did n't do it for a medal either, but because it was their duty. And so the medal meant nothing to them: their conscience told them they had done the right thing; they did n't need a stamped coin to remind them of it, or of their wounds either, perhaps."

"Quite right; that 's quite true," Miss Catherwaight would say. "But how about this? Look at this gold medal with the diamonds: 'Presented to Colonel James F. Placerl by the men of his regiment in camp before Richmond.' Every soldier in the regiment gave something towards that, and yet the brave gentleman put it up at a game of poker one night, and the officer who won it sold it to the man who gave it to me. Can you defend that?"

Miss Catherwaight was well known to the proprietors of the pawnshops and loan offices on the Bowery and Park Row. They learned to look for her once a month, and saved what medals they received for her and tried to learn their stories from the people who pawned them, or else invented some story which they hoped would answer just as well.

Though her brougham produced a sensation in the unfashionable streets into which she directed it, she was never annoyed. Her maid went with her into the shops, and one of the grooms always stood at the door within call, to the intense delight of the neighborhood. And one day she found what, from her point of view, was a perfect gem. It was a poor, cheap-looking, tarnished silver medal, a half-dollar once, undoubtedly, beaten out roughly into the shape of a heart and engraved in script by the jeweler of some country town. On one side were two clasped hands with a wreath around them, and on the reverse was this inscription: "From Henry Burgoyne to his beloved friend Lewis L. Lockwood"; and below, "Through all prosperity and adversity." That was all. And here it was among razors and pistols and family Bibles in a pawnbroker's window. What a story there was in that! These two boy friends, and their boyish friendship that was to withstand adversity and prosperity, and all that remained of it was this inscription to its memory like the wording on a tomb!

"He could n't have got so much on it any way," said the pawnbroker, entering into her humor. "I did n't lend him more 'n a quarter of a dollar at the most."

Miss Catherwaight stood wondering if the Lewis L. Lockwood could be Lewis L. Lockwood, the lawyer, one read so much about. Then she remembered his middle name was Lyman, and said quickly, "I 'll take it, please."

She stepped into the carriage, and told the man to go find a directory and look for Lewis Lyman Lockwood. The groom returned in a few minutes and said there was such a name down in the book as a lawyer, and that his office was such a number on Broadway; it must be near Liberty. "Go there," said Miss Catherwaight.

Her determination was made so quickly that they had stopped in front of a huge pile of offices, sandwiched in, one above the other, until they towered mountains high, before she had quite settled in her mind what she wanted to know or had appreciated how strange her errand might appear. Mr. Lockwood was out, one of the young men in the outer office said, but the junior partner, Mr. Latimer, was in and would see her. She had only time to remember that the junior partner was a dancing acquaintance of hers, before young Mr. Latimer stood before her smiling, and with her card in his hand.

"Mr. Lockwood is out just at present, Miss Catherwaight," he said, "but he will be back in a moment. Won't you come into the other room and wait? I am sure he won't be away over five minutes. Or is it something I could do?"

She saw that he was surprised to see her, and a little ill at ease as to just how to take her visit. He tried to make it appear that he con-

sidered it the most natural thing in the world, but he overdid it, and she saw that her presence was something quite out of the common. This did not tend to set her any more at her ease. She already regretted the step she had taken. What if it should prove to be the same Lockwood, she thought, and what would they think of her?

"Perhaps you will do better than Mr. Lockwood," she said as she followed him into the inner office. "I fear I have come upon a very foolish errand, and one that has nothing at all to do with the law."

"Not a breach of promise suit, then?" said young Latimer with a smile. "Perhaps it is only an innocent subscription to a most worthy charity. I was afraid at first," he went on lightly, "that it was legal redress you wanted, and I was hoping that the way I led the Courdert's cotillion had made you think I could conduct you through the mazes of the law as well."

"No," returned Miss Catherwaight with a nervous laugh; "it has to do with my unfortunate collection. This is what brought me here," she said, holding out the silver medal. "I came across it just now in the Bowery. The name was the same, and I thought it just possible Mr. Lockwood would like to have it; or, to tell you the truth, that he might tell me what had become of the Henry Burgoyne who gave it to him."

Young Latimer had the medal in his hand before she had finished speaking, and was examining it carefully. He looked up with just a touch of color in his cheeks and straightened himself visibly.

"Please don't be offended," said the fair collector; "I know what you think. You 've heard of my stupid collection, and I know you think I meant to add this to it. But, indeed, now that I have had time to think — you see I came here immediately from the pawnshop, and I was so interested, like all collectors, you know, that I did n't stop to consider. That 's the worst of a hobby; it carries one roughshod over other people's feelings, and runs away with one. I beg of you, if you do know anything about the coin, just to keep it and don't tell me, and I assure you what little I know I will keep quite to myself."

Young Latimer bowed, and stood looking at her curiously with the medal in his hand.

"I hardly know what to say," he began slowly. "It really has a story. You say you found this on the Bowery, in a pawnshop. Indeed! Well, of course, you know Mr. Lockwood could not have left it there."

Miss Catherwaight shook her head vehemently and smiled in deprecation.

"This medal was in his safe when he lived on Thirty-fifth street at the time he was robbed, and the burglars took this with the rest of the silver and pawned it, I suppose. Mr. Lockwood would have given more for it than any one else could have afforded to pay." He paused a moment, and then continued more rapidly: "Henry Burgoyne is Judge Burgoyne. Ah! you did n't guess that? Yes, Mr. Lockwood and he were friends when they were boys. They went to school in Westchester County. They were Damon and Pythias and that sort of thing. They roomed together at the State college and started to practise law in Tuckahoe as a firm, but they made nothing of it, and came on to New York and began reading law again with Fuller & Mowbray. It was while they were at school that they had these medals made. There was a mate to this, you know; Judge Burgoyne had it. Well, they continued to live and work together. They were both orphans and dependent on themselves. I suppose that was one of the strongest bonds between them; and they knew no one in New York, and always spent their spare time together. They were pretty poor, I fancy, from all Mr. Lockwood has told me, but they were very ambitious. They were — I 'm telling you this, you understand, because it concerns you somewhat: well, more or less. They were great sportsmen, and whenever they could get away from the law office they would go off shooting. I think they were fonder of each other than brothers even. I 've heard Mr. Lockwood tell of the days they lay in the rushes along the Chesapeake Bay waiting for duck. He has said often that they were the happiest hours of his life. That was their greatest pleasure, going off together after duck or snipe along the Maryland waters. Well, they grew rich and began to know people; and then they met a girl. It seems they both thought a great deal of her, as half the New York men did, I am told; and she was the reigning belle and toast, and had other admirers, and neither met with that favor she showed — well, the man she married, for instance. But for a while each thought, for some reason or other, that he was especially favored. I don't know anything about it. Mr. Lockwood never spoke of it to me. But they both fell very deeply in love with her, and each thought the other disloyal, and so they quarreled; and — and then, though the woman married, the two men kept apart. It was the one great passion of their lives, and both were proud, and each thought the other in the wrong, and so they have kept apart ever since. And — well, I believe that is all."

Miss Catherwaight had listened in silence and with one little gloved hand tightly clasping the other.

"Indeed, Mr. Latimer, indeed," she began tremulously, "I am terribly ashamed of myself. I seem to have rushed in where angels fear to tread. I would n't meet Mr. Lockwood *now* for worlds. Of course I might have known there was a woman in the case, it adds so much to the story. But I suppose I must give up my medal. I never could tell that story, could I?"

"No," said young Latimer, dryly; "I would n't if I were you."

Something in his tone, and something in the fact that he seemed to avoid her eyes, made her drop the lighter vein in which she had been speaking, and rise to go. There was much that he had not told her, she suspected, and when she bade him good-by it was with a reserve which she had not shown at any other time during their interview.

"I wonder who that woman was?" she murmured as young Latimer turned from the brougham door and said "Home," to the driver. She thought about it a great deal that afternoon; at times she repented that she had given up the medal, and at times she blushed that she should have been carried in her zeal into such an unwarranted intimacy with another's story.

She determined finally to ask her father about it. He would be sure to know, she thought, as he and Mr. Lockwood were contemporaries. Then she decided finally not to say anything about it at all, for Mr. Catherwaight did not approve of the collection of dishonored honors as it was, and she had no desire to prejudice him still further by a recital of her afternoon's adventure, of which she had no doubt but he would also disapprove. So she was more than usually silent during the dinner, which was a tête-à-tête family dinner that night, and she allowed her father to doze after it in his great chair without disturbing him with either questions or confessions.

They had been sitting there some time, he with his hands folded on the evening paper and with his eyes closed, when the servant brought in a card and offered it to Mr. Catherwaight. Mr. Catherwaight fumbled over his glasses, and read the name on the card aloud: "'Mr. Lewis L. Lockwood.' Dear me!" he said; "what can Mr. Lockwood be calling upon me about?"

Miss Catherwaight sat upright, and reached out for the card with a nervous, gasping little laugh.

"Oh, I think it must be for me," she said; "I 'm quite sure it is intended for me. I was at his office to-day, you see, to return him some keepsake of his that I found in an old curiosity shop. Something with his name on it that had been stolen from him and pawned. It was just a trifle. You need n't go down, dear; I 'll see him. It was I he asked for, I 'm sure; was it not, Morris?"

Morris was not quite sure; being such an old gentleman, he thought it must be for Mr. Catherwaight he 'd come.

Mr. Catherwaight was not greatly interested. He did not like to disturb his after-dinner nap, and he settled back in his chair again and refolded his hands.

"I hardly thought he could have come to see me," he murmured drowsily; "though I used to see enough and more than enough of Lewis Lockwood once, my dear," he added with a smile, as he opened his eyes and nodded before he shut them again. "That was before your mother and I were engaged, and people did say that young Lockwood's chances at that time were as good as mine. But they were n't, it seems. He was very attentive, though; *very* attentive."

Miss Catherwaight stood startled and motionless at the door from which she had turned.

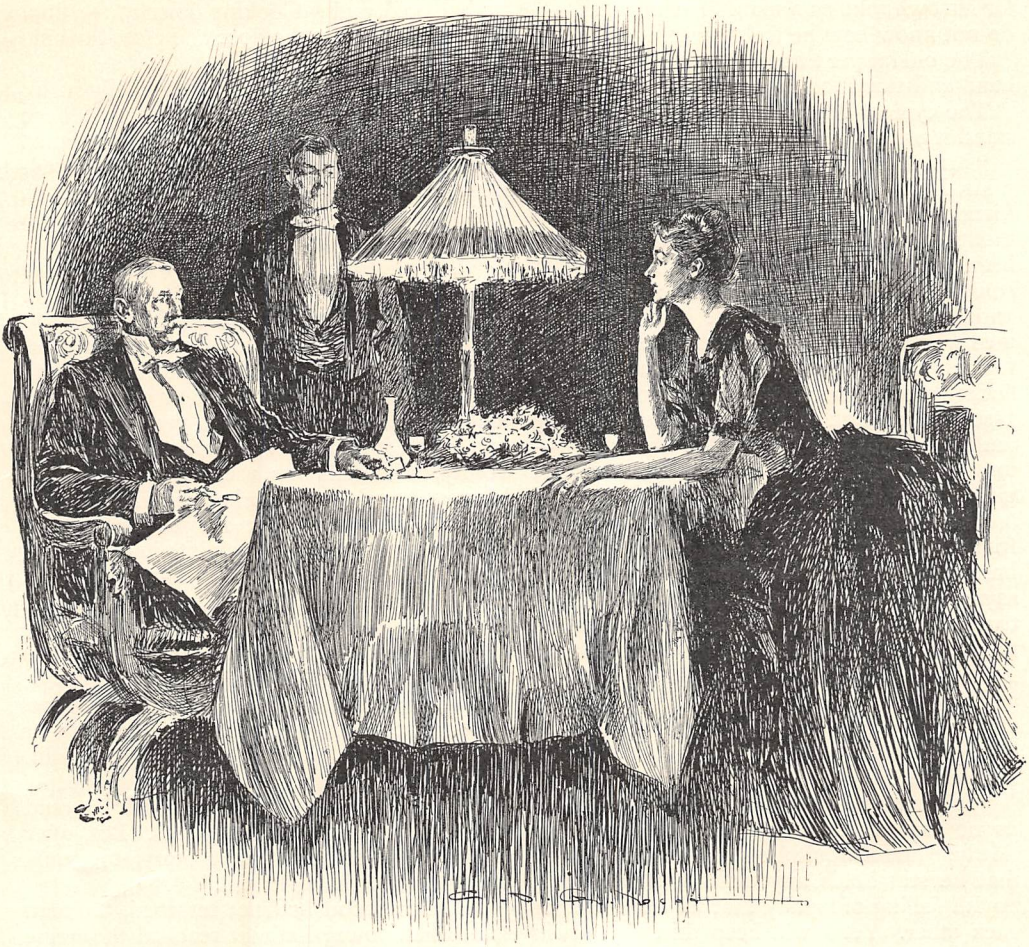
"Attentive—to whom?" she asked quickly and in a very low voice. "To my mother?"

Mr. Catherwaight did not deign to open his eyes this time, but moved his head uneasily as if he wished to be let alone.

"To your mother, of course, my child," he answered; "of whom else was I speaking?"

Miss Catherwaight went down the stairs to the drawing-room slowly, and paused half way to allow this new suggestion to settle in her mind. There was something distasteful to her, something that seemed not altogether unblamable, in a woman's having two men quarrel about her, neither of whom was the woman's husband. And yet this girl of whom Latimer had spoken must be her mother, and she, of course, could do no wrong. It was very disquieting, and she went on down the rest of the way with one hand resting heavily on the railing and with the other pressed against her cheeks. She was greatly troubled. It now seemed to her very sad indeed that these two one-time friends should live in the same city and meet, as they must meet, and not recognize each other. She argued that her mother must have been very young when it happened, or she would have brought two such men together again. Her mother could not have known, she told herself; she was not to blame. For she felt sure that had she herself known of such an accident she would have done something, said something, to make it right. And she was not half the woman her mother had been, she was sure of that.

There was something very likable in the old gentleman who came forward to greet her as she entered the drawing-room; something courtly and of the old school, of which she was



"WHAT CAN MR. LOCKWOOD BE CALLING UPON ME ABOUT?"

so tired of hearing, but of which she wished she could have seen more in the men she met. Young Mr. Latimer had accompanied his guardian, exactly why she did not see, but she recognized his presence slightly. He seemed quite content to remain in the background. Mr. Lockwood, as she had expected, explained that he had called to thank her for the return of the medal. He had it in his hand as he spoke, and touched it gently with the tips of his fingers as though caressing it.

"I knew your father very well," said the lawyer, "and I at one time had the honor of being one of your mother's younger friends. That was before she was married, many years ago." He stopped and regarded the girl gravely and with a touch of tenderness. "You will pardon an old man, old enough to be your father, if he says," he went on, "that you are greatly like your mother, my dear young lady — greatly like. Your mother was very kind to me, and I fear I abused her kindness; abused it by misunderstanding it. There was a great deal of misunderstanding; and I was proud and my friend was proud, and so the misunderstanding continued, until now it has become irretrievable."

He had forgotten her presence apparently, and was speaking more to himself than to her as he stood looking down at the medal in his hand.

"You were very thoughtful to give me this," he continued; "it was very good of you. I don't know why I should keep it though, now, although I was distressed enough when I lost it. But now it is only a reminder of a time that is past and put away, but which was very, very dear to me. Perhaps I should tell you that I had a misunderstanding with the friend who gave it to me, and since then we have never met; have ceased to know each other. But I have always followed his life as a judge and as a lawyer, and respected him

for his own sake as a man. I cannot tell — I do not know how he feels towards me."

The old lawyer turned the medal over in his hand and stood looking down at it wistfully.

The cynical Miss Catherwaight could not stand it any longer.

"Mr. Lockwood," she said impulsively, "Mr. Latimer has told me why you and your friend separated, and I cannot bear to think that it was she — my mother — should have been the cause. She could not have understood; she must have been innocent of any knowledge of the trouble she had brought to men who were such good friends of hers and to each other. It seems to me as though my finding that coin is more than a coincidence. I somehow think that the daughter is to help undo the harm that her mother has caused — unwittingly caused. Keep the medal and don't give it back to me, for I am sure your friend has kept his, and I am sure he is still your friend at heart. Don't think I am speaking hastily or that I am thoughtless in what I am saying, but it seems to me as if friends — good, true friends — were so few that one cannot let them go without a word to bring them back. But though I am only a girl, and a very light and unfeeling girl, some people think, I feel this very much, and I do wish I could bring your old friend back to you again as I brought back his pledge."

"It has been many years since Henry Burgoyne and I have met," said the old man, slowly, "and it would be quite absurd to think that he still holds any trace of that foolish, boyish feeling of loyalty that we once had for each other. Yet I will keep this, if you will let me, and I thank you, my dear young lady, for what you have said. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You are as good and as kind as your mother was, and — I can say nothing, believe me, in higher praise."

He rose slowly and made a movement as if to leave the room, and then, as if the excitement of this sudden return into the past could not be shaken off so readily, he started forward with a move of sudden determination.

"I think," he said, "I will go to Henry Burgoyne's house at once, to-night. I will act on what you have suggested. I will see if this has or has not been one long, unprofitable mistake. If my visit should be fruitless I will send you this coin to add to your collection of dishonored honors, but if it should result as I hope it may, it will be your doing, Miss Catherwaight, and two old men will have much to thank you for. Good-night," he said as he bowed above her hand, "and — God bless you!"

Miss Catherwaight flushed slightly at what he had said, and sat looking down at the floor for a moment after the door had closed behind him.

Young Mr. Latimer moved uneasily in his chair. The routine of the office had been strangely disturbed that day, and he now failed to recognize in the girl before him with reddened cheeks and trembling eyelashes the cold, self-possessed young woman of society whom he had formerly known.

"You have done very well, if you will let me say so," he began gently. "I hope you are right in what you said, and that Mr. Lockwood will not meet with a rebuff or an ungracious answer. Why," he went on quickly, "I have seen him take out his gun now every spring and every fall for the last ten years and clean and polish it and tell what great shots he and Henry, as he calls him, used to be. And then he would say he would take a holiday and get off for a little shooting. But he never went. He would put the gun back into its case again and mope in his library for days afterward. You see, he never married, and though he adopted me, in a manner, and is fond of me in a certain way, no one ever took the place in his heart his old friend had held."

"You will let me know, will you not, at once, — to-night, even,— whether he succeeds or not?" said the cynical Miss Catherwaight. "You can understand why I am so deeply interested. I see now why you said I would not tell the story of that medal. But, after all, it may be the prettiest story, the only pretty story I have to tell."

Mr. Lockwood had not returned, the man said, when young Latimer reached the home the lawyer had made for them both. He did not know what to argue from this, but determined to sit up and wait, and so sat smoking before the fire and listening with his sense of hearing on a strain for the first movement at the door.

He had not long to wait. The front door shut with a clash, and he heard Mr. Lockwood crossing the hall quickly to the library, in which he waited. Then the inner door was swung back, and Mr. Lockwood came in with his head high and his eyes smiling brightly.

There was something in his step that had not been there before, something light and vigorous, and he looked ten years younger. He crossed the room to his writing-table without speaking and began tossing the papers about on his desk. Then he closed the rolling-top lid with a snap and looked up smiling.

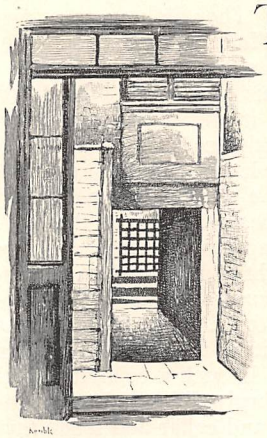
"I shall have to ask you to look after things at the office for a little while," he said. "Judge Burgoyne and I are going to Maryland for a few weeks' shooting."

Richard Harding Davis.

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.—II.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

AN OLD FAMILY SERVANT.



THE colonel's front yard, while as quaint and old fashioned as his house, was not — if I may be allowed — quite so well bred.

This came partly from the outdoor life it had always led and from its close association with other yards that had lost all semblance of respectability, and partly from the fact that it had never felt the refining influences of the friends of the house; for nobody ever lingered in the front yard who by any possibility could get into the front door — nobody, except perhaps now and then a stray tramp, who felt at home at once and went to sleep on the steps.

That all this told upon its character and appearance was shown in the remains of the whitewash on the high wall, scaling off in discolored patches; in the stagger of the tall fence opposite, drooping like a drunkard between two policemen of posts; and in the unkempt, bulging rear of the third wall,— the front house,— stuffed with rags and tied up with clothes-lines.

If in the purity of its youth it had ever seen better days as a garden — but then no possible stretch of imagination, however brilliant, could ever convert this miserable quadrangle into a garden.

It contains, of course, as all such yards do, one lone plant,— this time a honeysuckle,— which in the innocence of its youth had clambered over the front door and there rested as if content to stay; but which later on, frightened at the surroundings, had with one great spring cleared the slippery wall between, reached the rain-spout above, and by its helping arm thus escaped to the roof and the sunlight.

It is also true that high up on this same wall there still clings the remains of a criss-cross wooden trellis supporting the shivering branches of a vine of some kind which had spent its whole life, only to die in the attempt, in trying to grow high enough to look over the tall fence into the yard beyond; but this was so long ago that not even the landlord remembers the color of its blossoms.

Then there is an old-fashioned hydrant, with a half-spiral crank of a handle on its top and the curved end of a lead pipe always aleak thrust through its rotten side, with its little statues of ice all winter and its spattering slop all summer.

Besides all this there are some broken flower-pots in a heap in one corner,— suicides from the window-sills above,— and some sagging clothes-lines, and a battered watering-pot, and a box or two that might once have held flowers; and yet with all this circumstantial evidence against me I still cannot conscientiously believe that this forlorn courtyard ever could have risen to the dignity of a garden.

But of course nothing of all this can be seen at night. At night one sees only the tall clock tower of Jefferson Market with its one blazing eye glaring high up over the fence, the little lantern hung in the tunnel, and the glow through the curtains shading the old-fashioned windows of the house itself, telling of the warmth and comfort within.

To-night when I push open the swinging door — the door of the tunnel entering from the street — the lantern is gone, and in its stead I see only the glimmer of a mysterious light moving around the yard — a light that comes and goes, falling now on the bare wall, then on the front steps, making threads of gold of the twisted iron railings, on the posts of the leaning fence, against which hang three feathery objects, grotesque and curious in the changing shadows, and again on some barrels and boxes surrounded by loose straw.

Following this light — in fact, guiding it — is a noiseless, crouching figure that peers under the open steps, gropes around the front door, creeps beneath the windows, moving uneasily with a burglar-like tread.

I grasp my umbrella, advance to the edge of the tunnel, and call out:

"Who 's that?"

The figure stops, straightens up, holds a lantern high over his head, and peers into the darkness.

There is no mistaking that face.

"Oh, that 's you, Chad, is it? What the devil are you doing?"

"WHO 'S THAT?"

"Lookin' for one ob dese yer tar'pins Miss Nancy sent de colonel. Dey was seben ob 'em in dis box, an' now dey ain't but six. Hole dis light, Major, an' lemme fumble round dis rain-spout."

Chad handed me the lantern, fell on his knees, and began crawling around the small yard like an old dog hunting for a possum, feeling in among the roots of the honeysuckle, between the barrels in which the colonel's china came from Carter Hall, under the steps, way back where Chad kept his wood ashes —but no "brer tar'pin."

"Well, if dat don't beat de lan'! Dey was two ba'els — one had dat wild turkey an' de pair o' geese you see hangin' on de fence dar, an' de udder ba'el I jes ca'ed down de cellar full er oishters. De tar'pins was in dis box — seben ob 'em. Spec' dat rapscallion crawled ober de fence?" And Chad picked up the basket with the remaining half-dozen and descended the basement steps on his way through the kitchen to the front door above. Before he reached the bottom step I heard him break out with:

"Oh, yer you is, you black debbil! Tryin' to git in de door, is ye? De pot is whar you 'll git!"

At the foot of the short steps, flat on his back, head and legs wriggling like an overturned roach, lay the missing terrapin. It had crawled to the edge of the opening and had fallen down in the darkness.

Chad picked him up and kept on grumbling, shaking his finger at the motionless terrapin, whose head and legs were now tight drawn between its shells.

"Gre't mine to sqush ye! Wearin' out my old knees lookin' for ye. Nebber mine, I 'm gwine to bile ye fust an' de longest — hear dat? — de longest!" Then looking up at me, he said, "I got him, Major — try dat do'. Spec' it 's open. Colonel ain't yer yit. Reckon some ob dem moonshiners is keepin' him down town. 'Fo' I forgit it, dar 's a letter for ye hangin' to de mantelpiece."

The door and the letter were both opened, the latter being half a sheet of paper impaled by a pin, which alone saved it from the roaring fire that Chad had just replenished.

I held it to the light and learned, to my disappointment, that business of enormous importance to the C. & W. A. L. R. R. might preclude the possibility of the colonel's leaving his office until late. If such a calamity overtook him, would I forgive him and take possession of his house and cellar and make myself as comfortable as I could with my best friend away? This postscript followed:

"Open the new Madeira; Chad has the key."

Chad wreaked his vengeance upon the absconding terrapin by plunging him with all his sins upon him headlong into the boiling pot, and half an hour later was engaged at a side table in removing, with the help of an iron fork, the upper shell of the steaming vagabond, for my special comfort and sustenance.

"Tar'pin jes like a crab, Major, on'y got mo' meat to 'em. But you got to know 'em fust to eat 'em. Now dis yer shell is de hot plate, an' ye do all yo' eatin' right inside it," said Chad, dropping a spoonful of butter, the juice of a lemon, and a pinch of salt into the impromptu dish.

"Now, Major, take yo' fork an' pick out all dat black meat an' dip it in de sauce, an' wid ebery mou'ful take one o' dem little yaller eggs. Dat 's de way *we* eat tar'pin. Dis yer stewin' him up in pote wine is scand'lous. Can't taste nuffin' but de wine. But dat 's *tar'pin*."

I followed Chad's directions to the word, picking the terrapin as I would a crab and smothering the dainty bits in the hot sauce, until only two empty shells and a heap of little bones were left to tell the tale of my appetite.

"Gwine to crawl ober de fence, was ye?" I heard him say with a chuckle as he bore away the debris. "What I tell ye? Whar am ye now?"

"Did Miss Nancy send those terrapin?" I

asked, watching the old darky drawing the cork of the new Madeira referred to in the colonel's note.

"Ob co'se, Major; Miss Nancy gibs de colonel eberythin'. Did n't ye know dat? She 's de on'y one what 's got anythin' to gib, an' she would n't hab dat on'y frough de war her money was in de bank in Baltimo'. I know, 'cause I went dar once to git some for her. De Yankee soldiers searched me; but some possums got two holes."

"And did she send him the Madeira too?"

"No, sah; Mister Grocerman gib him dat."

For some time he kept silent, brushing the crumbs away, replacing a plate or two, or filling my wine-glass, until at last he took his place behind my chair as was his custom with his master.

It was easy to see that Chad had something on his mind.

Every now and then a sigh escaped him, which he tried to conceal by some irrelevant remark, as if his sorrow was his own and not to be shared with a stranger. Finally he gave an uneasy glance around, and, looking into my face with an expression of positive pain, said:

"Don't tell de colonel I axed, but when is dis yer railroad gwinter fotch some money in?"

"Why?" said I, wondering what extravagance the old man had fallen into.

"Nuffin', sah; but if it don't putty quick, dar 's gwinter be trouble. Dese yer gemmen on de av'nue is gittin' ugly. When I got dat Madary de udder day de tall one war n't gwine to gib it to me, pass-book or no pass-book. On'y de young one say he 'd seen de colonel, an' he was a gemmen an' all right, I would n't 'a' got it at all. De tall gemmen was comin' right around hisself—what he wanted to see, he said, was de color ob de colonel's money. Been mo' den two months, an' not a cent.

"Co'se I tole same as I been tellin' him, dat de colonel's folks is quality folks; but he say dat don't pay de bills."

"Did you tell the colonel?"

"No, sah; ain't no use tellin' de colonel; on'y worry him. He 's got de pass-book, but I ain't yerd him say nuffin' yit 'bout payin' him. I been spectin' Miss Nancy up here, an' de colonel says she 's comin' putty soon. She 'll fix 'em; but dey ain't no time to waste."

While he spoke there came a sharp knock at the door, and Chad returned trembling all over with excitement and fear, with a face the very picture of despair.

"Dat 's de tall man hisself, sah, an' his dander 's up. I knowed dese Yankees in de war, an' I don't like 'em when dey 's ris'. When I tole him de colonel ain't home he look at me pizen-like, same as I was a-lyin'; an' den he stop an' listen an' say he come back to-night. Trouble comin'; old coon smells de dog. Wish we was home an' out ob dis!"

I tried to divert his attention into other channels and calm his fears, assuring him that the colonel would come out all right; that these enterprises were slow, etc.; but the old man only shook his head.

"You know, Major, de colonel ain't nuffin' but a chile, an' about his bills he 's *wuss*. But I 'm yer, an' I 'm 'sponsible. 'Chad,' he says, 'go out an' git six mo' bottles of dat old Madary'; an' 'Chad, don't forgit de sweet ile'; an' 'Chad, is we got claret enough to last ober Sunday?'—an' not a cent in de house. I ain't slep' none for two nights, worritin' ober dis business, an' I 'm mos' crazy."

I laid down my knife and fork and looked up. The old man's lip was quivering, and something very like a tear stood in each eye.

"I can't hab nuffin' happen to de fambly, Major. You know our folks is quality, an' always was, an' I dassent look my mistress in de face if anythin' teches Marsa George." Then bending down he said in a hoarse whisper: "See dat old clock out dar wid his eye

"MISTER GROCERMAN."

always open? Know what 's down below dat in de cellar? De jail!" And two tears rolled down his cheeks.

It was some time before I could quiet the old darky's anxieties and coax him back into his usual good humor, and then only when I began to ask him of the old plantation days.

Then he fell to talking about the colonel's father, Marsa John Carter, and the high days at Carter Hall when Miss Nancy was a young

lady and the colonel a boy home from the university.

"Dem was high times. We ain't neber seed no time like dat since de war. Git up in de mawnin' an' look out ober de lawn an' yer come fo'teen or fifteen couples ob de fustest quality folks, all on horseback ridin' in de gate. Den such a scufflin' round! Old marsa an' missis out on de po'ch an' de little piccaninnies runnin' from de quarters, an' all hands helpin' 'em off de horses, an' dey all smokin' hot wid de gallop up de lane.

"An' den such a breakfast an' such dancin' an' co'tin'; ladies all out on de lawn in der white dresses, an' de gemmen in fair-top boots, an' Mammy Jane runnin' round same as a chicken wid its head off—an' der heads was off befo' dey knowed it, an' dey a-br'ilin' on de gridiron.

"Dat would go on a week or mo', an' den up dey 'll all git an' away dey 'd go to de nex' plantation, an' take Miss Nancy along wid 'em on her little sorrel mare, an' I on Marsa John's black horse, to take care bofe of 'em. Dem *was* times!

"My old marsa,"—and his eyes glistened,—"my Marsa John was a gemman, sah, like dey don't see nowadays. Tall, sah, an' straight as a cornstalk; hair white an' silky as de tassel; an' a voice like de birds was singin', it was dat sweet.

"'Chad,' he use' ter say,—you know I was young den, an' I was his body servant,—'Chad, come yer till I bre'k yo' head'; an' den when I come he 'd laugh fit to kill hisself. Dat 's when you do right. But when you was a low-down nigger an' got de debbil in yer, an' ole marsa hear it an' send de oberseer to de quarters for you to come to de little room in de big house whar de walls was all books an' whar his desk was, 't wa'n't no birds about his voice den—mo' like de thunder."

"Did he whip his negroes?"

"No, sah; don't reckel member a single lick laid on airy nigger dat de marsa knowed of; but when dey got so bad,—an' some niggers is dat way,—den dey was sold to de swamp lan's. He would n't had 'em round 'ruptin' his niggers, he use' ter say.

"Hab coffee, sah? Won't take me a minute to bile it. Colonel ain't been drinkin' none lately, an' so I don't make none."

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

"My Marsa John," he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups—dat 's one ob 'em ye is drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' than fo' on 'em left. Ole marsa would have his pot ob tea: Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid ole Marsa John was ober Henny. She was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen once where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says:

"'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

"'Dat 's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

"'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat 's for you an' de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a carvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

"'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is here; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes an' marsa says, lookin' up:

"'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?'

"'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says. 'I 'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd ole marsa a-hollerin':

"'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose.'

"'Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

"'Is we got a goose?' said I.

"'Is we got a goose? Did n't you help pick it?'

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in just as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

"'Now see what de ladies 'll have for dinner,' says ole marsa, pickin' up his carvin' knife.

"'What 'll you take for dinner, miss?' says I. 'Baked ham?'

"'No,' she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; 'I think I 'll take a leg ob dat goose'—jes so.

"Well, marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman 'll have.'

"'What 'll you take for dinner, sah?' says I. 'Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?'

"CHAD, DID YOU FIND ANY MONEY ON THE FLO' WHEN YOU BRUSHED MY CLOTHES?"

"'No; I think I 'll take a leg of dat goose.'

"I did n't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa' n't a-gwine to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen ole marsa lookin' for de udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled carvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like:

"'Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?'

"'It did n't hab none,' says I.

"'You mean to say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?'

"'Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little hurried to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

"'Well,' said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I 'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck pond. I 'm gwine to show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself on my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"'Dar, marsa,' says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat 's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"'Stop, you black scoundrel!' Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob 'em gooses did n't put down de udder leg!

"'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I 'll show you—'

"'Stop, Marsa John!' I hollered; ''t ain't fair, 't ain't fair.'

"'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

"''Cause,' says I, 'you did n't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table.'"[1]

Chad laughed until he choked.

"And did he thrash you?"

"Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an' den dat night he says to me as I was puttin' some wood on de fire:

"'Chad, where did dat leg go?' An' so I ups an' tells him all about Henny, an' how I was 'feared de gal would git hurt, an' how she was on'y a-foolin', thinkin' it was my goose; an' den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an' den he says:

"'Dat 's Colonel Barbour's Henny, ain't it, Chad?'

"'Yes, marsa,' says I.

"Well, de next mawnin' he had his black horse saddled, an' I held de stirrup for him to

[1] This story, and the story of the "Postmaster" in the November part, I have told for so many years and to so many people, and with such varied amplifications, that I have long since persuaded myself that they are creations of my own. I surmise, however, that the basis of the "Postmaster" could be found in the corner of some forgotten newspaper, and I know that the "One-Legged Goose" is as old as the "Decameron."

git on, an' he rode ober to de Barbour plantation an' did n't come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa'n't easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an' shinin' same as a' angel's.

"'Chad,' he says, handin' me the reins, 'I bought yo' Henny dis arternoon from Colonel Barbour, an' she 's comin' ober to-morrow, an' you can bofe git married next Sunday.'"

A SHARP knock at the outer door, and the next moment the colonel was stamping his feet on the hall mat, his first word to Chad an inquiry after my comfort, and his second an apology to me for what he called his brutal want of hospitality.

"But I could n't help it, Major. I had some letters, suh, that could not be postponed. Has Chad taken good care of you? No dinner, Chad; I dined downtown. How is the Madeira, Major?"

I expressed my entire approbation of the wine and was about to fill the colonel's glass when Chad leaned over with the same anxious look in his face.

"De grocerman was here, Colonel, an' lef' word dat he was comin' again later."

"You don't say so, Chad, and I was out: most unfortunate occurrence! When he calls again show him in at once. It will give me great pleasure to see him."

Then turning to me, his mind on the passbook and its empty pages — "I 'll lay a wager that man's father was a gentleman. The fact is, Major, I have not treated him with proper respect. He has shown me every courtesy since I have been here, and I am ashamed to say that I have not entered his doors once. His calling twice in one evening touches me deeply. I did not expect to find yo' tradespeople so polite."

Chad's face was a study while his master spoke, but he was too well trained, and still too anxious over the outcome of the expected interview, to do more than bow obsequiously to the colonel — his invariable custom when receiving an order — and close the door behind him.

"That old servant," continued the colonel, watching Chad leave the room, and drawing his chair nearer the fire, "has been in my fam'ly ever since he was bawn. But for him and his old wife, Mammy Henny, I would be homeless to-night." And then the colonel, with that soft cadence in his voice which I always noticed when he was speaking of something that touched his heart, told me with evident feeling how, in every crisis of fire, pillage, and raid through which the old house had passed, these two faithful souls had kept unceasing watch about the place; refastening the wrenched doors, replacing the shattered shutters, or extinguishing the embers of abandoned bivouac fires. Indeed, for months at a time they were its only occupants, outside of strolling marauders and bands of foragers, and but for their untiring devotion its tall chimneys would long since have stood like tombstones over the grave of its ashes. Then he added, with a break in his voice that told how deeply he felt it:

"THE COLONEL WAS STANDING ON THE MAT."

"Do you know, Major, that when I was a prisoner at City Point that nigger tramped a hundred miles through the coast swamps to reach me, crossed both lines twice, hung around for three months for his chance, and has carried in his leg ever since the ball intended for me the night I escaped in his clothes and he was shot in mine.

"I tell you, suh, the color of a man's skin don't make much difference sometimes. Chad was bawn a gentleman, and he 'll never get over it."

As he was speaking the object of his eulogy opened the hall door, and the next instant a tall, red-headed man with closely trimmed side whiskers, and wearing a brown check suit and a blue necktie, ran the gantlet of Chad's profound but anxious bow, and advanced towards the colonel, hat in hand. The colonel arose gracefully.

"Which is Mr. Carter?"

"I am Colonel Caarter, suh, and I presume you are the gentleman to whom I am indebted

for so many courtesies. My servant tells me that you called earlier in the evenin'. I regret, suh, that I was detained so late at my office, and I have to thank you for perseve'in' the second time. I assure you, suh, that I esteem it a special honor."

The tall gentleman with the auburn whiskers wiped his face with his handkerchief, which he took from his hat, and stated with some timidity that he hoped he did not intrude at that late hour. He had sent his pass-book, and—

"I have looked it over, suh, repeatedly, with the greatest pleasure. It is a custom new to us in my county, but it meets with my hearty approval. Give yo' hat to my servant, suh, and take this seat by the fire."

The proprietor of the hat after some protestations suffered Chad to bear away that protection to his slightly bald head,— retaining his handkerchief, which he finally rolled up into a little wad and held tightly clenched in the perspiring palm of his left hand,— and then threw out the additional hope that everything was satisfactory.

"Delicious, suh; I have not tasted such Madeira since the wah. In my cellar at home, suh, I once had some old Madeira of '28 that was given to my father, the late General John Caarter, by old Judge Thornton. You, of course, know that wine, suh. Ah! I see that you do."

And then followed one of the colonel's delightful monologues descriptive of all the vintages of that year, the colonel constantly appealing to the dazed and delighted groceryman to be set right in minor technical matters, — of which the grocer knew as much as he did about the Aztec dialects,— the colonel supplying the needed data himself, and then thanking the auburn gentleman for the information so charmingly that for the moment that worthy tradesman began to wonder why he had not long before risen from the commonplace level of canned vegetables to the more sublime plane of wines in the wood.

"Now the Madeira you sent me this mornin', suh, is a trifle too fruity for my taste. Chad, open a fresh bottle."

The owner of the pass-book instantly detected a very decided fruity flavor, but thought he had another wine, which he would send in the morning, that might suit the colonel's palate better.

The colonel thanked him, and then drifted into the wider field of domestic delicacies,— the preserving of fruits, the making of pickles as practised on the plantations by the old Virginia cooks,— the colonel waxing eloquent over each production, and the future wine merchant becoming more and more enchanted as the colonel flowed on.

When he rose to go the grocer had a mental list of the things he would send the colonel in the morning all arranged in his commercial head, and so great was his delight that after shaking hands with me once and with the colonel three times, he would have extended that courtesy also to Chad had not that perfectly trained servant checkmated him by filling his extended palm with the rim of his own hat.

When Chad returned from bowing him through the tunnel, the lines in his face a tangle of emotions, the colonel was standing on the mat — back to the fire, coat thrown open, thumbs in his armholes, and his outstretched fingers beating woodpecker tattoos on his vest.

Somehow the visit of the grocer had lifted him out of the cares of the day. How, he could not tell. Perhaps it was the fragrance of the Madeira; perhaps the respectful, overawed bow,— the bow of the tradesman the world over to the landed proprietor,— restoring to him for one brief moment that old feudal supremacy which above all else his soul loved; perhaps it was only the warmth and cheer and comfort of it all.

Whatever it was, it buoyed and strengthened him. He was again in the old dining-hall at home: the servants moving noiselessly about; the cut-glass decanters reflected in the polished mahogany; the candles lighted; his old, white-haired father, in his high-backed chair, sipping his wine from the slender glass.

Ah, the proud estate of the old plantation days! Would they ever be his again?

THE ARRIVAL OF A TRUE SOUTHERN LADY.

"MISTRESS yer, sah! Come yistidd'y mawnin'."

How Chad beams all over when this simple statement falls from his lips!

I have not seen him since the night when he stood behind my chair and with bated breath whispered his anxieties lest the second advent of "de grocerman" should bring dire destruction to the colonel's household.

To-day he looks ten years younger. His kinky gray hair, generally knotted into little wads, is now divided by a well-defined path starting from the great wrinkle in his forehead and ending in a dense tangle of underbrush that no comb dare penetrate. His face glistens all over. His mouth is wide open, showing a great cavity in which each tooth seems to dance with delight. His jacket is as white and stiff as soap and starch can make it, while a cast-off cravat of the colonel's — double starched to suit Chad's own ideas of propriety — is tied in a single knot, the two ends reaching to the

very edge of each ear. To crown all, a red carnation flames away on the lapel of his jacket, just above an outside pocket, which holds in check a pair of white cotton gloves bulging with importance and eager for use. Every time he bows he touches with a sweep both sides of the narrow hall.

It was the first time I had seen the interior of the colonel's cozy dining-room by daylight. Heretofore my visits had always been after dark, with lighted candles, roaring wood fires, and drawn curtains. But this time it was in the morning,—and a bright, sunny, lovely spring morning at that,—with one window open in the L and the curtains drawn back from the other; with the honeysuckle beginning to bud, its long runners twisting themselves inquiringly through the half-closed shutters as if anxious to discover what all this bustle inside was about.

It was easy to see that some other touch besides that of the colonel and his faithful man-of-all-work had left its impress in the bachelor apartment. There was a general air of order apparent. The irregular line of foot gear which decorated the wash-board of one wall, beginning with a pair of worsted slippers and ending with a wooden bootjack, was gone. Whisk-brooms and dusters that had never known a restful nail since they entered the colonel's service were now suspended peacefully on convenient hooks. Dainty white curtains gathered like a child's frock flapped lazily against the broken green blinds, and some sprays of arbutus plucked by Miss Nancy on her way to the station drooped about a tall glass on the mantel.

Chad had solved the mystery — Aunt Nancy came yesterday.

I found the table set for four, its chief feature being a tray bearing a heap of egg-shell cups and saucers I had not seen before, and an old-fashioned tea-urn humming a tune all to itself.

"The colonel is out, but will return in a few minutes," Chad said eagerly, all out of breath with excitement. Mr. Fitzpatrick was coming to breakfast, and he was to tell Miss Nancy the moment we arrived. He then reduced the bulge in his outside pocket by thrusting his big hands into his white gloves, gave a sidelong glance at the flower in his buttonhole, and bore my card aloft with the air of a cupbearer serving a princess.

A soft step on the stair, the rustle of silk, a warning word outside: "Look out for dat lower step, mistress — dat 's it"; and Miss Nancy entered the room.

No, I am wrong. She became a part of it; as much so as the old andirons and the easy chairs and the old-fashioned mantelpieces, the snowy curtains and the trailing vine. More so when she gave me the slightest dip of a courtesy and laid her dainty, wrinkled little hand in mine, and said in the sweetest possible voice how glad she was to see me after so many years, and how grateful she felt for all my kindness to the dear colonel. Then she sank into a quaint rocking-chair that Chad had brought down behind her, rested her feet on a low stool that mysteriously appeared from under the table, and took her knitting from her reticule.

She had changed somewhat since I last saw her, but only as would an old bit of precious stuff that as it grew the older grew only the more mellow and harmonious in tone. She had the same silky gray hair — a trifle whiter, perhaps; the same frank, tender mouth, winning wherever she smiled; the same slight, graceful figure; and the same manner — its very simplicity a reflex of that refined and quiet life she had always led.

It had been an isolated life, buried since her girlhood in a great house far away from the broadening influences of a city, and saddened by the daily witness of a slow decay of all she had been taught to revere; but it had been a life so filled with the largeness of generous deeds that its returns had brought her only the love and reverence of every living soul she knew.

While she sat and talked to me of her journey I had time to enjoy again the quaintness of her dress — the quaintness of forty years ago. There was the same old-fashioned, soft gray silk with up-and-down stripes spotted with sprigs of flowers, the lace cap with its frill of narrow pink ribbons and two wide pink strings that fell over the shoulders, and the handkerchief of India mull folded across the breast and fastened with an amethyst pin. Her little bits of feet — they were literally so — were incased in white stockings and heelless morocco slippers bound with braid.

Her dress was not somber. It never was. She always seemed to remember even in her bright ribbons and silks the days of her girlhood, when half the young men in the county were wild about her. When she moved she wafted towards you a perfume of sweet lavender — the very smell that you remember came from your own mother's old-fashioned bureau drawer when she let you stand on tiptoe to see her pretty things. When you kissed her — and once I did — her cheek was as soft as a child's and fragrant with rose-water.

But I hear the colonel's voice outside, laughing with Fitz.

"Come in, suh, and see the dearest woman in the world."

The next instant he burst in dressed in his

gala combination — white vest and cravat, the old coat thrown wide open as if to welcome the world, and a bunch of red roses in his hands.

"Nancy, here 's my dear friend Fitz whom I have told you about — the most extraord'-nary man of modern times. Ah, Major! you here? Came in early, did you, so as to have Aunt Nancy all to yo'self? Sit down, Fitz, right alongside of her." He kissed her hand gallantly. "Is n't she the most delightful bit of old porcelain you ever saw in all yo' bawn days?"

Miss Nancy rose, made another of her graceful courtesies, and begged that neither of us would mind the colonel's raillery — she never could keep him in order; and she laughed softly as she gave her hand to Fitz, who touched it very much as if he quite believed the colonel's reference to the porcelain to be true.

"There you go, Nancy, 'busin' me like a dog, and here I have been a-trampin' the streets for a' hour lookin' for flowers for you! You are breakin' my heart, Miss Caarter, with yo' coldness and contempt. Another word and you shall not have a single bud." And the colonel gaily tucked a rose under her chin with a loving stroke of his hand, and threw the others in a heap into her lap.

"Breakfast sarved, mistress," said Chad in a low voice.

The colonel gave his arm to his aunt with the air of a courtier; Fitz and I disposed ourselves on each side; Chad with reverential mien screwed his eyes up tight; and the colonel said grace with an increased fervor in his voice, no doubt remembering in his heart the blessing of the last arrival.

THROUGHOUT the entire repast the colonel was in his gayest mood, brimming over with anecdotes and personal reminiscences and full of his rose-colored plans for the future.

Many things had combined to produce this happy frame of mind. First, there was the scheme, which had languished for weeks owing to the vise-like condition of the money market, — another of Fitz's mendacious excuses,— and which had now been suddenly galvanized into temporary life by an inquiry made by certain bankers who were seeking an outlet for English capital, and who had expressed a desire to investigate the "Garden Spot of Virginia." Only an "inquiry," but to the colonel the papers were already signed. Then there was the arrival of his distinguished guest, whom he loved devotedly with a certain old-school gallantry and tenderness as picturesque as it was interesting, and last of all there was that important episode of the bills. For Miss Nancy, the night she arrived, had collected all the household accounts,— they were all of the one kind, unpaid,—including the highly esteemed pass-book, and had despatched Chad early in the morning to the several creditors with his pocket full of crisp bank notes.

When the colonel had grasped the full meaning of Chad's mission — which he did on his return from this liquidating tour — he buttoned his coat tightly over his chest, straightened himself up, sought out his aunt, and said with some dignity and a slightly injured air:

"Nancy, yo' interfe'ence in my household affairs this mornin' was vehy creditable to yo' heart and deeply touches me; but if I thought you regarded it in any other light except as a short temporary loan, it would offend me keenly. Within a few days, however, I shall receive a vehy large amount of secu'ities from an English syndicate that is investigatin' my railroad. I shall then return the amount to you with interest, together with that other sum which you loaned me when I left Caarter Hall."

The little lady's only reply was to slip her hand into his and kiss him on the forehead.

And yet that very morning he had turned his pockets inside out for the remains of the last dollar of the money she had given him when he left home. When it had all been raked together and its pitiable insufficiency become apparent, this dialogue took place:

"Chad, did you find any money on the flo' when you brushed my clothes?"

"No, Colonel."

"Look round on the mantelpiece; perhaps I left some bills under the clock."

"Ain't none dar, sah."

Then with that anxious look suddenly revived in his face Chad went below into the kitchen, mounted a chair, took down an old broken tea-cup from the top shelf, and poured out into his wrinkled palm a handful of small silver coin — his entire collection of tips, and all the money he had. Then he went back to the colonel with a lie in his mouth that the recording angel blotted out the moment it fell from his lips.

"Here 's some change, Marsa George, I forgot to gib ye; been left ober from de marketin'."

And the colonel gathered it all in, and went out and spent every penny of it on roses for "dear Nancy."

All of these things had acted like a tonic on the colonel, bracing him up to renewed efforts, and reacting on his guests, who in return did their best to make the breakfast a merry one.

Fitz, always delightful, was more brilliant than ever; his native wit, expressed in a brogue with verbal shadings so slight that it is hardly possible to give it in print, kept the table in a roar, while Miss Nancy, encouraged by the

ease and freedom of everybody about her, forgot for a time her quiet reserve, and was charming in the way she turned over the leaves of her own youthful experiences.

And so the talk went on until with a smile to everybody the little lady rose, called Chad, who stood ready with a shawl and a cushion, and, saying she would retire to her room until the gentlemen had finished smoking, disappeared through the doorway.

The talk had evidently aroused some memory long buried in the colonel's mind; for when Fitz had gone the dear old fellow picked up the glass holding the roses which he had given his aunt in the morning and, repeating her name softly to himself, buried his face in their fragrance. Something perhaps in their perfume stirred that haunting memory the deeper; for he suddenly raised his head and burst out:

"Ah, Major, you ought to have seen that woman forty years ago! Why, suh, she was just a rose herself!"

Then followed in disconnected scraps, as if he were recalling it to himself, with long pauses between, that story which I had heard hinted at before — a story never told the children, and never even whispered in Aunt Nancy's presence.

They had grown up together — he a tall, brown-eyed young fellow just out of the university, and she a fair-haired, joyous girl with half the county at her feet. She had not loved him at first, nor ever did until the day he had saved her life in that wild dash across country when her horse took fright, and he, riding neck and neck, had lifted her clear of her saddle. After that there had been but one pair of eyes and arms for her in the wide world. All of that spring and summer, as the colonel put it, she was like a bird pouring out her soul in one continuous song. Then there had come a night in Richmond,— the night of the ball,— followed by her sudden return home, hollow-eyed and white, and the mysterious postponement of the wedding for a year.

Everybody wondered, but no one knew, and only as the months went by did her spirits gain a little and she begin to sing once more.

It was at a great party on a neighboring estate, amid the swim of the music and the whirl of soft lace. Suddenly loud voices and threats, a shower of cards flung at a man's face, an uplifted arm caught by the host. Then a hall door thrust open and a half-frenzied man with disordered dress staggering out. Then the startled face of a young girl all in white and a cry no one ever forgot:

"O Robert! Not again?"

The long ride home in the dead of the night, Nancy alone in the coach, the escort — a distant cousin — on horseback behind.

Then the pursuit. The steady rise and fall of the hoof-beats back in the forest; the reining in of the panting horse covered with foam; the command to halt; a flash, and then that pale face stretched out in the road in the moonlight by the side of the overturned coach, the cousin bending over her with a bullet hole in his hat, and Robert, ghastly white and sobered, with the smoking pistol in his hand.

Then the long, halting procession homeward in the gray dawn.

It was not easy after this to keep the secret shut away; so one day with her arms about her uncle's neck the whole story came out. It was of that other night there in Richmond, with Robert reeling and half crazed; of his promise of reform and the postponement of the wedding while she waited and trusted: so sad a story and so hopeless that the old uncle forgot all the traditions that bound Southern families, and sustained her in her determination never to see him again.

For days the broken-hearted lover haunted the place, while an out-bound ship waited in the harbor.

Even his father, crushed and humiliated by it all, had made no intercession. But now would she see him for the last time, only that he might touch her hand and say good-by?

That last good-by took an hour, Chad walking his horse all the while before the porch door, until that tottering figure, holding to the railings and steadying itself, came down the steps.

A shutter thrown back, and Nancy at the open window watching him mount.

As he wheels he raises his hat. She pushes aside the climbing roses.

In an instant he has cleared the garden beds, and has reined in his horse just below her window-sill. Looking up into her face:

"Nancy, for the last time, shall I stay?"

She only shakes her head.

"Then look, Nancy; look! This is your work!"

There is the gleam of steel in a clenched hand, a burst of smoke, and before Chad can reach him Nancy's lover lies dead in the flowers at her feet.

It had not been an easy story for the colonel. When he ceased he passed his hand across his forehead as if the air of the room stifled him. Then laying down his pipe, he bent once more over the slender vase, his face in the roses.

"May I come in?"

In an instant the colonel's old manner returned.

"May you come in, Nancy? Why, you dear woman, if you had staid away five minutes longer I should have gone for you myself. What! Another skein of yarn?"

"Yes," she said, seating herself. "Hold out your hands."

The loop slipped so easily over the colonel's arms that it was quite evident that the rôle was not new to him.

"Befo' I forget it, Nancy, Mr. Fitzpatrick was called suddenly away to attend to some business connected with my railroad, and left his vehy kindest regards for you, and his apologies for not seein' you befo' he left."

Fitz had said nothing that resembled this, so far as my memory served me, but it was what he ought to have done, and the colonel always corrected such little slips of courtesy by supplying them himself.

"Politeness," he would sometimes say, "is becomin' rarer every day. I tell you, suh, the disease of bad manners is mo' contagious than the small-pox."

So the deception was quite natural for him.

"And what does Mr. Fitzpatrick think of the success of your enterprise, George?"

The colonel sailed away as usual with all his balloon topsails set, his elbow-room limited only by the skein, while his aunt wound her yarn silently and listened with a face expressive at once of deep interest and hope, mingled with a certain undefined doubt.

As the ball grew in size she turned to me, and, with a penetration and practical insight into affairs I had not given her credit for, began to dissect the scheme in detail. She had heard that there was lack of connecting lines and consequent absence of freight, as well as insufficient harbor facilities at Warrentown.

I parried the questions as well as I could, begging off on the plea that I was only a poor devil of a painter with a minimum knowledge of such matters, and ended by referring her to Fitz.

The colonel, much to my surprise, listened to every word without opening his lips — a silence encouraged at first by his pride that she could talk so well, and maintained thereafter because she had really awakened in his mind his first misgivings as to the ultimate success of his pet enterprise.

When she had punctured the last of his little balloons he laid his hand on her shoulder, and, looking into her face, said:

"Nancy, you really don't mean that my railroad will never be built?"

"No, George; but what will you do if it is not?"

Her thoughts were new to the colonel. Nobody except a few foolish people in the Street, anxious to sell less valuable securities and utterly unable to grasp the great merits of the Cartersville and Warrentown Air Line Railroad plan, had ever before advanced any such ideas in his presence.

He loosened his hands from the yarn and took a seat by the window. His aunt's practical ideas had evidently so thoroughly disturbed him that for an instant I could see traces of a certain offended dignity, coupled with a nervous anxiety lest her inquiries had shaken my own confidence in his scheme. He began at once to reassure me. There was nothing to be uneasy about. Look at the bonds! Note the perfect safety of the plan of finance — the earlier coupons omitted, the subsequent peace of the investor! The peculiar location of the road, with the ancestral estates dotted along its line! The dignity of the several stations! He could hear them in his mind called out as they whistled down brakes: "Carter Hall! Barboursville! Talcott!" No; there was nothing about the road that should disturb his aunt. Then an anxious look came into his face. He began pacing the floor, buried in deep thought, with thumbs hooked behind his back. He stopped and took her hand.

"Dear Nancy, if anythin' should happen to you it would break my heart. Don't be angry, it is only the major; but yo' talk with him has so disturbed me that I am determined to secure you against personal loss."

Miss Nancy raised her eyes wonderingly. She evidently did not catch his meaning.

"You have been good enough, my dear, to advance me certain sums of money which I still owe. I want to pay these now."

"But, George, you —"

"My dearest Nancy," — and he stooped down and kissed her cheek, — "I will have my way. Of co'se you don't mean anythin', only I cannot let another hour pass with these accounts unsettled. Think, Nancy; it is my right. The delay affects my honor."

The little lady dropped her knitting on the floor and looked at me in a helpless way.

The colonel opened the table drawer and handed me pen and ink.

"Now, Major, take this sheet of paper and draw a note of hand."

I looked at his aunt inquiringly. She nodded her head in assent.

"Yes, if it pleases George."

I began with the usual form, entering the words "I promise to pay," and stopped for instructions.

"When payable, Colonel?" I asked.

"As soon as I get the money, suh."

"But you will do that anyhow, George."

"Yes, I know, Nancy; but I want to do it now."

Then he gazed at the ceiling in deep thought.

"I have it, Major!" And the colonel seized the pen. The note read as follows:

On demand I promise to pay Ann Carter the sum of six hundred dollars, value received, with interest at the rate of six per cent. from January 1st.
Payable as soon as possible.
GEORGE FAIRFAX CARTER.

I looked to see what effect this unexpected influx of wealth would produce on the dear lady; but the trustful smile never wavered.

She read to the very end the modest scrap of paper suddenly enriched by the colonel's signature, repeated in a whisper to herself "Payable as soon as possible," folded it with as much care as if it had been a Bank of England note, then thanked the colonel graciously, and tucked it into her reticule.

(To be continued.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

THE RECORD OF VIRTUE:

AN EXPERIMENT IN MORAL CHEMISTRY.

Those who wear kid gloves and put on airs have not a heart half so big as a poor rough sailor

A BRIGHT woman, full of loving-kindness and gifted with what George Herbert called "holy wit," devised not long ago a new scheme of education in the humanities. It was to establish in a newspaper in which she was interested, and which was especially devoted to philanthropic work, a department to be called the "Record of Virtue." This was intended to offset the record of crime which is so large a part of the daily newspaper, and to make another channel for curiosity higher than that which now prevails among the majority of readers, young and old. "If," says the originator of this scheme, "the newspapers, which really means, of course, the readers of news, took one-tenth part of the interest in virtue which they take in crime, our estimate of the human race would be quite different from what it now is. For it is natural, it is indeed inevitable, for us to generalize on the facts brought most prominently and constantly before our minds. If a column in our favorite paper is devoted to the description of a murder or a swindle, and two or three lines without comment to an act of heroism, the former is almost sure to make the larger figure in our average."

This first distinctive and intentional effort in journalism to let the light make prominent the good in human nature and hold the evil in shadow deserves wide mention as a hint to all who sketch human doings for the panorama of the daily press. But the idea it embodies has already received unique attention in another field of social influence which should be told abroad.

Another bright woman, full of original ideas in humanitarian work, and possessed of that quick intellectual responsiveness which catches thought and passes it on in flashes of insight and sympathy, was much impressed by the "Record of Virtue." How she helped its underlying principle to further development can best be told by her own words, written to the originator of the idea:

DEAR MRS. GRANT: I write, hoping that it will give you pleasure to hear of one result of your beautiful thought in having a "Record of Virtue" in the "Journal of Women's Work." An Episcopal minister, a friend of mine, has a Sunday class of one hundred bad boys; at least they were so rough and rude that the regular Sunday-school teachers would not tolerate them and turned them out of the Sunday school. This minister, whom I will call Mr. White, told me about them and some of his original methods of civilizing them. I was much interested in the account, and it occurred to me that he might set his boys to work collecting records of praiseworthy deeds, and so I sent him a copy of your paper with the "Record of Virtue" marked, and I wrote: "How would it do to interest your one hundred bad boys in that pursuit, and offer prizes for those who could report a certain number of good, or kind, or noble deeds which they had themselves witnessed, or heard, or read about, either at the present time or in past history? . . . I feel so strongly that the right way to help is to present examples of goodness instead of picturing wickedness and vice, that I think this experiment might be worth trying. The daily papers, I believe, do much harm by their detailed and sensational reports of crimes."

Mr. White at once accepted the suggestion, and I will quote from his letters showing what he has done. He says: "I thought of your idea to-day when I saw three little fellows holding on by their toes and fingers to reach their heads above the window-sill of a school-sutler's shop to study the red police gazettes.

"Now, I will buy a valuable prize and exhibit it

next Sunday to the boys, and I will buy fifty little pass-books to be given to the larger boys, in which they may write down the ten best and noblest acts they have seen or read in the papers during the past year. Christmas week I will give a grand banquet. The boys shall sit down to a feast and at its close a song or two — some ballad of brave and noble deeds — shall be sung, followed by a reading of some noble act, after which the prize shall be brought out and awarded to the successful competitor. What do you think of my plan? I hope it will set some people thinking in a good way. I am sure you will be interested, and I will send the prize list to you. I know you are right. Last Sunday I took a big ugly fellow by the collar and dragged him out. I thought it was necessary, he was very unruly; but the look he gave me as I thrust him away set me thinking, What can I do to quicken the good in these dull boys; to overcome the evil? I am illustrating 'Pilgrim's Progress' for them now." . . .

He goes on to say that what the neighborhood is pleased to call his "Bad Boys' School" he means to name the "Banner School."

In the next letter he says: "I inclose two slips which are pasted on the books; I have distributed fifty, but must increase the number to seventy-five. The boys take eagerly to the scheme, and I think it will be a success."

He goes on to say that the boys are very rough and rude; but he was surprised that day when one of the roughest came quietly into his study and said he would go to work if Mr. White could obtain him a place to learn a trade, for he did not wish to grow up to be like a neighbor whose name he mentioned, a man of bad character.

The slips to which he referred were as follows, on pink paper:

"ST. JAMES'
BANNER SUNDAY SCHOOL
Three Grand Prizes,
1888.

"Write in this book the ten kindest, noblest, or best acts you have read or been told. Write plainly on one side of the paper, and as short as possible, and return Christmas.

"THE PRIZES.

"*First.* Every holder of a book will be entitled to a ticket to the grand banquet when the prizes will be awarded.

"*Second.* A Waterbury watch.

"*Third.* Watch with chain.

"*Fourth.* 'St. Nicholas' for one year.

"*Fifth.* 'Wide Awake' for one year."

In the same letter he says: "It is a dreadful community in which my lot is cast; but I have one advantage: I have been here so long that I understand the ways through which the young are led astray; and if my schemes are somewhat unusual, it is because they have originated in the attempt to meet the peculiar needs of my work."

He says: "You must remember that these are not nice little boys, but outcasts from Sunday schools, and very rough and rude, and I watch the outcome of our scheme with great interest."

I will quote from one letter that I sent to Mr. White about this time: "It will be interesting to see what ideas your boys have as to what constitutes a truly brave and noble action. If you can train them not to find it in warlike or showy deeds, but in acts of loving self-sacrifice often never known or recognized, in little ways of kindness and self-denial, you will do a good work. My idea is that they should be taught to love peace and all that is beautiful."

After a while he wrote: "The books are coming in. I have twenty-two now. The boys evidently have done the best they could, but some of them did not understand the requirements of the competition. But these books will be very interesting, exhibiting the idea these boys have of what is kind, noble, and good. A considerable amount of valuable discussion has been raised in the neighborhood over this novel competition. I am sure it will pay.

"It has been a great pleasure to me, and I think I am learning a lesson myself, that there is a better vantage ground for me than I have yet gained in my efforts to teach these wild boys; that it is love and kindness they need more than facts.

"As I read over these strange collections of crude ideas that these boys have brought me, I am gaining a valuable knowledge of boy life and boys' needs that I never dreamed of before. I thought I knew these boys, but I did not."

After the banquet and the awarding of the prizes Mr. White wrote me:

"I am sure you will be anxious to learn how our banquet succeeded. Miss H. sent the oysters and Mrs. P. sent the turkey. I contrived to have the boys set the long table the whole length of the hall. The fifty boys who have taken books were promptly on hand. I had a magic lantern, some music and singing for them. Miss H. was present when they all sat down to the table. They had a royal feast — oysters, turkey, and ice-cream. After dinner I called them to order, and spoke to them at some length on the subject of kindness to all, but especially to the weak. I read the books that obtained the prizes, and explained the value of the brave, kind acts in each. As once I stopped a moment I was struck with the picture. I stood on a bench at the light. Most of the boys had crowded round my feet, some had climbed into the braces and timbers above me. All were deeply intent. Even the man with the concertina I had hired to play for them stood before me, both hands still in the straps, but with his mouth wide open. I was intensely pleased that they should be so deeply interested. The first prize fell to a little boy only six years old, and when he stepped up to take his watch after his book was read he was loudly applauded. The second watch fell to a boy who had a black eye from a dreadful fight in which he had engaged. I painted it over for him with glycerin and light red. He came to see me to-night and my mother has been talking to him, and I have given him some books to read. He told me he dreamed all night that some one had stolen his watch. The books show that I was not plain and simple enough in my printed explanation.

"The plan has been received by many people with great favor, and the boys have set many of their friends searching for them to find kind and brave deeds. It has taught me invaluable knowledge and opened my eyes to lines of work I had not discovered before. I intend to go on and try the plan again, but in a different way. I will have a free entertainment for the boys, a magic lantern and a

little comedy; that night I will lecture on kindness and explain thoroughly what I want them to write, and I will distribute a great many books, and after two weeks I will have another meeting of boys, and have some more music, and read the prize books and deliver the prizes, and then try and organize a legion of boys pledged to be kind, noble, and brave."

Of his second starting of the boys on the hunt for virtues Mr. White wrote: "I read your letter to the boys, and they cheered well. And they are hard at work gathering incidents and facts for another contest. I ruled that the boys who had won the other prizes should write up the books, but were not eligible for the prizes this time. I have decided also to increase the number of prizes, and will give a small gift to every boy who completes the ten items. The banquet I hope to improve also. I am deeply interested in this work. A boy sixteen years of age was hanged in our jail for murder last summer, and now there is another of the same age who is guilty of the murder of an old woman. I deplore the result of our present educational systems. I wish I could give my whole time to humane education. I have prepared some books for a lady who teaches in the 'House of Refuge,' and she will make a trial of this scheme of getting those whom we want to make better to record virtuous and kind deeds."

Later Mr. White wrote: "I hope it will please you to know that we have held our second banquet, and that the boys cheered in their rough way for the lady who had so generously provided a treat and prizes for them. The banquet was a fine affair. We had a dinner, with ice-cream, etc., for fifty boys. After dinner I cleared the floor and let them have a good time. The prizes were awarded, and every boy was presented with a 'Band of Mercy' badge. To my surprise the first prize, a good watch, fell to a boy who last year was taken by my sexton by the scruff of the neck — a ragged, barefooted boy — and landed off the church grounds, and bade never to come back again, he was so troublesome. I learned that his father gave him a beating when he heard of it, and so I hunted him up when I gathered these banished boys at another hour. I am studying these boys: I think when the proper time comes I will draw the net and organize my 'Legion of Honor.'

"I will say that these experiments with the 'Record of Virtue' books in addition to the Sunday-school work have so gratified and encouraged me that I wish I could confine myself entirely to educational work among neglected children. *I* have been educated also, and have forbidden the use of coarse songs and rough quotations and slang in the little exhibitions with which I amuse my people. You must know that these are not destitute boys I labor amongst, for the most part. Their people work hard for their daily bread; but they are neglected. They are very wild and rude, and if they grow up as they are they will make very brutal husbands, and coarse, vicious fathers — just like their own fathers and grandfathers, who work almost like brute cattle. I cannot interest many even among philanthropic people in them. Some even think the boys deceive me, and I do them little real good. Perhaps even you, Miss Maxwell, would not encourage me to go on if you should hear and see them. But they come to me so confidentially and confide in me in so many tender ways, I cannot feel about them as others do. I see in them two natures, two personalities, and even the most skeptical must admit there has been a great improvement in them. I will go on. I will organize the boys, beginning with thirty of the largest. If I could learn the best way of working with them I would make much sacrifice to try it."

That Mr. White is discovering some very good ways of working with neglected children is proved by the testimony of a leading paper in his city, which, in giving an account of a novel entertainment, an originally illustrated lecture of travel, which the clergyman gave them, says, "Already the lads, most of whom are waifs from the street, show signs of decided improvement in demeanor under the influence of the training to which they voluntarily subject themselves."

I hope, dear Mrs. Grant, you will be interested to learn how far your little candle throws its beams, and to read this long letter, and also some of the boys' books which I inclose.

Yours cordially,
HELEN MAXWELL.

Now what can be said of the books which the hands of these rude boys have inscribed with their crude ideals of virtue and kindness? They lie before this faithful chronicler, a curious testimony to the most wonderful and encouraging fact in human nature — the fact that some of the highest qualities of character can be seen and appreciated by those habituated to the lowest social conditions. The gallery gamins applaud the hero of virtue at the theater. The neglected waifs, thrust from sacred places "by the scruff of the neck," know what is meant when kindly bade to speak of noble and generous deeds. And if the eye be so keen to see the good when evil so clogs the growth towards goodness, who shall dare say that with better conditions about them these neglected children could not walk in the light they discern? If a tender, hopeful patience like Mr. White's could oftener "make channels for the streams of love" and sweeten the currents of social influence for these rude boys, perhaps even the coarse and brutal fathers would not hold them always to vicious ways. It may seem odd that a boy fresh from a street fight, with black eye painted over for the occasion, should take a prize for the recital of kind acts; but that such a boy should be able to tell so well what virtue is shows a misguided or undeveloped moral power which witnesses more strongly to the divinity of human nature than all the perfections of the better born and bred.

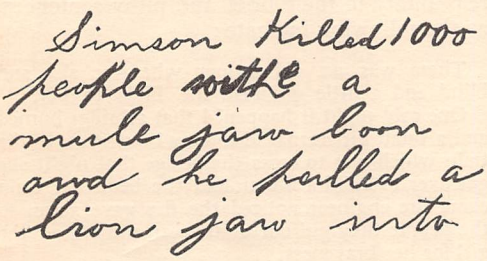
Two of the boys did mistake utterly the meaning of Mr. White's directions respecting the record-books, and offered a list of murders, thefts, fires, and calamities copied from the crimes and casualty column of the daily press; and several gave a collection of remarkable

facts and quotations of no moral significance in the line required. Quite a number of boys seemed to think nothing sacred enough for the books but Scripture texts and narratives of Bible heroes. One devoted to scriptural subjects evidently believed that "brevity is the soul of wit," and summed up his required items in the following single sentence: "The ten commanments." One biblical book is sufficiently remarkable for partial quotation; quotations in this case, as in all others, being verbatim as to spelling and punctuation, or the lack of it.

Jacob was very kind his brothers sold him and when his brothers wer in neede he took them in his home.

David was a brave man he killed Goliath whit a sling

Simson killed 1000 people with a mule jaw boon and he pulled a lion jaw into


Simson Killed 1000 people with a mule jaw boon and he pulled a lion jaw into

Daniel was a brave man he was in by 7 lion.

The seven jews brothers was brave and there mother the were killed be thy would not eat pork.

Several boys made collections of poetry, some of which was quite irrelevant in character, ranging from "Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild" to "Little Boy Blue" and "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and some of which was of a stately and sentimental order; in a few cases a poetic version of some heroic deed. One boy, in a curious medley of verse and prose, quotes two stanzas of what is evidently a stirring ballad of brave action as follows:

(1) A sea faces upward turn, one fear by every heart inured by ruddy light is clearly read in every brow the anxious dread a mother mid the bright light stands her necktie clasped by baby hands.

(2) Mid the lurid light for a moment loss then dimly seen as it gleams on the sight her curling wreath of smoke between up the ladder one rushes but three come down and the helm is a heroes crown.

The same boy has for his tenth item the following mixture of pertinent suggestion and reassuring sentiment:

Who misses or who wins the prize to lose or conquor as you can

But if you fail or if you rise be each pray God a gentleman.

Yet do not think I doubt thee I know thy truth remains I would not live without thee for all the words contains.

Several books are historical and political in tendency. Robinson Crusoe and Christopher Columbus divide honors as discoverers, and the latter receives one quite remarkable recognition in the following entry:

Christopher Columbus going on a voyage to discover unknown lands so as to spread the gospel to the heathens to safe their immortal souls.

Arnold von Winkelried and other true heroes appear in the narratives; and Abraham Lincoln is mentioned by several of the boys for "his kind act the emancipation proclamation." George Washington is praised both for his devotion to his country in the revolutionary times, and for, as one boy puts it, "admitting that he did it with his little hatchet."

One boy proceeds in so orderly and accurate a manner that his book is very impressive with its array of dates and its dignified items of national and universal importance. His first item is "The Discovery of America"; his second, "The Landing of the Mayflower"; his third, "The motion in Congress that the American Colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent"; his fourth, "The Emancipation Proclamation"; and his fifth, the surrender of Lee, "therby puttin an end to the great Rebillion." And then he takes up religious history, beginning with "Martin Luther," and ending his book with the following summary:

But the greatest and kindest act was when Jesus Christ died on the Cross so that our sins might be forgiven.

Another boy of apparently the same statistical and methodical order of mind puts in, between a recognition of the "Holy Martyrs" and of recent contributions by the citizens of his town for sufferers by a great fire, the following bit of home gratitude:

Our pastor giving his time and energy towards teaching and amusing our little ones.

Another boy of similar historic turn adds a dramatic touch to his recital of facts, and asks, *à la* Carlyle:

Who is the man in America that is not proud of the name of Bengimin Franklin who chained the lightning from the heaven and Franklin P. Morse that made the same subservan to man will.

One boy evidently thinks it is a prophecy of better things and a promise of better life which is wanted, rather than a record of facts,

and he begins with his suggestions of improvement as follows:

The first kind act i think wold be if some of our rich people wold take some of thare spare money and give it to St. James Church.

It will be observed that this reformer starts in his scheme for bettering the world where so many others do, in an easy mental disposition of other people's surplus funds. This same boy closes his contribution with these reflections, in which the peculiar spelling emphatically points the moral:

We all must mind our pastor and teacher and be *yousfull* in this world. Merry Christmas to you all.

One boy has evidently been impressed with the rhythm of the Church service, and has unconsciously patterned his book upon its stately form. He enumerates important events, beginning with "The election of Harrison and Morton as President and Vice President of the United States"; and for his sixth item, following a formal statement of congressional action, makes this pathetic entry:

The loss by death of my little brother.

Death has, it is clear, impressed the little fellow as a stupendous thing, to be classed with great public events when he makes up a solemn book to show to a clergyman; and then he goes on to enumerate causes for thankfulness as follows:

For the great yield of our crops the past year
For the health of our people of ——
And to God for the preservation of my father and mother.

Another boy, apparently of the same mind respecting the sort of entry required by Mr. White, begins, "The first and best thing I have read is the Bible"; has for his eighth item, "The best for mankind was Christ dying to save us"; and closes with:

10th the last but not the least was the kind act of the lady who offered us boys the prizes if we should win.

A very good number fill the requirements as regards the topic better than those yet mentioned; and of these a fair proportion fill out the ten items. One curious difference appears in these records of virtue that are nearest the ideas of Miss Maxwell and Mr. White. Some boys start out ambitiously and with an evident desire to copy exactly something they have read, or give an elaborate recital of something they have heard in the required line; and a few keep up the interest and energy long enough fully to accomplish their purpose. But of those who grow weary some come to an abrupt stop, with no attempt to condense the story to preserve its pith, while others make a very good synopsis, and so give the picture even if it is blurred. An instance of the former is the following item:

George Washington, who was the leader of the American armies wished very much to find out the positions of the American [English?] army and just how strong it was.

Here the account ends. The boy evidently began the story of the young man whom Washington sent as a spy into the English lines, and who was shot by the enemy, and whom Washington so mourned for his bravery and promise.

On the other hand, several of the boys show real ability in their brief and pithy sentences, as the following indicate:

There was an old woman who was sick and blind and a little girl read the Bible to her.

One cold night it happened that a bridge burned and a small girl managed to crawl over to save the train which was to cross the bridge that night she got over to build a fire around the bend the train come the engineer noticed the fire gave alarm to the people they got out of the car and kissed the girl for her braveness.

About 5 years ago there was a man who had a brave dog who saved 2 bodies from a fire when the firemen were afraid to go in but the dog was not the dog ran in got an old lady and dragged her out running in again looking all over and found a little baby he dragged her out and there wer both saved by this brave dog. The dog is dead now he died about a year ago.

I heard of a brave engineer who was running a locomotive it happened one day when he was running the locomotive that a horse and carriage with two girls were near the track when the engineer jumped from the engine into the carriage and stopped the horse and saved them all.

There was a man standing by the gate and a boy passed and snapped a cherry stone into the man's eye and put his eye out the man planted the stone ten year passed and a hungry tramp come along and the man told him to go up in the cherry tree and eat some cherries it was the same boy who put his eye out.

One boy is of a strikingly dramatic turn. He dashes into the heart of his stories without a word of preliminary explanation, after the style of the bold novelist whose forte is plot and thrilling climax. One of his items is as follows:

Brave Toby! The house was on fire and no one thought of poor puss. All were too busy sav-

ing themselves. No one: yes: Toby, missing his companion actually ran into the burning house and presently came downstairs holding poor puss safe and sound in his mouth wasnt he brave and didnt he deserve the shout of

Bravo!

Another runs in this wise:

Will he succeeded

The man has fallen over broad and in his struggles caught hold of a great sea bird swimming on the water. The bird tries to escape and the man hopes, by its means, to raise himself above the waves. Will he succeed? we hope so for it is sad to be drowned.

I think the bird is an albatross.

And again this boy celebrates the good deeds of the dumb creatures by a striking tale which we quote:

A few years ago in the city of New York thier was a brave polly who saved a man and woman in this way burgallers entry the house and stole the money and then one burgallers said to another we 'll shot 'em! Now the Polly hearing this rang the alarm which woke his master up and then the burgallers escaped and a few years after the polly die and was mourn by many people and he was buried in a coffin cost three hundred dollar

Brave Polly!

Some of the boys who failed to complete the number of items seem to have had a very good idea of the sort of incident required. As, for instance, the following three narratives show that if the boy who wrote these in his book had only persevered he might have made an excellent record:

I read in a book a story of a girl who was very brave her father was General Schuyler and he was in the Revolutionary War. One day the Tories and Indians came to his house to capture him he went up stairs and took his family with him but when they were all together in a dark room the mother remembered that the little baby was asleep in its cradle down stairs she was going for it but the General said no I will go while they were talking their little girl ran down stairs and got the baby. The Indians tried to tomahawk at her but she ran so fast that it did not hit her, and she carried the baby to her mother.

There was a little boy scatting on the ice in Toledo the ice broke and he fell in his dog was watching and jumped in and saved him this I call a brave act.

There was an engineer saw a little child sitting on the tracks and his engine was almost to her and he could not stop it so he walked out on the frund of engine and picked her up and by doing so saved her life.

Another boy who failed to complete his book showed an understanding of true nobility and kindness by his quotation of the following among other incidents:

Not long ago some boys wer flying a kite in the street just as a poor boy on horse-back rode by. The horse became frightened and threw the boy injuring him severely. None of the boys followed but one that witnesses it did. He found that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow whose only support consisted in selling milk. The boy said to the old lady I can drive your cow. He also gave her some money he had saved for a pair of boots to buy medicine and wore a pair of boots that belonged to the sick boy.

A girl while going to school was abused by an older girl. Day and after day she would throw snow at her. So one day she told her mother and her mother told her to pick out the nicest apple she could find and the next day to give it to this girl. So she did and after that she never hurt her again.

Considering that we are quoting from the collections of "little outlaws," it is somewhat surprising to come upon a choice like this, with which one boy begins his book:

Like one who leaves the trampled street for some Cathedral cool and dim where he can hear in music beat the heart of prayer that beats for him.

One little boy only six years old had evidently received help in the preparation of his book, and was of different home surroundings and training from the others. His book is very interesting, both from the quaint and original incidents given, and also from one narrative which betrays the author's desire to include himself among his list of heroes. Like many an older chronicler he took pains that history should do him justice, but showed an adroit avoidance of direct self-praise worthy of imitation.

Some very bad boys tied an old tin can to a little black dog's tail, and he was afraid, but a *little* boy who was good caught the dog and got the can untied so the little dog did not cry any more. That little boy was brave. I am a little boy only six years old and I am afraid of *big bad* boys.

Another item given by this little boy leads us to exclaim, "Wonderful if true!"

A nice fat hen died one day, and her little chicks did not have any place to go: but a *big big* rooster walked up to them, and took them with him; and he scratched in the dirt for them, and let them sleep under his feathers at night, so they all lived to be fat hens. I think that was a *very* kind act.

One of the best collections contains the following incidents of self-sacrifice and devotion to others:

A true nobleman wounded on the field of Zutphen Sir Philip Sidney refused to quenceh his burning thirst till he had offered his canteen to a poor bleeding soldier.

When the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir they carried him on a litter on board of his ship and to ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head from which he experienced considerable relief. He asked what it was. It 's only a soldier's blanket they replied. Who's blanket is it asked Sir Ralph, I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is. It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second Sir Ralph. Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night. Even to ease his dying agony the general would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.

A slaves revenge.

Some years ago a poor negro bought as a slave on the coast of Africa was carried to the West Indies. His master, a wealthy planter found him faithful and showed great confidence in him and employed him in affairs of importance. One day the planter wished to purchase twenty more slaves. He went to market with his faithful Peter and told him to choose those he thought would make the best workmen. To his surprise Peter chose among others a decrepid old man. On the plantation Peter took the greatest care of the old man. He was as careful of him as a good son could be of a beloved father. The master was surprised at Peter's conduct towards his fellow slave, and wished to know the reason for it. Is he your father? he asked. No master. Perhaps he is an older brother? No master he is not. He must be some relative. It cannot be that you should care so much for a total stranger. He is not a stranger to me master though not a relative, he is my enemy. It is he that sold me on the coast of Africa. But I must not hate him for that. A missionary taught me if thy enemy be hungry give him eat : if he thirst give him to drink. I try to follow that law of our master in heaven.

Another boy, whose collection of items is excellent, begins with one which shows he was able to discern the worth of little simple acts which any boy might do.

One cold morning last winter the streets were slippery with a thin coat of ice, partially covered with snow, and people who were going to their places of business were obliged to walk very carefully for fear of falling. As I was passing along with the rest I noticed a bright looking lad standing on the pavement, and steadily looking at a spot on the sidewalk. As I approached him he looked up at me and pointed to the place said, "please don't step there, I slipped there and fell." I thanked the kind and thoughtful little fellow and passed by the dangerous place.

Perhaps the most remarkable book in its indications of originality in quotations, and native intellectual power in the boy whose name it bears, is one beginning with the following significant moral reflections :

If you do not begin you will never come to the end the first weed pulled up in the garden the first seed put in the ground the first [dollar?] put in the bank the first mile braved on a journey are all important things they make a beginning and give promes a hope an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor idle erring hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if instead of putting off his resolutions amendment and industry he had only made a

Begennning.

Two incidents given by this boy deserve full quotation.

A traveling jew by the name of Simon come into Germany and been very tired went to a tavern and began to sleep when a soapmake set fire to his beard Simon woke up and put it out and then he went to bed and slept when in the night he heard to fire bell ring he got and dress and went to the fire when he got there it was the same soapmakers house on fire and his wife and child in danger and no one ventured to rescue then Simon went in and safe the wife and child and the soapmake call on Simon next morning but he was gone but he left the soapmake enough money to build his house again.

On a small path at the right was a high mountain in on the left a deep and swift river went a wery wander [wanderer] as a tiger came bounding down the path towards him he was about to jump into the river but there was a crocodile he expected would kill him the tiger had but a few steps more and came leapen instead of on the man he leaped into the river in reach of the crocodile and traveler escaped do not get discouraged till the last moment it may turn out to

your good

It is time for this chronicler to finish with the sentence which one boy gives at the close of his book: "This ends my compositions."

But a little should be added concerning the books of the second competition. These had pasted on the cover the following printed announcement:

St. James' Banner Sunday School's
Second Grand
Prize Banquet.

Write plainly in this book ten of the kindest, bravest, and noblest acts you have read, seen, or been told.

The design of this competition is to teach you to seek for and to love that which is kind, gentle, and brave, and to shun and hate those things which are base, ignoble, and wrong.

On the back of the book appeared the description of the

Grand Prizes.

First. A good watch and chain.
Second. A good watch.
Third. "St. Nicholas" for one year.
Fourth. "Wide Awake" for one year.
Fifth. For every boy who writes ten acts a Band of Mercy pin and a ticket to the grand banquet, when the prizes will be awarded.

The second set of books is an advance upon the first in understanding of the intention of Mr. White, in neatness, in accuracy, and in the proportion of those having the full number of items. In some instances the same boys tried again, and improved decidedly upon their original work, although knowing that they could not get a prize if they had before received one.

The far greater number of kind acts done by humble people in everyday fashion which are recorded in the second set of books show that the boys had at last understood that they were asked to note that which touched or might affect their own lives closely, and not merely to search history for sublime deeds of great men. One records the following:

One day as two boys were walking along they met a poor old woman carrying a large basket of apples she looked weak and ill so the lads carried the basket a long distance and they would not take an apple because it was their duty.

Another tells this:

A little boy named Arty said to a boy named Frank Green you 're the rudest boy in this street I should think you be ashamed Frank had a new snowball all ready to strike the poor old woman who had just returned from a hard days work. But when Frank herd those words he drew back his hand. He look angry and Harry said I dont see how you dare to tell Frank that he pay you off for it. Well I 'd rather he 'd pay me off than do a rude thing. Dont you think Arty was brave? I do and I think some day he will be a true gentleman.

Another boy, whose whole collection is very good, tells of the heroism of a little drummer boy who refused a glass of wine at the dinner-table of his captain, although urged and commanded to drink it. Another boy repeats the pretty story of the English sailor who, released from his captivity as a prisoner of war, bought of a bird dealer a cage full of birds and gave them their freedom in gratitude for his own newly regained liberty.

The whole collection of books given in at this second contest shows much moral discrimination, and many incidents recorded touch upon those finer and more delicate elements of kindness and nobility which the boys could hardly have seen much of in their homes. The following is one of the best:

THE NOBLE HEARTED BOY.

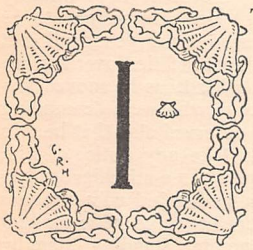
Just in the rear of a pleasant village in which i once lived is a long hill and in the winter time the children used to come there to coast on their sleds especially on Saturdays when there was no School. One morning a large number of merry boys had collected as usual on the hill and they were enjoying the sport making the air ring with their glad shouts. But at the top of the hill stood a little fellow by himself watching the other boys intently but taking no part in the sport. He seemed to be a poor boy for he was dressed in a large ragged coat and he had an old handkerchief tied over his cap apparently to keep it on his head. as he moved forward to look after the boys who were descending the hill on their sleds i observed also that he was lame. No one seemed to take any notice of him for a long time except once when a mischievous boy threw a snow ball at him he was indeed a stranger in the crowd and my heart began to ache for him he looked so sad and lonesome standing there by himself unable to participate in the enjoyment which he saw around him and with no one to give him a kindly greeting. Presently however a bright looking lad left his mates and approached the solitary friendless boy i could not hear what he said but i soon saw him help the poor lame boy to a seat on his sled and down the long slope they both went together. The attention of the other boys seemed then to be drawn to the pair and as they reached the foot of the hill they all gave a loud hurrah seeming to understand what their playmate had done. Then catching the same spirit which he had shown they ran to the spot and four or five sturdy little fellows took hold of the rope and drew the sled up the hill with the lame boy sitting upon it. Then they gave him another slide down the hill and another up and no one among them all had a merrier time than he who a few minutes before had been as an outcast among them. That was a beautiful sight. The lad who had the disposition and courage to do such a deed of kindness and influence enough to make the rest of his playmates follow his example must have been indeed a noble hearted boy and a happy one too.

Not all cities have a Miss Maxwell to start this novel experiment in training rudeness, coarseness, and brutality to fix the eye upon gentleness, nobility, and kindness. Fewer cities still have a Mr. White, of devotion, tenderness, and faith to draw the hearts of the most depraved and wayward towards the better life. But the principle of this unique enterprise in moral training is of universal application — the principle that attractive power towards the good rather than repressive power towards the bad is the mighty lever in character-building.

The great interest already manifested in this boys' "Record of Virtue," wherever it has been known, justifies this public recital of a most private and personal work, while it gives hope of new and wiser ventures in the same direction.

Anna Garlin Spencer.

A PAIR OF OLD BOYS.



IT was the 19th of May in early morning. On the slender currents of air the crowing of cocks and the lowing of cattle were borne from distance to distance through mists of evaporating dew. The sky, like a vast inverted deep-water sea, was almost green-blue by the effect of reflection from the verdure of woods and fields. In all the orchards the orioles were warbling a sort of counterpoint to the brilliant airs of the brown thrushes. Morning it was, like the morning of life, pure, vivid, exhilarating. To breathe was to inhale nameless thrills, perfumes, dreams; to see was to entertain indescribable apparitions of beauty; to hear was to revel in a broad, tender, softly flowing tide of melody; merely to exist gave a sense of blending with nature at the ecstatic culmination of her most perfect mood.

The red clover was blooming, and the meadow-larks were amid its tufts, their breasts flashing like gold. A honeydew sweetness suffused all things, and as Grandfather Hart came forth from the doorway of his comfortable farm-house he straightened himself up, as if, with a little shrug of his shoulders, to adjust the load of his eighty-two years. In his shriveled, knotty right hand he bore a curiously distorted stick, the stem of a young hickory tree that had been forced into a screw-like growth by a spiral vine. For thirty years he had carried this cane; it seemed to have taken the place, in a measure, of the wife who long ago used to walk with him, before she went to lie in the little churchyard burying-ground.

Grandfather Hart wore his soft felt hat far back, so that the thin, long locks of white hair could tumble over his broad forehead. His smooth-shaven face was gentle, good-humored, and benevolent in expression, with an air of dignity that was not well sustained by his undersized stature.

Coming out into the morning he pulled himself up from his habitual stoop, pushed his hat a little farther back, and drew in a long, deep breath of the fragrant air. Looking this way and that for a while, as one does who has no fixed purpose in mind, he walked slowly towards the little front gate that gave upon the highway. He plucked a spray of hyacinths as he passed down the walk, smelt them, and placed them in his buttonhole.

When he found himself in the dry but scarcely dusty highway he stood hesitating again. Evidently he would as lief go one way as the other. He had not observed Abram Hines coming across the clover field, nor had he yet seen him when, perched upon the fence just across the road, that lifelong friend, in a voice somewhat cracked, called out:

"Mornin', Dave."

"Well, well! He, he, he! Mornin', Abe. Did n't see ye till ye spoke."

Abram Hines was seven months and seven days older than David Hart. The two had been neighbors and friends from earliest childhood. Their farms, broad and fertile, lay side by side; their children had intermarried; in politics and in religion they agreed perfectly; they subscribed for the same agricultural journal; in their young days they used to swap work; all their lives they had been to each other simply Dave and Abe.

Abe was taller than Dave, and had a firmer, shrewder face; besides, he was stronger and more agile.

"D' ye hear them meader-larks?" inquired Abe, after he had descended from the fence-top and they had shaken hands.

"Yes; I hearn 'em afore breakfast," said Dave.

"Which a-way were ye a-goin'?"

"Oh, jest thought I 'd knock around a little. Mighty poorty mornin'."

"Mighty poorty, mighty."

They walked aimlessly along the road, shambling and shuffling gingerly, as old men do, until they reached a place where on one side of the road was a field of rye and on the other a grassy hillside covered with wide-spreading maple trees and sloping down to a deep, narrow, blue mill-pond.

The spring had been warm, forcing vegetation; the rye was waist-high to a man. What was it, whence came it, this something that just then stole through the air? Was it a perfume from the rye, or was it a waft from the riant leafage of the wood?

"Don't ye 'member, Abe, when we 's little fellers, how we fooled the Joneses right here that Sunday?"

"Well, Dave! I was jest goin' to say them very words!"

A little woodpecker pounding away on a

dead bough hard by gave forth a familiar, far-reaching, retrospective sound, as if it were pecking seventy years ago. The cooing of a dove came from a morning grove of boyhood.

"That was powerful fun, Abe."

"Was n't it, though!"

The two old men stood still in the road, and gazed into each other's sunken and rheumy eyes. A sort of radiance, like the remote flash of an irresistible boyish mood, shimmered through their wrinkles. A catbird sang in a thorn tree; bluebirds floated from stake to stake of the fences, warbling and fluttering so that they looked like flakes of painted music tossed on the waves of the morning-tide; and up from the little hollow of the wood swelled the sound of the mill-stream pouring over the dam.

"I feel awful well this mornin'," said Dave, taking off his hat and rubbing his white hair.

"So do I," said Abe. "I feel most like a boy. Seems like I could mighty nigh jump that fence."

They stood there and chuckled at each other in a rattling raucous, falsetto strain, showing some long yellow snags of teeth. Dave swung his cane, and protruded his tongue just a little. Their faces were beginning to show a faint glow of red. A large piece of brown paper that some passer had flung aside was blown down the road, and to it clung a white wrapping thread.

"That might skeer a horse," said Dave, stopping it with his foot as it tumbled along.

"Looks like it might 'a' been here sence we fooled the Joneses," remarked Abe, still chuckling retrospectively.

The two old, wrinkled, tottering men looked again into each other's eyes, and both half recoiled with a sheepish timidity. A common thought had thrilled and abashed them. Dave looked up the road; Abe cast a furtive glance down it. The sun, now getting well above the eastern trees, glorified the twain with a warm, golden glow. Abe's old hat was awry.

"Hurry, Abe; let 's do it!" exclaimed Dave in a half-whisper.

Dave stooped with some difficulty and took up the paper and string. Abe scrambled for a boulder that would weigh about four pounds.

"This here 'll do," he said; "wrap it up nice, Dave, so it 'll look like a dollar's wo'th o' coffee."

Very soon they had made a squarish package, well tied up, which they placed in the middle of the road, with many a hurried, half-frightened glance this way and that.

Then it was surprising to see how nimbly they climbed over the fence into the rye, where they hid themselves, still tittering and chuckling. As they squatted low to cover themselves with the luxuriant blades and stalks Dave whispered:

"B'lieve I hear a buggy comin'."

At that moment two quails flew up close by and rushed away through the air with a loud, sudden noise.

"Lordy massy! How that scared me!" said Abe.

"Be still," said Dave; "for I jest do hear a buggy or somethin' a-comin'."

Sure enough the clatter of a rickety spring wagon and the measured jog-trot of a horse reached their ears. They pressed close together as they craned their skinny old necks and peered out of the fragrant rye.

Young farmer Jones, grandson of the old Joneses, came driving along with his wife and little girl, going to the village. They were all on one seat of the little wabbling wagon.

"That 's sich a sweet child," whispered Abe.

"Jest like my Sairy used to be," responded Dave.

"Whoa-erp!" called farmer Jones to his sturdy horse, at the same time bringing him up short.

"What 's the matter?" inquired his wife.

The little girl pitched forward and came near falling, her long, shining, curly yellow hair tumbling over her cheeks.

"Hold them lines a minute; there 's somethin' in the road," remarked Jones, handing the guiding-reins to his wife.

He got out and picked up the package and climbed into the wagon with it.

"It 's heavy," he said. "Wonder what it is?"

His wife grabbed at it, out of sudden, uncontrollable, womanly curiosity. He dropped it and it fell upon his toe.

"Confound it!" he bawled. "Confound the everlasting thing! Con—"

He was wringing himself about and trying to get his foot in his hand, when a mighty cackling and giggling began just over the fence and he saw two white heads bob up out of the rye and two wrinkled faces, all distorted with delight, were turned upon him.

"Confound you! Confound you!" he fairly shrieked, seizing the boulder, which had partly burst from the paper, and heaving it at them with all his might. It fell short as the old men dodged down into the rye and were lost to view.

Young farmer Jones glared for a moment, then drove on.

"Oh! oh! o-o-h!" ejaculated the old sinners, laughing till they had to hold their abdomens; and writhing in the sweet, yielding cover, as they hung to each other with a pressure of shoulder to shoulder, they enjoyed a

wild paroxysm such as comes to hysterically happy children. Never before had they felt such perfectly satisfying and furthermost reaching mirth. They laughed till the tears bubbled over their sear cheeks and dripped from their shriveled chins. At length they lay down side by side, panting, almost exhausted, and gazed up at the royal glory of the sky. Two great hen-hawks were wheeling slowly around, so high that they appeared to slide against the smooth substance of heaven. Very far off sounded the dreamy crowing of the cocks and the soft lowing of the cows.

"Was n't it scrutiatin', Abe?"

"Oh-oh-o-o-oh!" ejaculated Abe. Then they laughed again, rolling over and over in the rye, their stiffened and attenuated limbs bent at comically acute angles, like the elbows of grasshoppers.

Presently they picked up their hats and climbed up on the fence, where they sat, looking for all the world like two starved but happily expectant wizards discussing a subtle charm.

"Let 's do it ag'in," suggested Abe. But they found that the paper was hopelessly torn.

"Bring along the boulder," said Dave, picking up the string; "we may find another paper some'eres in the road."

"Boulders is as plenty as papers," responded Abe. "No need to lug it along."

Side by side again in the dry, and along here somewhat dusty, highway they shambled stiffly, bursting into a fit of chuckling now and then, until they passed a sharp turn. Suddenly Dave was reminded that he had left his cane where they had hidden themselves in the rye.

"Go git it an' hurry back 'fore somebody comes along," said Abe. Dave did not wait to be told twice, but went back as fast as he could. Abe looked after him as he toddled along, shuffling up little puffs of the thin, light dust until he was lost around the turn.

"The same old Dave he allus was," he gently murmured. "Got more fun into 'im 'an a monkey."

The place where they had rolled and tumbled in the rye was not hard to find; but Dave looked in vain for his distorted stick. He tramped round and round; what could have become of it? That dear old staff, which had been his support for so many long years, how could he bear to lose it? A feeling of sadness began to steal over him. Suddenly he saw it lying right there in plain view. He must have stepped over it a dozen times during the protracted search. How light and happy he felt when he picked it up and turned to go back to where Abe was waiting for him!

"Dear old Abe," he thought, "what a funny fellow he is! Him a-cuttin' up and doin' sech foolin' at his time o' life!"

The currents of the air had combined into a gently pouring breeze; the sun was mounting rapidly and deepening the splendor of the sky; mysterious silken sounds crept through the rye and wandered on high among the treetops.

Dave thumped the ground with his cane as he went along towards the bend in the road behind which Abe was waiting for him. He walked fast, blowing a little and mopping his face with his red-flowered handkerchief. How eager he was to resume once more their sport! It was as if he feared the mood might vanish before he could get back. When he rounded the turn a brown thrush was singing in a wild crab-apple tree at the edge of the woods, and somehow there was a doleful strain in its lay.

Where was Abe? Dave stood still and looked around. Suddenly there came a strange dullness into the sunshine. In the middle of the road lay Abe's old hat trampled and torn; there were deep marks of a violent struggle, and a sort of broad, shallow furrow where a heavy body had been dragged down through a thicket towards the mill-pond. Abe's greasy leather pocketbook, rifled of its contents, had been flung aside just yonder. A heavy club lay near, and close by it fluttered in the breeze a scrap of the hat's soiled lining.

Weak and sick at heart, the whole painted, sunny, shimmering world whirling round him, Dave leaned on his staff and wavered to and fro, quivering like a dry leaf. He could not think; his mind was numb; his heart lay in his throat choking him, while in his ears were noises dull and terrible.

Young farmer Jones with his wife and child, driving back from the village, found him standing thus.

"Hello! What 's the matter?"

The spring wagon stopped, and Jones alighted. Poor old Dave could do nothing but point dumbly at the hat and the club. Jones stared around.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, and he turned pale.

"Abe, Abe — it 's Abe that somebody has killed!" wailed the shaking old man when presently he found his voice. "They 've robbed him; they 've dragged him yonder!"

He pointed along the track into the thicket towards the mill-pond. Jones picked up the club and started in that direction, the old man tottering at his heels. There was no fence on that side of the road, but the hazel and papaw bushes were all tangled together, making their progress slow. The catbirds scolded them as they stumbled along, and now and again they heard the peculiar long-drawn sigh of a

"LET 'S DO IT AG'IN."

brown thrush in the verdurous meshes of wild vines.

Deep in the thicket lay a large mossy log half sunken in the ground; to this the track led them. On top the moss was dragged off, so that the rotten wood showed its red-brown fiberless substance freshly torn and creased. They approached it, and on the other side, all cramped and crumpled, crushed together as it were, lay the form of Abe.

Dave sank down and lay crosswise on the mossy and damp trunk, gazing helplessly. Jones stepped over and stooped low, reaching to take hold of the poor twisted body.

Then up rose Abe to a sitting posture and broke forth with such a rattling burst of laughter that every bird in the woods was frightened into silence. Jones leaped backward and grunted, as if he had been hit in the stomach, while poor Dave turned as white as a ghost. Abe held his lank sides, and, bending to and fro, fairly lost himself in atrocious grimaces and laughter, until he had to leave off, being exhausted.

Now there was a while of silence, at the end of which Dave held up a knotty, emaciated hand, and exclaimed:

"Well, Abe, you old scamp!"

Jones threw aside the club with savage energy, muttering as he went back towards the road:

"You 're two of the confoundest, dad-blastedest old eejits that ever was!"

An hour later Dave and Abe parted, each walking gingerly and slowly towards his home.

On the next Sunday, when they met at the little meeting-house, they looked sheepishly at each other and said simply:

"How d' ye do?"

They never played again.

Maurice Thompson.

RENEWAL.

OUT of the night,
Out of the vast and vacant blue
Where the hidden world takes form anew,
Glimmers a gathering light.

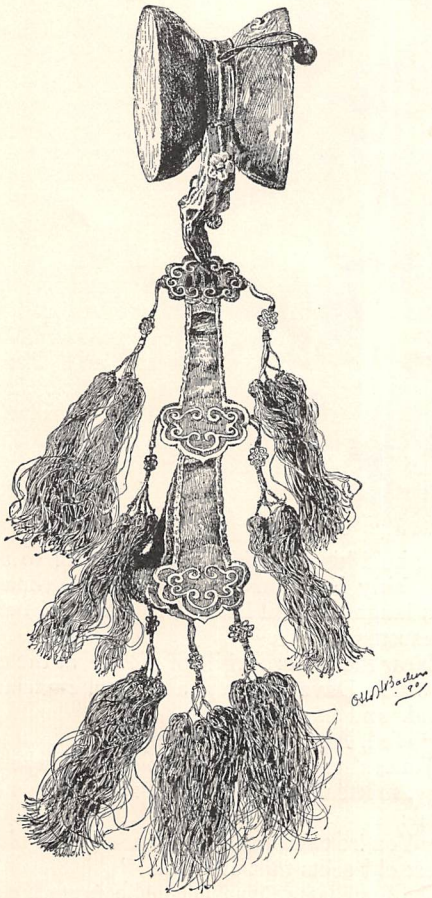
The bud of the dawn
In the empty field of shadow glows,
Grows and glows like an opening rose,
And the night is over and gone!

And the heart is high
For the swelling green of the mountain crest,
For the music that sleeps in the robin's nest,
And the rose of the eastern sky!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

THE BORDER-LAND OF CHINA.

A JOURNEY THROUGH AN UNKNOWN LAND.



DRUM MADE OF HUMAN SKULLS.

HARDLY had we lost sight of Hsi-ning on our way to the great Kumbum lamasery than we seemed to have suddenly left China and its people far behind, so great were the changes that everywhere met us. No longer were all the passers-by blue-gowned and long-queued Chinese, but people of different language and different dress. There were Mongols, some of them from Urga near Kiakhta or the remote Amoor provinces, dressed in greasy sheepskin gowns and big fur caps, or else in the yellow or red cloth ones of lamas. The women were hardly distinguishable from the men save those who, from coquetry, had put on their green satin gowns and head and neck ornaments of silver, so as to produce a sensation on entering Lusar, the suburb of Kumbum. With them were long strings of camels, many of them bearing gifts, sometimes of great value, for the temple. Then came parties of pilgrims tramping along in single file, each with a little load held by a light wooden frame fastened to his back. They belonged to some one of the Tibetan tribes that live in the mountains of the Hsi-ning circuit, and are known to the Chinese as Hsi-Fan, "Western barbarians or borderers," or simply Fantzu.[1] Many other queer people we saw as we rode along, T'u-ssu and K'amba, Panak'a and Salar, of all of whom I shall have to speak later.

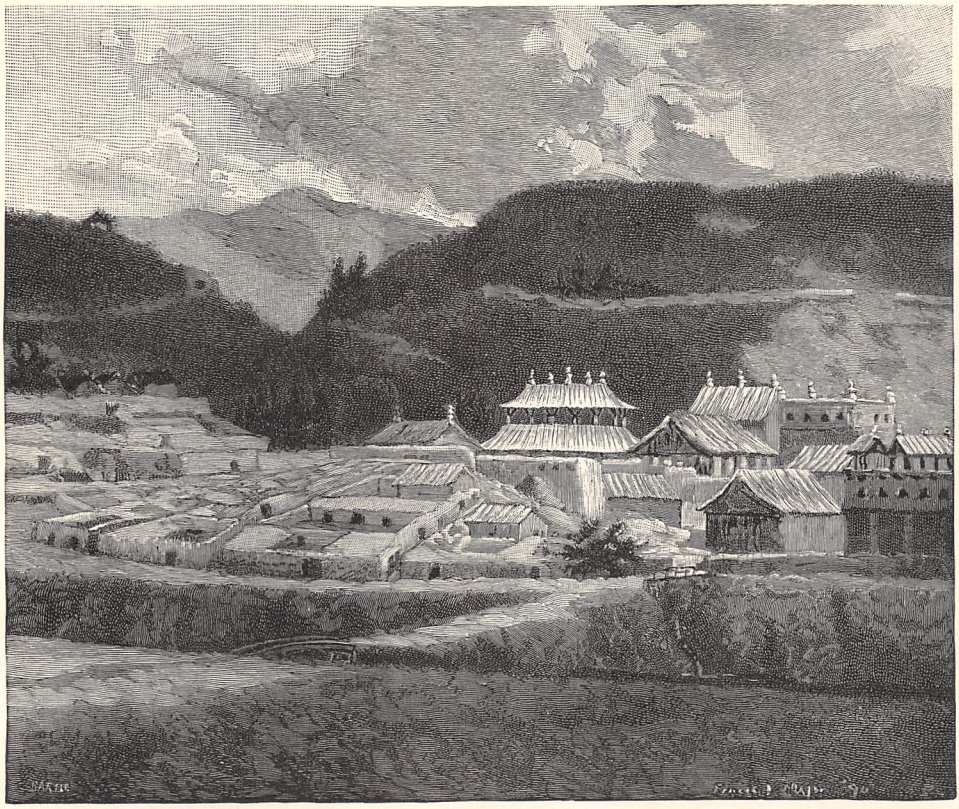
Our road led up a valley, towards a high black range of nude and jagged peaks, rising like a wall across its southern extremity, and which figures on our maps as the South Kokonor range. When about fifteen miles up we turned to the southwest, and crossing the low hills which here border it, we saw in the narrow valley of loess formation lying at our feet a straggling village built on the steep sides of a hill at the foot of which two small streams met. Here was a grove of slender poplars black with flocks of croaking ravens and small, yellow-billed crows, while shaggy, grunting yaks, camels with gurgling moans, and little rough ponies led by their queer, un-Chinese looking owners drank in the stream close by. On the flat roofs of the village houses sat men and women gossiping, spinning yarn, or spreading out manure to dry. This was Lusar, the suburb, as it were, of Kumbum. As I stood on top of the hill leading down to the village I looked to my left and there were the golden roofs and spires of the temples with walls of green or red, and over the hillside roundabout were long, irregular lines of low, flat-roofed houses, partly hidden behind clean whitewashed walls, the homes of three thousand odd lamas who live in this great sanctuary of the Tibetan and Mongol faith. On the hill slope between the village and the lamasery was the fair-ground, where a motley crowd was moving to and fro, where droves of yaks and strings of camels were continually arriving, while scattered about farther away were the traveling tents of those who preferred their ordinary dwellings to the small, dingy rooms to be rented in the lamasery or at Lusar.

It was the day after my arrival at Lusar,

[1] The Mongols call them Tangutu; but the name they give themselves is Bopa, a local pronunciation of the Tibetan word Bodpa, the generic name of all Tibetans, and pronounced in Central Tibet as if written Peu-ba.

the twelfth of the first moon, when the Chinese in every town and village all over the Empire celebrate the Dragon festival (*lung-tung hui*),[1] that I made my first acquaintance with the place. The streets of the village were crowded with people dressed in their holiday best, and all pressing on towards the Chinese temple at the foot of the hill where the feast was to begin. The theatrical representation was without interest, but the spectators were delightful. On one side were squatting a group of Rongwa Tibetan men and women in high-collared sheepskin or cloth gowns trimmed with leopard skins. On their heads were little pointed red caps with lambskin borders, or dark red turbans draped in loose but graceful folds. The women dressed like the men except that their hair fell from under their little caps over their shoulders and backs in numberless small plaits like cloaks, the plaits held together by broad bands of ribbon on which were sewed cowries, pieces of money, coral, turquoise or glass beads. The day was warm and the men and women had slipped their right arms out of their gowns, showing their bronzed and muscular forms undefiled by any acquaintance with water, to say nothing of soap.

Near them stood some T'u-ssu in dress closely resembling the Chinese, only they wore their gowns short and full in Tibetan fashion; the women with bright red handkerchiefs around their heads, and long violet gowns of Chinese pattern.



KUMBUM.

Mongols of the Koko-nor and the Ts'aidam were not wanting. They have adopted to a great extent the dress of their Tibetan neighbors: like the ass in the lion's skin, they doubtless think themselves more formidable when thus arrayed. Their women, when not married, dress their hair in Tibetan fashion, but the married ones wear two heavy tresses, falling on each side of the face and incased in black embroidered satin. K'alk'a Mongols from Eastern Mongolia were there also, the richness of their dress and the softer tones of their speech distinguishing them from their poorer and harsher-spoken kinsmen of the West.

Beside me stood some tall, swarthy-looking

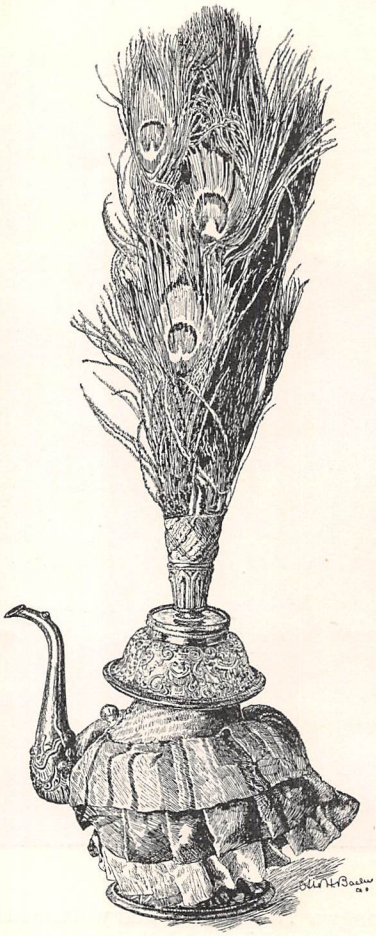
1 Not to be confounded with the Dragon boat festival, celebrated on the fifth of the fifth moon. The Dragon festival or procession here referred to is a part of the New Year festivities.

men with thin features and aquiline noses, dressed in dark violet gowns, and, unlike the Koko-nor Tibetan, with long queues and turquoise ear-rings in the left ear. They were traders from Lh'asa and Trashil'unpo, and had come from Tankar, where they had left their camels and goods, to see the festival.

But it would require a whole chapter to describe the various tribes represented at Lusar that day. One whose wild, fierce looks, and whose long swords, on which their hand always rested, fixed my attention from the first. They were K'ambas, or Hung-mao-tzu,—"Red-capped men," as the Chinese of Kan-su call this people,—natives of Eastern Tibet. Their dress is a dirty sheepskin gown hanging in large folds below their waists and hardly reaching to their knees; their boots, with rawhide soles and tops of bright-colored cloth, are held by garters below the knee. They wear no head-dress. Their long, tangled hair, falling over their shoulders and cut in a fringe to their eyes, is so matted and thick that they do not feel the want of a better head-cover. The Chinese and Mongols fear them, and venture but rarely and with trembling into the wilds which they inhabit south of the source of the Yellow River and along the upper course of the Yang-tze-kiang, or Dré'ch'u, as it is called in their language.

Though the street scenes at Lusar were full of varied interest, I was impatient to see Kum-bum and its temples; so we crossed over to the other side of the valley, and, pushing our way through the crowd of peddlers and people of every description who thronged the hill-side, passed under a high white monument—offering holder or receptacle—and entered the lamasery grounds. A broad road, now crowded with people buying and selling every variety of goods, led to a building with red walls and green-tiled roof, the convent treasure-house. Near it was another smaller building with a garden in front inclosed within high walls. It was the temple of the famous tree which grows on the spot where the hair of Tsongk'apa had fallen when he was shaved and consecrated to the church by his mother. On each of its leaves is an outline figure of the god. The lamas say that this tree is a white sandal-wood, but it is probably a lilac. This appeared to me the more likely, as I was told that it bears large bunches of violet flowers in the spring. The leaves which fall from the tree are carefully gathered up and sold to visitors, who keep them as charms or use them as medicine. Those I got were so broken that I could distinguish nothing on them; but I was assured by unbelieving Mohammedans that the picture is clearly discernible on the leaves, and that they are "valuable curios," as they put it.

On this my first visit to the lamasery I could not visit the treasure-house, which was only opened on the 15th, when the Chinese ambassador, or Hsi-ning Amban, as he is commonly called, visited the place; but we were shown the chief temple, whose golden roofs had attracted my attention when I was approaching Lusar. It is in its main features built in Chinese style, and does not differ essentially from the Buddhist temples seen at Peking and



HOLY WATER VASE.

in other localities in Northern China. In front is a spacious courtyard, and the temple is raised some eight feet above its level. Those who wish to worship before the holy shrines stand on a broad plank walk in the courtyard at the base of the temple and there they make their prostrations. The deep grooves worn in the planks by the feet and hands of the devotees testify to the popularity of this gymnastic form of worship. In the dimly lighted temple we could distinguish only the three principal shrines, the central one that of Gautama

Buddha, that on his right Tsongk'apa, and that on his left Dipankara Buddha.

To the right of this gold-roofed temple is the temple of Tsongk'apa called the Jé k'ang. It has two superposed roofs, covered with green tiles and supported by red-lacquered pillars. The lower wall of the building is covered with green tiles and a narrow walk leads around it. In front of the temple, within a little wooden paling, is another "white sandal-wood tree," on the branches of which hang numbers of ceremonial scarfs offered by the faithful. My Chinese servant, who accompanied me in my walk, nearly got into trouble here. We had entered the temple inclosure on its left side, and started to walk around, keeping it on our right hand. He, not knowing or forgetting that to walk around a sacred building keeping it on one's left side is sacrilegious, began his walk in the wrong direction. He had not gone two steps when he was pulled up by a lot of lamas and visitors and started off in the right way, with some forcible remarks about his improper conduct in holy places.

Tsongk'apa, to whom Kumbum owes its origin, deserves more than a passing mention, for he is the founder of the form of Buddhist worship which prevails throughout Mongolia and the greater part of Tibet — in short, of modern lamaism. He was born A. D. 1360, near the place where Kumbum now stands, his parents belonging to the Amdo Tibetans, who still inhabit the country. At the age of sixteen he began his theological studies, but the following year, by the advice of his teacher, he went to Lh'asa, where he soon became a master in all the branches of Buddhist learning. Abbé Huc, struck by the many points of resemblance between the lamaist and Catholic churches, was convinced, when he heard that the first teacher of Tsongk'apa had a long nose, that he was one of the Catholic missionaries who at that time had penetrated Central Asia in large numbers.[1] The length of a nose is but a poor foundation for such an important theory, and, even if we accept noses as criterions, we would find that those of the people of Turkestan are quite as long, if not longer, than our own. We have, however, the authority of Marco Polo for it that in his time (latter part of the thirteenth century) there were some Christians at Hsi-ning (Sinju), and we know that in the fourteenth century Christianity flourished at Peking. But this is no proof that Tsongk'apa, who when only seventeen went to Lh'asa, where Christianity certainly was not to be found, had ever seen a Catholic church or heard the Gregorian chant, and the whole subject requires much more study before we can draw any conclusion, and above all it requires unprejudiced students who have no preconceived theories to demonstrate.

Huc gives a long list of points of resemblance in the dress, habits, and ceremonies of the lamas and Catholic priests, comprising the use of the crozier, miter, dalmatic, censer held by five chains, holy water, chanting, exorcisms, worship of saints, celibacy, retreats, fasts, and litanies; but he omits one which I think very curious. When a person is dying a lama will frequently be called in, to administer to him the *dro män*, or "going medicine." With some of his spittle he anoints the forehead, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet of the dying person, to the end that he may have a rapid transmigration. Where did this idea of extreme unction come from? And where did they get that of drinking holy water as a cure for bodily pains, a habit frequently met with among uneducated Catholics?

If we can say nothing definite on this interesting subject, we have ample information concerning the origin and history of the lamaist church founded by Tsongk'apa. He, as we have seen, went to Lh'asa at an early age; there he studied, preached, reformed, and finally transmigrated into the person of Gédun drupa, who founded the Trashil'unpo lamasery in 1446 and became the first of the series of incarnated gods known as Panch'en rinpoché, although native works say that the first pontiff bearing this title was born in 1567. Becoming afterwards incarnate in Gédun jyats'o, he returned to Lh'asa and was made head of the great Drébung lamasery of that place. His successor was So-nam jyats'o, "the Sea of Charity," and all the succeeding incarnations have had the word *jya-ts'o* (*i. e.*, sea) as a portion of their style. This pontiff visited the Mongol conqueror Altan Khan, and he, imagining that *jya-ts'o* (in Mongol *talé*) was his name, addressed him as Talé lama, and the name has been used ever since by Chinese and Mongols to designate the head of the lamaist hierarchy; but the Tibetans speak of him as "The victorious ocean," or "The most excellent protector." He is held to be an incarnation of the Merciful God who watches over the world, Shenrézig with the thousand heads and thousand eyes. In China this god has become a goddess and is called Kuan-yin, and half of the representations one sees of her show her holding an infant in her arms, and looking for all the world like the conventional statue of the Virgin Mary. I once came across a Chinese book entitled "The Fifty Manifestations of Kuan-yin." One picture showed her likeness as she appeared to an old

[1] Huc, "Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie," etc., Tome II., p. 114.

man in Shan-hsi, another the form under which she had shown herself to a devout priest, and in one she had appeared to a poor laborer as Peter the Great of Russia, for there was the picture of the great emperor in breastplate and wig and with a marshal's baton in his hand. In what strange semblance will Kuan-yin make her next appearance? Will it be as Washington or as Gladstone, both of whose pictures I have seen in out-of-the-way places in China?

We were walking homeward from the temple when suddenly the crowd scattered to the right and left, the lamas running for places of hiding with cries of "*Gékor lama, gékor lama!*" and we saw striding towards us six or eight lamas with a black stripe painted across their foreheads and another around their right arms, — "black lamas," the people call them,— and armed with heavy whips, with which they belabored any one who came within their reach. Behind them walked a stately lama in robes of finest cloth and with head clean shaved. He was a "gékor," a lama censor or provost, whose duty it was to see that the rules of the lamasery were strictly obeyed, and who, in conjunction with two colleagues, like him appointed by the abbot for a term of three years, tries all lamas for whatever crimes or breach of the rules they may have committed. This one had heard that there were peep-shows, Punch and Judy shows, roulette tables, and other prohibited amusements on the fair-grounds, and he was on his way with his lictors to put an end to the scandal. I followed in his wake and saw the peep-show — whose special attraction, I am sorry to say, were European (Belgian) obscene pictures — knocked down, Punch and Judy laid out mangled beside it, the owners whipped and put to flight, and the majesty of ecclesiastical law and morality duly vindicated.

On the morning of the fifteenth of the first moon (February 14) I went, in company with a lama friend, to see the treasure-house and the other sights which I had been prevented from seeing on my first visit. On the panels of the gates opening into the yard of the building were painted human skins, the hands, feet, and head hanging to them and all reeking with blood — these to frighten all evil-doers, most likely, and make their flesh creep at the very thought of what might befall them if they tried to rob the place. Then on the walls of the yard, and protected by a broad roof, were painted numbers of the guardian angels in their hideous trappings of snakes, human skins, skulls, and bones, wallowing in blood and surrounded by flames, and escorted by imps more ghastly than they with heads of bulls, hogs, dogs, or eagles. The building was small and very dark, so only with great difficulty could we distinguish the curious things with which it was filled. Bowls of silver, ewers of gold, images of the gods in gold, silver, and bronze, pictures, beautifully

BLACK LAMAS AT THE KUMBUM FAIR.

BUTTER BAS-RELIEFS AT KUMBUM.

illuminated manuscripts, carpets, satin hangings, cloisonné vases, and incense burners enough to fill a museum. One big silver bowl was pointed out to me with a bullet hole through it, made during the late Mohammedan rebellion, when the lamasery was attacked, and the lamas with gun and sword defended their temples and treasures, and were killed by hundreds on the steps of the sanctuary or beside their burning houses. The Mohammedans spared the temples and the sacred sandal-wood trees, not even taking the gold tiles from the chief temple; a most extraordinary piece of sentimentalism on their part, or rather a miraculous intervention of the gods to preserve their holy place.

A little later on the Hsi-ning Amban and the high Chinese authorities of this part of the province arrived to see the butter bas-reliefs to be exposed that evening. The lamas, squatting on the ground, lined the road for more than half a mile, and through the midst of them the Amban and his suite passed, his well-mounted escort carrying bright-colored pennants on the ends of their lances, with trumpet blasts echoed back by the deep-sounding convent conch-shells.

When it had grown dark we once more went to Kumbum. Outside the southern wall of the gold-roof temple were two large butter bas-reliefs, under a high scaffolding from which hung innumerable banners painted with pictures of gods and saints, while here and there were gaudy Chinese lanterns with pictured sides. The bas-reliefs were about thirty feet long and ten feet high, supported by a framework and lighted up by rows of little brass bowls filled with butter in which burned cotton wicks. The subjects were religious, representing gods in the usual lamaist style, with scenes in the various heavenly abodes or in the different hells. The central figure of each group was about four feet high, and in the background around it were long processions, battles, etc., each figure — and there were hundreds — not over eight or ten inches high. Every detail was most carefully worked out in this large slab of butter, and painted in the florid but painstaking style of lamaist illumination. Around each tableau had been worked an elaborate framework of flowers, birds, and Buddhist emblems, from among which a squirrel was peeping out or a dragon twisting its scaly body. Along the

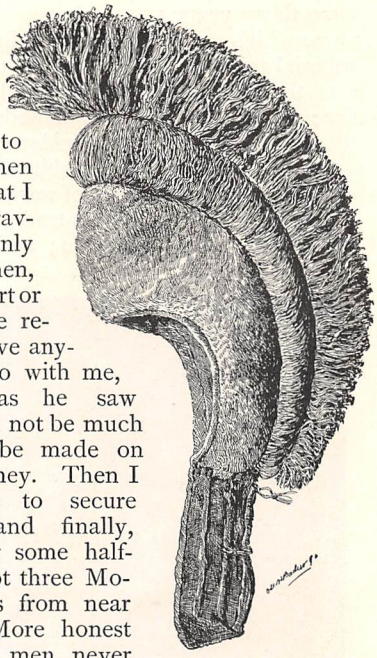
A GUILT-OFFERING AT TANKAR.

walk which led around the temple were seven smaller bas-reliefs about ten feet long and five feet high, each representing scenes similar to those in the larger ones and all worthy of the greatest praise, not only on account of the labor bestowed on them, but for their artistic merit. It takes about three months' labor to finish one of these bas-reliefs, for which the only reward awaiting the makers is the praise of their fellow-lamas and a small sum of money given as a prize to the best piece of work. Every year there are new designs and new artists who bring their experience and skill to add to the beauty of the feast; for it is held in all lamaseries, though in none, not even in those of Lh'asa, is it so beautiful as at Kumbum. The lamas who are experts at modeling butter bas-reliefs travel about from lamasery to lamasery, the fame of their skill frequently preceding them, and they are sure of a hearty welcome, food, and lodging wherever they choose to stay.

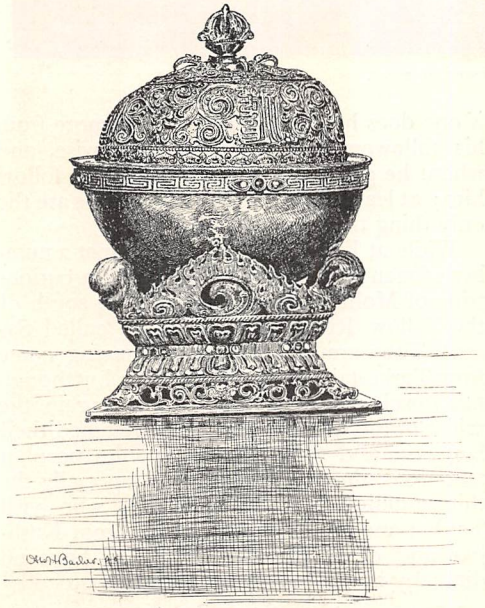
It is possible, even probable, that this lamaist feast owes its origin to the Chinese, whose feast of lanterns, which has been celebrated since A. D. 700 at least, falls on the same day.

The next morning the bas-reliefs had dis-

appeared, the lamasery had assumed its habitual quiet, and the people were returning to their homes in the mountains or on the steppe, the girls and women probably comparing notes on the feast and showing one another the presents they had received from their admirers; among them red silk scarfs, which they hang about their persons, hold a prominent place and are recognized "favors" among them. Though I had come to Kumbum to see the feast, I had also hoped to be able to organize with rapidity a little caravan of my own, or to join some large one and strike out towards Tibet. But I soon found out that this was not such an easy matter. I had come thus far with only one servant and a pony, and now I must have five or six more horses, four or five camels, and two or three men speaking Mongol and Tibetan. The horses were easy enough to buy, and I soon had four good strong ones hobbled in the courtyard of the inn; but camels were nowhere to be found, and men willing to risk themselves in the wilds of the Koko-nor and Tibet were undiscoverable. For six weeks I searched the country, assisted by several old friends whom I had known at Peking, chief among whom was the steward of the beautiful Kuo-mang ssu, or *Serkok* lamasery, north of Hsi-ning some thirty miles. I went to see him and to visit the lamasery, and he engaged first one lama, then another, to go with me, but each one abandoned me after a few days. Then a Mongol lama, called Tsairang-lama, who had been with the Russian traveler Potanin for two years, came to me; but when he heard that I purposed traveling with only four or five men, with no escort or passport, he refused to have anything to do with me, especially as he saw there would not be much money to be made on such a journey. Then I endeavored to secure Chinese, and finally, after trying some half-dozen, I got three Mohammedans from near Tankar. More honest and better men never breathed; and had it not been for the rascal I had brought with me from Peking,— spoilt by having served and squeezed too many foreigners,— I should have been perfectly satisfied with my party.



YELLOW HAT WORN BY LAMAS IN CHURCH CEREMONIES.



LIBATION BOWL MADE OF A HUMAN SKULL.

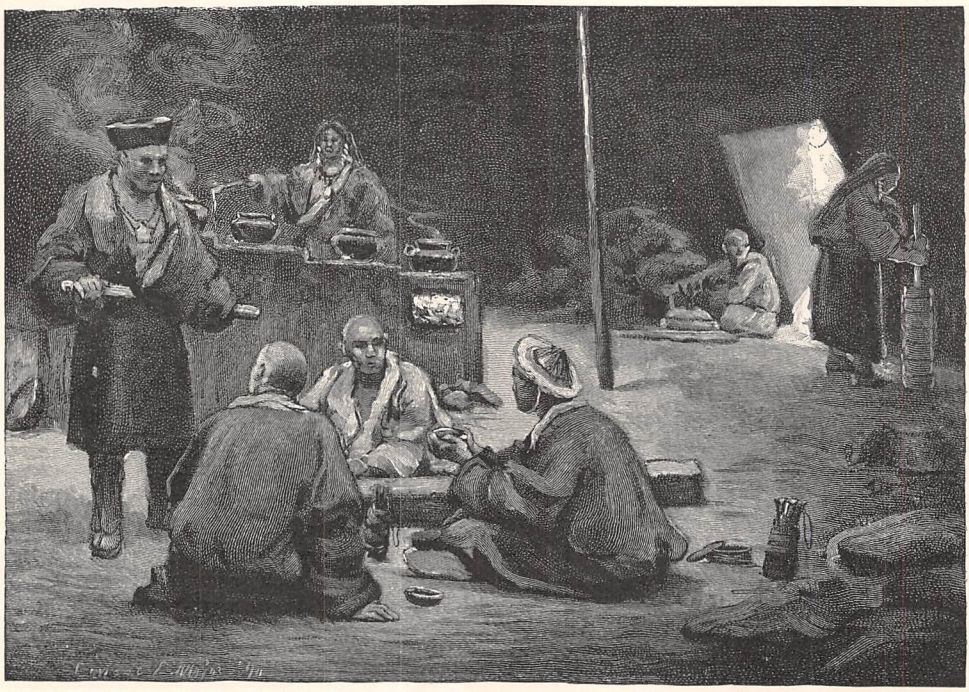
Camels are not numerous in this part of China, nor are they in the Koko-nor and the Ts'aidam, and good ones were sold for tremendous prices — much too high for my slender purse. Finally I secured five of the vile brutes, and all my other supplies were gradually, but with great trouble, got together, so that towards the middle of March I was ready to leave China. Saying farewell to Lusar, I went to Tankar, a large frontier trading post some twenty odd miles to the west of Hsi-ning, which commands the route to the Koko-nor, the Ts'aidam, and Tibet, occupying the same position for the trade on the northwestern border of China as Ta-chien-lu in Ssu-ch'uan does for the western and Li-kiang Fu for the southwestern.

Here I met Tibetans from all parts of their country, and men from Kashgar and Khoten, called "turbaned people," or black barbarians, selling Khoten prayer rugs, Hami raisins, and dried melons. Indian rupees, Russian rubles, Kashgar *tengas*, and Lh'asa *trankas* were in every money-changer's, Chinese cash was no longer in favor, and in every shop hung queer-looking goods, unknown to the Chinese or of entirely different shape when used by them.

Tankar was one of the strongholds of the Mohammedans when the rebellion broke out

some thirty years ago, and it was one of the towns which suffered most from that war. The imperial troops after its capture put to death over three thousand Mohammedan families, since which time no Mohammedan has been allowed to take up his residence within its walls unless one of the inhabitants stands his security. Then these years of warfare drove the greater part of the Tibetan trade, which used to come here, to Ta-chien-lu; and so Tankar, although it is now looking up again, is no longer the great trading post it used to be.

Here we bought the provisions and camping outfit requisite for the journey westward—brick tea, parched barley meal (*tsamba*), vermicelli, and rice for ourselves, and barley for the horses and camels. Two small blue cotton tents and a few sheets of felt, a water cask, a copper kettle, a ladle, and a bellows completed our not too cumbersome outfit, which, with the things I had brought with me from Peking, did not weigh all told over 500 pounds. Each man had a pair of big saddle-bags in which he carried his personal belongings and a few extra articles of food. His saddle-cloth became his bed at night, his saddle his pillow, and the clothes on his back his bedclothes. The only article of foreign food I took with me was a five-pound can of Chollet's compressed vegetables, and I carried it back to Shanghai without ever opening it. To my mind a man ought not to undertake a journey in Central Asia unless he is in robust health; and if he is, he will surely be able to live on the same food which answers for the natives. Moreover, I believe that a traveler should share with his men his food and comforts, and not live like a sybarite on corned beef, baked beans, and such preserved delicacies when they have only tea, a little meal, and rancid butter. It is not very pleasant to follow these rules, but if one does he can ask and obtain more from his followers than he could otherwise, and where he goes they very probably will follow him; at least they will when privations are the only thing they have to fear.

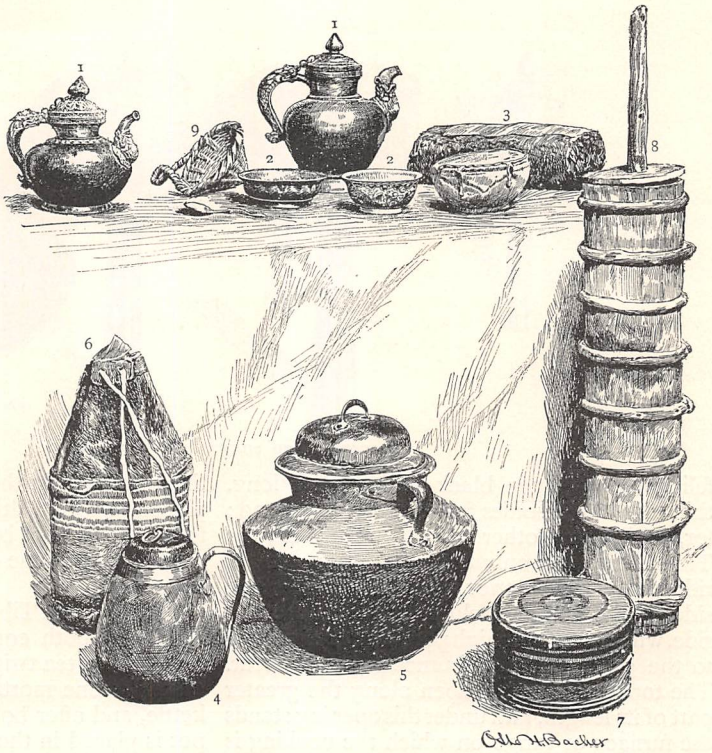


INTERIOR OF A TIBETAN TENT.

While at Lusar and at Tankar I met a number of men and women belonging to a curious tribe of Mohammedans living to the south of the Yellow River near Ho-chou, called Salar.[1] They are of Turki stock, having come from Turkestan some centuries ago, but though not forming a large tribe, and living in the midst of the Chinese, they have retained their language and to a great extent the peculiar features distinctive of their race, especially the thin aquiline nose. The traders who visit Tankar and the adjacent country from Kashgar and other parts of Turkestan have no difficulty in making themselves understood by

1 They are also called "Black-capped Mohammedans" by the Chinese.

the Salar. They are also much more devout Mohammedans than their Chinese co-religionists, and greater fanatics, and Ho-chou, the principal city in their part of the province, where they are very numerous, is still a hotbed of rebellion where revolts against Chinese authority are of yearly occurrence. Near Tankar is another Mohammedan tribe, also possibly of Turki descent, but about which I could not obtain satisfactory information, as they are now confounded with the Mongols. They are the Tolmok or Tolmokgun, of whom there are perhaps one thousand, and future travelers in this country should make inquiries concerning them. Chinese authors give the names of thirty-four different aboriginal or foreign tribes inhabiting the Kansu border-land, but the little they tell us of them is only sufficient to excite our curiosity without satisfying it on any point. Huc speaks of the Dschiahours as of a tribe living southeast of Hsi-ning; but this name, which should be written Jya-hor, is a generic one for all Tibetans living along the border, and is not the name of any special tribe. Prjevalsky's Daldy or Doldy will, in all probability, turn out on further examination to be either an inaccurately transcribed expression or a Chinese nickname for some of the Mongols living to the north and northwest of Hsi-ning under the rule of Mori wang.[1] From this we may learn that the ethnography of this part of China is practically unknown, or, from having been inquired into by persons unacquainted with the language spoken there, is misunderstood and misrepresented.

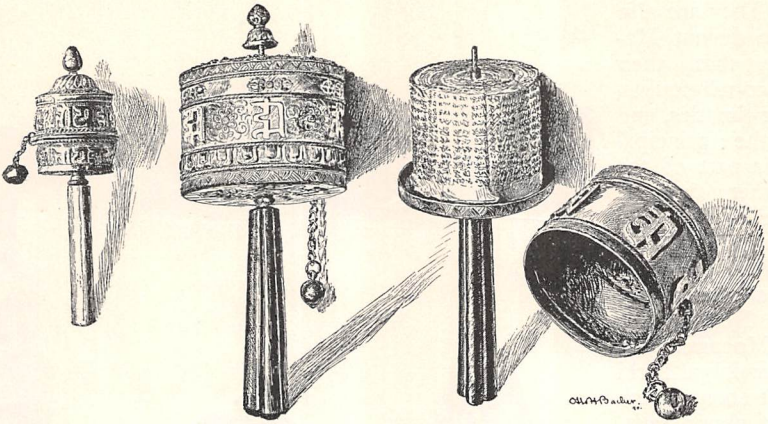


1. COPPER TEA-KETTLES. 2. WOODEN BOWLS LINED WITH SILVER. 3. BRICK OF TEA. 4. TEA-KETTLE. 5. COPPER KETTLE. 6. TSAMBA BAG. 7. WOODEN BUTTER-BOX. 8. WOODEN TEA-CHURN. 9. BAMBOO TEA-STRAINER.

While at Tankar I witnessed a religious ceremony of an interesting nature performed for the benefit of the Tibetan traders from Trashil'unpo stopping there, and known as a Ku-rim (*i. e.*, removal of bodily disease). A small pyramid made of *tsamba* and butter was placed on an ornamented wooden framework in a room, and, after a church service, all those for whose benefit the ceremony was performed passed under it, by so doing diverting from their heads any impending disease, misfortune, or other evil. Then the lamas carrying the guilt-offering, followed by all the traders, dressed in their finest apparel and bearing guns and swords, issued out of the gate of the town and went to a place where a great pile of straw and brushwood had been made ready. The chief lama, after reading a few charms, exorcisms, and mystic sentences, had fire applied to the pile, and as the flames leaped up the offering was flung into them, while the assistants fired off their guns and the lamas chanted prayers and blew horns. When the fire had consumed the offering, and all the impending ill-luck, the procession formed again, and the laymen, in single file on each side of the monks, escorted them home with drawn swords, singing the while in deep bass voices supposed to be terrifying.

On the 25th of March we left Tankar and rode up the valley of the Hsi-ning River to its head. Passing the last Chinese village when ten miles from Tankar, we were suddenly in the midst of a country inhabited only by nomadic Tibetans and Mongols. The former live in black tents, which Huc likens most

[1] The Chinese call the Mongols Ta-tzu, hardly ever Meng-ku. Ta-tzu is an abbreviation of Ta-ta-tzu or Ta-ta-ehr, whence our Tatar. The word in Chinese has no meaning, and is of foreign origin.



COPPER AND SILVER PRAYER WHEELS.

felicitously to huge black spiders with long, thin legs, their bodies resting on the ground; for, unlike any other tents I have seen, the Tibetan tent has only two poles, supporting a ridgepole in the interior, while the corners and sides of the tent are held by ropes on the outside, which pass over high poles and are fastened to the ground some distance from the tent. The top of the tent is open along the greater part of its length, and under this opening stands the furnace or range on which the cooking is done. It is made of stones and mud with a fireplace at one end, and is so arranged that the heat passes along its whole length and four or five kettles can be kept boiling at once. This furnace is practically the only article of furniture seen in a Tibetan tent, if furniture it can be called, since it is left standing when the owner moves to another place. Besides this, one sees in their tents only a quantity of leather bags in which their tea and meal are kept, pack-saddles, sheets of felt, and nondescript rags and odds and ends of which only the owner knows the use and value. In the spring a large portion of the tent is occupied by young lambs and kids hobbled by one leg to a rope stretched near the wall. The tents of the Mongols are of felt, and far superior to those of the Tibetans. A light wooden framework only six feet high, so made that it folds up into a convenient shape for packing, is placed so as to form a circle about twelve feet in diameter; then the roof, made of sticks arranged like the ribs of an umbrella, is placed on top of the framework, sheets of felt are tied over it and the sides, and a small two-paneled wooden door is fixed on the south side.[1] With this the tent is complete. In the middle, under the large hole in the roof, a small iron grate is placed in which dried yak manure is used as fuel, the fire kept burning by a bellows made of goatskin, in one end of which an iron tube is inserted.

Mongols and Tibetans around the Koko-nor live alike, both equally wretched. Some tea leaves — or tea twigs rather — are pounded in a small stone mortar and then thrown into a kettle, and after boiling for a few minutes the pot is placed in the midst of the guests squatting around it on the ground. Each one draws from the bosom of his gown a little wooden bowl, also used on occasions as washbowl, and fills it with tea. Taking a chunk of butter, except in summer fearfully rancid, he lets it melt in his bowl and then adds a handful of tsamba from the bag set before him. Then he works tea, butter, and tsamba into a ball of brown dough which he eats, drinking as much tea as is necessary to wash down the sodden lumps. Such is the daily food of these people, only varied now and then by the addition of a little boiled mutton, sour milk, cheese, or *choma*, which is a small, sweet tubercle that grows in great profusion in the damper parts of Eastern Tibet and Kan-su and tastes something like a sweet potato.[2]

In dress and habits the Tibetans living outside the Chinese border and in the vicinity of the Koko-nor are hardly distinguishable from those inhabiting the mountains of the Hsi-ning circuit, only their tribal organization differing. These Tibetans living within the borders are called Amdowa, those outside of it Panak'a, and all of them are known to the Chinese as Fan-tzu, or "Barbarians." The Amdowa have a larger number of petty chieftains, but, as far as I could learn, no prince or chief ruler; but the Panak'a have two, the more influential — or rather the better known — of whom is the Konsa lama, who lives to the north of the Koko-nor. The present incumbent of this office, one he-

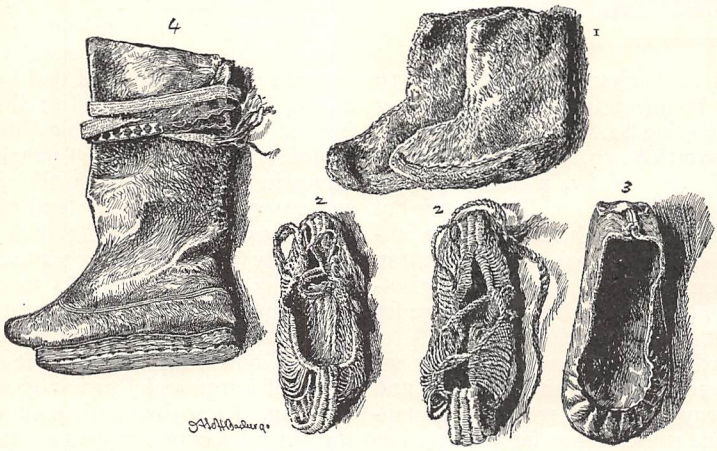
[1] The Mongols are particular to have their tents facing south; not so the Tibetans, whose only care is that they do not face in the direction of the prevailing winds.

[2] Botanists call it *Potentilla anserina*.

reditary in his family, is called Arabtan, and he is said to be the richest man among all his people. His fortune consists of 2000 sheep, 300 camels, and 300 ponies, worth altogether about $12,000. When this chief's father had grown old the son killed him and took his place. To kill one's aged parents is a common practice among these Panak'a, and even among the Mongols; if the latter do not deliberately kill them, they hasten their death by all kinds of bad treatment.

When among these Tibetans a person is dying, a relative or friend will approach him and inquire if he purposes coming back again after death. If he says he does, he is smothered; but if he answers that he will not, he is permitted to die in peace. The exact meaning of this custom is not clear, but it may probably be found in the dread of the spirits of the dead haunting their former abodes. Dead bodies are not buried but are exposed on the hillsides, where birds of prey devour them. If the body is rapidly devoured, it is held to be a proof of the righteousness of the deceased; but if the birds of the air, the wolves, and the foxes refuse to eat it, it is evidence of his wickedness. The bodies of lamas are burned, and the ashes deposited beneath a monument, or else they are disposed of as are those of laymen.

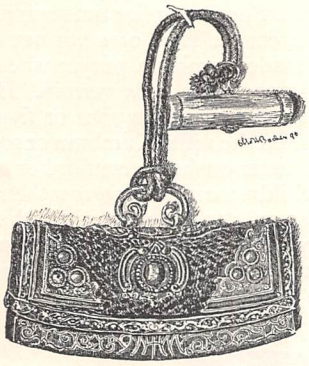
Among the Tibetans a man marries only one wife, whom he purchases from her parents, a belle often costing as much as ten ponies and thirty yaks. The price to be paid for the wife is arranged by a relative or a friend who acts as go-between, and the only marriage ceremony is a grand spree lasting as long as the bridegroom can afford to keep it up. The life of a Tibetan woman in this part of the country cannot be deemed a hard one. She makes the tea, it is true, but with that the housekeeping ends; for no one ever dreams of cleaning the kettle afterwards, and every one has to mix his own tsamba and lick his bowl clean when he has finished. Every four or five years she may have to sew a new sheepskin gown for herself or for some one of her family, but certainly not oftener. She cannot herd the cattle or sheep; men must do that, as there is danger from marauders. She passes her time spinning yarn, weaving a coarse kind of cloth out of which bags are made, turning a prayer wheel, and—destroying too voracious vermin. Her toilet requires rearranging only four or five times a year — when she visits Kumbum or some other fair; she never washes herself or her garments, and her children cannot outgrow their clothes: they have only to let out a little the folds of the gown, their unique garment, tucked up around the waist, and it will fit them until they are grown up.



1. WOOLEN SOCKS. 2. HEMP SANDALS. 3. LEATHER MOCCASIN. 4. LEATHER BOOT.

The men are not much more occupied than the women; they herd their horses, yaks, and sheep without fatigue, and while smoking their pipes and gossiping with friends. They shear their sheep and twist the wool into loose ropes, in which shape they carry it to Tankar to sell to the Chinese, and this is the hardest work of the year. The price of the wool, to which should be added that from the sale of lambskins, yak hides, and a few furs, principally lynx and fox, suffices to purchase all the tea, tsamba, and vermicelli they require; and the few iron or copper implements they make use of are made for them by itinerant Chinese blacksmiths who visit them now and then. Just before leaving Tankar some one had suggested to me the advisability of taking a large stock of leather boots such as Mongols and Tibetans wear; so I bought 20 or 30 pairs for about $10, and I found them of the greatest

use, for boots are a regular unit of value in the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam. A sheep is valued at a pair of boots, so is a yak's hide, four wild asses' skins, or eight pecks of barley. When boots were not in demand we were able to purchase whatever we might require with buttons, turquoise beads, needles, or tea. This last



STEEL AND TINDER BOX, MOUNTINGS IN SILVER.

article is sold at Tankar in bricks about 16 inches long 8 broad and 1½ thick, weighing 6 pounds and costing $1.85. Forty miles west of Tankar it is worth $2.50, and in the Ts'aidam it has a fixed value of $5, a brick. Money throughout the Koko-nor and Ts'aidam is but rarely used, all purchases being made by barter, and I found a great deal of amusement in trading off worn-out tooth-brushes, empty bottles, old socks, etc., to the best advantage for barley and butter, milk or cheese.

On the third day after leaving Tankar we reached the head of the Hsi-ning ho valley, and some miles away on our left we saw a glistening sheet of ice stretching as far westward as the eye could reach, while to the south of it rose a high snow-capped range of rugged mountains. It was the Koko-nor, the "Blue lake," the Ch'ing hai of the Chinese, with a circumference of some 250 miles and an altitude of about 10,900 feet above sea level. To the northeastern side of the lake the country stretched out in an undulating steppe, bordered by another range of mountains gradually receding from it as it trended westward till they were lost to sight in the haze which bounded the horizon. Here and there over the broad expanse were scattered the black tents of Panak'a, while large herds of antelopes and wild asses could be seen feeding in the more secluded hollows or scampering away in single file across the open. The soil was sandy, the grass thin and stiff, and water scarce, the streams which flow down from the distant range into the lake being many miles apart. No snow was anywhere to be seen save on the tops of the range to the south of the lake, and had it not been for the strong northwest wind, — the Chinese call it "black wind," — which blew almost continually, it would have been pleasantly warm; even as it was, the thermometer marked 58° F. at noon at our first camp near the lake.

During all my journey through the Koko-nor steppe, the Ts'aidam, and Tibet the daily routine of our life was the same. At daylight we arose, and while two men fed the pack animals and saddle horses another lighted a fire of dry yak manure and made a kettleful of tea, which we drank with a few lumps of tsamba. Then the loads being put on the pack animals, camels, yaks, or ponies, we started and marched for five or six hours, when we halted to drink tea and to let the animals feed on what they could pick up, grass or brush. Three or four hours more of marching found us at a camping-ground, and in a little while the tents were pitched, the horses sidelined and hobbled and turned out to graze till night. Before dark we took our evening meal, consisting of vermicelli, boiled mutton, tea, and tsamba. Then the horses were driven in and tied by one foot to a long hair rope fastened to the ground in front of the tent, our two big Tibetan mastiffs let loose, and as night fell we all settled ourselves in our tents, I to work out my day's survey, write up my notes and take some observations, the men to fix their saddles and get ready for the next day's march, and all of us finally to sleep. Thanks to our dogs, we were never obliged to stand watch, for not a living creature could get within a quarter of a mile of our camp without the deep, angry barks of Largé and J'yamar giving us ample warning. These dogs had, in common with all their breed, a curious way of watching; they did not lie near the tents, but went each in an opposite direction some two or three hundred yards off and there lay down, and woe to any stranger who came near them. Several Mongols will carry all their lives the marks of the teeth of old J'yamar. A few balls of tsamba and some bones once a day was all the feeding they got while I owned them, and I suppose these short rations helped to ruin tempers not naturally sweet.

The Mongols who live near the northeastern side of Lake Koko-nor are not numerous or well to do; they are in constant dread of their predatory and bullying neighbors the Panak'a, and do not venture very far beyond the Chinese frontier. The greater part of them occupy the basin of the Ta-t'ung ho to the northwest of Hsi-ning, and they are governed by a prince known as Mori-wang,[1] who divides with the prince of Koko-nor (*Ch'ing-hai wang*), living to the southwest of the lake in the Ts'aidam ba-

[1] Prjevalsky calls him Murwang.

sin, the government of all the Mongol tribes in the vicinity of the Koko-nor. Every year these princes are bound to repair to Tankar to visit the emperor's legate, the Amban, who confers on them gifts in the name of his master, and then they renew their oaths of fealty by doing obeisance before an imperial throne. Every three years they are obliged to travel to the capital to bear tribute to the emperor, assist at a banquet, and receive some paltry presents — satin, embroideries, pouches, etc.

The Panak'a or Koko-nor Tibetans are not held to the accomplishment of any of these duties, and are practically independent, only paying the Chinese government a small poll tax. Those living to the south of the lake refuse even to do that, nor will they supply to Chinese officials traveling in their country horses, beasts of burden, and food without being duly paid for them, although these supplies, known as *ula*, are held to be compulsory on all tributary tribes without the border.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

SILVER COINS OF CHINESE TURKESTAN.

MIDWINTER STORM IN THE LAKE REGION.

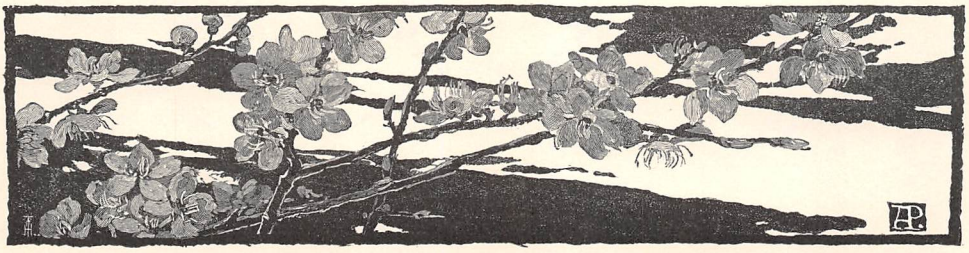
RISES the wild, red dawn over the icicled edges
Of black, wet, cavernous rocks, sheeted and winter-scarred,
And heaving of gray-green waves, foaming the ice-blocks and ledges,
Into this region of death, sky-bounded, solitude-barred.

Turned to the cold kiss of dawn, gilding their weird dark faces,
Lift the cyclopean rocks, silent, motionless, bare;
Where high on each haggard front, in deep-plowed, passionate traces
The storm hath graven his madness, the night hath furrowed her care.

Out of the far, gray skies comes the dread north with his blowing
That chills the warm blood in the veins, and cuts to the heart like fate.
Quick as the fall of a leaf the lake-world is white with his snowing,
Quick as the flash of a blade the waters are black with his hate.

God pity the sad-fated vessels that over these waters are driven
To meet the rude shock of his strength and shudder at blast of his breath.
God pity the tempest-drave sailors, for here naught on wave or in heaven
Is heard but the hate of the night, the merciless grinding of death.

William Wilfred Campbell.



Christmas.

WHY does the earth no tribute flower,
No incense-bearing blossom, bring
To celebrate the thrice-blessed hour
Which brought to her heaven's earth-born King?

Why do no roses wreathe her head?
Why do no lilies gleaming white,
With every rainbow blossom wed,
Weave odorous emblems of delight?

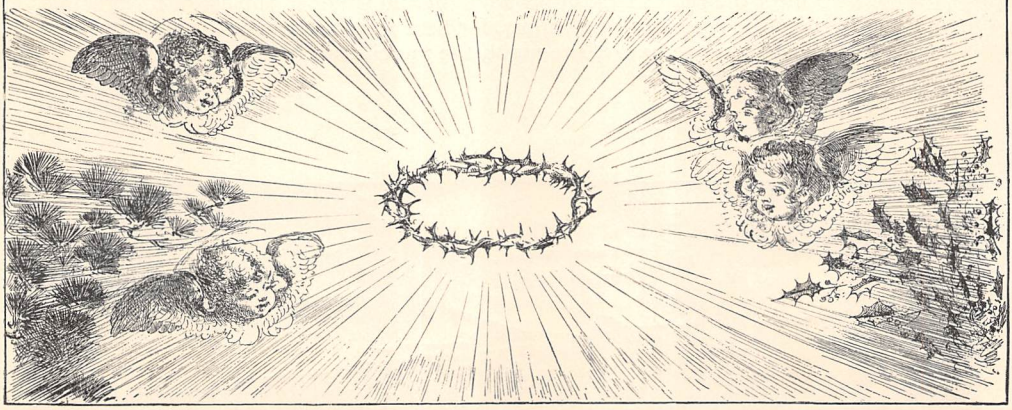
Those short-lived buds she dare not bring,
For though they fit her fleeting years,
They are not meet to deck the spring,
The dawning summer of the spheres.

This birthday of eternity
Finds fitter wreath in deathless pine
The laurel and the hemlock tree,
Bound with the ivy's coiling vine.

That Prince of Heaven, that God earth-born,
'T was not for mortal joy he came,
The holly with its cruel thorn
Suits well the day that bears his name;

And the white wrappings of the snow
Like swathings in the manger's gloom;
And drifts beneath the thick boughs glow
Like grave-clothes in the empty tomb.

Henry Morton.



SISTER DOLOROSA.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN,

Author of "The White Cowl," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," etc.

WHEN Sister Dolorosa had reached the summit of a low hill on her way to the convent, she turned and stood for a while looking backward. The landscape stretched away in a rude, unlovely expanse of gray fields, shaded in places by brown stubble, and in others lightened by pale, thin corn — the stunted reward of necessitous husbandry. This way and that ran wavering lines of low fences, some worm-eaten, others rotting beneath over-clambering wild rose and blackberry. About the horizon masses of dense and rugged woods burned with somber fires as the westering sun smote them from top to underbrush. Forth from the edge of one a few long-horned cattle, with lowered heads, wound meekly homeward to the scant milking. The path they followed led towards the middle background of the picture, where the weather-stained and sagging roof of a farm-house was just visible above the tops of aged cedars. Some of the branches, broken by the sleet and snow of winters, trailed their burdens from the thinned and desolated crests — as sometimes the highest hopes of the mind, after being beaten down by the tempests of the world, droop around it as memories of once transcendent aspirations.

Where she stood in the dead autumn fields few sounds broke in upon the pervasive hush of the declining day. Only a cricket, under the warm clod near by, shrilled sturdily with cheerful forethought of drowsy hearthstones; only a lamb, timid of separation from the fold, called anxiously in the valley beyond the crest of the opposite hill; only the summoning whistle of a quail came sweet and clear from the depths of a neighboring thicket. Through all the air floated that spirit of vast loneliness which at seasons seems to steal like a human mood over the breast of the great earth and leave her estranged from her transitory children. At such an hour the heart takes wing for home, if any home it have; or when, if homeless, it feels all the quick stir of that fond yearning for the evening fireside with its half-circle of trusted faces young and old — with its bonds of love and marriage, those deepest and most enchanting realities to the earthly imagination. The very landscape, barren and dead, but framing the simple picture of a home, spoke to the beholder the everlasting poetry of the race.

But Sister Dolorosa, standing on the brow of the hill whence all the picture could be seen, yet saw nothing of it. Out of the western sky there streamed an indescribable splendor of many-hued light, and far into the depths of this celestial splendor her steadfast eyes were gazing.

She seemed caught up to some august height of holy meditation. Her motionless figure was so lightly poised that her feet, just visible beneath the hem of her heavy black dress, appeared all but rising from the dust of the pathway; her pure and gentle face was upturned, so that the dark veil fell away from her neck and shoulders; her lips were slightly parted; her breath came and went so imperceptibly that her hands did not appear to rise and fall as they clasped the cross to her bosom. Exquisite hands they were,— most exquisite,— gleaming as white as lilies against the raven blackness of her dress; and, by some startling fitness of posture, the longest finger of the right hand pointed like a marble index straight towards a richly embroidered symbol over her left breast — the mournful symbol of a crimson heart pierced by a crimson spear. Whether attracted by the lily-white hands or by the red symbol, a butterfly, which had been flitting hither and thither in search of the gay races of the summer gone, now began to hover nearer, and finally lighted unseen upon the glowing spot. Then, as if disappointed not to find it the bosom of some rose,— as if lacking all hope and strength for further quest,— there it rested, slowly fanning with its white wings the tortured emblem of the Divine despair.

Lower sank the sun, deeper and more widespread the splendor of the sky, more rapt and radiant the expression of her face. A painter of the angelic school, seeing her standing thus, might have named the scene the transfiguration of angelic womanhood. What but heavenly images should she be gazing on; or where was she in spirit but flown out of the earthly autumn fields and gone away to sainted vespers in the cloud-built realm of her own fantasies? Perhaps she was now entering yon vast cathedral of the skies, whose white spires touched blue eternity; or toiling devoutly up yon gray

mount of Calvary, with its blackened crucifix falling from the summit.

Standing thus towards the close of the day, Sister Dolorosa had not yet passed out of that ideal time which is the clear white dawn of life. She was still within the dim, half-awakened region of womanhood, whose changing mists are beautiful illusions, whose shadows about the horizon are the mysteries of poetic feeling, whose purpling east is the palette of the imagination, and whose upspringing skylark is blithe aspiration that has not yet felt the weight of the clod it soars within. Before her still was the full morning of reality — before her the burden of the midday hours.

But if the history of any human soul could be perfectly known, who would wish to describe this passage from the dawn of the ideal to the morning of the real — this transition from life as it is imagined through hopes and dreams to life as it is known through action and submission? It is then that within the country of the soul occur events too vast, melancholy, and irreversible to be compared to anything less than the downfall of splendid dynasties or the decay of an august religion. It is then that there leave us forever bright, aërial spirits of the fancy, separation from whom is like grief for the death of the beloved.

The moment of this transition had come in the life of Sister Dolorosa, and unconsciously she was taking her last look at the gorgeous western clouds from the hilltops of her chaste life of dreams. In a few minutes her feet were to cross the border-land of another world.

A flock of frightened doves sped hurtling low over her head, and put an end to her revery. Pressing the rosary to her lips, she turned and walked on towards the convent, not far away. The little footpath across the fields was well trodden and familiar, running as it did between the convent and the farm-house behind her in which lived old Ezra and Martha Cross; and as she followed its windings, her thoughts, as is likely to be true of the thoughts of nuns, came home from the clouds to the humblest concerns of the earth, and she began to recall certain incidents of the visit from which she was returning.

The aged pair were well known to the Sisters. Their daughters had been educated at the convent; and, although these were married and scattered now, the tie then formed had since become more close through their age and loneliness. Of late word had come to the Mother Superior that old Martha was especially ailing, and Sister Dolorosa had several times been sent on visits of sympathy. For reasons better to be understood later on, these visits had had upon her the effect of an April shower on a thirsting rose. Her mission of mercy to the aged couple over, for a while the white taper of ideal consecration to the Church burned in her bosom with a clearer, steadier luster, as though lighted afresh from the Light eternal. But to-day she could not escape the conviction that these visits were becoming a source of disquietude; for the old couple, forgetting the restrictions which her vows put upon her very thoughts, had spoken of things which it was trying for her to hear — love-making, marriage, and children. In vain had she tried to turn away from the proffered share in such parental confidences. The old mother had even produced and read aloud a letter from her eldest son, telling them of his approaching marriage and detailing all the hope and despair of his wooing. With burning cheeks and downcast eyes Sister Dolorosa had listened till the close and then risen and quickly left the house.

The recollection of this returned to her now as she pursued her way along the footpath which descended into the valley; and there came to her, she knew not whence or why, a piercing sense of her own separation from all but the Divine love. The cold beauty of unfallen spirituality which had made her all but august as she stood on the hilltop died away, and her face assumed a tenderer, more appealing loveliness, as there crept over it, like a shadow over snow, that shy melancholy under which those women dwell who have renounced the great drama of the heart. She resolved to lay her trouble before the Mother Superior to-night, and ask that some other Sister be sent hereafter in her stead. And yet this resolution somehow gave her no peace, but a throb of painful renunciation; and since she was used to the most scrupulous examination of her conscience, to detect the least presence of evil, she grew so disturbed by this strange state of her heart that she quite forgot the windings of the pathway along the edge of a field of corn, and was painfully startled when a wounded bird, lying on the ground a few feet in front of her, flapped its wings in a struggle to rise. Love and sympathy were the strongest principles of her nature, and with a little outcry she bent over and took it up; but scarce had she done so, when, with a final struggle, it died in her hand. A single drop of blood oozed out and stood on its burnished breast.

She studied it — delicate throat, silken wings, wounded bosom — in the helpless way of a woman, unwilling to put it down and leave it, yet more unwilling to take it away. Many a time perhaps she had watched this very one flying to and fro among its fellows in the convent elms. Strange that any one should be hunting in these fields, and she looked quickly this way and that. Then, with a surprised movement of the hands that caused her to

drop the bird at her feet, Sister Dolorosa discovered, standing half hidden in the edge of the pale-yellow corn a few yards ahead, wearing a hunting-dress, and leaning on the muzzle of his gun, a young man who was steadfastly regarding her. For an instant they stood looking each into the other's face, taken so unprepared as to lose all sense of convention. Their meeting was as unforeseen as another far overhead, where two white clouds, long shepherded aimlessly and from opposite directions across the boundless pastures by the unreasoning winds, touched and melted into one. Then Sister Dolorosa, the first to regain self-possession, gathered her black veil closely about her face, and advancing with an easy, rapid step along the pathway, bowed low with downcast eyes as she passed him, and hurried on towards the convent.

She had not gone far before she resolved to say nothing about the gossip to which she had listened. Of late the Mother Superior had seemed worn with secret care and touched with solicitude regarding her. Would it be kind to make this greater by complaining like a weak child of a trivial annoyance? She took her conscience proudly to task for ever having been disturbed by anything so unworthy. And as for this meeting in the field, even to mention that would be to give it a certain significance, whereas it had none whatever. A stranger had merely crossed her path a moment and then gone his way. She would forget the occurrence herself as soon as she could recover from her physical agitation.

II.

THE Convent of the Stricken Heart is situated in that region of Kentucky which early became the great field of Catholic immigration. It was established in the first years of the present century, when mild Dominicans, starving Trappists, and fiery Jesuits hastened into the green wildernesses of the West with the hope of turning them into religious vineyards. It was then, accordingly, derived from such sources as the impassioned fervor of Italy, the cold, monotonous endurance of Flanders, and the dying sorrows of ecclesiastical France, that there sprang up this new flower of faith, unlike any that ever bloomed in pious Christendom. From the meagerest beginning, the order has slowly grown rich and powerful, so that it now has branches in many States, as far as the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

The convent is situated in a retired region of country, remote from any village or rural highway. The very peace of the blue skies seems to descend upon it. Around the walls great elms stand like tranquil sentinels, or at a greater distance drop their shadows on the velvet verdure of the artificial lawns. Here, when the sun is hot, some white-veiled novice may be seen pacing soft-footed and slow, while she fixes her sad eyes upon pictures drawn from the literature of the dark ages, or fights the first battle with her young heart, which would beguile her to heaven by more jocund pathways. Drawn by the tranquillity of this retreat,—its trees and flowers and dews, — all singing birds of the region come here to build and brood. No other sounds than their pure cadences disturb the echoless air except the simple hymns around the altar, the vesper bell, the roll of the organ, the deep chords of the piano, or the thrum of the harp. It may happen indeed that some one of the Sisters, climbing to the observatory to scan the horizon of her secluded world, will catch the faint echoes of some young plowman in a distant field lustily singing of the honest passion in his heart, or hear the shouts of happy harvesters as they move across the yellow plains. The population scattered around the convent domain are largely of the Catholic faith, and from all directions the country is threaded by many footpaths that lead to the church as a common shrine. It was along one of these that Sister Dolorosa, as has been said, hastened homeward through the falling twilight.

When she reached the convent, instead of seeking the Mother Superior as heretofore with news from old Martha, she stole into the shadowy church and knelt for a long time in wordless prayer — wordless, because no petition that she could frame appeared inborn and quieting. An unaccountable remorse gnawed the heart out of all language. Her spirit seemed parched with aridity; her will was deadened as by a blow. Trained to the most rigorous introspection, she entered within herself and penetrated to the deepest recesses of her mind to ascertain the cause. The bright flame of her conscience thus employed was like the turning of a sunbeam into a darkened chamber to reveal the presence of a floating grain of dust. But nothing could be discovered. It was the undiscovered that rebuked her as it often rebukes us all — the undiscovered evil that has not yet linked itself to a conscious transgression. At last she rose with a sigh and dejectedly left the church.

Later, the Mother Superior, noiselessly entering her room, found her sitting at the open window, her hands crossed on the sill, her eyes turned outward into the darkness.

"Child, child," she said hurriedly, "how uneasy you have made me! Why are you so late returning?"

"I went to the church when I came back, Mother," replied Sister Dolorosa in a voice

singularly low and composed. "I must have returned nearly an hour ago."

"But even then it was late."

"Yes, Mother; I stopped on the way back to look at the sunset. The clouds looked like cathedrals. And then old Martha kept me. You know it is difficult to get away from old Martha."

The Mother Superior laughed slightly, as though her anxiety had been removed. She was a woman of commanding presence, with a face full of dignity and sweetness, but furrowed by lines of difficult resignation.

"Yes; I know," she answered. "Old Martha's tongue is like a terrestrial globe: the whole world is mapped out on it, and a little movement of it will show you a continent. How is her rheumatism?"

"She said it was no worse," replied Sister Dolorosa, absently.

The Mother Superior laughed again. "Then it must be better. Rheumatism is always either better or worse."

"Yes, Mother."

This time the tone caught the Mother Superior's ear.

"You seem tired. Was the walk too long?"

"I enjoyed the walk, Mother. I do not feel tired."

They had been sitting on opposite sides of the room. The Mother Superior now crossed, and, laying her hand softly on Sister Dolorosa's head, pressed it backward and looked fondly down into the upturned eyes.

"Something troubles you. What has happened?"

There is a tone that goes straight to the hearts of all women in trouble. If there are tears hidden, they gather in the eyes. If there is any confidence to give, it is given then.

A tremor, like that of a child with an unspent sob, passed across Sister Dolorosa's lips, but her eyes were tearless.

"Nothing has happened, Mother. I do not know why, but I feel disturbed and unhappy." This was the only confidence that she had to give.

The Mother Superior passed her hand slowly across the brow, white and smooth like satin. Then she sat down, and as Sister Dolorosa slipped to the floor beside her she drew the young head to her lap and folded her aged hands upon it. What passionate, barren loves haunt the hearts of women in convents! Between these two there existed a tenderness more touching than the natural love of mother and child.

"You must not expect to know at all times," she said with grave gentleness. "To be troubled without any visible cause is one of the mysteries of our nature. As you grow older you will understand this better. We are forced to live in conscious possession of all faculties, all feelings, whether or not there are outward events to match them. Therefore you must expect to have anxiety within when your life is really at peace without; to have moments of despair when no failure threatens; to have your heart wrung with sympathy when no object of sorrow is nigh; to be permeated with the need of loving when there is no earthly thing to receive your love. This is part of woman's life, and of all women, especially those who, like you, must live not to stifle the tender and beautiful forces of nature, but to ennoble and unite them into one divine passion. Do not think, therefore, to escape these hours of heaviness and pain. No saint ever walked this earth without them. Perhaps the lesson to be gained is this: that we may feel all things before they happen, so that if they do happen we shall be disciplined to bear them."

The voice of the Mother Superior had become low and meditative; and, though resting on the bowed head, her eyes seemed fixed on events long past. After the silence of a few moments she continued in a brighter tone:

"But, my child, I know the reason of *your* unhappiness. I have warned you that excessive ardor would leave you overwrought and nervous; that you were being carried too far by your ideals. You live too much in your sympathies and your imagination. Patience, my little St. Theresa! No saint was ever made in a day, and it has taken all the centuries of the Church to produce its martyrs. Only think that your life is but begun; there will be time enough to accomplish everything. I have been watching, and I know. This is why I send *you* to old Martha. I want you to have the rest, the exercise, the air of the fields. Go again to-morrow, and take her the ointment. I found it while you were gone to-day. It has been in the Church for centuries, and you know this bottle came from blessed Loretto in Italy. It may do her some good. And, for the next few days, less reading and study."

"Mother!" Sister Dolorosa spoke as though she had not been listening. "What would become of me if I should ever—if any evil should ever befall me?"

The Mother Superior stretched her hands out over the head on her knees as some great, fierce, old, gray eagle, scarred and strong with all the storms of life, might make a movement to shield its imperiled young. The tone in which Sister Dolorosa had spoken startled her as the discovered edge of a precipice. It was so quiet, so abrupt, so terrifying with its suggestion of an abyss. For a moment she prayed silently and intensely.

"Heaven mercifully shield you from harm!" she then said in an awe-stricken whisper. "But, timid lamb, what harm can come to you?"

Sister Dolorosa suddenly rose and stood before the Mother Superior.

"I mean," she said, with her eyes on the floor and her voice scarcely audible—"I mean—if I should ever fail, would you cast me out?"

"My child!—Sister!—Sister Dolorosa!—Cast you out!"

The Mother Superior started up and folded her arms about the slight, dark figure, which all at once seemed to be standing aloof with infinite loneliness. For some time she sought to overcome this difficult, singular mood.

"And now, my daughter," she murmured at last, "go to sleep and forget these foolish fears. I am always near you!" There seemed to be a fortress of sacred protection and defiance in these words as she uttered them; but the next instant her head was bowed, her upward-pointing finger raised in the air, and in a tone of humble self-correction she added: "Nay, not I; the Sleepless guards you! Good-night."

Sister Dolorosa lifted her head from the strong shoulder and turned her eyes, now luminous, upon the calm but troubled face.

"Forgive me, Mother!" she said in a voice of self-disdain and scornful resolution. "Never—never again will I disturb you with such weakness as I have shown to-night. I *know* that no evil can befall me! Forgive me, Mother. Good-night."

While she sleeps learn her history. Pauline Cambron was descended from one of those sixty Catholic families of Maryland that formed a league in 1785 for the purpose of emigrating to Kentucky without the rending of social ties or separation from the rites of their ancestral faith. Since then the Kentucky branch of the Cambrons has always maintained friendly relations with the Maryland branch, which is now represented by one of the wealthy and cultivated families of Baltimore. On one side the descent is French; and, as far back as this can be traced, there runs a tradition that some of the most beautiful of its women became barefoot Carmelite nuns in the various monasteries of France or on some storm-swept island of the Mediterranean Sea.

The first of the Kentucky Cambrons settled in that part of the State in which nearly a hundred years later lived the last generation of them—the parents of Pauline. Of these she was the only child, so that upon her marriage depended the perpetuation of the Kentucky family. It gives to the Protestant mind a startling insight into the possibilities of a woman's life and destiny in Kentucky to learn the nature of the literature by which her sensitive and imaginative character was from the first impressed. This literature covers a field wholly unknown to the ordinary student of Kentucky history. It is not to be found in well-known works, but in the letters, reminiscences, and lives of foreign priests, and in the kindling and heroic accounts of the establishment of Catholic missions. It abounds in such stories as those of a black friar fatally thrown from a wild horse in the pathless wilderness; of a gray friar torn to pieces by a sawmill; of a starving white friar stretched out to die under the green canopy of an oak; of priests swimming half-frozen rivers with the sacred vestments in their teeth; of priests hewing logs for a hut in which to celebrate the mass; of priests crossing and recrossing the Atlantic and traversing Italy and Belgium and France for money and pictures and books; of devoted women laying the foundation of powerful convents in half-ruined log cabins, shivering on beds of straw sprinkled on the ground, driven by poverty to search in the wild woods for dyes with which to give to their motley worldly apparel the hue of the cloister, and dying at last, to be laid away in pitiless burial without coffin or shroud.

Such incidents were to her the more impressive since happening in part in the region where lay the Cambron estate; and while very young she was herself repeatedly taken to visit the scenes of early religious tragedies. Often, too, around the fireside there was proud reference to the convent life of old France and to the saintly zeal of the Carmelites; and once she went with her parents to Baltimore and witnessed the taking of the veil by a cousin of hers—a scene that afterwards burned day and night before her conscience as a lamp before a shrine.

Is it strange if under such influences, living in a country place with few associates, eagerly reading in her father's library all books that were to be had on the legends of the monastic orders and the lives of the saints—is it strange if to the young Pauline Cambron this world before long seemed little else than the battlefield of the Church, the ideal man in it a monk, the ideal woman a nun, the human heart a solemn sacrifice to Heaven, and all human life a vast, sad pilgrimage to the shrine eternal?

Among the places which had always appealed to her imagination as one of the heroic sites of Kentucky history was the Convent of the Stricken Heart, not far away. Whenever she came hither she seemed to be treading on sacred ground. Happening to visit it one summer day before her education was completed, she asked to be sent hither for the years that remained. When these were past,

here, with the difficult consent of her parents, who saw thus perish the last hope of the perpetuation of the family, she took the white veil. Here at last she hid herself beneath the black. Her whole character at this stage of its unfolding may be understood from the name she assumed—Sister Dolorosa. With this name she wished not merely to extinguish her worldly personality, but to clothe herself with a lifelong expression of her sympathy with the sorrows of the world. By this act she believed that she was forming a direct personal alliance with all that was most exalted in the struggle of the human to make itself divine, and foresaw herself attaining the consummation of a change of nature so complete that the black veil of Sister Dolorosa would cover as in a funeral urn the ashes which had once been the heart of Pauline Cambron. And thus her conventual life began.

But for those beings to whom the span on the summer-evening cloud is as nothing compared with that fond arch of beauty which it is a necessity of their nature to hang as a bow of promise above every beloved hope—for such dreamers the sadness of life lies in the dissipation of mystery and the disillusion of truth. When she had been a member of the order long enough to see things as they were, Sister Dolorosa found herself living in a large, plain, comfortable brick convent, situated in a retired and homely region of southern Kentucky. Around her were plain nuns with all the invincible contrariety of feminine temperament. Before her were plain duties. Built up all around her were plain restrictions. She had rushed with outstretched arms towards poetic mysteries, and clasped prosaic reality. The heroic was nowhere in sight. Nor could she perceive that she had become a different being—become a saint.

As soon as the lambent flame of her spirit had burned over this new life, as a fire before a strong wind rushes across a plain, she one day surveyed it with that sense of reality which sometimes visits the imaginative with such appalling vividness. Was it upon this dreary waste that her soul was to play out its sublime drama of ideal womanhood?

She answered the question in the only way possible to such a nature as hers. She divided her life in twain. Half, with perfect loyalty, she gave out to duty; the other, with equal loyalty, she stifled within. But perhaps this is no uncommon lot—this unmating of the forces of the mind, as though one of two singing birds should be released to fly forth under the sky, while the other—the nobler singer—is kept voiceless in a darkened chamber.

But the Sisters of the Stricken Heart are not cloistered nuns. Their chief vow is to go forth into the world to teach. Scarcely had Sister Dolorosa been intrusted with work of this kind, before, reaching eagerly outward for larger possibility, and influenced by tastes already formed, she conceived an aspiration to become a great teacher of history or literature, and obtained permission to spend extra hours in the convent library on a wider range of sacred reading. Here began a second era in her life. Books became the avenues along which she escaped from her present into an illimitable world. Her imagination, beginning to pine, now took wing and soared back to the remote, the splendid, the imperial, the august. Her sympathies, finding nothing around her to fix upon, were borne afar like winged seed and rooted on the colossal ruins of the centuries. Her passion for beauty fed on holy art. She lived at the full flood of life again. If in time revulsion came, if the silence of this dead world became unendurable, and its company of great and sainted souls but dust and stone, she would live a shy, exquisite, hidden life of poetry and the imagination, in which she herself played all the historic rôles. Now she would become a powerful abbess of old, ruling over a hundred nuns in an impregnable cloister. To the gates, stretched on a litter, wounded to death, they bore a young knight of the Cross. She had the gates opened. She went forth and bent over him; heard his dying message; at his request drew the plighted ring from his finger to send to another land. How beautiful he was! How many masses—how many, many masses—she celebrated for the peace of his soul! Now she was St. Agatha, tortured by the proconsul; now she lay faint and cold in an underground cell, and was visited by St. Thomas à Kempis, who read to her long passages from the "Imitation." Or she would tire of the past, and making herself an actor in her own future, in a brief hour live out the fancied drama of all her crowded years.

But whatever part she took in this dream existence, this beautiful passion-play of the soul, nothing attracted her but the highest, the perfect. For the commonplace she felt only a guileless scorn.

Thus for some time these unmated lives went on—the fixed outward life of duty, and the ever-wandering inner life of love. In midwinter, walking across the shining fields, you have come to some little frost-locked stream. How mute and motionless! You set foot upon it, the ice is broken, and beneath is musical running water. Thus under the chaste and rigid numbness of convent existence the heart of Sister Dolorosa murmured unheard and hurried away unseen to plains made warm and green by her

imagination. But the old may survive upon memories; the young cannot thrive upon hope. Love, long reaching outward in vain, returns to the heart as self-pity. Sympathies, if not supported by close realities, fall in upon themselves like the walls of a ruined house. At last, therefore, even the hidden life of Sister Dolorosa grew weary of the distant, the future, and the past, and came home to the present.

The ardor of her studies and the rigor of her duties combined — but more than either that wearing away of the body by a restless mind — had begun to affect her health. Both were for the while relaxed, and she was required to spend as much time as possible in the walks and garden of the convent. It was like lifting a child that has become worn out with artificial playthings to an open window to see the flowers. With inexpressible relief she turned from medieval books to living nature; and her beautiful imagination, that last of all faculties to fail a human being in an unhappy lot, now began to bind nature to her with semblances of ties and fellowships which quieted the need of human association. She had long been used to feign correspondences with the fathers of the Church; she now established intimacies with various dumb companions, and poured out her heart to them in confidence.

The distant woods slowly clothing themselves in green; the faint perfume of the wild rose, running riot over some rotting fence; the majestical clouds about the sunset; the moon dying in the spectral skies; the silken rustling of doves' wings parting the soft foliage of the sentinel elms; landscapes of frost on her window-pane; crumbs in winter for the sparrows on the sill; violets under the leaves in the convent garden; myrtle on the graves of the nuns — such objects as these became the means by which her imprisoned life was released. On the sensuous beauty of the world, as she saw it around her, she spent the chaste ravishments, the mysterious ecstasies, of her virginal heart. Her love descended on all things as in the night the dew fills and bends down the cups of the flowers.

A few of these confidences — written on slips of paper, and no sooner written than cast aside — are given here. They are addressed severally to a white violet, an English sparrow, and a butterfly.

"I have taken the black veil, but thou wearest the white, and thou dwellest in dim cloisters of green leaves — in the domed and many-pillared little shrines that line the dusty roadside, or seem more fitly built in the depths of holy woodlands. How often have I drawn near with timid steps, and, opening the doors of thy tiny oratories, found thee bending at thy silent prayers — bending so low that thy lips touched the earth, while the slow wind sang thine Angelus! Wast thou blooming anywhere near when He came into the wood of the thorn and the olive? Didst thou press thy cool face against his bruised feet? Had I been thou, I would have bloomed at the foot of the cross, and fed his failing lungs with my last breath. Time never destroys thee, little Sister, or stains thy whiteness; and thou wilt be bending at thy prayers among the green graves on the twilight hillside ages after I who lie below have finished mine. Pray for me then, pray for thine erring sister, thou pure-souled violet!"

"How cold thou art! Shall I take thee in and warm thee on my bosom? Ah, no! For I know who thou art! Not a bird, but a little, brown mendicant friar, begging barefoot in the snow. And thou livest in a cell under the convent eaves opposite my window. What ugly feet thou hast, little Father! And the thorns are on thy toes instead of about thy brow. That is a bad sign for a saint. I saw thee in a brawl the other day with a mendicant brother of thine order, and thou drovest him from roof to roof and from icy twig to twig, screaming and wrangling in a way to bring reproach upon the Church. Thou shouldst learn to defend a thesis more gently. Who is it that visits thy cell so often? A penitent to confess? And dost thou shrive her freely? I 'd never confess to thee, thou cross little Father! Thou 'dst have no mercy on me if I sinned, as sin I must since human I am. The good God is very good to thee that he keeps thee from sinning while he leaves me to do wrong. Ah, if it were but natural for me to be perfect! But that, little Father, is my idea of heaven. In heaven it will be natural for me to be perfect. I 'll feed thee no longer than the winter lasts, for then thou 'lt be a monk no longer, but a bird again. And canst thou tell me why? Because, when the winter is gone, thou 'lt find a mate, and wert thou a monk thou 'dst have none. For thou knowest perfectly well, little Father, that monks do not wed."

"No fitting emblem of my soul art thou, fragile Psyche, mute and perishable lover of the gorgeous earth. For my soul has no summer, and there is no earthly object of beauty that it may fly to and rest upon as thou upon the beckoning buds. It is winter where I live. All things are cold and white, and my soul flies only above fresh fields of flowerless snow. But no blast can chill its wings, no mire bedraggle, or rude touch fray. I often wonder whether thou art mute, or the divine framework of winged melodies. Thy very wings are shaped like harps for the winds to play upon. So, too, my soul is silent never, though none

can hear its music. Dost thou know that I am held in exile in this world that I inhabit? And dost thou know the flower that I fly ever towards and cannot reach? It is the white flower of eternal perfection that blooms and waits for the soul in Paradise. Upon that flower I shall some day rest my wings as thou foldest thine on a faultless rose."

Harmonizing with this growing passion for the beauty of the world — a passion that marked her approach to perfect womanhood — was the care she took of her person. The coarse, flowing habit of the order gave no hint of the curves and symmetry of the snow-white figure throbbing with eager life within; but it could not conceal an air of refinement and movements of the most delicate grace. There was likewise a suggestion of artistic study in the arrangement of her veil, and the sacred symbol on her bosom was embroidered with touches of superfluous elaboration.

It was when she had grown weary of books and playing the imaginary drama of her life, when even the animated loveliness of Nature had begun to seem the cold silence of material things, that Sister Dolorosa was sent by the Mother Superior on those visits of sympathy to old Martha Cross; and it was during her return from one of them that there befell her that adventure which she had deemed too slight to mention.

III.

HER outward history was that night made known to Gordon Helm by old Martha Cross. When Sister Dolorosa passed him he followed her at a distance until she entered the convent gates. It caused him a subtle pain to think what harm might be lurking to insnare her innocence. And yet a still subtler pain shot through him as he turned away, leaving her housed within that inaccessible fold.

Who was she, and from what mission returning alone at such an hour across those darkening fields? He had just come to the edge of the corn and started to follow up the path in quest of shelter for the night, when he had caught sight of her on the near hilltop, outlined with startling distinctness against the jasper sky and bathed in a tremulous sea of lovely light. He had all but held his breath as she had turned and advanced towards him. He had watched the play of emotions in her face as she paused a few yards off. He had caught the very breath of her surprise at the discovery of him — the timid start; the rounding of the fawnlike eyes; the vermeil tint overspreading the transparent purity of her skin: her whole nature disturbed like a windshaken anemone. Then with entire trustfulness she had passed so close that with a step forward he could have touched her. All this he now remembered as he returned along the footpath. It brought him to the door of the farmhouse, where he arranged to pass the night.

"You are a stranger in this part of the country," said the old housewife an hour later.

When he came in she had excused herself from rising from her chair by the chimney-side; but from that moment her eyes had followed him — those eyes of the old which follow the forms of the young with such despairing memories. By the chimney-side sat old Ezra, powerful, stupid, tired, silently smoking, and taking little notice of the others. Hardly a chill was in the air, but for her sake a log blazed in the cavernous fireplace and threw its flickering light over the guest who sat in front.

He possessed unusual physical beauty — of the type sometimes found in the men of those Kentucky families that have descended with little admixture from English stock; body and limbs less than athletic, but so formed for strength and symmetry that he might fitly have stood in a company of young Greeks stripped for the games; hair brown, thick, and slightly curling over the forehead and above the ears; complexion blond, but mellowed into rich tints from sun and open air; eyes of dark gray-blue, beneath brows low and firm; a mustache golden-brown, thick, and curling above lips red and sensuous; a neck round and full, and bearing aloft a head well poised and molded. The irresistible effect of his appearance was an impression of simple joyousness in life. There seemed to be stored up in him the warmth of the sunshine of his land; the gentleness of its fields; the kindness of its quiet landscapes. And he was young — so young! To study him was to see that he was ripe to throw himself heedless into tragedy; and that for him, not once but nightly, Endymion fell asleep to be kissed in his dreams by vanishing love.

"You are a stranger in this part of the country," said the old housewife, observing the elegance of his hunting-dress and his manner of high breeding.

"Yes; I have never been in this part of Kentucky before." He paused; but seeing that some account of himself was silently waited for, and as though wishing at once to despatch the subject, he added: "I am from the blue-grass region, perhaps about a hundred miles northward of here. A party of us were on our way farther south to hunt. On the train we fell in with a gentleman who told us he thought there were a good many birds around here, and I was chosen to stop over to ascertain. We might like to try this neighborhood

as we return, so I left my things at the station and struck out across the country this afternoon. I have heard birds in several directions, but had no dog. However, I shot a few doves in a cornfield."

"There are plenty of birds close around here, but most of them stay on the land that is owned by the Sisters, and they don't like to have it hunted over. All the land between here and the convent belongs to them except the little that 's mine." This was said somewhat dryly by the old man, who knocked the ashes off his pipe without looking up.

"I am sorry to have trespassed; but I was not expecting to find a convent out in the country, although I believe I have heard that there is an abbey of Trappist monks somewhere down here."

"Yes; the abbey is not far from here."

"It seems strange to me. I can hardly believe that I am any longer in Kentucky," he said musingly, and a solemn look came over his face as his thoughts went back to the sunset scene.

The old housewife's keen eyes and sympathies pierced to his secret mood.

"You ought to go there."

"Do they receive visitors at the convent?" he asked quickly.

"Certainly; the Sisters are very glad to have strangers visit the place. It 's a pity you had n't come sooner. One of the Sisters was here this afternoon, and you might have spoken to her about it."

This intelligence threw him into silence, and again her eyes fed upon his firelit face with inappeasable hunger. She was one of those women, to be met with the world over and in any station, who are remarkable for a love of youth and the world, which age, sickness, and isolation but deepen rather than subdue; and his sudden presence at her fireside was more than grateful. Not satisfied with what he had told, she led the talk back to the blue-grass country, and got from him other facts of his life, all the while asking questions in regard to the features of that more fertile and more beautiful land. In return she sketched the history of her own region, and dwelt upon its differences of soil, people, and religion — chiefly the last. All her conversation had a rude and effective eloquence, made the more telling by faculties long pent up and now gratefully exercised. It was while she spoke of the Order of the Stricken Heart that he asked a question he had long reserved.

"Do you know the history of any of these Sisters?"

"I know the history of all of them who are from Kentucky. I have known Sister Dolorosa since she was a child."

"Sister Dolorosa!" The name pierced him like a spear.

"The nun who was here to-day is called Sister Dolorosa. Her real name was Pauline Cambron."

The fire died away. The old man left the room on some pretext, and did not return. The story that followed was told regretfully, with many details not given here — traced up from parentage and childhood with that fine tracery of the feminine mind which is like intricate embroidery, and which leaves the finished story wrought out on the mind like a complete design, with every point fastened to the sympathies.

As soon as she had finished he rose quickly from a desire to be alone. So well had the story been knit to his mind that he felt it an irritation, a binding pain. He was bidding her good-night when she caught his hand and held it. Something in his mere temperament drew women towards him.

"Are you married?" she asked, looking into his eyes in the way with which those who are married sometimes exchange confidences.

He looked quickly away, and his face flushed a little fiercely.

"I am not married," he replied, withdrawing his hand.

She threw it from her with a slight gesture of mock, pleased impatience; and when he had left the room, she sat for a while over the cold ashes.

"If she were not a nun" — then she laughed to herself, and made her difficult way to her bed. But in the room above he sat down to think.

Was this, then, not romance, but life in his own State? Vaguely he had always known that farther south in Kentucky a different element of population had settled, and extended into the New World that mighty cord of ecclesiastical influence which of old had braided every European civilization into an iron tissue of faith. Vaguely he had known that upon entering that poorer, homelier region one might come into a domain of monasteries and convents. But this knowledge had never touched his imagination. In his own land there were no rural Catholic churches, much less convents, and even among the Catholic congregations of the neighboring towns he had not many acquaintances and fewer friends.

To descend as a gay bird of passage, therefore, upon these secluded, somber fields, and find himself in the neighborhood of a powerful order — to learn that a girl, beautiful, accomplished, of wealth and high social position, had of her own choice buried herself for life within its bosom — gave him a startling insight into Kentucky history as it was forming in his own time. Moreover — and this touched him

especially — it gave him a deeper insight into the possibilities of woman's nature; for a certain narrowness of view regarding the true mission of woman in this world belonged to him as a result of education. In the conservative Kentucky society by which he had been largely molded the opinion prevailed that woman fulfilled her destiny when she married well and adorned a home. All beauty, all accomplishments, all virtues and graces, were but means for attaining this end and enlarging this sphere. That she should be trained for anything else — separated bodily from a plain and imperative system of providential adaptations in order that she might indulge a solitary passion, whether for any art or profession or religion — was an advance in social philosophy not there received with much favor or enforced by many illustrations.

Morever, he came of a stock which throughout the generations of Kentucky life, and back of these along the English ancestry, had stood above all things else for the home; a race of men with the fireside traits; sweet-tempered, patient, and brave; well-formed and handsome; cherishing towards all women a sense of chivalry; protecting them fiercely and tenderly; loving them romantically and quickly for the sake of beauty; marrying early, and sometimes at least holding towards their wives such faith that these had no more to fear from all other women in the world than from all other men.

Descended from such a stock and molded by the social ideals of his region, Helm stood most of all things for the home himself. And yet there was a difference. In a sense he was a product of the new Kentucky. His infancy had been rocked on the hither edge of the chasm of the civil war; his childhood spent amid its ruins; his youth ruled by two contending spirits — harsh, dying discord, and ever milder peace; and earliest manhood had come to him only in the morning of the new era. It was because the path of his life had thus run between the boundary of light and shade that his nature was partly joyous and partly grave; only joy claimed him entirely as yet, while gravity asserted itself merely in the form of sympathy with anything that suffered, and a certain seriousness touching his own responsibility in life.

Reflecting on this responsibility while his manhood was yet forming, he felt the need of his becoming a better and a broader type of man, matching the better and broader age. His father was about his model of a gentleman; but he should be false to the admitted progress of the times were he not an improvement on his father. And since his father had, as judged by the ideals of the old social order, been a blameless gentleman of the rural blue-grass kind, with farm, spacious homestead, slaves, leisure, and a library,— to all of which, except the slaves, he would himself succeed upon his father's death,—his dream of duty took the form of becoming a rural blue-grass gentleman of the newer type, reviving the best traditions of the past, but putting into his relations with all his fellow-creatures an added sense of helpfulness, a broader sense of justice, and a certain energy of leadership in all things that made for a purer, higher human life. It will thus be seen that he took seriously not only himself, but also the reputation of his State; for he loved it, people and land, with broad, sensitive tenderness, and never sought or planned for his future apart from civil and social ends.

It was perhaps a characteristic of him as a product of the period that he had a mind for looking at his life somewhat abstractedly and with a certain thought-out plan; for this disposition of mind naturally belongs to an era when society is trembling upon the brink of new activities and forced to the discovery of new ideals. But he cherished no religious passion, being committed by inheritance to a mild, unquestioning, undeviating Protestantism. His religion was more in his conduct than in his prayers, and he tried to live its precepts instead of following them from afar. Still, his make was far from heroic. He had many faults; but it is less important to learn what these were than to know that, as far as he was aware of their existence, he was ashamed of them, and tried to overcome them.

Such, in brief, were Pauline Cambron and Gordon Helm: coming from separate regions of Kentucky, descended from unlike pasts, molded by different influences, striving towards ends in life far apart and hostile. And being thus, at last they slept that night.

When she had been left alone, and had begun to prepare herself for bed, across her mind passed and repassed certain words of the Mother Superior, stilling her spirit like the waving of a wand of peace: "To be troubled without any visible cause is one of the mysteries of our nature." True, before she fell asleep there rose all at once a singularly clear recollection of that silent meeting in the fields; but her prayers fell thick and fast upon it like flakes of snow, until it was chastely buried from the eye of conscience; and when she slept, two tears, slowly loosened from her brain by some repentant dream, could alone have told that there had been trouble behind her peaceful eyes.

(To be continued.)

James Lane Allen.

CAN A NATION HAVE A RELIGION?

AN a nation have a religion? This is the question to which in this paper I invite attention. It is not the question whether the state should have a church. That the church is stronger for not being supported by the state, that the state is purer for not being dominated by the church, will not be doubted by any considerable number of American readers. For Americans the absolute separation of church and state may be regarded as settled, at least in theory. We have yet something to do to make our practice consistent with our theory; but the theory is not open to discussion. Nor is it the question whether the state should have a theology; whether a creed, however simple, should be incorporated in the Constitution, as for example a declaration of belief in the Bible, or in Christ, or in God. This is indeed proposed by some of our fellow-citizens, and has recently been approved, I believe, by one of our political parties. But this is not the question which I desire here to discuss. Without discussing it, it is legitimate to say that I do not think the Constitution of the United States is a proper place for the insertion of a system of theology or even an article of religious belief, however simple. The function of a constitution is to define and limit the powers of the various departments of the government, not to declare the religious belief of the people who constitute that government. Nor is it the question whether the individual citizens who constitute the nation should be religious individuals; whether they should possess religious beliefs, be inspired by religious motives, and controlled in their actions by religious principles. It is not the question whether in their political action as citizens they should be governed by the same religious considerations by which they are governed in their domestic, their business, and their church lives; whether they should carry their religion into their politics. This will not be a question to any one who really believes in religion at all. Religion is nothing if it is not a rule of life and of the whole life; a man is not religious at all if he is not religious in every part of his nature, at all times, and in all circumstances. The question which I wish to put before the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is whether the nation, as a nation, should have a religion; or whether the separation of church and state involves also the separation of the nation and religion. A pamphlet of a modern writer lies before me, which contains the following declaration:

> Religion is a matter of individual conviction or of individual belief; it must therefore, like all matters of conviction, be left to the individual.

This is plausible; is it also true? Has a nation a religious life — to be influential in determining national questions, to be controlling in determining national policy, to be expressed in national legislation? Or is a nation, as a nation, a purely unreligious organization? There are not a few persons who entertain this latter opinion, partly because they have not thought deeply on the subject, and have confounded religion with theology (that is, with the philosophy of religion), or with the church (that is, with the instituted forms of religion); partly because they do not see how it is possible that a nation made up of individuals of such various, and even antagonistic, faiths as the American people can yet possess one religion; partly because they see the curse which has fallen on other nations, who either have been separated into hostile camps by hostile religious faiths, as Ireland into Roman Catholics and Orangemen, or have been oppressed by the despotism of a hierarchy, as Spain in the fifteenth century by the power of a Papal priesthood, or Massachusetts in the seventeenth century by the power of a Protestant autocracy. They believe that religion is the inspired guide of the individual, that it should govern the citizen, that it is the bond of the family, that in his religious rights the person should be protected by the state, but that the state itself not only need not be but cannot be religious; that to treat all religions with impartiality it must ignore religion altogether. There are, however, some considerations which should at least give pause in accepting as an axiom that "religion is a matter of individual conviction" exclusively; and should lead one to think twice before accepting the conclusion that the American nation should be or ever can be a purely secular — that is, an unreligious — organization.

I. The questions which confront the American people are largely religious questions. That is, they are questions to be determined by religious considerations, and upon religious principles. They are not questions of experi-

ence, but of moral principle. Events ask the nation not What is wise? but What is right? and the nation must answer. And in answering, it formulates to that extent a religious faith and incorporates that faith in its organic law. Such a question addressed itself to the colonies in 1776, and the first sentence of the immortal Declaration of Independence was emphatically a declaration of religious faith: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." There are no rights that are not duties. The Declaration of Independence was not justified if it was not obligatory. The War of the Revolution was treason if it was not a defense of a sacred trust. This was the declared faith of our fathers — that God had intrusted to them certain rights which they could not alienate without dishonor, and thus their faith was as emphatically a religious faith as that of the Council of Nicæa or that embodied in the Athanasian Creed. The great questions which confront the American Republic to-day are in like manner essentially religious questions. They ask the nation, not What is profitable? but What is duty? The Mormon question, the Divorce question, the Temperance question, the Indian question, the Negro question, the Labor question, the Prison Reform question, the Public School question, the Woman Suffrage question, the Tariff question, are all essentially religious questions. In a large measure their religious character is recognized by the press and the platform. The more effective writers and speakers are those who recognize the profounder aspect of these problems and address themselves, not to the self-interest but to the conscience of the nation. And they cannot be solved, it must be noted, by individuals acting religiously; they can be solved only by the religious action of the nation in its national capacity. We cannot solve either the Mormon or the Divorce question by individuals resolving to be content with one wife apiece; the question still remains, What will the nation do with polygamy, with the plurality of wives, contemporaneous or successive? What ought we to do? Does liberty demand that we leave polygamy alone? Does purity demand that we prohibit it? Personally taking the pledge does not solve the problem presented by the saloon. What is the duty of the nation towards the liquor traffic; not of the individual to patronize or not patronize, but of the state to protect, to restrict, or to prohibit? Ought the nation to regard alcoholic liquors as legitimate merchandise, like wool or cotton, the manufacture and the sale of which is to be protected if not promoted, or as an extra-hazardous article like nitroglycerin or arsenic, the sale of which is to be carefully regulated and narrowly restricted, or as a positively pernicious article like diseased meats or infected garments, the sale of which we absolutely prohibit? This is a question for the nation to decide as a nation; its decision will be expressed by and incorporated in national legislation;[1] and this action, whatever it is, will be a religious action, that is, an action of the moral nature, in the moral realm, governed by moral considerations. The Indian and the Negro questions are both phases of one and the same question: what duties, if any, do a superior race owe to an inferior and subject race, living in the same territory, under the same government, parts of the same nation? The question cannot be answered by individual philanthropy or by missionary societies; the question is asked of the nation, and the nation only can answer it. If the law "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is a religious law, if the question "Who is my neighbor?" is a religious question, then the Indian and the Negro problems are religious problems. For their solution demands the application of this law, and requires an answer to these questions. So of every problem which confronts our State or national organizations to-day. Labor reform: What duty, if any, of protection does the law owe to the individual wage-earner against the possible aggression of organized capital? The prison question: What is the object of punishment? — since all punishment which is not directed to the true end of punishment is essentially unjust and iniquitous. The public school question: What are the co-relative rights and duties of nation, church, and parent in the education of the children who are to become the citizens and governors of the commonwealth? Woman suffrage: What duty does woman owe the state? Is she exempt from bearing its political burdens as from its jury, its police, and its militia? The tariff question: What duty does the nation owe of self-protection and self-help? What duty of consideration and brotherhood to the other nations of the earth? Not only in deciding these questions must the individual voter be controlled by religious principles, but their decision incorporates in the nation a religious principle. It becomes by its legislation monogamous or polygamous; an oppressor or an emancipator of its subject races; an accessory before the fact to robbery perpetrated by one class on another, or an impartial defender of each class from the aggressions of any other; an avenger or a curer of crime.

[1] Or in State legislation. For the preface of this article the distinction between the State and the nation may be ignored.

II. While thus each separate problem presented to the nation to-day is with us a religious question,—and it would be easy to show that this is equally true of the problems of English, French, and German national life,—they are all parts of one comprehensive problem which it is even more apparent is essentially religious in its character. While every new decision of the nation on the questions thus separately presented to it incorporates in the nation a certain definite religious element (or, if the reader prefer the term, a definite moral element), the decision of the aggregate of these questions gives to the nation's life a moral tendency and to its personality a moral quality. England and Spain were in the sixteenth century rivals and peers. They have since, by successive acts of legislation and resultant constitutional changes, moved along two divergent paths of national development. One has unconsciously to itself been working out in its character the principle, One is your Master which is in heaven and all ye are brethren: it has moved along the pathway of a democratic development. The other has, perhaps equally unconsciously, developed in its people only one virtue, that of obedience, and in its rulers only one obligation, that of maintaining their authority; it has moved along the pathway of an aristocratic development, in church and state. And these two national movements have resulted after three centuries of national growth in the England and the Spain of to-day. The product is a moral product; the process was a moral process. A state is made religious, not by incorporating a creed in its written constitution, but by such a habit of national life as develops a type of national character.

In our country to-day all the problems of our national life are parts of one generic problem, How shall we develop a brotherhood of man? This is the problem given to us to work out. Our vast territory; our great variations of climate, soil, and wealth, encouraging every form of industry, agriculture, mining, manufacture, commerce, domestic and international; our heterogeneous population, made up of every race, color, tribe, tongue, nationality, and religious opinion; our great social differences, nowhere greater—millionaires on the one side, masses of pauperism on the other; our perpetual intermixture of classes, facilitated by the modern ease of locomotion, by the universal circulation of the newspaper press, by a common school system of education, by the absence of hereditary barriers and the easy passing of men from one class into the other; the rapid increase of our great cities and the consequent massing of populations in centers; the perpetual attrition of men of various classes, characters, avocations, temperaments, and faiths against each other; our political institutions throwing all together into one great debating society at every political campaign, and making the subject of yesterday the ruler of to-morrow, and the ruler of yesterday the subject of to-morrow; the problems of our national life—the slavery question, the secession question, the temperance question, the race question, the immigration question, the various forms of the industrial question—all these are elements entering into and constituting one great problem, the problem of human brotherhood. The question which it is our destiny to study, the problem which it is our duty to solve, is, How can such a conglomerate population live in peace and promote one another's well-being? What are their corelative duties to one another? What are the limits of the liberty of the individual? What are the duties which the all owe to the one? What are the limits of the power of the nation? What are the rights of the one which the all must not infringe? What bonds can be trusted to bind together in one harmonious and self-governed state those who are not bound together by force, like the staves of a barrel by its hoops, and who are separated from one another by the most divergent characters, opinions, prejudices, and education? Now this is essentially a religious problem. No nation can solve it without a religion. Its solution will be in the profoundest sense a religious act; the result of that solution will be in the profoundest sense a religious nation. For the brotherhood of man is as truly a religious conception as the Fatherhood of God. Indeed the one is not thinkable without the other. If we are all brethren it is because we have one Father. An atheistic democracy is a contradiction in terms.

III. In dealing with these problems of its national life the nation acts—must act from religious motives and must feel religiously. The nation is not a mere aggregate of individuals. Fifty millions of people on three millions of square miles of territory do not constitute the United States of America. A million or so of people occupying twenty-one thousand square miles did not constitute Greece. It was the Greeks who constituted Greece; it is Americans who constitute America. So many people thrown together on one territory no more make a nation than so many blocks of stone thrown together in a pile make a temple, or so many types in pi a book, or so many threads in a tangle a fabric. Every nation has its own distinguishing features, its own type of character, its own consciousness, its own life. To constitute a nation there must be not only people and land and laws, but

laws that are self-evolved, literature that is the expression of national life, language fitted to express that life, and therefore a life to be expressed. And if the nation is ever to count for anything among the nations, that life must be not merely animal, or social, or industrial; it must and will be also religious. The nation has a brain, it thinks; a heart, it feels; a will, it resolves. This brain must perceive the higher moral truths, or the nation cannot comprehend its problems, much less its destiny. This heart must feel the higher moral emotions, or it cannot solve its problems, much less achieve its destiny. A nation that cannot feel, cannot do; a nation that cannot feel nobly, cannot do nobly. But to see moral truths, to feel moral emotions, and to do moral deeds is religious; to recognize in moral truths the highest of all truths, to yield to moral emotions as the highest of all motive powers, and to be guided in practical conduct by moral truths and ruled by the moral motive powers, is to live religiously. The nation is subject like the individual to passions. Gold is discovered in California; the passion of gold sweeps a multitude across the continent and round by the Isthmus to dig for it. A cannon blazes forth against the flag on Fort Sumter; a passion of patriotism sweeps over the nation and the seventy-five thousand answer to President Lincoln's call almost before the call is issued. Shall the nation then feel only the passion of avarice and not the passion of patriotism? Shall it be moved by covetousness, by party zeal, by pride of blood, and not by reverence, by fidelity, by honor, by sense of duty to God, to posterity? But reverence, fidelity, honor, the sense of duty towards God and posterity, are all religious emotions, profoundly religious emotions. A people without churches, monuments, museums, centennials, national songs, would be a people without power to meet any great crisis or achieve any great deed. Fletcher of Saltoun's saying, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws, of a nation," expresses a profound truth, because the songs which create as well as express the emotions make the nation, while the laws are simply restraints upon it or acts done by it. Only a people who could sing "America" could have fought to a successful issue the American Revolution; only a people who could sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" could have fought to a successful issue the Civil War. On the other hand, one might have forecast the issue of the French Revolution from hearing the "Marseillaise."

The nation has recently brought to a close its celebration of the Centennial of the establishment of its Constitution and the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States. Incalculable time, strength, and money were expended on a mere sentiment — the sentiment of reverence and affection and honor for a noble ancestry, noble deeds, and a country which they have ennobled. Such a sentiment saves the country from the opprobrious character which has been given to England in the phrase, "A nation of shopkeepers." It was not true of England; it is not true of America. But this sentiment, which sacrifices time, money, strength to give joyous expression to reverence, affection, honor, is essentially a religious sentiment and found its fitting expression in the religious services at St. Paul's, Trinity, and other churches in New York City and elsewhere, and in the joining of Dr. R. S. Storrs and Archbishop Corrigan in the simple religious services which accompanied the public address on the spot where Washington took the oath of office. To deprive a nation of these religious emotions would be to deprive it of its life — of the very bond which binds it together and makes it a nation.

IV. But the possession of a religious life is not only essential to enable the nation to solve aright its great problems which are essentially religious, to fulfil its destiny, which can never be fulfilled without a religious conception in the nation, and to live nobly and heroically, for which religious emotions are a very necessary equipment; without religion it cannot even fulfil its first and simplest function. Some irony has been heaped by the modern school of political economists on what they call the night-watchman theory of government; but the first duty, though by no means the sole duty, of government is to be a night-watchman. Its primary function, that which underlies all the rest, is to administer justice between man and man; to protect the individual from the aggressions of other individuals; to maintain liberty by defending it; to punish crime and to prevent it — and this is essentially a religious function. Justice is as truly a religious act as worship; and justice is the first duty of the nation. To do justly and to love mercy were the first two elements in the old Hebrew prophet's definition of religion, and no nation can fulfil its true functions which does not both do justice and love mercy. The first is scarcely at all, the second is by no means exclusively, the action of the individual; and neither concerns the individual alone: therefore religion does not concern the individual alone. Justice must be the basis of the nation's laws; justice the characteristic of the nation's courts; justice the end of the nation's systems of jurisprudence, both criminal and civil. Most of the readers of this article will

probably agree that the Bible is essentially a religious book; let them take down a copy of the Bible and see how large a proportion of it is given either to an exposition of the principles of justice, the application of those principles to specific cases, or the history of the administration of such justice, either between man and man in government, or between God and man in history.

But more than this. Modern penologists are rapidly coming to the conclusion that mercy and justice are not at variance, but that the truest mercy is also the only justice. Reformatory methods are taking the place of punitive methods in all our systems of criminal administration. We are discovering that the only way to protect society from crime is to cure the criminal of his criminal disposition. We are establishing reformatories and penitentiaries in the place of jails and prisons; we are establishing schools in our State prisons; we are beginning to organize our system of prison labor not to make penal servitude hard, but to make industry in the convict a habit; we are trying the experiment of an indeterminate sentence, treating the criminal as diseased, the prison as a hospital, and sending the convict to prison as the lunatic to an asylum, until he is cured. But as it is the lowest and first function of religion to restrain men, so it is the last and highest function of religion to redeem them, to put into them such springs of action, to form in them such habits of action, that they will require no restraint not self-imposed. Thus it would appear that the function of religion and the function of the nation are in so far identical. They both aim to restrain men from evil courses; they both aim to redeem men from evil influences and habits. In short the highest function of religion is also the fundamental function of the nation, namely, moral cure. There is indeed a difference. The nation only aims to cure men of those vices which make them dangerous to society; while religion goes beyond this and aims to cure men of sin as well as of crime. But the nation cannot even enter upon its task of administering justice, which in these later days we have learned is also an administration of mercy, without exercising a fundamental function of religion — the twofold function of justice and mercy. How can a nation, organized primarily for this very purpose, fulfil its first and fundamental duty, that for which it exists, and without which there would be no excuse for its existence, if it have not a true religious life?

V. This religious life is indispensable not only to justify the existence of the nation, but even to make the existence of the nation possible; and this is preëminently true of a democratic nation, that is, of a nation that avowedly derives its powers from the consent of the governed. Says Lord Macaulay:

> The day will come when in the State of New York a multitude of people, not one of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a legislature. Is it possible to doubt what kind of a legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith; on the other is a demagogue, ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage, while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessaries. Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by the workingman who hears his children crying for more bread? I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth; with this difference — that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country and by your own institutions.

Who will say in the light of recent events, and in the presence of living personages, that the American soil can beget no such demagogue, produce no such legislature, breed no such Huns and Vandals? If the danger thus predicted by Lord Macaulay — foreseen also by others, more than he believers in popular government and more nearly sympathizing with American institutions — is to be guarded against, and the possible tragic consummation prevented, it must be by the power of religion in the nation, on the one hand inspiring the rich and prosperous with a regard for the well-being of their less fortunate fellow-citizens, which Lord Macaulay assumes they will not possess, and on the other hand the poor and less fortunate with a regard for the rights of the individual, which Lord Macaulay also does not impute to them. For a people urged on by such passions as he hints at must be restrained either by force from without or by force from within. Force without is despotism; force within is religion. A people who are governed by their conscience are governed by religion; a people reverential to law which has no other sanction than the invisible sanctions of God and an immortal future are reverential to religion. A people who acknowledge no reverence to such divine law and yield allegiance to no such inward monitor will be the prey to their own animal appetites and passions, unless they are restrained therefrom by

the lowest of all the animal passions, that of physical fear.[1]

The wise man will not scoff at this foreseen peril to a democratic state whose people know neither the restraints nor the inspirations of religion. He will remember that history abundantly verifies the teaching of philosophy that no despotism is greater or more to be dreaded than the despotism of an unrestrained democracy. "For myself," says De Tocqueville, "when I feel the hand of power lie heavy on my brow, I care but little to know who oppresses me; and I am not the more disposed to pass beneath the yoke because it is held out to me by the arms of a million of men."

The French Revolution has shown what sort of despotism it is which a multitude of men unrestrained by religion are liable to establish. One needs only to refer to the Jacobin program as M. Taine has set it forth in his graphic picture of that epoch in the history of human governments. "Opulence," writes Saint-Just, "is infamous." "The richest Frenchman," says Robespierre, "ought not to have more than three thousand livres rental." "It is not enough," says Barère, "to bleed the rich; to pull down colossal fortunes; the slavery of poverty must be made to disappear from the soil of the Republic." Says Taine, embodying in his own language the legislation of the atheistic Republic:

> We make monopoly a "capital crime"; we call him a monopolist who takes food and wares of prime necessity out of circulation, and keeps them stored without daily and publicly offering them for sale. Penalty of death against whoever, within eight days, does not make a declaration, or if he make a false one; penalty of death against any person who keeps more bread on hand than he needs for his subsistence; penalty of death against the cultivator who does not bring his grain weekly to market; penalty of death against the dealer who does not post up the contents of his warehouse, or who does not keep open shop; penalty of death against the manufacturer who does not verify the daily use of his workable material. As to prices, we intervene authoritatively between buyer and seller; we fix the extreme price for all objects which, near or remotely, serve to feed, warm, or clothe man; we will imprison whoever offers or demands anything more. Whether the dealer or manufacturer pays expenses at this rate matters not; if, after the maximum is fixed, he closes his factory, or gives up business, we declare him a "suspect"; we chain him down to his pursuit, we oblige him to lose by it. That is the way to clip the claws of beasts of prey, little and big!

What shall prevent democracy from repeating this despotism except the life of religion wrought into the life of the nation? And to what end can such a democracy come other than the one to which such unreligious democracies have ever come — the welcoming of the despotic authority of one man as infinitely preferable to the despotic authority of the million?

It can hardly be necessary to quote from authorities either ancient or modern to show that the notion that a nation is or can be unreligious has no support from philosophers or statesmen. It would indeed be difficult to mention the name of a single man eminent in statecraft who has not been, avowedly at least, a believer in the Deity, and who has not based his statesmanship on the reality and invincibility of divine laws. It would be difficult to mention a political philosopher who has not more or less distinctly recognized religion as at once the foundation of the state and the inspiration of its life. "Of all the dispositions and habits," says George Washington, "which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these fundamental props of the duties of men and citizens." He who advocates the notion that a nation can be unreligious, and that religion is merely a matter of individual conscience, is, consciously or unconsciously, laboring to subvert these pillars of human happiness. He who honestly entertains such a notion must, it seems to me, do so because he confounds religion with either wor-

[1] "Despotism may govern without faith," says De Tocqueville, "but liberty cannot. Religion is much more necessary in the republic which they [the atheistic republicans] set forth in glowing colors than in the monarchy which they attack; it is more needed in democratic republics than in any others. How is it possible that societies should escape destruction if the moral tie be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed? And what can be done with a people who are their own masters, if they be not submissive to the Deity?"

"Suppose," says Professor Bryce, looking in imagination at the throngs of eager figures streaming through the streets of an American city — "suppose that all these men ceased to believe that there was any power above them, any future before them, anything in heaven or earth but what their senses told them of; suppose that their consciousness of individual force and responsibility, already dwarfed by the overwhelming power of the multitude, and the fatalistic submission it engenders, were further weakened by the feeling that their swiftly fleeting life was rounded by a perpetual sleep — would the moral code stand unshaken, and with it the reverence for law, the sense of duty towards the community, and even towards the generations yet to come? Would men say, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die'? Or would custom, and sympathy, and a perception of the advantages which stable government offers to the citizens as a whole, and which orderly self-restraint offers to each one, replace supernatural sanctions, and hold in check the violence of masses and the self-indulgent impulses of the individual?"

ship, theology, or the church. It is not necessary for the nation to establish a form of worship, or to proclaim its adherence to a system of theology, or to give its support to a church or churches, in order to be profoundly and deeply religious. It is necessary that it should be something more than a mere aggregate of individuals engaged in promoting their own self-interest, and combined in a kind of insurance society to protect one another from the aggression of criminals. It is necessary that it should think, and feel, and act religiously, that it may solve the problems which are constantly presented to it; that it may fulfil its national destiny; that it may possess a true national life; that it may perform aright its first and fundamental function, the administration of justice; that it may even obey the law of self-preservation. If so, while it need not and ought not to give support to ecclesiastical institutions, it ought to recognize the necessity of institutional religion. If it undertakes to teach the children of the commonwealth at all, it ought to teach them those religious principles and imbue them with that religious spirit which is essential to national life; if it undertakes to reform criminals, it ought to select those principles and methods which experience indicates to be most efficacious to that end; it ought not to impose ecclesiastical observances on any of its citizens, or require as a condition of its protection, its offices, or its honors, the acceptance of any ecclesiastical tests; but it ought to protect all religious institutions as equally entitled to its protection, because they all seek to promote that religious life on which the life of the nation depends; it ought to recognize by law days set apart to the offices of religion by the great body of the avowedly religious teachers and organizations, as it recognizes days set apart by a common desire to the offices of patriotism; it ought to continue to recognize the offices of religion by public and official act on special days and special occasions, as it recognizes the inauguration of its President or the celebration of its birthdays. In short, recognizing at once the necessity of religious life to the maintenance of its own life, and the impossibility of securing from its citizens any common agreement as to the methods by which that life shall be maintained and promoted, the nation should in a reverent spirit recognize all methods employed to that end, and, giving to neither a favorite's support, should give to all a common recognition and encouragement.

Lyman Abbott.

ECCE SIGNUM.

(IN MEMORY OF E. C. K.)

IN the dark night, the night of sleep,
I, gazing upward through the deep,
See thee, pale moon, thy vigil keep.

Thou hauntest earth though thou art dead,
A wandering specter, garmented
In ghostly luster overhead.

Marvel, O heart, that death can hold
Such fire, drawn from the burning gold
Of the great sun, and yet be cold;

That death, so clothed in radiant light,
A glory in the gloom of night,
Is yet itself but dust and blight.

Sweet face! thou, too, dost sacred shine,
Though dead; foreshadowing some divine,
Undying beauty, as a sign

That death is life beyond — afar,
Reviving in some peerless star,
Where souls beloved immortal are.

Stephen Henry Thayer.

MARTHY VIRGINIA'S HAND.

"THERE, on the left!" said the colonel: the battle had shuddered and faded away,
Wraith of a fiery enchantment that left only ashes and blood-sprinkled clay—
"Ride to the left and examine that ridge, where the enemy's sharpshooters stood.
Lord, how they picked off our men, from the treacherous vantage-ground of the wood!
But for their bullets, I 'll bet, my batteries sent them something as good.
Go and explore, and report to me then, and tell me how many we killed.
Never a wink shall I sleep till I know our vengeance was duly fulfilled."

Fiercely the orderly rode down the slope of the corn-field—scarred and forlorn,
Rutted by violent wheels, and scathed by the shot that had plowed it in scorn;
Fiercely, and burning with wrath for the sight of his comrades crushed at a blow,
Flung in broken shapes on the ground like ruined memorials of woe:
These were the men whom at daybreak he knew, but never again could know.

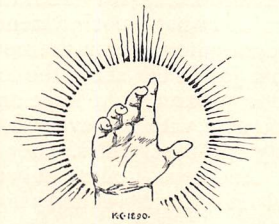
Thence to the ridge, where roots outthrust, and twisted branches of trees
Clutched the hill like clawing lions, firm their prey to seize.

"What 's your report?" — and the grim colonel smiled when the orderly came back at last.
Strangely the soldier paused: "Well, they were punished." And strangely his face looked, aghast.
"Yes, our fire told on them; knocked over fifty — laid out in line of parade.
Brave fellows, Colonel, to stay as they did! But one I 'most wish had n't staid.
Mortally wounded, he 'd torn off his knapsack; and then, at the end, he prayed —
Easy to see, by his hands that were clasped; and the dull, dead fingers yet held
This little letter — his wife's — from the knapsack. A pity those woods were shelled!"

Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes as his officer scanned
Four short pages of writing. "What 's this, about 'Marthy Virginia's hand'?"
Swift from his honeymoon he, the dead soldier, had gone from his bride to the strife;
Never they met again, but she had written him, telling of that new life,
Born in the daughter, that bound her still closer and closer to him as his wife.
Laying her baby's hand down on the letter, around it she traced a rude line:
"If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you must kiss this outline of mine."

There was the shape of the hand on the page, with the small, chubby fingers outspread.
"Marthy Virginia's hand, for her pa," — so the words on the little palm said.
Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the vengeance so blindly fulfilled,
Never again woke the old battle-glow when the bullets their death-note shrilled.
Long ago ended the struggle, in union of brotherhood happily stilled;
Yet from that field of Antietam, in warning and token of love's command,
See! there is lifted the hand of a baby — Marthy Virginia's hand!

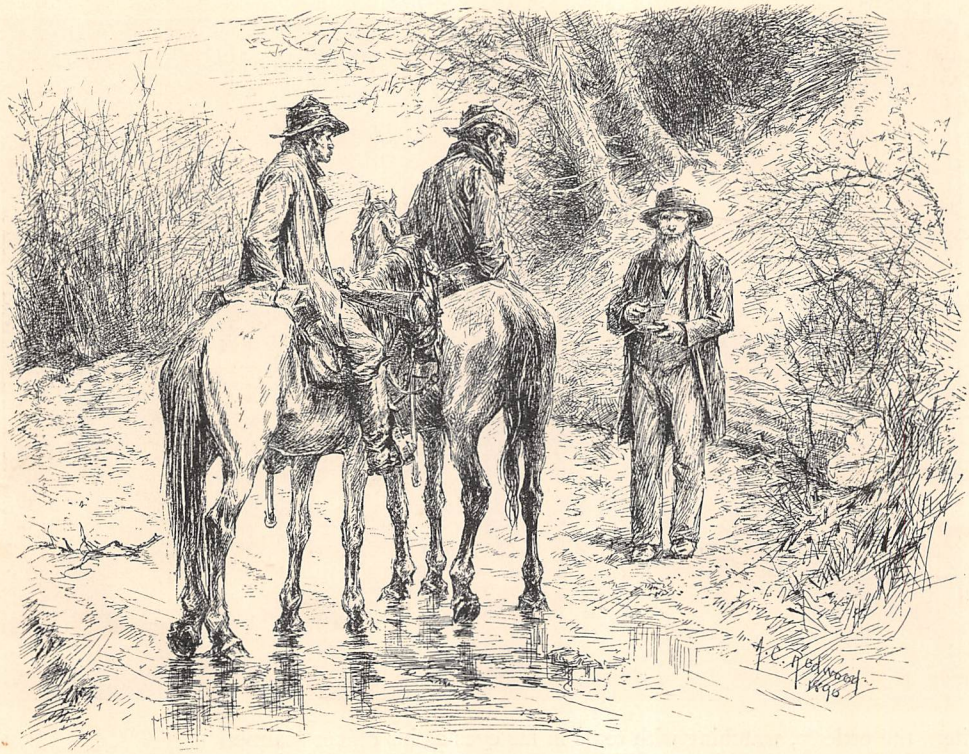
George Parsons Lathrop.



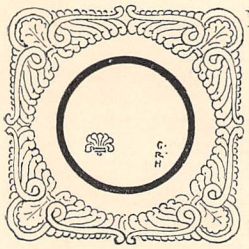
A CONSCRIPT'S CHRISTMAS.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe and the Rest of the World," etc.



"HOWDY, BOYS, HOWDY!"



ON a Sunday afternoon in December, 1863, two horsemen were making their way across Big Corn Valley in the direction of Sugar Mountain. They had started from the little town of Jasper early in the morning, and it was apparent at a glance that they had not enjoyed the journey. They sat listlessly in their saddles, with their carbines across their laps, and whatever conversation they carried on was desultory.

To tell the truth, the journey from Jasper to the top of Sugar Mountain was not a pleasant one even in the best of weather, and now, with the wind pushing before it a bitterly cold mist, its disagreeableness was irritating. And it was not by any means a short journey. Big Corn Valley was fifteen miles across as the crow flies, and the meanderings of the road added five more. Then there was the barrier of the foothills and finally Sugar Mountain itself, which when the weather was clear lifted itself above all the other mountains of that region.

Nor was this all. Occasionally, when the wind blew aside the oilskin overcoats of the riders, the gray uniform of the Confederacy showed beneath, and they wore cavalry boots, and there were tell-tale trimmings on their felt hats. With these accoutrements to advertise them, they were not in a friendly region. There were bushwhackers in the mountains, and, for aught the horsemen knew, the fodder stacks in the valley, that rose like huge and ominous ghosts out of the mist on every side, might conceal dozens of guerrillas. They had that day ridden past the house of the only member of the Georgia State convention who had refused to affix his signature to

the ordinance of secession, and the woods, to use the provincial phrase, were full of Union men.

Suddenly, and with a fierce and ripping oath, one of the horsemen drew rein. "I wish I may die," he exclaimed, his voice trembling with long pent up irritation, "if I ain't a great mind to turn around in my tracks an' go back. Where does this cussed road lead to anyhow?"

"To the mountain—straight to the mountain," grimly remarked the other, who had stopped to see what was the matter with his companion.

"Great Jerusalem! straight? Do you see that fodder stack yonder with the hawk on the top of the pole? Well, we 've passed it four times, and we ain't no further away from it now than we was at fust."

"Well, we 've no time to stand here. In an hour we 'll be at the foot of the mountain, and a quarter of a mile further we 'll find shelter. We must attend to business and talk it over afterwards."

"An' it 's a mighty nice business, too," said the man who had first spoken. He was slender in build, and his thin and straggling mustache failed to relieve his effeminate appearance. He had evidently never seen hard service. "I never have believed in this conscriptin' business," he went on in a complaining tone. "It won't pan out. It has turned more men agin the Confederacy than it has turned fer it, or else my daddy's name ain't Bill Chadwick, nor mine neither."

"Well," said the other curtly, "it 's the law, Bill Chadwick, and it must be carried out. We 've got our orders."

"Oh, yes! You are the commander, Cap'in Moseley, an' I 'm the army. Ain't I the gayest army you ever had under you? I 'll tell you what, Cap'in Moseley (I 'd call you Dick, like I useter, if we was n't in the ranks), when I j'ined the army I thought I was goin' to fight the Yankees, but they slapped me in the camp of instruction over there at Adairsville, an' now here we are fightin' our own folks. If we ain't fightin' 'em, we are pursuin' after 'em, an' runnin' 'em into the woods an' up the mountains. Now what kind of a soldier will one of these conscripts make? You need n't tell me, Cap'in! The law won't pan out."

"But it 's the law," said Captain Moseley. The captain had been wounded in Virginia, and was entitled to a discharge, but he accepted the position of conscript officer. He had the grit and discipline of a veteran, and a persistence in carrying out his purposes that gave him the name of "Hardhead" in the army. He was tall and muscular, but his drooping left shoulder showed where a Federal ball had found lodgment. His closely cropped beard was slightly streaked with gray, and his face would have been handsome had not determination left its rude handwriting there.

The two rode on together in silence a little space, the cold mists, driven by the wind, tingling in their faces. Presently Private Chadwick, who had evidently been ruminating over the matter, resumed the thread of his complaints.

"They tell me," he said, "that it 's a heap easier to make a bad law than it is to make a good one. It takes a lot of smart men a long time to make a good one, but a passel of blunderbusses can patch a bad one up in a little or no time. That 's the way I look at it.

"What 's the name of this chap we are after? Israel Spurlock? I 'd like to know, by George, what 's the matter with him! What makes him so plague-taked important that two men have to be sent on a wild-goose chase after him? They yerked him into the army, an' he yerked himself out, an' now the word is that the war can't go on unless Israel Spurlock is on hand to fling down his gun an' run when he hears a bung-shell playin' a tune in the air."

Captain Moseley coughed to hide a smile.

"It 's jest like I tell you, Cap'in. The news is that we had a terrible victory at Chattanooga, but I notice in the Atlanta papers that the Yankees ain't no further north than they was before the fight; an' what makes it wuss, they are warmin' themselves in Chattanooga, whilst we are shiverin' outside. I reckon if Israel Spurlock had been on hand at the right time an' in the right place, we 'd drove the Yanks plumb back to Nashville. Lord! I hope we 'll have him on the skirmish line the next time we surround the enemy an' drive him into a town as big as Chattanooga."

Private Chadwick kept up his complaints for some time, but they failed to disturb the serenity of the captain, who urged his horse forward through the mist, closely followed by his companion. They finally left the valley, passed over the foothills, and began the ascent of Sugar Mountain. Here their journey became less disagreeable. The road, winding and twisting around the mountain, had been cut through a dense growth of trees, and these proved to be something of a shelter. Moreover, the road sometimes brought the mountain between the travelers and the wind, and these were such comfortable intervals that Mr. Chadwick ceased his complaints and rode along good-humoredly.

The two horsemen had gone about a mile, measuring the mountain road, though they were not more than a quarter of a mile from the foot, when they came suddenly on an old man sitting in a sheltered place by the side of the road. They came on the stranger so sud-

denly that their horses betrayed alarm, and it was all they could do to keep the animals from slipping and rolling into the gorge at their left. The old man was dressed in a suit of gray jeans, and wore a wool hat, which, although it showed the signs of constant use, had somehow managed to retain its original shape. His head was large and covered with a profusion of iron-gray hair, which was neatly combed. His face was round, but the lines of character obliterated all suggestions of chubbiness. The full beard that he wore failed to hide the evidences of firmness and determination; but around his mouth a serene smile lingered, and humor sparkled in his small brown eyes.

"Howdy, boys, howdy!" he exclaimed. "Tired as they look to be, you er straddlin' right peart creeturs. A flirt or two more an' they 'd 'a' flung you down the hill, an' 'a' follered along atter you, headstall an' stirrup. They done like they were n't expectin' company in an' around here."

The sonorous voice and deliberate utterance of the old man bespoke his calling. He was evidently a minister of the gospel. This gave a clue to Captain Moseley's memory.

"This must be Uncle Billy Powers," said the captain. "I 've heard you preach many a time when I was a boy."

"That 's my name," said Uncle Billy; "an' in my feeble way I 've been a-preachin' the Word as it was given to me forty year, lackin' one. Ef I ever saw you, the circumstance has slipped from me."

"My name is Moseley," said the captain.

"I useter know Jeremiah Moseley in my younger days," said Uncle Billy, gazing reflectively at the piece of pine bark he was whittling. "Yes, yes! I knowed Brother Moseley well. He was a God-fearin' man."

"He was my father," said the captain.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Uncle Billy, in a tone that seemed to combine reflection with astonishment. "Jerry Moseley's son! I disremember the day when Brother Moseley come into my mind, an' yit, now that I hear his name bandied about up here on the hill, it carries me plumb back to ole times. He were n't much of a preacher on his own hook, but let 'im foller along for to clench the sermon, an' his match could n't be foun' in them days. Yit, Jerry was a man of peace, an' here 's his son a-gwine about with guns an' pistols, an' what not, a-tryin' to give peaceable folks a smell of war."

"Oh, no!" said Captain Moseley, laughing; "we are just hunting up some old acquaintances. Some friends of ours that we 'd like to see."

"Well," said Uncle Billy, sinking his knife deep into the soft pine bark, "it 's bad weather for a frolic, an' it ain't much better for a straight-out, eve'y-day call. Speshually up here on the hill, where the ground is so wet and slipperyfied. It looks like you 've come a mighty long ways for to pay a friendly call. An' yit," the old man continued, looking up at the captain with a smile that well became his patriarchal face, "thar ain't a cabin on the hill whar you won't be more than welcome. Yes, sir; wheresomever you find a h'a'thstone, thar you 'll find a place to rest."

"So I have heard," said the captain. "But maybe you can cut our journey short. We have a message for Israel Spurlock."

Immediately Captain Moseley knew that the placid and kindly face of Uncle Billy Powers had led him into making a mistake. He knew that he had mentioned Israel Spurlock's name to the wrong man at the wrong time. There was a scarcely perceptible frown on Uncle Billy's face as he raised it from his piece of pine bark, which was now assuming the shape of a horseman's pistol, and he looked at the captain through half-closed eyelids.

"Come, now," he exclaimed, "ain't Israel Spurlock in the war? Did n't a posse ketch 'im down yander in Jasper an' take an' corn-scrip' 'im into the army? Run it over in your mind now! Ain't Israel Spurlock crippled some'r's, an' ain't your message for his poor ole mammy?"

"No, no," said the captain, laughing, and trying to hide his inward irritation.

"Not so?" exclaimed Uncle Billy. "Well, sir, you must be shore an' set me right when I go wrong; but I 'll tell you right pine blank, I 've had Israel Spurlock in my min' off an' on ev'ry since they run him down an' kotch him an' drug 'im off to war. He was weakly like from the time he was a boy, an' when I heard you call forth his name, I allowed to myself, says I, 'Israel Spurlock is sick, an' they 've come atter his ole mammy to go an' nuss him.' That 's the idee that riz up in my min'."

A man less shrewd than Captain Moseley would have been deceived by the bland simplicity of Uncle Billy's tone.

"No," said he; "Spurlock is not sick. He is a sounder man than I am. He was conscripted in Jasper and carried to Adairsville, and after he got used to the camp he concluded that he would come home and tell his folks good-by."

"Now that 's jes like Israel," said Uncle Billy, closing his eyes and compressing his lips —"jes like him for the world. He knowed that he was drug off right spang at the time he wanted to be getherin' in his craps, an' savin' his ruffage, an' one thing an' another beca'se

his ole mammy did n't have a soul to help her but 'im. I reckon he 's been a-housin' his corn an' sich like. The ole 'oman tuck on might'ly when Israel was snatched into the army."

"How far is it to shelter?" inquired Captain Moseley.

"Not so mighty fur," responded Uncle Billy, whittling the pine bark more cautiously. "Jes keep in the middle of the road an' you 'll soon come to it. Ef I ain't thar before you, jes holler for Aunt Crissy an' tell her that you saw Uncle Billy some'r's in the woods an' he told you to wait for 'im."

With that Captain Moseley and Private Chadwick spurred their horses up the mountain road, leaving Uncle Billy whittling.

"Well, dang my buttons!" exclaimed Chadwick, when they were out of hearing.

"What now?" asked the captain, turning in his saddle. Private Chadwick had stopped his horse and was looking back down the mountain as if he expected to be pursued.

"I wish I may die," he went on, giving his horse the rein, "if we have n't walked right square into it with our eyes wide open."

"Into what?" asked the captain, curtly.

"Into trouble," said Chadwick. "Oh," he exclaimed, looking at his companion seriously, "you may grin behind your beard, but you just wait till the fun begins—all the grins you can muster will be mighty dry grins. Why, Cap., I could read that old chap as if he was a newspaper. Whilst he was a-watchin' you I was a-watchin' him, an' if he ain't got a war map printed on his face I ain't never saw none in the 'Charleston Mercury.'"

"The old man is a preacher," said Captain Moseley in a tone that seemed to dispose of the matter.

"Well, the Lord help us!" exclaimed Chadwick. "In about the wuss whippin' I ever got was from a young feller that was preachin' an' courtin' in my neighborhood. I sorter sassed him about a gal he was flyin' around, an' he uped an' frailed me out, an' got the gal to boot. Don't tell me about no preachers. Why, that chap flew at me like a Stonefence rooster, an' he fluttered twicet to my oncet."

"And have you been running from preachers ever since?" dryly inquired the captain.

"Not, as you may say, constantly a-runnin'," replied Chadwick; "yit I ain't been a-flingin' no sass at 'em; an' my reason tells me for to give 'em the whole wedth of the big road when I meet 'em."

"Well," said the captain, "what will you do about this preacher?"

"A man in a corner," responded Chadwick, "is obleeged to do the best he kin. I 'll jest keep my eye on him, an' the fust motion he makes, I 'll—"

"Run?" suggested the captain.

"Well, now," said Chadwick, "a man in a corner can't most ingener'lly run. Git me hemmed in, an' I 'll scratch an' bite an' scuffle the best way I know how. It 's human natur', an' I 'm mighty glad it is; for if that old man's eyes did n't tell no lies we 'll have to scratch an' scuffle before we git away from this mountain."

Captain Moseley bit his mustache and smiled grimly as the tired horses toiled up the road. A vague idea of possible danger had crossed his mind while talking to Uncle Billy Powers, but he dismissed it at once as a matter of little importance to a soldier bent on carrying out his orders at all hazards.

It was not long before the two travelers found themselves on a plateau formed by a shoulder of the mountain. On this plateau were abundant signs of life. Cattle were grazing about among the trees, chickens were crowing, and in the distance could be heard the sound of a woman's voice singing. As they pressed forward along the level road they came in sight of a cabin, and the blue smoke curling from its short chimney was suggestive of hospitality. It was a comfortable-looking cabin, too, flanked by several outhouses. The buildings, in contrast with the majestic bulk of the mountain, that still rose precipitously skyward, were curiously small, but there was an air of more than ordinary neatness and coziness about them. And there were touches of feminine hands here and there that made an impression—rows of well-kept boxwood winding like a green serpent through the yard, and a privet hedge that gave promise of rare sweetness in the spring.

As the soldiers approached a dog barked, and then the singing ceased, and the figure of a young girl appeared in the doorway, only to disappear like a flash. This vision, vanishing with incredible swiftness, was succeeded by a more substantial one in the shape of a motherly looking woman, who stood gazing over her spectacles at the horsemen, apparently undecided whether to frown or to smile. The smile would have undoubtedly forced its way to the pleasant face in any event, for the years had fashioned many a pathway for it, but just then Uncle Billy Powers himself pushed the woman aside and made his appearance, laughing.

"'Light, boys, 'light!" he exclaimed, walking nimbly to the gate. "'Light whilst I off wi' your creeturs' gear. Ah!" he went on, as he busied himself unsaddling the horses, "you thought that while your Uncle Billy was a-moonin' aroun' down the hill yander you 'd steal a march on your Aunt Crissy, an' maybe come a-conscriptin' of her into the army. But

not so — not so! Your Uncle Billy has been here long enough to get his hands an' his face rested."

"You must have been in a tremendous hurry," said Captain Moseley, remembering the weary length of mountain road he had climbed.

"Why, I could 'a' tuck a nap an' 'a' beat you," said the old man.

"Two miles of tough road, I should say," responded Moseley.

"Go straight through my hoss lot and let yourself down by a saplin' or two," said Uncle Billy, "an' it ain't more 'n a good quarter." Whereupon the old man laughed heartily.

"Jes leave the creeturs here," he went on. "John Jeems an' Fillmore will ten' to 'em whilst we go in an' see what your Aunt Crissy is gwine to give us for supper. You won't find the grub so mighty various, but there is plenty enough of what they is."

JOHN JEEMS.

There was just enough of deference in Aunt Crissy's greeting to be pleasing, and her unfeigned manifestations of hospitality soon caused the guests to forget that they might possibly be regarded as intruders in that peaceful region. Then there were the two boys, John Jeems and Fillmore, both large enough and old enough, as Captain Moseley quietly observed to himself, to do military service, and both shy and awkward to a degree. And then there was Polly, a young woman grown, whose smiles all ran to blushes and dimples. Though she was grown, she had the ways of a girl — the vivacity of health and good humor, and the innocent shyness of a child of nature. Impulsive and demure by turns, her moods were whimsical and elusive and altogether delightful. Her beauty, which illumined the old cabin, was heightened by a certain quality that may be described as individuality. Her face and hands were browned by the sun, but in her cheeks the roses of youth and health played constantly. There is nothing more charming to the eye of man than the effects produced when modesty parts company with mere formality and conventionality. Polly, who was as shy as a ground squirrel and as graceful, never pestered herself about formalities. Innocence is not infrequently a very delightful form of boldness. It was so in the case of Polly Powers, at any rate.

The two rough soldiers, unused to the society of women, were far more awkward and constrained than the young woman, but they enjoyed the big fire and the comfortable supper none the less on that account. When, to employ Mrs. Powers's vernacular, "the things were put away," they brought forth their pipes; and they felt so contented that Captain Moseley reproved himself by suggesting that it might be well for them to proceed on their journey up the mountain. But their hosts refused to listen to such a proposal.

"Not so," exclaimed Uncle Billy; "by no means. Why, if you knowed this hill like we all, you 'd hoot at the bar' idee of gwine further after nightfall. Besides," the old man went on, looking keenly at his daughter, "ten to one you won't find Spurlock."

Polly had been playing with her hair, which was caught in a single plait and tied with a bit of scarlet ribbon. When Spurlock's name was mentioned she used the plait as a whip, and struck herself impatiently in the hand with the glossy black thong, and then threw it behind her, where it hung dangling nearly to the floor.

"Now I tell you what, boys," said Uncle Billy, after a little pause; "I 'd jes like to know who is at the bottom of this Spurlock business. You all may have took a notion that he 's a no-'count sorter chap — an' he is kinder puny; but what does the army want with a puny man?"

"It 's the law," said Captain Moseley, simply, perceiving that his mission was clearly understood. "He is old enough and strong enough to serve in the army. The law calls for him, and he 'll have to go. The law wants him now worse than ever."

"Yes," said Private Chadwick, gazing into the glowing embers — "lots worse 'n ever."

"What 's the matter along of him now?"

inquired Mrs. Powers, knocking the ashes from her pipe against the chimney jamb.

"He 's a deserter," said Chadwick.

"Tooby shore!" exclaimed Mrs. Powers. "An' what do they do wi' 'em, then?"

For answer Private Chadwick passed his right hand rapidly around his neck, caught hold of an imaginary rope, and looked upwards at the rafters, rolling his eyes and distorting his features as though he were strangling. It was a very effective pantomime. Uncle Billy shook his head and groaned, Aunt Crissy lifted her hands in horror, and then both looked at Polly. That young lady had risen from her chair and made a step towards Chadwick. Her eyes were blazing.

"You 'll be hung long before Israel Spurlock," she cried, her voice thick with anger. Before another word had been said she swept from the room, leaving Chadwick sitting there with his mouth wide open.

"Don't let Polly pester you," said Uncle Billy, smiling a little at Chadwick's discomfiture. "She thinks the world an' all of Sister Spurlock, an' she 's been a-knowin' Israel a mighty long time."

"Yes," said Aunt Crissy, with a sigh; "the poor child is hot-headed an' high-tempered. I reckon we 've sp'ilt 'er. 'T ain't hard to spile a gal when you hain't got but one."

Before Chadwick could make reply a shrill, querulous voice was heard coming from the room into which Polly had gone. The girl had evidently aroused some one who was more than anxious to engage in a war of words.

"Lord A'mighty massy! whar 's any peace?" the shrill voice exclaimed. "What chance on the top side of the yeth is a poor sick creetur got? Oh, what makes you come a-tromplin' on the floor like a drove of wild hosses, an' a-shakin' the clabberds on the roof? I know! I know!"—the voice here almost rose to a shriek,—"it 's 'cause I 'm sick an' weak, an' can't he'p myself. Lord! ef I but had strength!"

At this point Polly's voice broke in, but what she said could only be guessed by the noise in the next room.

"Well, what ef the house an' yard was full of 'em? Who 's afeard? After Spurlock? Who keers? Hain't Spurlock got no friends on Sugar Mountain? Ef they are after Spurlock, ain't Spurlock got as good a right for to be after them? Oh, go 'way! Gals hain't got no sense. Go 'way! Go tell your pappy to come here an' he'p me in my cheer. Oh, go on!"

Polly had no need to go, however. Uncle Billy rose promptly and went into the next room.

"Hit 's daddy," said Aunt Crissy, by way of explanation. "Lord! daddy used to be a mighty man in his young days, but he 's that wasted wi' the palsy that he hain't more 'n a shadder of what he was. He 's jes like a baby, an' he 's mighty quar'lsome when the win' sets in from the east."

According to all symptoms the wind was at that moment setting terribly from the east. There was a sound of shuffling in the next room, and then Uncle Billy Powers came into the room, bearing in his stalwart arms a big rocking-chair containing a little old man whose body and limbs were shriveled and shrunken. Only his head, which seemed to be abnormally large, had escaped the ravages of whatever disease had seized him. His eyes were bright as a bird's, and his forehead was noble in its proportions.

"Gentlemen," said Uncle Billy, "this here is Colonel Dick Watson. He used to be a big politicianer in his day an' time. He 's my father-in-law."

Uncle Billy seemed to be wonderfully proud of his connection with Colonel Watson. As for the colonel, he eyed the strangers closely, forgetting, apparently, to respond to their salutation.

"I reckon you think it 's mighty fine, thish 'ere business er gwine ter war whar they hain't nobody but peaceable folks," exclaimed the colonel, his shrill, metallic voice being in curious contrast to his emaciated figure.

"Daddy!" said Mrs. Powers in a warning tone.

"Lord A'mighty! don't pester me, Crissy Jane. Hain't I done seed war before? When I was in the legislatur' did n't the boys rig up an' march away to Mexico? But you know yourself," the colonel went on, turning to Uncle Billy's guests, "that this hain't Mexico, an' that they hain't no war gwine on on this 'ere hill. You know that mighty well."

"But there 's a tolerable big one going on over yonder," said Captain Moseley, with a sweep of his hand to the westward.

"Now, you don't say!" exclaimed Colonel Watson, sarcastically. "A big war goin' on an' you all quiled up here before the fire, out 'n sight an' out 'n hearin'! Well, well, well!"

"We are here on business," said Captain Moseley, gently.

"Tooby shore!" said the colonel, with a sinister screech that was intended to simulate laughter. "You took the words out 'n my mouth. I was in-about ready to say it when you upped an' said it yourself. War gwine on over yander an' you all up here on business. Crissy Jane," remarked the colonel in a different tone, "come here an' wipe my face an' see ef I 'm a-sweatin'. Ef I 'm a-sweatin', hit 's the fust time since Sadday before last."

Mrs. Powers mopped her father's face, and assured him that she felt symptoms of perspiration.

"Oh, yes!" continued the colonel. "Business here an' war yander. I hear tell that you er after Israel Spurlock. Lord A'mighty above us! What er you after Israel for? He hain't got no niggers for to fight for. All the fightin' he can do is to fight for his ole mammy."

Captain Moseley endeavored to explain to Colonel Watson why his duty made it imperatively necessary to carry Spurlock back to the conscript camp, but in the midst of it all the old man cried out:

"Oh, I know who sent you!"

"Who?" the captain said.

"Nobody but Wesley Lovejoy!"

Captain Moseley made no response, but gazed into the fire. Chadwick, on the other hand, when Lovejoy's name was mentioned, slapped himself on the leg, and straightened himself up with the air of a man who has made an interesting discovery.

"Come, now," Colonel Watson insisted, "hain't it so? Did n't Wesley Lovejoy send you?"

"Well," said Moseley, "a man named Lovejoy is on Colonel Waring's staff, and he gave me my orders."

At this the old man fairly shrieked with laughter, and so sinister was its emphasis that the two soldiers felt the cold chills creeping up their backs.

"What is the matter with Lovejoy?" It was Chadwick who spoke.

"Oh, wait!" cried Colonel Watson; "thes wait. You may n't want to wait, but you 'll have to. I may look like I 'm mighty puny, an' I speck I am, but I hain't dead yit. Lord A'mighty, no! Not by a long shot!"

There was a pause here, during which Aunt Crissy remarked, in a helpless sort of way:

"I wonder wher' Polly is, an' what she 's a-doin'?"

"Don't pester 'long of Polly," snapped the paralytic. "She knows what she 's a-doin'."

"About this Wesley Lovejoy," said Captain Moseley, turning to the old man: "you seem to know him very well."

"You hear that, William!" exclaimed Colonel Watson. "He asts me ef I know Wes. Lovejoy! Do I know him? Why, the triflin' houn'! I 've knowed him ev'ry sence he was big enough to rob a hen-roos'."

Uncle Billy Powers, in his genial way, tried to change the current of conversation, and he finally succeeded, but it was evident that Adjutant Lovejoy had one enemy, if not several, in that humble household. Such was the feeling for Spurlock and contempt for Wesley Lovejoy that Captain Moseley and Private Chadwick felt themselves to be interlopers, and they once more suggested the necessity of pursuing their journey. This suggestion seemed to amuse the paralytic, who laughed loudly.

"Lord A'mighty!" he exclaimed, "I know how you feel, an' I don't blame you for feelin' so; but don't you go up the mountain this night. Thes stay right whar you is, beca'se ef you don't you 'll make all your friends feel bad for you. Don't ast me how, don't ast me why. Thes you stay. Come an' put me to bed, William, an' don't let these folks go out 'n the house this night."

Uncle Billy carried the old man into the next room, tucked him away in his bed, and then came back. Conversation lagged to such an extent that Aunt Crissy once more felt moved to inquire about Polly. Uncle Billy responded with a sweeping gesture of his right hand, which might mean much or little. To the two Confederates it meant nothing, but to Aunt Crissy it said that Polly had gone up the mountain in the rain and cold. Involuntarily the woman shuddered and drew nearer the fire.

It was in fact a venturesome journey that Polly had undertaken. Hardened as she was to the weather, familiar as she was with the footpaths that led up and down and around the face of the mountain, her heart rose in her mouth when she found herself fairly on the way to Israel Spurlock's house. The darkness was almost overwhelming in its intensity. As Uncle Billy Powers remarked, while showing the two Confederates to their bed in the "shed-room," there "was a solid chunk of it from one eend of creation to t' other." The rain, falling steadily but not heavily, was bitterly cold, and it was made more uncomfortable by the wind, which rose and fell with a muffled roar, like the sigh of some Titanic spirit flying hither and yonder in the wild recesses of the sky. Bold as she was, the girl was appalled by the invisible contention that seemed to be going on in the elements above her, and more than once she paused, ready to flee, as best she could, back to the light and warmth she had left behind; but the gesture of Chadwick, with its cruel significance, would recur to her, and then, clenching her teeth, she would press blindly on. She was carrying a message of life and freedom to Israel Spurlock.

With the rain dripping from her hair and her skirts, her face and hands benumbed with cold, but with every nerve strung to the highest tension and every faculty alert to meet whatever danger might present itself, Polly struggled up the mountain path, feeling her way as best she could, and pulling herself along by the aid of the friendly saplings and the overhanging trees.

After a while—and it seemed a long while to Polly, contending with the fierce forces of the night and beset by a thousand doubts and fears—she could hear Spurlock's dogs barking. What if the two soldiers, suspecting her mission, had mounted their horses and outstripped her? She had no time to remember the difficulties of the mountain road, nor did she know that she had been on her journey not more than half an hour. She was too excited either to reason or to calculate. Gathering her skirts in her hands as she rose to the level of the clearing, Polly rushed across it towards the little cabin, tore open the frail little gate, and flung herself against the door with a force that shook the house.

Old Mrs. Spurlock was spinning, while Israel carded the rolls for her. The noise that Polly made against the door startled them both. The thread broke in Mrs. Spurlock's hand, and one part of it curled itself on the end of the broach with a buzz that whirled it into a fantastically tangled mass. The cards dropped from Israel's hands with a clatter that added to his mother's excitement.

"Did anybody ever hear the beat of that?" she exclaimed. "Run, Iserl, an' see what it is that 's a-tryin' to tear the roof off 'n the house."

Israel did not need to be told, nor did Mrs. Spurlock wait for him to go. They reached the door together, and when Israel threw it open they saw Polly Powers standing there, pale, trembling, and dripping.

"Polly!" cried Israel, taking her by the arm. He could say no more.

"In the name er the Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Spurlock, "wher' 'd you drop from? You look more like a drownded ghost than you does like folks. Come right in here an' dry yourse'f. What in the name of mercy brung you out in sech weather? Who 's dead or a-dyin'? Why, look at the gal!" Mrs. Spurlock went on in a louder tone, seeing that Polly stood staring at them with wide-open eyes, her face as pale as death.

"Have they come?" gasped Polly.

"Listen at 'er, Iserl! I b'lieve in my soul she 's done gone an' run ravin' deestracted. Shake 'er, Iserl; shake 'er."

For answer Polly dropped forward into Mrs. Spurlock's arms, all wet as she was, and there fell to crying in a way that was quite alarming to Israel, who was not familiar with feminine peculiarities. Mrs. Spurlock soothed Polly as she would have soothed a baby, and half carried half led her to the fireplace. Israel, who was standing around embarrassed and perplexed, was driven out of the room, and soon Polly was decked out in dry clothes. These "duds," as Mrs. Spurlock called them, were ill-fitting and ungraceful, but in Israel's eyes the girl was just as beautiful as ever. She was even more beautiful when, fully recovered from her excitement, she told with sparkling eyes and heightened color the story she had to tell.

Mrs. Spurlock listened with the keenest interest, and with many an exclamation of indignation, while Israel heard it with undisguised admiration for the girl. He seemed to enjoy the whole proceeding, and when Polly in the ardor and excitement of her narration betrayed an almost passionate interest in his probable fate, he rubbed his hands slowly together and laughed softly to himself.

MRS. SPURLOCK.

"An' jest to think," exclaimed Polly, when she had finished her story, "that that there good for nothin' Wesley Lovejoy had the imperdence to ast me to have him no longer 'n last year, an' he 's been a-flyin' round me constant."

"I seed him a-droppin' his wing," said Israel, laughing. "I reckon that 's the reason he 's after me so hot. But never you mind, mammy; you thes look after the gal that 's gwine to be your daughter-in-law, an' I 'll look after your son."

"Go off, you goose!" cried Polly, blushing and smiling. "Ef they hang you, whose daughter-in-law will I be then?"

"The Lord knows!" exclaimed Israel, with mock seriousness. "They tell me that Lovejoy is an orphan!"

"You must be crazy," cried Polly, indignantly. "I hope you don't think I 'd marry

that creetur. I would n't look at him if he was the last man. You better be thinkin' about your goozle."

"It 's ketchin' befo' hangin'," said Israel.

"They 've mighty nigh got you now," said Polly. Just then a hickory nut dropped on the roof of the house, and the noise caused the girl to start up with an exclamation of terror.

"You thought they had me then," said Israel, as he rose and stood before the fire, rubbing his hands together, and seeming to enjoy most keenly the warm interest the girl manifested in his welfare.

"Oh, I wisht you 'd cut an' run," pleaded Polly, covering her face with her hands; "they 'll be here therreckly."

Israel was not a bad-looking fellow as he stood before the fire laughing. He was a very agreeable variation of the mountain type. He was angular, but neither stoop-shouldered nor cadaverous. He was awkward in his manners, but very gracefully fashioned. In point of fact, as Mrs. Powers often remarked, Israel was "not to be sneezed at."

After a while he became thoughtful. "I jest tell you what," he said, kicking the chunks vigorously, and sending little sparks of fire skipping and cracking about the room. "This business puzzles me — I jest tell you it does. That Wes. Lovejoy done like he was the best friend I had. He was constantly huntin' me up in camp, an' when I told him I would like to come home an' git mammy's crap in, he jest laughed an' said he did n't reckon I 'd be missed much, an' now he 's a-houndin' me down. What has the man got agin me?"

Polly knew, but she did n't say. Mrs. Spurlock suspected, but she made no effort to enlighten Israel. Polly knew that Lovejoy was animated by blind jealousy, and her instinct taught her that a jealous man is usually a dangerous one. Taking advantage of one of the privileges of her sex, she had at one time carried on a tremendous flirtation with Lovejoy. She had intended to amuse herself simply, but she had kindled fires she was powerless to quench. Lovejoy had taken her seriously, and she knew well enough that he regarded Israel Spurlock as a rival. She had reason to suspect, too, that Lovejoy had pointed out Israel to the conscript officers, and that the same influence was controlling and directing the pursuit now going on.

Under the circumstances, her concern — her alarm, indeed — was natural. She and Israel had been sweethearts for years,— real sure-enough sweethearts, as she expressed it to her grandfather,— and they were to be married in a short while; just as soon, in fact, as the necessary preliminaries of clothes-making and cake-baking could be disposed of. She thought nothing of her feat of climbing the mountain in the bitter cold and the overwhelming rain. She would have taken much larger risks than that; she would have faced any danger her mind could conceive of. And Israel appreciated it all; nay, he fairly gloated over it. He stood before the fire fairly hugging the fact to his bosom. His face glowed, and his whole attitude was one of exultation; and with it, shaping every gesture and movement, was a manifestation of fearlessness which was all the more impressive because it was unconscious.

This had a tendency to fret Polly, whose alarm for Israel's safety was genuine.

"Oh, I do wisht you 'd go on," she cried; "them men 'll shorely ketch you ef you keep on a-stayin' here a-winkin' an' a-gwine on makin' monkey motions."

"Shoo!" exclaimed Israel. "Ef the house was surrounded by forty thousan' of 'em, I 'd git by 'em, an', ef need be, take you wi' me."

While they were talking the dogs began to bark. At the first sound Polly rose from her chair with her arms outstretched, but fell back pale and trembling. Israel had disappeared as if by magic, and Mrs. Spurlock was calmly lighting her pipe by filling it with hot embers. It was evidently a false alarm, for, after a while, Israel backed into the door and closed it again with comical alacrity.

"Sh-sh-sh!" he whispered, with a warning gesture, seeing that Polly was about to protest. "Don't make no fuss. The dogs has been a-barkin' at sperits an' things. Jest keep right still."

He went noiselessly about the room, picking up first one thing and then another. Over one shoulder he flung a canteen and over the other a hunting-horn. Into his coat pocket he thrust an old-fashioned powder flask. Meanwhile his mother was busy gathering together such articles as Israel might need. His rifle she placed by the door, and then filled a large homespun satchel with a supply of victuals — a baked fowl, a piece of smoked beef, and a big piece of light bread. These preparations were swiftly and silently made. When everything seemed to be ready for his departure Israel presented the appearance of a peddler.

"I 'm goin' up to the Rock," he said, by way of explanation, "an' light the fire. Maybe the boys 'll see it, an' maybe they won't. Leastways they 're mighty apt to smell the smoke."

Then, without further farewell, he closed the door and stepped out into the darkness, leaving the two women sitting by the hearth. They sat there for hours, gazing into the fire

and scarcely speaking to each other. The curious reticence that seems to be developed and assiduously cultivated by the dwellers on the mountains took possession of them. The confidences and the sympathies they had in common were those of observation and experience, rather than the result of an interchange of views and opinions.

Towards morning the drizzling rain ceased, and the wind, changing its direction, sent the clouds flying to the east, whence they had come. About dawn, Private Chadwick, who had slept most soundly, was aroused by the barking of the dogs, and got up to look after the horses. As he slipped quietly out of the house he saw a muffled figure crossing the yard.

"Halt!" he cried, giving the challenge of a sentinel. "Who goes there?"

"Nobody, ner nothin' that 'll bite you, I reckon," was the somewhat snappish response. It was the voice of Polly. She was looking up and across the mountains to where a bright red glare was reflected on the scurrying clouds. The density of the atmosphere was such that the movements of the flames were photographed on the clouds, rising and falling, flaring and fading, as though the dread spirits of the storm were waving their terrible red banners from the mountain.

"What can that be?" asked Chadwick, after he had watched the singular spectacle a moment.

Polly laughed aloud, almost joyously. She knew it was Israel's beacon. She knew that these red reflections, waving over the farther spur of the mountain and over the valley that nestled so peacefully below, would summon half a hundred men and boys — the entire congregation of Antioch Church, where her father was in the habit of holding forth on the first Sunday of each month. She knew that Israel was safe, and the knowledge restored her good humor.

"What did you say it was?" Chadwick inquired again, his curiosity insisting on an explanation.

"It 's jest a fire, I reckon," Polly calmly replied. "Ef it 's a house burnin' down, it can't be holp. Water could n't save it now."

Whereupon she pulled the shawl from over her head, tripped into the house, and went about preparing breakfast, singing merrily. Chadwick watched her as she passed and repassed from the rickety kitchen to the house, and when the light grew clearer he thought he saw on her face a look that he did not understand. It was indeed an inscrutable expression, and it would have puzzled a wiser man than Chadwick. He chopped some wood, brought some water, and made himself generally useful; but he received no thanks from Polly.

She ignored him as completely as if he had never existed, and all this set the private to thinking. Now a man who reflects much usually thinks out a theory to fit everything that he fails to understand. Chadwick thought out his theory while the girl was preparing breakfast.

It was not long before the two soldiers were on their way up the mountain, nor was it long before Chadwick began to unfold his theory, and in doing so he managed to straighten it by putting together various little facts that occurred to him as he talked.

"I tell you what, Captain," he said, as soon as they were out of hearing; "that gal 's a slick 'un. It 's my belief that we are gwine on a fool's errand. 'Stead of gwine towards Spurlock, we 're gwine right straight away from 'im. When that gal made her disappearance last night she went an' found Spurlock, an' ef he ain't a natchul born fool he tuck to the woods. Why, the shawl the gal had on her head this mornin' was soakin' wet. It were n't rainin', an' had n't been for a right smart while. How come the shawl wet? They were n't but one way. It got wet by rubbin' agin the bushes an' the limbs er the trees."

This theory was plausible enough to impress itself on Captain Moseley. "What is to be done, then?" he asked.

"Well, the Lord knows what ought to be done," said Chadwick; "but I reckon the best plan is to sorter scatter out an' skirmish aroun' a little bit. We 'd better divide our army. You go up the mountain an' git Spurlock, if he 's up thar, an' let me take my stan' on the ridge yander an' keep my eye on Uncle Billy's back yard an' hoss lot. If Spurlock is r'ally tuck to the woods, he 'll be mighty apt to be slinkin' 'roun' whar the gal is."

Captain Moseley assented to this plan, and proceeded to put it in execution as soon as he and Chadwick were a safe distance from Uncle Billy Powers's house. Chadwick, dismounting, led his horse along a cow-path that ran at right angles to the main road, and was soon lost to sight, while the captain rode forward on his mission.

Of the two, as it turned out, the captain had much the more comfortable experience. He reached the Spurlock house in the course of three-quarters of an hour.

In response to his halloo Mrs. Spurlock came to the door.

"I was a-spinnin' away for dear life," she remarked, brushing her gray hair from her face, "when all of a sudden I hearn a fuss, an' I 'lows ter myself, says I, 'I 'll be boun' that 's some one a-hailin',' says I; an' then I dropped ever'thin' an' run ter the door, an' shore enough it was. Won't you 'light an' come

in?" she inquired with ready hospitality. Her tone was polite, almost obsequious.

"Is Mr. Israel Spurlock at home?" the captain asked.

"Not, as you might say, adzackly at home, but I reckon in reason it won't be long before he draps in. He hain't had his breakfas' yit, though hit 's been a-waitin' for him tell hit 's stone col'. The cows broke out last night, an' he went off a-huntin' of 'em time it was light good. Iserl is thes ez rank after his milk ez some folks is after the'r dram. I says, says I, 'Shorely you kin do 'thout your milk one mornin' in the year'; but he would n't nigh hear ter that. He thes up an' bolted off."

"I 'll ride on," said the captain. "Maybe I 'll meet him coming back. Good-by."

It was an uneventful ride, but Captain Moseley noted one curious fact. He had not proceeded far when he met two men riding down the mountain. Each carried a rifle flung across his saddle in front of him. They responded gravely to the captain's salutation.

"Have you seen Israel Spurlock this morning?" he asked.

"No, sir, I hain't saw him," answered one. The other shook his head. Then they rode on down the mountain.

A little farther on Captain Moseley met four men. These were walking, but each was armed — three with rifles, and one with a shot-gun. They had not seen Spurlock. At intervals he met more than a dozen — some riding and some walking, but all armed. At last he met two that presented something of a contrast to the others. They were armed, it is true; but they were laughing and singing as they went along the road, and while they had not seen Spurlock with their own eyes, as they said, they knew he must be farther up the mountain, for they had heard of him as they came along.

Riding and winding around upward, Captain Moseley presently saw a queer-looking little chap coming towards him. The little man had a gray beard, and as he walked he had a movement like a camel. Like a camel, too, he had a great hump on his back. His legs were as long as any man's, but his whole body seemed to be contracted in his hump. He was very spry, too, moving along as active as a boy, and there was an elfish expression on his face such as one sees in old picture-books — a cunning, leering expression, which yet had for its basis the element of humor. The little man carried a rifle longer than himself, which he flourished about with surprising ease and dexterity — practising apparently some new and peculiar manual.

"Have you seen Israel Spurlock?" inquired Captain Moseley, reining in his horse.

"Yes! Oh, yes! Goodness gracious, yes!" replied the little man, grinning good-naturedly.

"Where is he now?" asked the captain.

"All about. Yes! All around! Gracious, yes!" responded the little man, with a sweeping gesture that took in the whole mountain. Then he seemed to be searching eagerly in the road for something. Suddenly pausing, he exclaimed: "Here 's his track right now! Oh, yes! Right fresh, too! Goodness, yes!"

"Where are you going?" Moseley asked, smiling at the antics of the little man, their nimbleness being out of all proportion to his deformity.

For answer the little man whirled his rifle over his hump and under his arm, and caught it as it went flying into the air. Then he held it at a "ready," imitating the noise of the lock with his mouth, took aim and made believe to fire, all with indescribable swiftness and precision. Captain Moseley rode on his way laughing; but, laugh as he would, he could not put out of his mind the queer impression the little man had made on him, nor could he rid himself of a feeling of uneasiness. Taking little notice of the landmarks that ordinarily attract the notice of the traveler in a strange country, he suddenly found himself riding along a level stretch of tableland. The transformation was complete. The country roads seemed to cross and recross here, coming and going in every direction. He rode by a little house that stood alone in the level wood, and he rightly judged it to be a church. He drew rein and looked around him. Everything was unfamiliar. In the direction from which he supposed he had come a precipice rose sheer from the tableland more than three hundred feet. At that moment he heard a shout, and looking up he beheld the hunchback flourishing his long rifle and cutting his queer capers.

The situation was so puzzling that Captain Moseley passed his hand over his eyes, as if to brush away a scene that confused his mind and obstructed his vision. He turned his horse and rode back the way he had come, but the way seemed to be so unfamiliar that he turned into another road, and in the course of a quarter of an hour he was compelled to acknowledge that he was lost. Everything appeared to be turned around, even the little church.

Meanwhile Private Chadwick was having an experience of his own. In parting from Captain Moseley he led his horse through the bushes, following for some distance a cow-path. This semblance of a trail terminated in a "blind path," and this Chadwick followed as best he could, picking his way cautiously and choosing ground over which his horse could follow. He had to be very careful. There were no

leaves on the trees, and the undergrowth was hardly thick enough to conceal him from the keen eyes of the mountaineers. Finally he tied his horse in a thicket of black-jacks, where he had the whole of Uncle Billy Powers's little farm under his eye. His position was not an uncomfortable one. Sheltered from the wind, he had nothing to do but sit on a huge chestnut log and ruminate, and make a note of the comings and goings on Uncle Billy's premises.

Sitting thus, Chadwick fell to thinking; thinking, he fell into a doze. He caught himself nodding more than once, and upbraided himself bitterly. Still he nodded—he, a soldier on duty at his post. How long he slept he could not tell, but he suddenly awoke to find himself dragged backward from the log by strong hands. He would have made some resistance, for he was a fearless man at heart and a tough one to handle in a knock-down and drag-out tussle; but resistance was useless. He had been taken at a disadvantage, and before he could make a serious effort in his own behalf he was lying flat on his back with his hands tied and as helpless as an infant. He looked up and discovered that his captor was Israel Spurlock.

"Well, blame my scaly hide!" exclaimed Chadwick, making an involuntary effort to free his hands. "You 're the identical man I 'm a-huntin'."

"An' now you 're sorry you went an' foun' me, I reckon," said Israel.

"Well, I ain't as glad as I 'lowed I 'd be," said Chadwick. "Yit nuther am I so mighty sorry. One way or 'nother I knowed in reason I 'd run up on you."

"You 're mighty right," responded Israel, smiling not ill-naturedly. "You fell in my arms same as a gal in a honeymoon. Lemme lift you up, as the mule said when he kicked the nigger over the fence. Maybe you 'll look purtier when you swap een's." Thereupon Israel helped Chadwick to his feet.

"You ketched me that time, certain and shore," said the latter, looking at Spurlock and laughing; "they ain't no two ways about that. I was a-settin' on the log thar a-noddin' an' a-dreamin' 'bout Christmas. 'T ain't many days off, I reckon."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Spurlock, sarcastically; "a mighty purty dream, I bet a hoss. You was fixin' up for to cram me in Lovejoy's stockin'. A mighty nice present I 'd 'a' been, tooby shore. Stidder hangin' up his stockin', Lovejoy was a-aimin' for to hang me up. Oh, yes! Christmas dreams is so mighty nice an' fine, I 'm a great min' to set right down here an' have one er my own — one of them kin' er dreams what 's got a forked tail an' fireworks mixed up on it."

"Well," said Chadwick, with some seriousness, "whose stockin' is you a-gwine to cram me in?"

"In whose else's but Danny Lemmons's? An' won't he holler an' take on? Why, I would n't miss seein' Danny Lemmons take on for a hat full er shinplasters. Dang my buttons ef I would!"

Chadwick looked at his captor with some curiosity. There was not a trace of ill-feeling or bad humor in Spurlock's tone, nor in his attitude. The situation was so queer that it was comical, and Chadwick laughed aloud as he thought about it. In this Spurlock heartily joined him, and the situation would have seemed doubly queer to a passer-by chancing along and observing captor and prisoner laughing and chatting so amiably together.

"Who, in the name of goodness, is Danny Lemmons?"

"Lord!" exclaimed Spurlock, lifting both hands, "don't ast me about Danny Lemmons. He 's — he 's — well, I tell you what, he 's the bull er the woods, Danny Lemmons is; nuther more ner less. He hain't bigger 'n my two fists, an' he 's 'flicted, an' he 's all crippled up in his back, whar he had it broke when he was a baby, an' yit he 's in-about the peartest man on the mountain, an' he 's the toughest an' the sooplest. An' more 'n that, he 's got them things up here," Spurlock went on, tapping his head significantly. Chadwick understood this to mean that Lemmons, whatever might be his afflictions, had brains enough and to spare.

There was a pause in the conversation, and then Chadwick, looking at his bound wrists, which were beginning to chafe and swell, spoke up.

"What 's your will wi' me?" he asked.

"Well," said Spurlock, rising to his feet, "I 'm a-gwine to empty your gun, an' tote your pistol for you, an' invite you down to Uncle Billy's. Oh, you need n't worry," he went on, observing Chadwick's disturbed expression; "they 're expectin' of you. Polly 's tol' 'em you 'd likely come back."

"How did Polly know?" Chadwick inquired.

"Danny Lemmons tol' 'er."

"By George!" exclaimed Chadwick, "the woods is full of Danny Lemmons."

"Why, bless your heart," said Spurlock, "he thes swarms roun' here."

After Spurlock had taken the precaution to possess himself of Chadwick's arms and ammunition he cut the cords that bound his prisoner's hands, and the two went down the mountain, chatting as pleasantly and as sociably as two boon companions. Chadwick found no lack of hospitality at Uncle Billy

Powers's house. His return was taken as a matter of course, and he was made welcome. Nevertheless, his entertainers betrayed a spirit of levity that might have irritated a person less self-contained.

"I see he 's ketched you, Iserl," remarked Uncle Billy with a twinkle in his eye. "He 'lowed las' night as how he 'd fetch you back wi' him."

"Yes," said Israel, "he thes crope up on me. It 's mighty hard for to fool these army fellers."

Then and afterward the whole family pretended to regard Spurlock as Chadwick's prisoner. This was not a joke for the latter to relish, but it was evidently not intended to be offensive, and he could do no less than humor it. He accepted the situation philosophically. He even prepared himself to relish Captain Moseley's astonishment when he returned and discovered the true state of affairs. As the day wore away it occurred to Chadwick that the captain was in no hurry to return. Even Uncle Billy Powers grew uneasy.

"Now, I do hope an' trust he ain't gone an' lost his temper up thar in the woods," remarked Uncle Billy. "I hope it from the bottom of my heart. These here wars an' rumors of wars makes the folks mighty restless. They 'll take resks now what they would n't dassent to of tuck before this here rippit begun, an' it 's done got so now human life ain't wuth shucks. The boys up here ain't no better 'n the rest. They fly to pieces quicker 'n they ever did."

No trouble, however, had come to Captain Moseley. Though he was confused in his bearings, he was as serene and as unruffled as when training a company of raw conscripts in the art of war. After an unsuccessful attempt to find the road he gave his horse the rein, and that sensible animal, his instinct sharpened by remembrance of Uncle Billy Powers's corn-crib and fodder, moved about at random until he found that he was really at liberty to go where he pleased, and then he turned short about, struck a little canter, and was soon going down the road by which he had come. The captain was as proud of this feat as if it were due to his own intelligence, and he patted the horse's neck in an approving way.

As Captain Moseley rode down the mountain, reflecting, it occurred to him that his expedition was taking a comical shape. He had gone marching up the hill, and now he came marching down again, and Israel Spurlock, so far as the captain knew, was as far from being a captive as ever — perhaps farther. Thinking it all over in a somewhat irritated frame of mind, Moseley remembered Lovejoy's eagerness to recapture Spurlock. He remembered, also, what he had heard the night before, and it was in no pleasant mood that he thought it all over. It was such an insignificant, such a despicable affair, two men carrying out the jealous whim of a little militia politician.

"It is enough, by George!" exclaimed Captain Moseley aloud, "to make a sensible man sick."

"Lord, yes!" cried out a voice behind him. Looking around, he saw the hunchback following him. "That 's what I tell 'em; goodness, yes!"

"Now, look here!" said Captain Moseley, reining in his horse, and speaking somewhat sharply. "Are you following me, or am I following you? I don't want to be dogged after in the bushes, much less in the big road."

"Ner me nuther," said the hunchback, in the cheerfulest manner. "An' then thar 's Spurlock — Lord, yes; I hain't axt him about it, but I bet a hoss he don't like to be dogged atter nuther."

"My friend," said Captain Moseley, "you seem to have a quick tongue. What is your name?"

"Danny Lemmons," said the other. "Now don't say I look like I ought to be squeeze. Ever'body inginer'lly says that," he went on with a grimace, "but I 've squeeze lots more than what 's ever squeeze me. Lord, yes! Yes, siree! men an' gals tergether. You ax 'em, an' they 'll tell you."

"Lemmons," said the captain, repeating the name slowly. "Well, you look it!"

"Boo!" cried Danny Lemmons, making a horrible grimace; "you don't know what you 're a-talkin' about. The gals all 'low I 'm mighty sweet. You ought to see me when I 'm rigged out in my Sunday-go-to-meetin' duds. Polly Powers she 'lows I look snatchin'. Lord, yes! Yes, siree! I 'm gwine down to Polly's house now."

Whereat he broke out singing, paraphrasing an old negro ditty, and capering about in the woods like mad.

> Oh, I went down to Polly's house,
> An' she was not at home;
> I set myself in the big arm-cheer
> An' beat on the ol' jaw-bone.
> Oh, rise up, Polly! Slap 'im on the jaw,
> An hit 'im in the eyeball — bim!

The song finished, Danny Lemmons walked on down the road ahead of the horse in the most unconcerned manner. It was part of Captain Moseley's plan to stop at Mrs. Spurlock's and inquire for Israel. This seemed to be a part of Danny's plan also, for he turned out of the main road and went ahead, followed

by the captain. There were quite a number of men at Mrs. Spurlock's when Moseley rode up, and he noticed that all were armed. Some were standing listlessly about, leaning against the trees, some were sitting in various postures, and others were squatting around whittling; but all had their guns within easy reach. Mrs. Spurlock was walking about among them smoking her pipe. By the strained and awkward manner of the men as they returned his salutation, or by some subtle instinct he could not explain, Captain Moseley knew that these men were waiting for him, and that he was their prisoner. The very atmosphere seemed to proclaim the fact. Under his very eyes Danny Lemmons changed from a grinning buffoon into a quiet, self-contained man trained to the habit of command. Recognizing the situation, the old soldier made the most of it by retaining his good humor.

"Well, boys," he said, flinging a leg over the pommel of his saddle, "I hope you are not tired waiting for me." The men exchanged glances in a curious, shame-faced sort of way.

"No," said one; "we was thes a-settin' here talkin' 'bout ol' times. We 'lowed maybe you 'd sorter git tangled up on the hill thar, and so Danny Lemmons, he harked back for to keep a' eye on you."

There was no disposition on the part of this quiet group of men to be clamorous or boastful. There was a certain shyness in their attitude, as of men willing to apologize for what might seem to be unnecessary rudeness.

"I 'll tell you what," said Danny Lemmons, "they ain't a man on the mounting that 's got a blessed thing agin you, ner agin the tother feller, an' they hain't a man anywheres aroun' here that 's a-gwine to pester you. We never brung you whar you is; but now that you 're here we 're a-gwine to whirl in an' ast you to stay over an' take Christmas wi' us, sech ez we 'll have. Lord, yes! a nice time we 'll have, ef I ain't forgot how to finger the fiddle-strings. We 're sorter in a quanderry," Danny Lemmons continued, observing Captain Moseley toying nervously with the handle of his pistol. "We don't know whether you 're a-gwine to be worried enough to start a row, or whether you 're a-gwine to work up trouble."

Meanwhile Danny had brought his long rifle into a position where it could be used promptly and effectually. For answer Moseley dismounted from his horse, unbuckled his belt and flung it across his saddle, and prepared to light his pipe.

"Now, then," said Danny Lemmons, "thes make yourself at home."

Nothing could have been friendlier than the attitude of the mountain men, nor freer than their talk. Captain Moseley learned that Danny Lemmons was acting under the orders of Colonel Dick Watson, the virile paralytic; that he and Chadwick were to be held prisoners in the hope that Adjutant Lovejoy would come in search of them — in which event there would be developments of a most interesting character.

So Danny Lemmons said, and so it turned out; for one day while Moseley and Chadwick were sitting on the sunny side of Uncle Billy's house, listening to the shrill, snarling tones of Colonel Watson, they heard a shout from the roadside, and behold, there was Danny Lemmons and his little band escorting Lovejoy and a small squad of forlorn-looking militia. Lovejoy was securely bound to his horse, and it may well be supposed that he did not cut an imposing figure. Yet he was undaunted. He was captured, but not conquered. His eyes never lost their boldness, nor his tongue its bitterness. He was almost a match for Colonel Watson, who raved at all things through the tremulous and vindictive lips of disease. The colonel's temper was fitful, but Lovejoy's seemed to burn steadily. Moved by contempt rather than caution, he was economical of his words, listening to the shrill invective of the colonel patiently, but with a curious flicker of his thin lips that caused Danny Lemmons to study him intently. It was Danny who discovered that Lovejoy's eyes never wandered in Polly's direction, nor settled on her, nor seemed to perceive that she was in existence, though she was flitting about constantly on the aimless little errands that keep a conscientious housekeeper busy.

Lovejoy was captured one morning and Christmas fell the next, and it was a memorable Christmas to all concerned. After breakfast Uncle Billy Powers produced his Bible and preached a little sermon — a sermon that was not the less meaty and sincere, not the less wise and powerful, because the English was ungrammatical and the rhetoric uncouth. After it was over the old man cleared his throat and remarked:

"Brethren, we 're gethered here for to praise the Lord an' do his will. The quare times that 's come on us has brung us face to face with much that is unseemly in life, an' likely to fret the sperit an' vex the understandin'. Yit the Almighty is with us, an' of us, an' among us; an', in accordance wi' the commands delivered in this Book, we 're here to fortify two souls in the'r choice, an' to b'ar testimony to the Word that makes lawful marriage a sacrament."

With that, Uncle Billy, fumbling in his coat pockets, produced a marriage license, called Israel Spurlock and his daughter before him, and in simple fashion pronounced the words that made them man and wife.

The dinner that followed hard on the wedding was to the soldiers, who had been subsisting on the tough rations furnished by the Confederate commissaries, by all odds the chief event of the day. To them the resources of the Powers household were wonderful indeed. The shed-room, running the whole length of the house and kitchen, was utilized, and the dinner table, which was much too small to accommodate the guests, invited and uninvited, was supplemented by the inventive genius of Private William Chadwick, who, in the most unassuming manner, had taken control of the whole affair. He proved himself to be an invaluable aid, and his good humor gave a lightness and a zest to the occasion that would otherwise have been sadly lacking.

Under his direction the tables were arranged and the dinner set, and when the politely impatient company were summoned they found awaiting them a meal substantial enough to remind them of the old days of peace and prosperity. It was a genuine Christmas dinner. In the center of the table was a large bowl of egg-nog, and this was flanked and surrounded by a huge dish full of apple dumplings, a tremendous chicken pie, barbecued shote, barbecued mutton, a fat turkey, and all the various accompaniments of a country feast.

When Uncle Billy Powers had said an earnest and simple grace he gave his place at the head of the table to Colonel Watson, who had been brought in on his chair. Aunt Crissy gave Chadwick the seat of honor at the foot, and then the two old people announced that they were ready to wait on the company, with Mr. Chadwick to do the carving. If the private betrayed any embarrassment at all, he soon recovered from it.

"It ain't any use," he said, glancing down the table, "to call the roll. We 're all here an' accounted for. The only man or woman that can't answer to their name is Danny Lemmons's little brown fiddle, an' I 'll bet a sev'mpunce it 'd skreak a little ef he tuck it out 'n the bag. But before we whirl in an' make a charge three deep, le' 's begin right. This is Christmas, and that bowl yander, with the egg-nog in it, looks tired. Good as the dinner is, it 's got to have a file leader. We 'll start in with what looks the nighest like Christmas."

"Well," said Aunt Crissy, "I 've been in sech a swivet all day I don't reelly reckon the nog is wuth your while, but you 'll ha' ter take it thes like you fin' it. Hit 's sweetened wi' long sweet'nin', an' it 'll ha' ter be dipped up wi' a gourd an' drunk out 'n cups."

"Lord bless you, ma'am," exclaimed Chadwick, "they won't be no questions axed ef it 's got Christmas enough in it, an' I reckon it is, 'ca'se I poured it in myself, an' I can hol' up a jug as long as the nex' man."

Though it was sweetened with syrup, the egg-nog was a success, for its strength could not be denied.

"Ef I had n't 'a' been a prisoner of war, as you may say," remarked Chadwick, when the guests had fairly begun to discuss the dinner, "I 'd 'a' got me a hunk of barbecue an' a dumplin' or two, an' a slice of that chicken pie there — I 'd 'a' grabbed 'em up an' 'a' made off down the mountain. Why, I 'll tell you what 's the truth — I got a whiff of that barbecue by daylight, an', gentulmen, it fairly made me dribble at the mouth. Nex' to Uncle Billy there, I was the fust man at the pit."

"Yes, yes," said Uncle Billy, laughing, "that 's so. An' you holp me a right smart. I 'll say that."

"An' Spurlock, he got a whiff of it. Did n't you all notice, about the time he was gittin' married, how his mouth puckered up? Along towards the fust I thought he was fixin' to dip down an' give the bride a smack. But, bless you, he had barbecue on his min', an' the bride missed the buss."

"He did n't dare to buss me," exclaimed Polly, who was ministering to her grandfather. "Leastways not right out there before you-all."

"Please, ma'am, don't you be skeered of Iserl," said Chadwick. "I kin take a quarter of that shote an' tole him plumb back to camp."

"Now I don't like the looks er this," exclaimed Uncle Billy Powers, who had suddenly discovered that Lovejoy, sitting by the side of Danny Lemmons, was bound so that it was impossible for him to eat in any comfort. "Come, boys, this won't do. I don't want to remember the time when any livin' human bein' sot at my table on Christmas Day with his han's tied. Come, now!"

"Why, tooby shore!" exclaimed Aunt Crissy. "Turn the poor creetur loose."

"Try it!" cried Colonel Watson, in his shrill voice. "Jest try it!"

"Lord, no," said Danny Lemmons. "Look at his eyes! Look at 'em."

Lovejoy sat pale and unabashed, his eyes glittering like those of a snake. He had refused all offers of food, and seemed to be giving all his attention to Israel Spurlock.

"What does Moseley say?" asked Colonel Watson.

"Ah, he is your prisoner," said Moseley. "He never struck me as a dangerous man."

"Well," said Chadwick, "ef there 's any doubt, jest take 'im out in the yard an' give 'im han'-roomance. Don't let 'im turn this table over, 'cause it 'll be a long time before

some of this company 'll see the likes of it ag'in."

It was clear that Lovejoy had no friends, even among his comrades. It was clear, too, that this fact gave him no concern. He undoubtedly had more courage than his position seemed to demand. He sat glaring at Spurlock, and said never a word. Uncle Billy Powers looked at him, and gave a sigh that ended in a groan.

"Well, boys," said the old man, "this is my house, an' he 's at my table. I reckon we better ontie 'im, an' let 'im git a mou'ful ter eat. 'T ain't nothin' but Christian-like."

"Don't you reckon he 'd better eat at the second table?" inquired Chadwick. This naïve suggestion provoked laughter and restored good humor, and Colonel Watson consented that Lovejoy should be released. Danny Lemmons undertook this gracious task. He had released Lovejoy's right arm, and was releasing the left, having to use his teeth on one of the knots, when the prisoner seized a fork—a large horn-handle affair, with prongs an inch and a half long—and, as quick as a flash of lightning, brought it down on Danny Lemmons's back. To those who happened to be looking it seemed that the fork had been plunged into the very vitals of the hunchback.

The latter went down, dragging Lovejoy after him. There was a short, sharp struggle, a heavy thump or two, and then, before the company realized what had happened, Danny Lemmons rose to his feet laughing, leaving Lovejoy lying on the floor, more securely bound than ever.

"I reckon this fork 'll have to be washed," said Danny, lifting the formidable-looking weapon from the floor.

There was more excitement after the struggle was over than there had been or could have been while it was going on. Chadwick insisted on examining Danny Lemmons's back.

"I 've saw folks cut an' slashed an' stobbed before now," he explained, "an' they did n't know they was hurt tell they had done cooled off. They ain't no holes here an' they ain't no blood, but I could 'most take a right pine-blank oath that I seed 'im job that fork in your back."

"Tut, tut!" said Colonel Watson. "Do you s'pose I raised Danny Lemmons for the like of that?"

"Well," said Chadwick, resuming his seat and his dinner with unruffled nerves, temper, and appetite, "it beats the known worl'. It 's the fust time I ever seed a man git down on the floor for to give the in-turn an' the undercut, an' cut the pigeon-wing an' the double-shuffle, all before a cat could bat her eye. It looks to me that as peart a man as Lemmons there ought to be in the war."

"Ain't he in the war?" cried Colonel Watson, excitedly. "Ain't he forever and eternally in the war? Ain't he my bully bushwhacker?"

"On what side?" inquired Chadwick.

"The Union, the Union!" exclaimed the colonel, his voice rising into a scream.

"Well," said Chadwick, "ef you think you kin take the taste out 'n this barbecue with talk like that, you are mighty much mistaken."

After the wedding feast was over, Danny Lemmons seized on his fiddle and made music fine enough and lively enough to set the nimble feet of the mountaineers to dancing. So that, take it all in all, the Christmas of the conscript was as jolly as he could have expected it to be.

When the festivities were concluded there was a consultation between Colonel Watson and Danny Lemmons, and then Captain Moseley and his men were told that they were free to go.

"What about Lovejoy?" asked Moseley.

"Oh, bless you! he goes over the mountain," exclaimed Danny, with a grin. "Lord, yes! Right over the mountain."

"Now, I say no," said Polly, blushing. "Turn the man loose an' let him go."

There were protests from some of the mountaineers, but Polly finally had her way. Lovejoy was unbound and permitted to go with the others, who were escorted a piece of the way down the mountain by Spurlock and some of the others. When the mountaineers started back, and before they had got out of sight, Lovejoy seized a musket from one of his men and turned and ran a little way back. What he would have done will never be known, for before he could raise his gun a streak of fire shot forth into his face, and he fell and rolled to the side of the road. An instant later Danny Lemmons leaped from the bushes, flourishing his smoking rifle.

"You see 'im now!" he cried. "You see what he was atter! He 'd better have gone over the mountain. Lord, yes! lots better."

Moseley looked at Chadwick.

"Damn him!" said the latter; "he 's got what he 's been a-huntin' for."

By this time the little squad of militiamen, demoralized by the incident, had fled down the mountain, and Moseley and his companion hurried after them.

Joel Chandler Harris.

FOURTEEN TO ONE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THERE are certain situations inherently too preposterous for fiction; the very telling of them involves the presumption of fact. No writer with any regard for his literary reputation would invent such a tale as that which I am about to relate. The reader will agree with me, I think, that the conclusive events of the story are but another evidence that truth is the most amazing thing in the world. With this prefatory word, which may give force to the narrative, I need only proceed to record the circumstances. For reasons which will be sufficiently obvious, I shall not make use of authentic names of either the persons or the localities involved in the recital of one of the most thrilling incidents in modern American history.

THE Reverend Mr. Matthews was hitching up his horse to go to the post-office. The horse was old; the man was old. The horse was gray; so was the man. The wagon was well worn of its paint, which was once a worldly blue, and the wheels sprawled at the axles like a decrepit old person going bow-legged from age. The Reverend Mr. Matthews did not use the saddle, according to the custom of the region; he was lame and found it difficult to mount.

It was a chilly day, and what was once a buffalo robe lay across the wagon seat; a few tufts of hair remained upon the bare skin, but it was neatly lined with a woman's shawl — an old plaid, originally combining more colors than a rag mat, but now faded to a vague general dinginess which would recommend it to the "low tone" of modern art. The harness was as old as the buffalo robe, as old as the shawl, as old as the horse, one might venture to say as old as the man. It had been patched, and mended, and lapped, and strapped, and tied, past the ingenuity of any but the very poor and the really intelligent; it was expected to drop to pieces at the mildest provocation, and the driver was supposed to clamber down over the bow-legged wheels and tie it up again, which he always did, and always patiently. He was a very patient old man; but there was a spark in his dim blue eye.

The reins, which he took firmly enough in his bare hands, were of rope, by the way. He could not go to the post-office on Mondays because his wife had to use the clothes-line. He felt it a special dispensation of Providence that women did not wash on Saturdays, when his copy of "Zion's Herald" was due.

She came out of the house when he had harnessed, and stood with her hands wrapped in her little black-and-white checked shoulder shawl, watching him with eyes where thirty years of married love dwelt gently. Something sharper than love crossed her thin face in long lines; she had an expression of habitual anxiety refined to feminine acuteness; for it was the year 1870, and it was — let us call it, since we must call it something, the State of Kennessee.

Mrs. Matthews stood in that portion of the house which Kennessee does not call a loggia; neither is it a porch, a piazza, or a hall. It results from the dual division of the house, which rises on each side, uniting in one boarded roof and a loft. Two chimneys of stone or of clay, according to the social status of the owner, flank the house on each side. The Rev. Mr. Matthews's chimneys were of clay, for he was a minister of the Methodist faith. His house was built of logs; through the space which cut the building the chickens walked critically, like boarders discussing their dinner. The domestic dwelling of a comfortable pig could be seen in the background. There were sheds, and something resembling a barn for the horse. All were scrupulously neat. Behind, the mountains towered and had a dark expression. A clear sky burned above, but one had to look for it, it was so far, and there seemed so small an allowance of it — so much of the State of Kennessee; so little of heaven.

"Are you going to the post-office?" asked Mrs. Matthews, softly. She knew perfectly well, but she always asked; he always answered. If it gave her pleasure to inquire, he reasoned, why not?

"Yes, Deborah," said the old man, briskly. "Want to go?"

"I don't know. Is Hezekiah tuckered out?"

"Hezekiah is as spry as a chipmunk," returned the minister, confidently. Now Hezekiah was the horse, and thirty-one years old. He received this astounding tribute with a slow revolution of his best eye (for he was

blind in the other, but no one ever mentioned the fact in Hezekiah's presence) which might have passed for that superior effort of intelligence known only to the human race, and vulgarly called a wink.

"Well," said Mrs. Matthews, doubtfully, "I don't know 's I 'll go."

She pronounced these words with marked, almost painful, hesitation, in an accent foreign to her environment. Her movements and dress were after the manner of Kennessee; but her speech was the speech of New Hampshire. They had been Northerners thirty years ago. Weak lungs brought him and a parish kept him. Thirty years — and such years! — seemed a long time to stay true to the traditions of youth and a flag. The parishioners and people whom, for courtesy, one called one's neighbors in those desolate, divided mountain homes, expressed themselves variously upon the parson's loyalty to the national cause. The Border State indecision had murmured about him critically, for the immediate region had flashed during the civil war, and remained sulky still.

The Confederacy had never lacked friends in that township. Of late the murmur had become a mutter. The parson had given offense. He had preached a sermon treating of certain disorders which had become historic, and for which the village and valley were acquiring unenviable notoriety.

"If I thought I could prevent anything," proceeded Mrs. Matthews anxiously, "I 'd — I 'd — I don't know but I 'd go. Are you goin' to hold the meetin' — after all?"

"Certainly," replied the minister, lifting his head. "I shall dispense the Word as usual."

"Well," said his wife sadly — "well, I s'pose you will. I might have known. But I hoped you 'd put it off. I was afraid to ask you. I can't help worryin'. I don't know but I 'll go, too. I can get my bunnet on in a minute."

Her husband hesitated perceptibly. He did not tell her that he was afraid to take her; that he was almost equally afraid to leave her. He said:

"The lock of the back door is n't mended yet; I don't know but things need watching. That speckled bantam 's dreadfully afraid of weasels when she 's setting; I don't know 's I blame her."

"Well," returned the old lady with a sigh, "I don't know but you 're right. If it 's the Lord's will I should stay at home and shoo weasels, I s'pose he can look after you without my help, if he has a mind to. Will you take the sweet potatoes along? There 's a bushel and a half; and two dozen eggs."

The two old people loaded the wagon together, rather silently. Nothing further was said about the prayer-meeting. Neither alluded to danger. They spoke of the price of potatoes and chickens. The times were too stern to be spendthrift in emotion. One might be lavish of anything else; but one had to economize in feeling, and be a miser in its expression. When the parson was ready to start he kissed his wife, and said:

"Good-by, Deborah."

And she said, "Good-by, Levi."

Then she said: "Let me tuck you up a little. The buffalo ain't in."

She tucked the old robe about the old legs with painstaking, motherly thoroughness, as if he had been a boy going to bed. She said how glad she was she had that nice shawl to line it.

"Thank you, Deborah. Keep the doors locked, won't you? And I would n't run out much till I get back."

"No, I don't know 's I will. Have you got your lantern?"

"Yes."

"And your pistol?"

"No."

"Ain't you going to take it?"

"No, Deborah; I 've decided not to. Besides, it 's a rusty old affair. It would n't do much."

"You 'll get home by nine, won't you?" she pleaded, lifting her withered cheek over the high, muddy wheel. For a moment those lines of anxiety seemed to grow corrosive, as if they would eat her face out.

"Or quarter-past," said the parson, cheerfully. "But don't worry if I 'm not here till half-past."

Hezekiah took occasion to start at this point; he was an experienced horse; he knew when a conversation had lasted long enough at the parting of husband and wife, in 1870, and in Kennessee. No horse with two eyes could see as much as Hezekiah. This was understood in the family.

A rickety, rocky path, about four feet wide, called by courtesy "The Road," wound away from the parsonage. The cornfield grew to it on each side. The tall stalks, some of them ten feet high, stood dead and stark, shivering in the rising wind. The old man drove into them. They closed about his gray head. Only the rear of the muddy blue wagon was visible between the husks.

"Levi! Levi! I want to ask a question."

She could hear the bow-legged wheels come to a lame halt; but she could not see him. He called through the corn in his patient voice:

"Well, well! What is it? Ask away, Deborah."

"What time shall I begin to worry, Levi?"

To this essentially feminine inquiry silence answered significantly:

"My dear," said the invisible husband after a long pause, "perhaps by ten — or half-past. Or suppose we say eleven."

She ran out into the corn to see him. It seemed to her, suddenly, as if she should strangle to death if she did not see him once more. But she did not call, and he did not know that she was there. She ran on, gathering up her chocolate-colored calico dress, and wrapping her checked shawl about her head nervously. At the turn of the path there was a prickly locust tree. It had been burnt to make way for crops after the fashion of the country, which is too indolent to hew; it had not been well burned, and one long, strong limb stretched out like an arm; it was black, and seemed to point at the old man as he disappeared around the twist in the path where the returning-valley curved in, and the passenger found a way to the highway. The parson was singing. His voice came back on the wind:

How firm a founda-tion, ye sa-aints of the Lo-ord!

She wiped the tears from her eyes and came back through the corn, slowly; all her withered figure drooped.

"I don't know but I 'd ought to have perked up and gone with him," she said aloud, plaintively.

She stood in the house-place, among the chickens, for a few minutes, looking out. She was used, like other women in that desolate country, to being left much alone. Those terrible four years from '61 to '65 had taught her, she used to think, all the lessons that danger and solitude can teach; but she was learning new, now. Peace had brought anything, everything, but security. She was a good deal of a woman, as the phrase goes, with a set strong Yankee mouth. Life had never dealt so easily with her that she expected anything of it; it had given her no chance to become what women call "timid." Yet as she stood looking through the stark corn on that cold gray day she shook with a kind of horror.

Women know what it is — this ague of the heart which follows the absent beloved. The safest lives experience it, in chills of real foresight, or fevers of the imagination. Deborah Matthews lived in the lap of daily dangers that had not alienated her good sense, nor suffocated that sweet, persistent trust in the nature of things, call it feminine or religious, which is the most amazing fact in human life; but sometimes it seemed to her as if her soul were turning stiff, as flesh does from fear.

"If this goes on long enough, I shall die of it," she said. "He will come home some day, and I shall be dead of listenin', and shiverin', and prayin' to Mercy for him. Prayer is Scripture, I suppose, and I have n't anythin' against it; but folks can die of too much prayin', as well as a gallopin' consumption or the shakes."

Only the chickens heard her, however, and they responded with critical clucks, like church members who thought her heretical. Since chickens constituted her duties, she would gratify Heaven and divert her mind by going out to see the setting bantam, who took her for a weasel and protested violently.

Mrs. Matthews came back to the house indefinably comforted, in a spiritual way, by this secular interruption, and prepared to lock up carefully, as her husband had bidden her. It was necessary to look after all the creatures first: the critical chickens, the comfortable pig, the gaunt cow, and the Rooster, for whom, as he was but one, and had all the lordliness of his race, and invariably ran away from her, and never came till he got ready, Mrs. Matthews had a marked respect, and thought of him as spelled with a capital. It took a great while that evening to get the Rooster into the pen, and while her feminine coax and his masculine crow ricocheted about the cornfield, the old lady cast a sharp, watchful eye all over the premises and their vicinity. Silence and solitude responded to her. No intrusion or intruder gave sign. The mountain seemed to overlook the house pompously, as a thing too small to protect. The valley had a stealthy look, as if it were creeping up to her. The day was darkening fast. The gloom of its decline came on with the abruptness of a mountain region, and the world seemed suddenly to shrink away from the lonely spot and forget it.

Mrs. Matthews, when she had locked up the animals with difficulty, deference, or fear, according to their respective temperaments, fastened the doors and windows of the house carefully, and looked at the clock. It was half-past six. She took off her muddy rubbers, brushed them neatly, folded away her shawl, and started the fire economically. She must have a cup of tea; but supper should wait for Levi, who needed something solid after Friday evening meeting. She busied herself with these details assiduously. Her life was what we might call large with trifles; she made the most of them; there was nothing better that she knew of to keep great anxieties out of the head and sickening terrors out of the heart.

There was one thing, to be sure: Mrs. Matthews called it faith and providence. The parson's wife had her share of it, but it took on practical, often secular, forms. Sometimes she prayed aloud, as she sat there alone, quaking in every nerve. Sometimes she pitched her shrill old voice, as she did to-day, several notes above the key, and sang:

How firm a found-da-tion, ye sa-aints of the Lo-ord!
Is laid for your fa-ith in his ex-cellent word!

But she locked the house up before she sang. She made her tea, too, and drank it.

"I always feel to get a better spiritual attitude," she used to say, "when I 've had my cup of tea."

The house was so neat that its rudeness became a kind of daintiness to the eye; and the trim old lady, in her chocolate calico with its strip of a ruffle at throat and wrists, sat before the fireplace, meditative and sweet, like a priestess before an altar. She used to hate that fireplace with hot New Hampshire hatred — the kettle, the crane, and all the barbarous ways of managing; but she had contrived to get used to it now. It was the dream of her life to save money enough to freight a good Northern cook-stove over from Chattanooga. But she expected to die without it. The room winked brightly with shiny tin-ware hung above the fireplace, and chintz curtains at the windows. There were hollyhocks on the curtains which seemed like New Hampshire, if you made believe very much. There was a center-table with a very old red and black tablecloth of the fashion of fifty years ago. The minister's writing materials adorned this table — his tall inkstand, with its oxidized silver top: his first parish in New Hampshire gave him that inkstand, at a donation party, in a sleet storm one January night, with a barrel of flour and a bushel of potatoes. Beside the inkstand lay his quill pen sharpened with the precision of a man who does not do much writing; the cheap, blue-ruled letter paper, a quire of it; and the sacred sermon paper which Mrs. Matthews would not have touched for her life; she would as soon have touched the sermons. These were carefully packed away in the corner in a barrel covered with turkey-red, and surmounted with a board top. The family Bible lay on the board.

Above rose the minister's "library." This was a serious affair, greatly respected in the parish and adored by the minister's wife. It took at least three poplar shelves stained by Mr. Matthews's own hand, and a borrowed paint-brush, to hold that library. Upon the lower shelf the family clock ticked solemnly, flanked by Cruden's Concordance and Worcester's Octavo Dictionary. For neighbors to these there were two odd volumes of an ancient encyclopedia, the letters unfortunately slipping from A to Z without immediate alphabetical connection. Upon such subjects, for instance, as alchemy or zoölogy, the minister was known to have shown a crushing scholarship, which was not strictly maintained upon all topics. Barnes's Notes on Matthew occupied a decorous position in the library. The life of John Wesley, worn to tatters and covered with a neat brown paper grocery bag, overflowed into two octavo volumes, which, after all, had the comfortable, knowing look of a biography which treats of a successful life-experience, opulent in fact and feeling, alert and happy. Beside the shriveled career of this humble disciple, what a story!

The history of New Hampshire stood beside John Wesley. A map of the State of Kennessee surmounted the library. For the rest, the shelves were fatly filled with filed copies of "Zion's Herald" and a Chattanooga weekly.

There was an old lounge in the room, home-made, covered with a calico comforter and a dyed brown shawl. The minister's slippers lay beside it; they were of felt, and she had made them. This lounge was Mr. Matthews's own particular resting-place when the roads were rough or the meeting late. If he were very late, and she grew anxious, his wife went up and stroked the lounge sometimes.

Their bedroom opened across the house-place from the living-room. It held a white bed, with posts, and old white curtains much darned. Mrs. Matthews's Bible lay on a table beside the bed. The room was destitute of furniture or ornaments, but it had a rag carpet and a fireplace. When Mr. Matthews had a sore throat and it was very cold they had a fire to go to bed by. That was delightful.

When Mrs. Matthews had taken her cup of tea and sung "How firm a foundation" till she was afraid she should be tired of it, which struck her as an impiety to be avoided, she walked about the house looking at everything, crossing from room to room, and looking cautiously after her. It was very still.

It was almost deadly still. How long the evening! Seven — eight — half-past eight o'clock. She tried to sew a little, mending his old coat. She tried to read the religious news in "Zion's Herald"; this failing, she even ventured on the funny column, for it was not Sunday. But nothing amused her. Life did not strike her as funny, that night. She folded the coat, she folded the paper, she got up and walked, and walked again.

Pretty little home! She looked it over tenderly. How she loved it. How he loved it. What years had they grown to it, day by busy day, night by quiet night. What work, what sorrow, what joy and anxiety, what economy, what comfort, what long, healthy, happy sleep had they shared in it! As she passed before the fire, casting tall shadows on the chintz curtains, she began to sing again, shrilly:

Home — home, dear, dear home!

Nine o'clock. Yes, nine; for the rickety old clock on the library shelf said so, distinctly.

It was time to stop pacing the room; it was time to stop being anxious and thinking of everything to keep one's courage up; it was time to put the johnny-cake on and start the coffee; he would be hungry, as men-folks ought to be; God made 'em so. It was time to peek between the hollyhock curtains and put her hands against her eyes, and peer out across the cornfield. It was time to grow nervous, and restless, and flushed, and happy. It was not time, thank God, to worry.

The color came to her withered cheek. She was handsomer as an old lady than she had been as a young one, and the happier she grew the better she looked, like all women, young or old. She bustled about, with neat, housewifely fussiness. She knew that her husband thanked Heaven for her New England home-craft — none of your "easy" Southern housekeeping for Levi Matthews. What would have become of the man? As she worked she sang unconsciously, "Dear, clean home!"

The johnny-cake was baking briskly. The candles were lighted. The coffee was stirred, and settled with the shell of an egg; it was ready to boil. It was quarter-past nine. Mrs. Matthews's head grew a little muddled from excitement. She began again at the top of her voice:

How firm a foundation, ye sa-aints of the Lo-ord!
Is laid for your faith in an ex-cellent home!

The clock wedged between the concordance and the dictionary struck half-past nine with an ecclesiastical tone; dogmatically, as if to insist on the point as a tenet on which she had been skeptical.

Mrs. Matthews stopped singing. She went to the window. The coffee was boiling over. The corn-cake was done brown. She pulled aside the curtain uneasily. The pine-wood fire flared, and blinded her with a great outburst of light. She could see nothing without, and stood for a moment dazzled. Then she began to look intently, and so accustomed her eyes to the masses of shadow and the lines of form outside. The road wound away abruptly, lost in the darkness like a river dashed into the sea. The cornstalks closed over it, stark and sear; she opened the window a little and heard them rustle, as if they were discussing something in whispers. Above the corn shot the gaunt arm of the prickly locust, burned and bare. The outlines of the mountain were invisible. The valley was sunk in the night. Nothing else was to be seen.

As she leaned, listening for the sedate hoofs of old Hezekiah, or the lame rumble of the blue wagon wheels, the Rooster uttered from his pen a piercing crow, and the bantam hen responded with an anxious cluck.

She could have killed either of these garrulous members of her family for the interruption. The chickens always crowed when she was listening for Mr. Matthews. When the irritating sounds had died away on the damp air with long, wavering echoes, a silence that was indescribably appalling settled about the place. Nothing broke it. Even the cornstalks stopped. After a significant pause they began again; they seemed to raise their voices in agitation.

"What in the world are they talkin' about?" she said impatiently. She shut the window, and came back into the middle of the room. The corn-cake was burning. The coffee must be set off. The supper would be spoiled. She looked at the Methodist clock. Mr. Cruden and the Rev. John Wesley seemed to exchange glances over its head, and hers. It lacked seven minutes of ten.

"But it is n't time to worry yet!"

The woman and the clock faced each other. She sat down before it. What was the use in freezing at the window, to hear the Rooster? and the talking corn? She and the clock would have it out. She crossed her work-worn hands upon her chocolate calico lap, and looked the thing in the eye.

What a superior, supercilious clock! What a theological, controversial clock! Was there ever a clock so conscious of its spiritual advantages? So sure it knew the will of the Almighty? So confident of being right about everything? So determined to be up and at it, to say it all, to insist upon it, to rub it in?

Five minutes before ten — three — two. Ten o'clock. Ten o'clock, said in a loud, clerical tone, as if it were repeating ten of the Thirty-nine Articles to a bishop.

"But, oh, not quite time to worry yet!" Ten minutes past. A quarter past. Twenty minutes. The woman and the clock eyed each other like duelists. Twenty-five minutes past ten. Half-past — Deborah Matthews gasped for breath. She turned her back on the clock and dashed up the window full-length.

The night seemed blacker than ever. A cloud had rolled solemnly over the mountain, and hung darkly above the house. The stalks of corn looked like corpses. But they talked like living beings still. They put their heads together and nodded. As she leaned out, trembling and panting, a flash of unseasonable lightning darted and shot; it revealed the arm of the locust tree pointing down the road. A low mutter of distant thunder followed; it rolled away, and lapsed into a stillness that shook her soul.

She came back to her chair in the middle of the room, by the center-table. The final struggle with hope had set in. It seemed as if the clock knew this as well as she. The tick-

ing filled her ears, her brain, her veins, her being. It seemed to fill the world.

Half-past ten. It was as if some spirit appealed to the minister's clock. Oh, tell her so softly! Say so, gently as religious love, though you be stern to your duty as religious law. Twenty-five minutes of eleven — a quarter of —

The woman has ceased to look the clock in the eye. It has conquered her, poor thing; and, now that it has, seems sorry for her, and ticks tenderly, as if it would turn back an hour if it could. Her head has dropped into her hands; her hands to her knees; her body to the floor. Buried in the cushions of the old rocking-chair, her face is invisible. Her hands have lifted themselves to her ears, which they press violently. She herself lies crouched like a murdered thing upon the floor.

Eleven o'clock. She must not, can not, will not bear it. Eleven o'clock. She must, she can, she shall. Past all feminine fright and nervousness, past all fancy, and waste of weak vision, and prodigal anxiety, past all doubt, or hope, or dispute, it is time to worry now.

Deborah Matthews, when it had come to this, sprang to her feet, gave one piteous, beaten look at the clock, then staid to look at nothing more. She flung open the door, not delaying to lock it behind her, and dashed out. She was as wild as a girl, and almost as agile. She ran over the rocks, and slipped in the mud, and sunk in the holes, and pushed into the cornfield, and thrust out her hands before her to brush the stalks away, and stood for a moment to get her breath underneath the locust tree. How persistently, how solemnly, that black arm pointed down the path. She felt like kneeling to it, as if it were an offended deity. All the Pagan in her stirred. Suddenly the Christian rose and wrestled with it.

"Lord have mercy!" she moaned. "He 's my husband. We 've been married thirty years."

"Hain't I prayed enough?" she sobbed, sinking on her knees, in the mud, among the corn. "Hain't I said all there 's any sense in sayin' to thee? What 's the use in pesterin' God? But, oh, to mercy, if thou couldst take the trouble to understand what it is to be married — thirty years — and to set here in the cornfield lookin' for a murdered husband. He can't," said Deborah Matthews, abruptly starting to her feet. "God ain't a woman. It ain't in nature. He can't understand."

She pushed on, past the burned trees and out towards the highway. It was very dark. It was deadly lonely. It was as still as horror. Oh, there —

What tidings? For good or for ill, they had come at last. Deep in the distance the wheels of a bow-legged wagon rumbled dully, and the hoofs of a tired horse stumbled on the half-frozen ground. Far down the road she could see, moving steadily, a little sparkle, like a star. She dared not go to meet it.

Friend or foe might bear the news. Let it come. It must find her where she was. She covered her face with her shawl, and stood like a court-martialed soldier before the final shot.

"Deb-orah?"

Far down the road the faint cry sounded. Nearer, and advancing, the dear voice cried. He was used to call to her so when he was late, that she might be sure, and be spared all possible misery. He was infinitely tender with her. The Christianity of this old minister began with the marriage tie.

"Deb-orah? Deborah, my dear? Don't be frightened, Deborah. I 'm coming. I 've got home."

Kissing and clinging, laughing and sobbing, she got him into the barn. Whether she clambered over the wheels to him, or he sprang out to her, whether she rode, or walked, or flew, she could not have told; nor, perhaps, could he. He was as pale as the dead corn, and seemed dazed, stunned, unnatural to her eye. Hezekiah probably knew better than either of these two excited old people how they together got his harness off, with shaking hands, and rolled the wagon into the shed, and locked the outbuildings, not forgetting the supper of the virtuous horse who rests from his labors after fifteen miles on a Kennessee road, and at the age of thirty-one.

"Lock the doors," said the minister abruptly, when they had gone into the house-place. "Lock up everything. Take pains about it. Give me something to eat or drink, and don't ask a question till I get rested."

His wife turned him about, full in the firelight, gave one glance at his face, and obeyed him to the letter. Perhaps, for the first time in her life, she did *not* ask a question. His mouth had a drawn, ghastly look, and his sunken eyes did not seem to see her. She noticed that he limped more than usual as he crossed the room to lay his old felt hat on the barrel-top beneath the library.

"You are used up," she said; "you are tuckered out! Here, drink your coffee, Levi. Here, I won't talk to you. I won't say a word. Drink, Mr. Matthews; do, dear."

He drank in great gulps exhaustedly. When she came up with the corn-cake, having turned her back to dish it, she heard a little clicking sound, and saw that his right hand closed over something which he would have hidden from her.

It was the old pistol; he was loading it, rust and all. The two looked at each other across the disabled weapon.

"It 's all we have," he said. "A man must defend his own. Don't be frightened, Deborah. I 'll take care of you."

"You might as well out with it," said the old lady distinctly. "I 'm ready to hear. I 'm not a coward. New Hampshire girls ain't. I should think you 'd know I 'd been through enough, in this God-forsaken country — for that."

"Well," slowly. "Well, I suppose you 're about right, Deborah. The fact is, I 've had a narrow escape of it. I was warned at the meeting. We had a gratifying meeting. The Spirit descended on us. Several arose to confess themselves anxious — "

"What were you warned about?" interrupted his wife. "Never mind the anxious seat. I 've sat on it long enough for one night. What 's the matter? Who warned you?"

"I was warned against the Ku Klux Klan, that 's all," returned the parson simply, picking up the crumbs of corn-cake from his knees, and eating them to "save" the bread. "They lay in wait for me on the road home. I had to come round over the mountain, the other way. It was pretty rough. I did n't know but they 'd detail a squad there. It was pretty late. The harness broke twice, and I had to mend it. It took a good while. And I knew that you — "

"Never mind me!" cried Mrs. Matthews, with that snap of the voice which gives the accent of crossness to mortal anxiety. "Tell me who warned you. Tell me everythin', this minute!"

"That 's about all, Deborah. A colored brother warned me. He has been desirous of being present at all the means of grace, of late. But for the — the state of public sentiment, he would have done so. He is that convert brought to me privately, a few weeks ago, by our new brother, Deacon Memminger."

"I don't know 's I half like that Deacon Memminger," returned the wife. "He got converted pretty fast. And he 's a stranger in these parts. His speech ain't our speech, either. But it 's a Southern name. Did he warn you?"

"He was not present to-night at the dispensing of the Word," replied the minister. "No, I was taken one side, after the benediction, without the building, by the colored brother and warned, on peril of my life,— and on peril of his,— not to go home to-night, and to tell no man of the warning."

"But you did — you came home!"

"Certainly, my dear; you were here."

She clung to him, and he kissed her. Neither spoke for many minutes. It seemed as if he could not trust himself. She was the first to put in whispered words the thought which rocked the hearts of both.

"When they don't find you — what will they do?"

"My dear wife — my dear wife, God knows."

"What shall you do? What can we do?"

"I think," said the minister in his gentle voice, "that we may as well conduct family prayers."

"Very well," said his wife, "if you 've had your supper. I 'll put away the dishes first."

She did so, methodically and quietly, as if nothing out of the common course of events had happened, or were liable to. Her matter-of-fact, housewifely motions calmed him; as she thought they would. It made things seem natural, homelike, safe, as if danger were a delirious dread, and home and love and peace the foundations of life, after war, in Kennessee.

When she had washed her hands and taken off her apron she came back to the lounge and brought the family Bible with her, and the hymn-book. They sang together one verse of their favorite hymn, "How firm a foundation," with the quavering, untrained voices that had "led the choirs" of mountain meetings for almost thirty years of patient, self-denying missionary life. Then the parson read, in a firm voice, a psalm — the ninety-first; and then he took the hand of his wife in his, and they both knelt down by the lounge and he prayed aloud, his usual, simple, trustful, evening prayer.

"O Lord, our heavenly Father, thy mercies are new every morning, and fresh every evening. We thank thee that though danger walketh in darkness, it shall not come nigh us. We bless thee that thou art so mindful of thine unworthy servant and handmaiden. We thank thee that for nearly thirty years we have dwelt in conjugal love and peace beneath this comfortable roof. We thank thee that no disaster hath rendered us homeless, and that the hand of violence hath not been raised against us. We pray thee that thou wilt withhold it from us this night, that we may sleep in peace, and awake in safety — "

"Levi!"

A curdling whisper in his ear interrupted the old man's prayer. "Levi! There are footsteps in the corn!"

"And awake in safety," proceeded the minister firmly, "to bless thy tender care — "

He did not rise from his knees, but prayed on in a strong voice. So well trained to the religious habit was the woman that she did not cry out, nor interrupt him again, nor did she either arise from her knees before the old lounge.

Suddenly voices clashed, cries upsprang, and a din surrounded the house.

"Come out! Come out! Out with the Yankee parson! Out with the nigger-praying preacher! Show yourself!"

The old man's hand tightened upon the hand of his old wife; but neither rose from their knees. The confusion without redoubled.

Calls grew to yells. Heavy steps dashed foraging about the house. Cries of alarm from the outbuildings showed that the animals, which were the main support of the simple home, were attacked, perhaps destroyed. Then came the demand:

"Come out! Come out to us! Show yourself, you sneaking, Yankee parson! Out to us!"

A terrific knock thundered on the door. Steadily the calm voice within prayed on:

"We trust thee, O Lord, and we bless thee for thy mercy to us ward—"

"Open the door, or we will pull your shanty down to hell!"

"Preserve us, O Lord, for thy loving-kindness endureth forever—"

"Open the door, —— you, or we 'll set the torches to it, and burn you out!"

"Protect us, O God—"

The light lock yielded, and the old door broke down. With a roar the mob rushed in. They were not over sixteen, but they seemed sixty, storming into the little room. They were all masked, and all armed to the teeth.

Before the sight which met his eyes the leader of the posse fell back. He was a tall, powerful fellow, evidently by nature a commander, and the men fell back behind him.

"For Christ's sake, Amen," said the parson. He rose from his knees, and his wife rose with him. The two old people confronted the desperados silently. When the leader came closer to them he saw that the Rev. Mr. Matthews's hands were both occupied. With the left he grasped the hand of his wife. In the right he held his rusty pistol. The hymn-book had fallen to the floor; but the family Bible had been reverently laid with care upon the lounge, its leaves yet open at the ninety-first psalm.

"Gentlemen," said the parson, speaking for the first time, "I would not seem inhospitable, but the manner of your entering has perturbed my wife and interrupted our evening prayer, which it is our custom never to cut short for any insufficient cause. Now I am ready to receive you. Explain to me your errand."

"It 's a —— short one," said a voice from the gang; "a rope and a tree will explain it easy enough."

"And nothing less!" cried a hoarse man. "We have n't come on any boys' play this time. We 've had chase enough to find you for one night."

"That 's so. It 's no fool's errand, you bet. We ain't a tar-and-feathering party. We mean business."

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" pleaded the parson. He took the hand of his wife as he spoke, and lifted it to his shrunken breast, and held it there, delicately.

It was the piteous instinct of manly protection powerless to protect.

"In the name of civil justice, O my neighbors, wherein have I offended you?"

"That 's our business. It 's a serious one, too," cried the hoarse man. "Your —— pious prayer-meetings have been a nursery of sentiments we don't approve, that 's all. You 've admitted a —— darky among respectable white citizens. Come now, have n't you? Own up!"

"Certainly," replied the parson, promptly. "There was one colored brother present at the means of grace on one or two occasions. I regretted that my congregation did not altogether welcome him. He was converted by the mercy of God, beneath my ministrations. Would ye that I denied him the poor benefit of my prayers? Nay, then, as God hears me, I did not, nor I would not."

The old man's dim eyes flashed. He raised his rusty pistol, examined it, and laid it down. Before sixteen well-armed men he began to comprehend the uselessness of his old weapon. He looked upon the array of grotesque and ghastly masks steadily; they rose like a row of demons before his biblically trained imagination. Mr. Matthews believed in demons, in a simple, unquestioning way.

"And you 've preached against that which was no business of yours. Come now, own to it! You 've meddled with the politics and justice of the State. You have preached against the movements of the Klan — what 's left of it."

"I own to it," said the parson, quietly. "I have delivered a discourse upon the topic of your organization. I felt called of Heaven to do it. Is that all ye have against me? I pray you, for my wife's sake, who is disquieted by your presence, as you see, to leave us to ourselves and go your way — from under my roof."

"Have him out! Right smart, now!" yelled the hoarse man. "Have him out without more words! A rope! A rope! Where 's a rope?"

In a moment there was mêlée in the house. Cries arose to the effect that the rope was left in the corn. But a fellow who had been browsing about outside ran in with a rope in his hand and handed it to the hoarse man. The rope was Mrs. Matthews's clothes-line — Hezekiah's reins. The hoarse man gave it to the leader with an oath. The leader seemed to hesitate, and conferred in a whisper with the hoarse man and with others; but he was apparently overborne in his hesitation; he took the rope, and advanced with a certain respect to the parson, death in his hand, but who knew what pity in his heart? The mask hid it if any were there. The noise from the gang now increased brutally. Cries, oaths, curses, calls to death resounded through the pure and peaceful room.

The hoarse man lassoed the rope, and threw it around the parson's neck. At this moment a terrible sound rang above the confusion.

It was the cry of the wife.

She had possessed herself magnificently up to this time; the Puritan restraint set upon her white, old face; she had not said a word. No murderer of them all had seen a tear upon her withered cheek. But now nature had her way. She flung herself to her knees before the members of the Klan; then upon her husband's neck; back upon her knees—and so, in a passion wavering between agony and entreaty, pleaded with them. She cried to them for the love of Heaven, for the love of God, for the sake of "Jesus Christ his Son, their Saviour," so she put it, with the lack of tact and instinct for scriptural phraseology belonging to her devout, secluded life.

The phrase raised a laugh.

She cried to them for the love of their own wives, for the sake of their mothers, by the thought of their homes, for the sake of wedded love, and by his honorable life who had ministered respected among them for nearly thirty years—by the misery of widowhood, and by the sacredness of age. In her piteous pleading she continued to give to the murderers, at the very verge of the deed, the noblest name known to the usages of safe and honorable society.

"Gentlemen! *Gentlemen!* For the sake of his gray hair! For the sake of an old wife—"

But there they pushed her off. They struck her hands from their knees; they tore her arms from his neck, and so were dragging him out, when the parson said in a clear voice:

"Men! Ye are at least men. Give way to the demand of my soul before ye hurl it to your Maker. I pray you to leave me alone, for the space of a moment, with this lady, my wife, that we may part one from the other and no man witness our parting."

At a signal from the big leader the Klan obeyed this request. The men hustled out of the broken door. The leader stood within it.

"Watch 'em! Watch 'em like a lynx!" cried the hoarse man. But the leader turned his back.

"Deborah! Kiss me, my dear. You've been a good wife to me. I think you'd better go to your brother—in New Hampshire—I don't know. I have n't had much time to plan it out for you. Tell him I would have written to him if I had had time. Tell him to take good care of you. Oh—God bless you, my dear. Why don't you speak to me? Why don't you kiss me? Your arms don't stay about my neck. What! Can't hold them there—at this last minute? Pray for me, Deborah. Deborah! why don't you answer me? O my wife, my wife, my wife!"

But she was past answering; past the sacred agony of that last embrace. She had dropped from his breast, and lay straight and still as the dead at his feet.

"God is good," said the old man, solemnly. "Let her be as she is. I pray you do not disturb her. Leave her to the swoon which He has mercifully provided for her relief at this moment—and do with me as ye will, before she awakens."

A certain perceptible awe fell upon the gang as the old man stepped around the unconscious form of his wife and presented himself in the doorway.

"He seems to be a grateful old cove," said one man in a low voice. "I don't know 's I ever heard a feller in his circumstances give God a good name before."

"No sniveling!" cried the hoarse man. "Have it over!"

They took him out, and arranged to have it over as quickly as might be. It must be admitted that the posse were nervous. They did not enjoy that night's work as much as they had expected to. They were in a hurry now to be done with it and away.

The old man offered no useless resistance. He walked with dignity, and without protest. He limped more than usual. His head was bare. His gray hair blew in the rising wind. The rope was around his neck.

Some one had wheeled out the blue wagon and rolled it under the locust tree. As this was done the old horse whinnied for his master from the stall. The parson was pushed upon the cart. Short work was made of it. As the leader of the gang stooped to help the hoarse man fling the rope over the burned bare limb of the tree and to adjust the noose about the old man's neck—which he made insistence on doing himself—a mask dropped. It was the face of the chief himself which was thus laid bare, and alas, and behold, it was even no other than the face of—

"Deacon Memminger!" cried the old minister, speaking for the first time since he had been dragged from the house. The leader restored his mask to his downcast face, with evident embarrassment.

"*You!*" said the parson. "I thought," he added gently, "that you had found a Christian hope. You communed with me at the Sacrament two weeks ago. I administered it to you. I am— sorry, Deacon Memminger."

The deacon muttered something, Heaven knew what, and fell back a step or two. Some one else prepared the rope to swing the old man off. He who was known as Deacon Memminger dropped to the rear of the gang, surveyed it carefully, then advanced to his place at the front, nearest to the victim. Every man awaited his orders. He was their chief. They

had organized and they obeyed, even in their decline, a military government. There was a moment's pause.

"I would like," said the doomed man gently, "a moment to commend my soul to God."

This was granted him, and he stood with his gray head bowed. His hands were tied behind him. His face was not muffled; it had a high expression. His lips moved. Those who were nearest thought they heard him murmur the first words of the Lord's Prayer. "Hallowed be Thy name," he said, and paused.

He said no more, nor seemed to wish it. So they ranged themselves, every man of them, to swing him off, each standing with both hands upon the rope, which had been spliced by another to a considerable length. He who was called Memminger stood, as he was expected, to give the final order. There were fourteen of them — and Memminger the chief. Beside him stood an idle fellow, masked like the rest, but apparently a servant, a tool of Memminger's, who had especial service for him, perhaps. If the old man struggled too much — or an accident happened — it was well to have an unoccupied hand. Memminger, in fact, had been well known in the gang for a good while, and was implicitly trusted and obeyed.

In putting their hands to the rope every man of them had of necessity to lay down his arms, both hands being clenched upon the rope, for a strong pull. They meant to break the old man's neck, and be done with it. Really, nobody cared to torture him.

"We 're ready," said the hoarse man. "Give the signal, Cap'n. Hurry up."

The light of their lanterns and torches revealed the old man clearly — the long arm of the locust above his head — the stormy sky above. Death was no paler than the parson, but he did not struggle. His lips moved still in silent prayer. His eyes were closed. The men bent to the rope. The chief raised his hand. The last signal hung upon his next motion.

Then there was a cry. Then his mask dropped, and from the face of the man beside him another fell, and it was the face of a negro, obedient and mute. Then the powerful figure of the leader straightened. His familiar eye flashed with a perfectly unfamiliar expression. Two muscular arms shot out from his body; each hand held a revolver sprung at full-cock and aimed.

"*Boys!*" he cried in an awful voice, "*I am an officer of the United States! and the first man of you who lets go that rope,* DROPS!"

In an instant, armed as he was, he covered them, every man of them unarmed and standing as they were. His negro servant sprang to his aid.

"The first man of you who stirs a muscle on that rope, dies!" thundered the quasi "Deacon" Memminger. "I am a deputy marshal, authorized by the National Government to investigate the Ku Klux Klan, and, in the name of the Stars and Stripes, and law and order, I arrest you, every man!"

And, in the name of simple wonder and astounding history, it was done. The negro servant, whose person bulged with hidden handcuffs, bound the men, one at a time, fourteen of them, while his master's experienced weapons covered the gang. They behaved with the composure of intelligent and dumfounded men. One of them ventured an observation. It was the hoarse man. He said:

"—— —— — —— you — to ——," struggled mightily with his handcuffs, and then held his tongue. The whole posse, by means of this simple stratagem, and by the help of that cowardice elemental in all brutes, was marched to the nearest sheriff; then delivered intact to the power of the law which the great mass of Kennessee citizens were ready to respect and glad to see defended. The county rang with the deed. Then whispers arose to hush it, for shame's sake. But it crept to Northern ears, and I record it as it was related to me.

"How is it, Parson?" said Deacon Memminger with a bright, shrewd smile, as he cut the old man down, and helped him, trembling as he was, to dismount the shaky cart. "How is it, sir? Are you sorry I came to church at your place — now? I thought — under the circumstances — and I was bound to save you. I and my darky boy have been ferreting out this thing for a hundred days. I joined 'em the first week I came down here. I came on from Washington to do it. We mean to make a thorough job of it — and I guess we 've done for 'em, this time. You 'll excuse me, sir, but I 've got to get 'em to the sheriff, and — I 'd go back and see my wife now, if I were you."

SHE came to herself and to her misery soon enough, lying there upon the floor beside the lounge. The first thing which she saw distinctly was the Bible, opened at the psalm which has calmed more souls in shocks of danger, and in the convulsions of lawless times, than any other written words known to the literature of the race.

But the first thing which she heard was his precious voice, pitched low, and modulated tenderly, so as not to frighten her.

"Deb-orah! Deb-orah! Don't be scared, my dear. They have not hurt me — and I 'm coming back to you."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Some Christmas Reflections.

PERHAPS our readers may find as much of the true Christian feeling in Dr. Abbott's article, and in the article on the Record of Virtue, as in the more ostensibly Christmas "features" of this number of THE CENTURY. Good people of other religions sometimes resent the Christian habit of insisting that all the modern and civilized agencies and enthusiasms for the bettering of humanity are essentially Christian. We can imagine the smile that must have illuminated the countenances of some of our Hebrew friends when, after the death of Montefiore, certain Christian doctors of divinity generously undertook to overcome, in various learned essays, the theological difficulties as to the entrance of that great benefactor into the rewards of Heaven. It was, we remember, the kindly and timely enterprise of one of our religious weeklies that set these good doctors to work; and we have no doubt that St. Peter of the Keys was greatly indebted to them for promptly pointing out a legitimate escape from an extremely awkward situation.

But Christians should not be blamed, after all, for finding in their religion the potency of all good. It is the distinction of Christianity that spiritual progress and good works go hand in hand in its system, rightly understood. The solitary, selfish, soul-saving, hermit view of the Christian life is a remnant of other religions and as far as possible from the true "imitation of Christ." In Professor Drummond's remarkable sermon on "The Greatest Thing in the World" perhaps the most striking passage is this: "Have you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things — in *merely* doing kind things? Run over it with that in view, and you will find that he spent a great proportion of his time simply in making people happy, in doing good turns to people." We know of a good man who would probably deprecate the title of "Christian," yet who, when thanked for some notable act of thoughtful kindness to a whole schoolful of boys, said that he deserved no thanks at all, because he had only acted on the principle he had long ago discovered, that "if you want happiness yourself in this world you must disseminate happiness."

But the Christian idea includes along with the dissemination of happiness also the dissemination of misery — misery to evil-doers. "And Jesus entered into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold the doves; and he saith unto them, It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer: but ye make it a den of robbers." It was doubtless with a view to this phase of the energy of the highest example of the Christian life that clergymen in the city of New York and in the State of Pennsylvania entered with such zeal into the moral issues of the campaigns of last month. Nothing that our spiritual leaders have done in our day has been more effective in increasing the respect of the general community for their sincerity and godliness. For, let us remember in this Christmas season of beneficence, of mutual kindnesses and of happiness, that Christianity is not only a religion of love, but a religion of hatred — of love for God and man, and hatred of all the evils in human character and in the entire social economy.

Trees in America.

WE spoke in the November CENTURY — and not by any means for the first time — of the meaning of forest preservation and of its importance as a factor in the future welfare of our country. Since that number went to press the proposed Yosemite National Park, described in our September number, has become a reality by the enactment of General Vandever's bill. By this result, for which the people of the country are largely indebted to the activity of Mr. Holman of the House of Representatives and of Mr. Plumb of the Senate, not only an important addition is made to the area of wonderful scenery reserved for public use, but an end is put, within considerable limits, to the depredations of lumbermen and sheep-herders. Another important gain, and one of great practical value, is the protection which this new reservation insures to the headwaters of the San Joaquin, Merced, and Tuolumne rivers — thus not only insuring a larger and steadier flow of the cataracts and falls of these streams, but conserving the water supply of the foothills and valleys below. Not less important was the passage by the Senate of the resolution of Senator Plumb, directing the Secretary of the Interior to make a prompt and careful report in regard to the spoliation of the Yosemite. The Secretary has shown an active interest in the new public reservations of California, and there is every reason to believe that he will make a searching investigation into these only too well proved abuses. In doing this it is greatly to be hoped that he will avail himself of the services of some capable and disinterested landscape architect of reputation. Happily there are several in the country who would meet the requirements of the occasion.

A very important measure is still pending, and should surely be acted upon favorably by the present Congress. We refer to the Act for the Protection and Maintenance of the Yellowstone National Park, which has passed the Senate and is now before the House of Representatives, having been reported favorably from the Committee on Public Lands. This bill, if we are not mistaken, has in fact passed the Senate four times, and is apparently only opposed by a lobby in the interest of a railroad scheme.

Unquestionably a wider and deeper interest in the general subject of forest preservation is now felt than was felt a few years ago, and the nature of the measures, public, corporate, and private, which will best insure the protection of our woodlands is more clearly understood. But much enlightenment, and especially much awakening of enthusiasm, are needed if the nation as a whole is to do its duty in forest preservation and also in the guarding of particularly beautiful passages

of scenery and exceptionally fine pieces of woodland or individual trees. Cold wisdom may do much; a genuine interest in Nature's productions, an enthusiastic love for them, can do more. To keep what will serve us is one motive; to keep what delights us is quite another; and both must work together in this case if we wish not only to do the best for ourselves but to respect the lawful rights of posterity.

Now, really to love a thing we must know it. There is no way in which a vital interest in it can be quickly and surely excited except by changing a vague and imperfect knowledge of its qualities into full and accurate knowledge. It is not the casual summer tourist, but the landscape gardener, who knows how impossible it is to create a bit of landscape like Nature's best, that protests most vigorously against the desecration of such bits. It is the botanist, the dendrologist, the trained student and practised lover of Nature, who cries out most loudly against the folly of mountain denudation — not the farmer or manufacturer, though his may be the material interests immediately at stake. To save our forests and landscapes and administer them wisely we must love them, and to love them we must know them. But those who have traveled farthest among them best understand how difficult it is to gain real acquaintance with them. Who among the other travelers or the residents we meet can tell us about our trees — whether a species is common or rare, what is its natural range, what is its adaptability to cultivation in other places, what the value of its various products, what its relative importance among the score of other species around it? And where are the books from which we can gather such information?

In fact, the first volume of the first book to meet the wants of Americans in this important direction has just been published. But the work promises to be, when complete in its twelve volumes, so adequate to every need, scientific and popular, that it merits an especially hearty welcome.

The time was ripe for an exhaustive and accurate survey of the arborescent species of our country, but only just ripe. Until the great West had been opened up in all directions by the railway, no botanical collector could feel sure that he had reaped the full riches of its forests, no systematic botanist could regard the families and genera of North American trees as more than provisionally established. Fortunately the advent of the time of full knowledge is now being recorded by a dendrologist who has played an important part in bringing it about. Professor Sargent's connection with the North Transcontinental Survey, his journeys in the service of the National Government when charged with the preparation of that volume of the Tenth Census Reports which treats of the forests of our country, his work in forming the Jesup Collection of Woods in the New York Museum of Natural History, and his present position as director of the Arnold Arboretum, which he has made the richest dendrological collection in America and to which he has given international scientific importance — all these labors furnished him with unequaled opportunities to fit himself for writing "The Silva of North America"; and he tells us in his preface that during them all the intention to write it was steadily in his mind. No one else, at home or abroad, was so well equipped as Professor Sargent to do this special piece of work.

His book, as we have implied, will replace no existing work — it will fill a crying vacancy. All that had previously been written about American trees was either fragmentary or to some degree incorrect; and the best of it was hidden away from the ken of the public in botanical monographs or the files of scientific journals. The only general work which could rightly pretend to the name of a Silva of North America has been the one first published by Michaux in 1810, and supplemented in 1842 by Nuttall; and this, of course, is sadly antiquated — incomplete in scope, and imperfect even as far as it goes. Other Silvas have been begun and not finished, or have been mere incorrect compilations from the writings of various authors. Even local handbooks, like Emerson's "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts," have not been numerous or often good. No botanist has hitherto been able fully and accurately to compute, distinguish, and understand our trees. No horticulturist or landscape gardener has had it in his power to select among all the species possible of cultivation in a given locality. No architect or cabinet-maker has had an explanatory list of all the woods he might advantageously use. And the lover of Nature has been perpetually balked of his wish to identify the species he has found in his travels. Nothing was more needed in our literature than a complete and detailed work, written from first-hand observation, which should systematize our trees for the scientific student and explain and illustrate their appearance and qualities for the public.

The Railway Zone-Tariff of Hungary.

THE extent to which the nations of the earth are sharing one another's life is illustrated not merely by the economic exchanges which no barriers of hostile legislation quite succeed in suppressing, but also by the contributions of political and industrial experience which each is making for the benefit of all. Some of the most useful of these come from quarters to which we might not have looked for original suggestions. For the method of ballot reform which is so widely adopted we are indebted to Australia; and now from Hungary we have a suggestion of reform in railway management which promises to revolutionize the passenger business.

The "Zone-tariff," as it is called, was put in operation in Hungary on the 1st of August, 1889. It has, therefore, but a brief experience to justify its practicability; but the results thus far have been so remarkable that its success seems to be assured. The method consists of a division of the territory of Hungary into fourteen concentric zones, Budapest, the capital, being the center. The first zone includes all stations within 25 kilometers — 16½ miles — from the center; the second, all more than 25 and less than 40; all the zones except the first, the twelfth, and the thirteenth are 15 kilometers, or a little more than 9 miles in width; the three named are 25 kilometers in breadth, and the fourteenth includes all stations more than 225 kilometers from the capital. The fare is regulated by the number of zones which the traveler enters or crosses during his journey. Reducing guldens to cents, the rate is 20, 16, and 10 cents per zone, for first, second, and third class passengers respectively. If one starts from Budapest and crosses three zones he travels,

therefore, 55 kilometers, or about 34 miles: if he goes first-class, his fare will be 60 cents; if second-class, 48 cents; if third-class, 30 cents.

For local traffic, when the traveler does not cross the boundary of any zone, there are special rates; if he goes only to the nearest station, the charges will be 12, 6, and 4 cents; if to the second station from his starting-point, 16, 9, and 6 cents; if to the third station, the full rates of the zone are charged.

The greatest reduction, however, is in the long distances. For all stations more than 225 kilometers — 150 miles — from Budapest the rates are the same. All stations beyond that distance are reckoned in the fourteenth zone. It costs no more to travel from Budapest to Brasso, which is 729 kilometers distant, than to Nagy Varad, the distance of which is only 245 kilometers. To this farthest point, 442 miles from the capital, the fares of the three classes are, for ordinary trains, $3.20, $2.32, and $1.60. At this rate the first-class fare from New York to Chicago would be only about $7.00, and the third-class fare about $3.50.

The former rates of the Hungarian railways between the two points now under consideration were $16.84, $11.56, and $7.68. The fare is, therefore, less than one-fifth of what it was under the old system.

It is in these long distances that the reduction is most sweeping; but even the shorter journeys are greatly cheapened. To Arad, which is 253 kilometers from Budapest, the former fare for the three classes was $6.16, $4.32, and $3.08; the present fare is $3.20, $2.32, and $1.60, a reduction of almost 50 per cent.

Besides the reduction in rates, the new system offers great advantages in the way of convenience and simplification. The number of distinct tickets always kept on sale in every important hotel office was formerly about 700; the greatest number required in any office is now only 92. This reduces considerably the expense of printing and of handling tickets. They are now sold like postage stamps, at news-stands, post-offices, hotels, cigar-shops, and other such places. Any traveler knows what his fare will be if he knows how many zones he is to cross; he simply multiplies the number of the zones he is to enter or cross by the normal rate of fare per zone, which is, as has been explained, twenty, sixteen, and ten cents for the three classes respectively.

For a large number of places within fifty-five kilometers of Budapest ticket-books containing from thirty to sixty tickets are issued at rates still lower. Thus for a group of stations averaging about twenty-one miles from Budapest books are sold which make the trip fares sixteen, twelve, and eight cents. These books are transferable, and the owner of the book may pay with these tickets the fares of persons accompanying him. Evidently the purpose of this system is to extend these concessions and conveniences as widely as possible, and not, as often in America, to limit and circumscribe them so that the smallest number of people shall get the advantage of them.

The reader will be interested in knowing what response has been made by the Hungarian public to these liberal measures. The Hungarian public is not particularly responsive, the population of the country is sparse, they are a poor, unenterprising, home-keeping people; but they seem to know a good thing when they see it. The increase in the passenger traffic has been very great. For the first eight months of the new system the number of passengers carried was 7,770,876; for the corresponding months of the previous year the number carried was 2,891,332. It may be supposed that this increase was mainly due to the great reduction in the long-distance rates. On the contrary, the gain is the largest in the traffic between neighboring stations. Of such passengers there were under the old system 255,000; under the new, 4,367,586.

This vast increase of business has also been accompanied by a substantial increase of revenues. Comparing the receipts from passengers and baggage of the first six months of the new system with the corresponding months of the previous year, we find a gain of $361,880. It is also stated that there has been no material increase in operating expenses. Under the old system the cars were not often more than one-third full.

It is not to be wondered at that railway managers from all parts of the world are hastening to Hungary to study on the ground this remarkable phenomenon. It is to be hoped that some of our own may go and return with new light on a great question.

To what extent the experience of Hungary could be made available in America it is not easy to say. Part of the Hungarian railways belong to the state, but part of them are under the control of private companies; it would appear, however, that the right of the state to regulate fares must be conceded. The document from which this information is derived is published by the Hungarian government, and it consists of an elaborate but very intelligible compilation of the rules and methods of classification under which the business is done.

One fact is clearly demonstrated — that reduced passenger fares greatly stimulate passenger traffic, and are advantageous to the companies. There are indications enough of this fact in the experience of American railways, but the managers are slow to act upon them. Perhaps this striking illustration from Hungarian railway history may quicken their apprehension.

The economic and industrial advantages of such low fares should be obvious to all. Whatever tends to promote the mobility of labor is in the interest of thrift and peace. Especially is this true in these times when through changes of fashion production is constantly shifting: if the work-people thrown out of employment in one place could easily and cheaply remove to some other place where laborers are wanted, suffering would be relieved, pauperism diminished, and the congestions of labor, out of which many difficulties arise, greatly reduced. The high rates of railroad fare prevent the free movement of labor, and aggravate many of our social ills.

OPEN LETTERS.

Election by the Majority.

THE acknowledged purpose of an election is to register the will of those who vote.

As there are different types of people, so there are many wills in any given community. The wills vary and are divided, or, perhaps more properly, formed into groups by various circumstances, such as interest, education, locality, habits of thought, and the like. These groups should have some means of asserting themselves, and such means should, as far as possible, give weight to their views in proportion to the numerical strength of each.

Our present methods of election are not conducive to the expression and registration of the different shades of political opinion. They tend rather to suppress than to recognize such difference. This is so far true, and the votes of small parties are so certain to prove ineffectual, that they are said to be cast into the air. It has frequently happened that many of the votes thus lost were cast on principle and by the most advanced thinkers for the time being. Such votes are apt to be conscience votes, and the loss of conscience votes is a serious loss to the State.

At present we have two kinds of elections with reference to the number of officers to be elected — single and plural. Single elections are those where a single person is chosen to office by the electors of a particular district, such as a governor, a mayor, and the like. Plural elections are those where several officers of the same class or grade are chosen on general ticket from the same district, as is the case with presidential elections.

While these methods differ in the form of the ticket, that may be said to be the only difference. In the one case a majority or plurality elects the single officer, in the other case the same majority or plurality elects all the officers on the general ticket, be they few or many. Should there chance to be more than two tickets in the field, they might receive almost an equal vote, but the ticket having the largest number by one vote would be elected.

I have assumed that the right to govern resides in the majority. This right to rule may be effectuated in two ways.

First. By securing the election of the single officer who is to rule.

Second. By securing the election of the major part of an official body composed of several members, such as legislative bodies. In the latter case only is a representation of both the majority and minority possible. But I shall here speak of the single election only. Mr. Hare's system of election and others have referred more particularly to plural elections.

A perfect election is a unanimous election. In such case no vote can be said to have been lost or to be ineffectual. In proportion as an election varies from this standard it is imperfect. But so long as an election is permitted by less than the whole number of votes, so long will ineffectual votes be cast.

The method of election here presented is designed more exactly to ascertain and register the will of the persons voting; to reduce, as far as possible, the number of ineffectual votes, and to aid the majority to unite on the choice of a single officer. Before describing the method in detail, it may be well first to define two words as very commonly used in politics, viz.: majority and plurality. The former means more than one-half of all the votes cast. The latter ordinarily means a number of votes cast for any candidate which is greater than the number cast for any other candidate, though generally less than a majority. For example, if A receives fifty-one votes and B forty-nine, A is said to have a majority. If A receives thirty-three, B thirty-three, and C thirty-four, C is said to have a plurality.

In endeavoring to improve our system of election care must be taken to command the confidence of the people. Radical changes will not be favored. A system should be such that the votes cast can be returned in a form convenient for examination, that the public may compute and ascertain for itself the result of an election. For these reasons only a comparatively slight change in present methods is here proposed, viz.: that each voter be allowed to add to his ballot the name of his second-choice candidate, to be considered and counted only in case the candidate of his first choice fails of an election.

This method can be easily understood by the voter as it simply gives him the privilege of a second choice. It allows him to say: I desire to vote for A if he can be elected, and if he cannot let my vote be counted for B. The manner of making the preference known is quite immaterial. It may be done by the order in which the names are placed on the ballot or otherwise. Where the Australian method of voting is used, the voter could indicate his first and second choice by placing appropriate characters, such as 1 and 2, opposite the names of the candidates of his first and second choice.

The next step under this system of election would be the making of proper returns. Had the voter the privilege of making three choices the returns would be much more complicated, while a fourth choice would still further multiply complications. As the voter cannot go beyond the second choice, the returns can be made with comparative ease. Of course the second choice would add somewhat to the labor of the canvassers under present methods, if returns were made of the second choice. But as it would not be necessary to consider the second choice except where there was no majority on the first choice, it might not be thought necessary on the first canvass to make any return of the second-choice votes. Probably, however, it would be better to have both the first and second choice votes counted and registered in the regular returns, that all may know the exact result.

In canvassing the vote, ballots would be first assorted into piles, one pile for each candidate having a first-choice vote. The number of ballots in any given pile would be the number of votes that particular candidate received on first choice, and would be so entered in the returns. Thereafter the various piles of ballots could be re-assorted in like manner according to the second choice and the results entered accordingly. The returns could then, for example, be tabulated thus:

FIRST CHOICE.	SECOND CHOICE. *A.*	*B.*	*C.*	*Blank.*
A	7	1	6	0
B	20	7	10	3
C	18	5	7	6

In such a form it may be seen that one line would indicate two things: 1. The number of votes cast for a particular candidate on the first choice. 2. Exactly how the voters casting those ballots desire their votes to be distributed among the other candidates as second choice, in case their first-choice candidate should fail to be elected.

Before considering the manner of ascertaining the result of an election by means of the second-choice votes it may be well to examine as a whole the returns as given above. They show: 1. That no candidate received a majority on the first choice. 2. That all who voted did not care to make a second choice. 3. That the form of the returns shows exactly how the voters who voted for each candidate on their first choice distributed their votes on second choice. 4. That under the present method of election B would be elected by a plurality vote, notwithstanding A's and C's supporters might prefer some one else. 5. That if the voters who cast their first-choice votes for A could be counted according to their second choice, C would be credited with six additional votes, and B with one additional vote, making B's total 21 and C's 24.

The returns being completed in the form above given the result of the election would remain to be ascertained. In case any candidate should have a majority of all the first-choice votes it would be useless to pursue our inquiry any further, for the majority must rule and elect its candidate. If, on the other hand, no candidate should receive a majority on the first choice, it would be apparent that the will of the majority of the voters could not be ascertained by considering only the first-choice votes. But as we are enabled to read the will of the voters by means of the second choice, we know how they desire their votes to be counted in case their first choice should prove ineffectual. The important point, however, would be the determination of what votes should be treated as ineffectual.

That first-choice votes may have effect as far as possible, it is proposed to distribute according to their second choice the votes cast for the candidate receiving the smallest number of first-choice votes. This would require, in our preceding example, that the votes cast for A on the first choice be counted according to the second choice. As we have seen, this would give B one additional vote and C six additional votes, making B's total 21 and C's total 24. C would then have a clear majority of all the votes cast, and would be elected.

Should no candidate receive a clear majority after the distribution of the votes originally cast for the candidate receiving the smallest number of votes on the first choice, the same process would have to be repeated as to the candidate having the next smallest number of votes to his credit, until such was the result or until only two candidates were left, when the one having the greater number of votes would necessarily be declared elected.

The rules for the election of a single officer may be stated as follows:

Voter's Rule.— Let each voter place on his ballot the names of two candidates most acceptable to him, indicating his preference.

Making Returns.— Canvass the ballots and make returns in the form heretofore given.

In that form they will show: 1. How many ballots are cast for each candidate as a first choice. 2. How many of that number are cast for each other candidate as a second choice. In other words, it will appear how many voters have supported each particular candidate as first choice, and how his supporters distribute their support on second choice.

Ascertaining Result.— 1. If the name of any candidate stands as first choice on a majority of all the ballots cast, he is elected.

2. If no candidate is thus elected, to the number of first-choice votes cast for the respective candidates (except the one having the least number) add the number of second-choice votes cast for each candidate by those voters who have voted for the candidate having the least number of first-choice votes.

3. If no candidate thus secures a majority, the process must be repeated (distributing each time according to their second choice the votes of the voters who voted on the first choice for the candidate who has the least number of votes to his credit) until such is the result, or until only two candidates remain, when the one having the greater number of votes to his credit will be elected by a majority or plurality, as the case may be.

That the method of ascertaining the result may be more clearly understood, I will endeavor to illustrate by means of the returns of the mayoralty election of 1888 in the city of New York. The figures given as the first choice show the actual vote in round numbers. The figures given to indicate the second choice are of course purely arbitrary. Let us assume that at the last mayoralty election the above described system was in use, that the votes were on first and second choice distributed as shown by the following supposed returns, and that we desired to ascertain the result.

FIRST CHOICE.	SECOND CHOICE. *Grant.*	*Erhardt.*	*Hewitt.*	*Coogan.*	*Jones.*	*Blanks.*
Grant	114,000	10,000	75,000	25,000	1,000	3,000
Erhardt	73,000	10,000	60,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Hewitt	71,000	10,000	50,000	6,000	1,000	4,000
Coogan	9,000	2,000	1,000	5,000	100	900
Jones	2,000	500	100	1,000	300	100

After adding together all the first-choice votes, we find that there were 269,000, of which number 134,501 constitute a majority. As no candidate has received so large a number of votes, we proceed (Rule 2) to add to the number of first-choice votes cast for the respective candidates (save the one having the least number) the number of second-choice votes cast for each candidate by those voters who have voted for the candidate having the least number of first-choice votes. This would remove Jones from the contest and give to Grant, Erhardt, Hewitt, and Coogan each an additional number of votes according to the popularity of each among the original supporters of Jones. Their amounts would then stand: Grant, 114,000+500=114,500; Erhardt, 73,000+100=73,100; Hewitt, 71,000+1000 =72,000; Coogan, 9000+300=9300.

As no candidate yet appears to have a majority, the process must be repeated (Rule 3), distributing this time, according to their second choice, the votes cast for Coogan, as he is the candidate who has the least

number of votes to his credit. Thus we find the supporters of Coogan, by means of their second-choice votes, contribute 2000 additional votes to Grant; 1000 to Erhardt, and 5000 to Hewitt, making their totals: Grant, 116,500; Erhardt, 74,100; and Hewitt, 77,000.

Still there is no majority, and there are more than two candidates in the field. The process must be repeated once more (Rule 3). Again proceeding to distribute according to their second choice the votes of those voting for the candidate having the least number of votes to his credit, Erhardt's supporters contribute 10,000 additional votes to the credit of Grant, and 60,000 to the credit of Hewitt, making their totals: Grant, 126,500, and Hewitt, 137,000. This would give Hewitt an election by the majority of all the votes cast. If, however, he had received less than 134,501 votes, but a larger number than Grant, he would still be elected, but by a plurality vote.

As the figures above given are not intended to be based on probabilities, it is left for those claiming political sagacity to work out for themselves, if they desire to do so, what would have been the result of that election had it been conducted under the foregoing plan.

Tests of this method can easily be made in any voluntary association where the same points would arise as upon the application of the plan to popular elections.

Such a system of election can, I believe, be instituted in this State of New York, as well as in many others, simply by an act of the legislature and without any constitutional amendment.

Daniel S. Remsen.

NEW YORK CITY.

Higher Education: a Word to Women.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

THE door has been opened; women are pressing to the front, crowding the ranks and filling the avenues once open only to men; they have entered the struggle, competing on equal terms and side by side with the stronger sex, making themselves the bread-winners, and doing the actual work of the world — in a word, taking active, intelligent, and resolute part in the march and progress of humanity. It seems almost as if a new race had been created, a new tide of being had set in, and new forces had been called into play, beginning a new era in the world's history, and — if woman so wills it — the moral and social regeneration of mankind. But before taking possession of the kingdom which is hers she would do well to pause for a moment on the height already gained and carefully scan the horizon, looking with her own eyes clearly into the past and clearly into the future so as to discern its whole drift and significance; bringing to bear her own independent judgment and insight upon the world as it is — as men have made it — and upon the world as it may be and as woman may help to make it, if she will trust her own genius and prerogative as woman — something other than man — over and above any calling or profession she may choose to adopt. In the enthusiasm for a new cause certain watchwords are caught up that fire the imagination, certain foregone conclusions are accepted that have not been very closely tested or examined. The term "higher education" has come to be looked upon as the "open sesame," the key to woman's emancipation and advancement — in fact, the solution of her destiny. As commonly and somewhat vaguely understood, higher education means instruction in the so-called higher branches of learning, the study of Latin and Greek, of the sciences in general or some special course, and finally the training for a profession, or for some of the higher industries or arts.

In our intensely acquisitive age, so bent upon the conquest and possession of things material and physical, it is not surprising that the question is often asked whether men have any use for a liberal education which does not fit them for the practical needs of life and for the struggle which every day grows keener, more selfish and more personal. Setting aside, however, a point of view that condemns advanced education on the ground that it is not materialistic enough, not utilitarian, not special enough to suit the wants of the times, we hear graver objections urged by those well qualified to judge, on the very ground that it is too materialistic, too much given over to the utilities, and too highly specialized to meet the true ends and broad purpose of culture — the unfoldment and best direction of man's highest faculties, the raising of his rank in the moral and social order, and the adjustment of his relations to the great universe around him, the seen and unseen. From infancy the physical senses are trained to a nicety; the child is taught accurately to observe and examine — to note every detail and discover the properties, the structure and "mechanism," of every natural and material object that comes within reach of outward and external sense. But there is a hidden sense as well — the vital principle itself, which may pass unperceived, undetected by the most minute microscopic investigation. The flower is picked to pieces, but the life, the soul, the fragrance, may exhale without recognition. Even the living creature is sacrificed — the frog is dissected, the rabbit, the dog, or the cat taken apart like any machine in order to ascertain the apparatus of its being; but what has been learned of the real secret, the mystery of a breathing, moving, sentient organism adapted to its own ends and environment, and filling its own place in creation? It has been truly said that "if modern knowledge is power, it is not wisdom"; and therefore, with increased education, the social status does not always improve, crime does not diminish, nor suffering grow less, and thus the levels of life are not lifted. And now that woman has taken into her own hands the shaping of her destiny, can she do better than accept these conditions? Can she conceive of no higher ideals, no grander incentive, and no more beautiful fulfilment? What is it that woman aims at in the widening of her career? Is it not freedom — the intellectual mastery and control that have made man free, and that she fondly hopes will give her freedom in turn? How shall she best attain it, she asks.

But right here, in the answer she gives herself, is actually the mistake that she makes, and that perhaps explains in part the hostile attitude of many men and the shrinking of certain women when equal claims and rights are asserted. Precisely by following in man's footsteps, she insists; along the lines he has chosen and with the same objects and ambitions in view. Just what he has accomplished, I will strive to accomplish. Just as he has built, I will build; just as he has aspired, I will aspire. But surely here is no freedom in its true sense, because no deliverance and enlargement of spirit, giving birth to new individuality and initiative. Un-

doubtedly there are women gifted to excel where men have excelled, in scientific and professional pursuits; but these women are necessarily exceptional. There are reasons deep-seated in her own constitution, and in the constitution of society, why it is not easy nor always to be advised that young women should be subjected to the mental strain and strict training required to fit them for a profession, nor is it well or often possible that girls as a rule should leave their homes and be sent into the world like boys. But even under the most favoring circumstances, and when good result has been accomplished without too great sacrifice or injury in any other direction, it is seldom that a woman is able to devote herself without interruption, and to the exclusion of the more intimate interests of life, to the callings that require unremitting and absorbed attention. Marriage comes in as so paramount a factor; an episode in the life of a man, it is a career for a woman, in most cases incompatible with any other career. And for women who do not marry, the claims and duties of home are often quite as pressing and incumbent; the family tie is stronger, the dependence more subtle, and the whole affectional side of life has greater stress and obligation with women than with men. But apart from these practical considerations, no woman who has sounded the depths of her own nature can help feeling that a profound deception awaits those who imagine that the outward extension of privilege, the liberty to enter the arena and compete for what the world prizes, will satisfy the deep inner craving, the vague but keen longing, the unknown want which the world cannot fulfil.

Women even more than men are restless, unsatisfied, seeking they know not what, they know not where; for a great hope has gone out of the world, a great light and presence once seen and felt by all. The world can not and need not go back to its primitive beliefs, but spiritual growth must keep pace with mental growth. In proportion as the realm of matter is explored and brought within the compass of mind the realm of spirit must expand to receive it, filling and making radiant with its presence the whole visible universe. The laws and harmonies of nature reveal still deeper harmony and all-embracing law; spiritual truth that reflects itself in man's inner consciousness in the workings of heart, brain, and soul. The mysteries of growth and evolution suggest untold possibilities, and lay the foundations of life and its finalities in ideal regions far beyond the range of physical sense. The finite loses its grasp and man becomes aware of his relations with the Infinite, of the constant inflowing of divine energies in his own being, and of eternal reality underneath the passing show of appearance. In the light of such understanding knowledge becomes wisdom, and higher education becomes the education of the higher nature. And it is women especially who have the key to this higher knowledge, in their finer perceptions and sensibilities, their more delicate organization so quick to discern the hidden sense of things, the meanings that flash out from the unseen and that are not apprehended by the intellect alone, but by the whole personality, which kindles with sympathetic response. This is the secret of that moral force which gives woman a strength beyond strength, faith beyond joy, and love beyond self. And this is truly woman's "sphere,"—her "vocation," whatever post she may fill,—to live within vision of the ideal, upon a plane not bounded by the pleasures and pains of sense, and therefore to a certain extent released from the thralldom of material conditions. What higher mission and privilege for woman than to lead the example—to set the fashion, as it were, of nobler, purer, and simpler lives, consecrated to deeper and more unselfish purpose? Who can doubt that social ills would be remedied, and the pressure lifted? We should hear less of lives wasted by luxury and lives wasted by poverty, and civilization would cease to be a machine which threatens to crush out the soul of humanity.

Josephine Lazarus.

The Artist Maynard.

GEORGE WILLOUGHBY MAYNARD, the painter of "Daphne," the picture engraved for the frontispiece of this number of the magazine, was born at Washington, D. C., March 5, 1843. In 1866 he studied drawing and modeling under Henry K. Brown, and in 1867 became a pupil in the schools of the National Academy of Design at New York, and later studied under the painter Edwin White, with whom he went abroad in 1869. He felt himself especially drawn towards the works of the Dutch masters, and these he studied in Antwerp and other cities. In 1873 Maynard, in company with his friend the well-known artist and writer Francis D. Millet, went on a long journey through Transylvania, over the Carpathians, across Roumania, and down the Danube to the Black Sea and Odessa. From Odessa they went to Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens, and finally to Rome, where Maynard remained through the winter of 1873–74. He returned to New York, after an absence of five years, in the spring of 1874, and exhibited a picture ("The Angelus") for the first time at the National Academy in the spring of 1875. He has exhibited in the Academy every year since. In 1876 he made his first essay in decorative art as an assistant to John La Farge in the work in Trinity Church, Boston, and he has been closely identified with this branch of the fine arts ever since. His work in this field includes the figures on each side of the proscenium in the Metropolitan Opera House—"The Chorus" and "The Ballet"; a large part of the interior decoration of the Ponce de Leon Hotel at St. Augustine, Florida; parts of the entrance hall of the Boston Public Library, etc. Of easel pictures perhaps his most important work is the beautiful composition "Mermaids and Marines," that justly attracted great attention at the Academy exhibition of 1890; a water color called "The Sirens," exhibited in 1889; and genre works entitled "Old and Rare," "Strange Gods," and "The Bride." He has painted a number of portraits, those of William M. Evarts, C. C. Beaman, Chester Chapin, and Judge Addison Brown among the number. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, of the American Water Color Society, and a National Academician. His work is much esteemed by his fellow-artists, who recognize in it a true artistic aim and great ability in its expression; and his position in the social art world is shown by the fact that he is the president of the Salmagundi Club, and a member of the Tile, Players, and Century clubs.

William A. Coffin.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

SOME BOYS.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(In presenting the child dialect upon an equal footing with the proper or more serious English, the conscientious author feels it neither his desire nor his province to offer excuse. Wholly simple and artless, nature's children oftentimes seem the more engaging for their very defects of speech and general deportment. We need worry very little for their futures, since the All-kind Mother has them in her keep. It is just and good to give the elegantly trained and educated child a welcome hearing. It is no less just and pleasant to admit his homely but wholesome-hearted little brother to our interest and love.—J. W. R.)

A Boy's Mother.

My mother she 's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I *could n't* be as good — no, sir!
Can't *any* boy be good as her!

She loves me when I 'm glad er mad;
She loves me when I 'm good er bad;
An', what 's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me:
That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
Her cryin'— nen *I* cry; an' nen
We both cry — an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little cloak an' Sunday clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him 'most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug *her*, an' hug my Pa,
An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.

The Runaway.

Wunst I sassed my Pa, an' he
Won't stand that, an' punished me;
Nen when he was gone that day,
I slipped out an' runned away.

I tooked all my copper cents,
An' clumbed over our back fence
In the jimson-weeds 'at growed
Ever'where all down the road.

Nen I got out there, an' nen
I runned some, an' runned again
When I met a man 'at led
A big cow 'at shooked her head.

I went down a long, long lane
Where was little pigs a-play'n';
An' a grea'-big pig went "*Booh!*"
An' jumped up an' skeered me, too.

Nen I scampered past: an' they
Was somebody hollered, "Hey!"
An' I ist looked ever'where,
An' they was nobody there!

I *want* to, but I 'm 'fraid to try
To go back nen. . . . An' by an' by
Somepin' hurts my throat inside,
An' I want my Ma — an' cried.

Nen a grea'-big girl come through
Where 's a gate, an' telled me who
Am I? an' ef I tell where
My home 's at she 'll take me there.

But I could n't ist but tell
What 's my *name;* an' she says well;
An' she tooked me up, an' says
She know where I live, she guess.

Nen she telled me hug wite close
Round her neck! An' off she goes
Skippin' up the street! An' nen
Purty soon I 'm home again!

An' my Ma, when she kissed me,
Kissed the big girl too, an' *she*
Kissed me — ef I p'omise shore
I won't run away no more.

The Fishing Party.

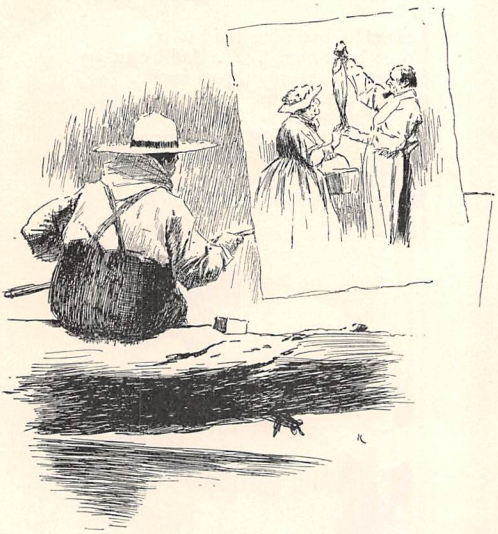
WUNST we went a-fishin'— me
An' my Pa an' Ma — all three,
When they was a picnic, 'way
Out to Hanch's Woods, one day.

An' they was a crick out there,
Where the fishes is, an' where
Little boys 't ain't big an' strong
Better have their folks along!

My Pa he ist fished an' fished!
An' my Ma she said she wished
Me an' her was home; an' Pa
Said he wished so worse 'n Ma.

Pa said ef you talk, er say
Anythin', er sneeze, er play,
Hain't no fish, alive er dead,
Ever go' to bite, he said.

Purt' nigh dark in town when we
Got back home; an' Ma, says she,
Now she 'll have a fish fer shore! —
An' she buyed one at the store.



Nen, at supper, Pa he won't
Eat no fish, an' says he don't
Like 'em. An' he pounded me
When I choked! — Ma, did n't he?

The Raggedy Man.

OH, the Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he 's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed — an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf!
An' nen, ef our hired girl says he can,
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man — he 's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me!
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann!
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes —
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers theirselves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me — er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man — one time, when he
Was makin' a little bow-'n'-arry fer me,
Says, "When *you 're* big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his,
An' be a rich merchunt, an' wear fine clothes?
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'m go' to be a Raggedy Man —
I 'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

Our Hired Girl.

OUR hired girl, she 's 'Lizabuth Ann;
  An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
  An' pours in somepin' 'at 's good an' sweet,
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she 'll stop
  An' stoop, an' slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so 's 't won't slop
  An' git all spilled; nen bakes it — so
  It 's custard-pie, first thing you know!
        An' nen she 'll say:
        "Clear out o' my way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play.
  Take yer dough an' run, child, run;
  Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she 's mad,
  An' says folks got to walk the chalk
When *she 's* around, er wished they had!
  I play out on our porch, an' talk
To th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn;
An' he says "*Whew!*" an' nen leans on
  His old crook-scythe, an' blinks his eyes
An' sniffs all round an' says, "I swawn!
  Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
  It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
        An' nen *he 'll* say:
        "'Clear out o' the way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play.
  Take yer dough an' run, child, run;
  Er *she* cain't git no cookin' done!'"

The Boy lives on our Farm.

THE Boy lives on our Farm, he 's not
  Afeard o' horses none!
An' he can make 'em lope, er trot,
  Er rack, er pace, er run!
Sometimes he drives two horses, when
  He comes to town an' brings
A wagonful o' 'taters nen,
  An' roastin'-ears an' things.

Two horses is "a team," he says;
  An' when you drive er hitch,
The *right* un 's a "*near*"-horse, I guess,
  Er "*off*" — I don't know which.
The Boy lives on our Farm, he told
  Me, too, 'at he can see,
By lookin' at their teeth, how old
  A horse is, to a *t!*

I 'd be the gladdest boy alive
  Ef I knowed much as that,
An' could stand up like him an' drive,
  An' ist push back my hat,
Like he comes skallyhootin' through
  Our alley, with one arm
A-wavin' fare-ye-well! to you —
  The Boy lives on our Farm!

James Whitcomb Riley.

Charlie's Courting.

YOUNG Charlie O'Niel came to me one day,
And bashfully speaking he said:
"You are older and wiser than many I know,
And by your advice I 'll be led.
Now tell me how can I the question propose
To some pretty maiden I know?
I 'm anxious to marry, but cannot, because
The asking it puzzles me so."

I told him my thoughts, and urged him to try
The pleading a favor so sweet,
"For life without love 's like a field that is bare;
With love — like a field full of wheat."
When next I saw Charlie, so happy he seemed,
I asked him if love prospered so.
He laughingly answered, "The pleading 's so nice,
I 've asked every girl that I know."

Mary Mathews Barnes.

On an Old Fashion Book.

How grim and sadly out of place you look,
Among these scions of a latter age;
How stout, though worn, your binding, too, Old Book;
How richly tint by Time each mellow page!
More than a hundred years you 've seen, all told,
Since bound in leather, and picked out with gold.

You fearlessly proclaimed, to Fashion's fair,
The rules which governed fast the toilet's charms —
The clinging skirts; the primly curling hair;
The waist that ended just beneath the arms,
And left these dainty damsels tall and slim,
For shortened waist adds much to length of limb.

"Sarcenet or crape" shall form my lady's gown,
"A girdle with a clasp" her zone be e'en;
Her "sleeves of love and lace striped up and down,
A bonnet Scots, and shoes of colored jean";
All this, and more, upon the yellowed page
We read, past-mistress of another age.

What wondrous tales of lords and ladies high,
Vignettes of dames, severe, and proud, and cold;
Her Grace of Bolton, with an eagle eye
And haughty mien, I 've pondered oft of old,
Wherefore was given — 't will never now be known —
Excess of nose and surplus collar-bone.

What woman's fancy shaped your course, Old Book,
From courtly England, far across the sea?
What hand of Fate did take you from your nook
In oaken hall or guarded library,
To bring you here, no doubt a welcome guest,
And rare, approved, consulted, and caressed?

How very grand you must have been,— not gay,—
For leather has a dignity its own;
And how your owner prized you, in her day,
When books were scarce, not so familiar grown
As in these times, with gilt and binding cheap,
And coverings of paper, not of sheep.

Yet here, in goodly company, you are,
With Emerson and Bryant, Keats and Poe,—
These children of our century, by far
Your juniors,—Whittier and Longfellow.
To-day — how fine, and grand, and gay they look;
And you — how worn and out of place, Old Book.

S. Elgar Benet.

Sweet Thievery.

MY heart was like an empty case,
Where gems had never been.
It opened wide at sight of Grace,
Then safely locked her in.

There came, one moment evil-spelled,
A thief — Ah, lackaday! —
Who stole that heart, with all it held,
And took it clean away.

With gem and casket both to part,
How sad had been my lot,
But that the thief who got the heart
Was she the heart had got!

Dorothea Dimond.

Philosophy from the Quarters.

EF you doan't strike de stone hard enough you can't spec' ter git de sparks.

WATERING de sand neber make it good soil.

DE early fish cotch de wum, but often de hook go 'long wid it.

JUS' foah de candle go out, it gibs de biggest light.

EF de wattah am hot enough, de lettlest piece ob soap ken make lots ob suds.

Isaac K. Friedman.

The Waning Muse.

"WHY art thou sad, Poeticus?" said I.
So blue was he I feared he would not speak.
"Alas! I 've lost my grip," was his reply.
"I 've writ but forty poems, sir, this week."

John Kendrick Bangs.

A Complaint.

I 'VE written many a thrilling tale
Which cruel editors reject;
My talents are of no avail,
I cannot write in dialect.

I polish up my verse and try
Each rhyme, each rhythm to perfect;
Alas! 't is all in vain, and why?
It is not done in dialect.

My teachers when I was a child
My education did neglect,
Their English pure and undefiled
Had not a trace of dialect.

I learned by Worcester's rules to speak,
And Lindley Murray to respect;
They taught me Hebrew, Latin, Greek,
But never thought of dialect.

Aspiring authors, hear my wail,
Success in letters don't expect,
Your finest efforts all will fail
Unless you know a dialect.

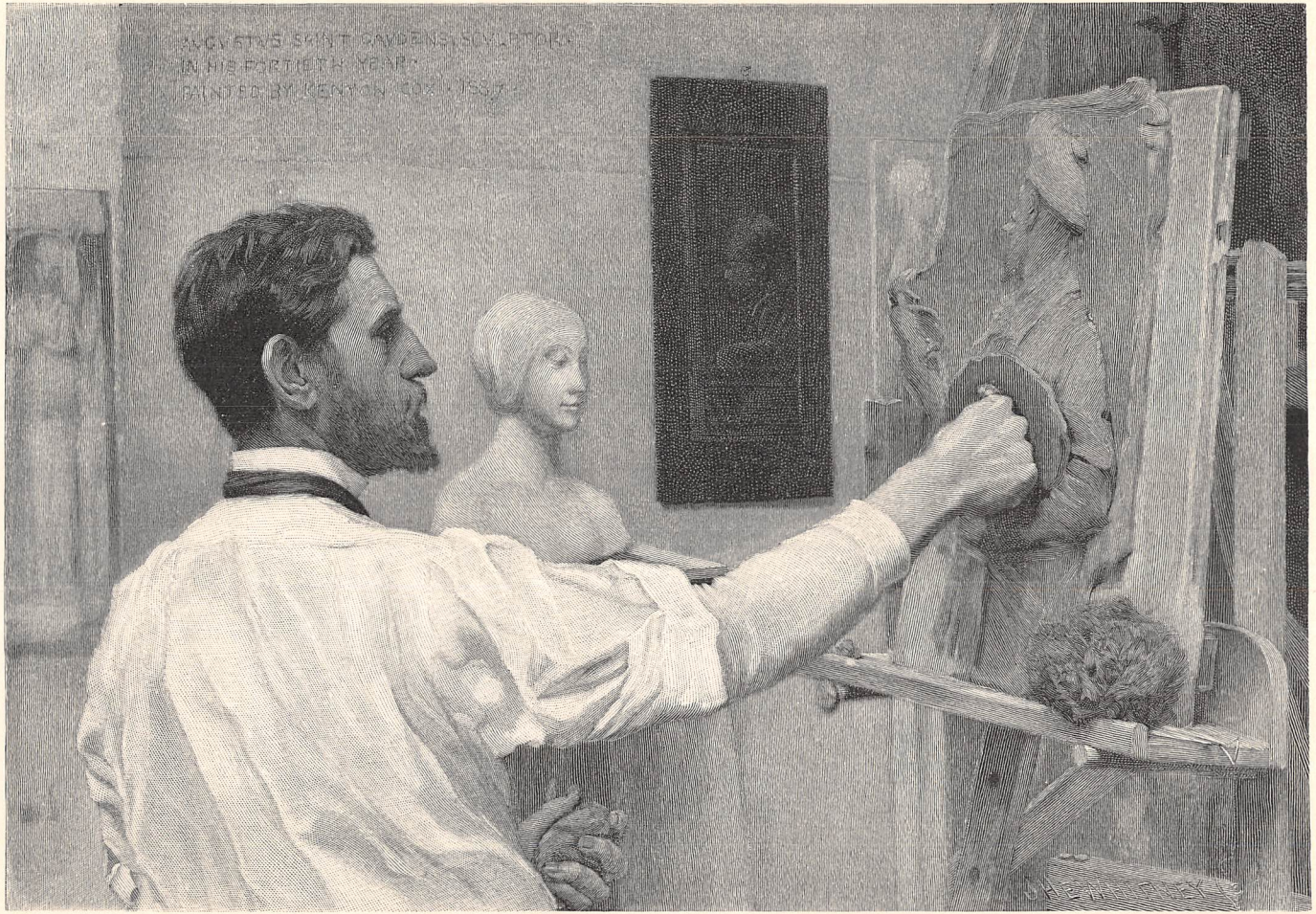
Louisa Trumbull Cogswell.

On a Becalmed Sleeping-Car.

THE snoring grows louder and deeper,
And this problem I meditate o'er:
If this is the snore of a sleeper,
Oh, what if the Sleeper should snore!

Meredith Nicholson.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, BY KENYON COX.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. JANUARY, 1891. No. 3.

ALONG THE LOWER JAMES.

THE James, the principal river of Virginia, has its head waters four thousand feet above the sea level amid some of the wildest and grandest scenery of the Appalachian system. Here ages ago, the scientists tell us, was a great water basin, a mighty cup about whose brim circled the everlasting hills, their awful stillness reflected in the crystalline, mirror-like surface of the lake. At last, still in a remote age, with resistless force it struck asunder the rocky wall and plunged southward through what is now known as the Great Gate, where the strata of rock, seemingly by some subterranean upheaval, have been thrown into almost perfect arches, between which the sparkling and limpid stream flows onward to the sea. Very beautiful it is, winding in and out through the Blue Ridge chain and its spurs, suggesting nothing of the terrible day of its wrath when the mountains were rent in twain and it became a river. The only record we have is that of the hills from whose clasp it broke away. When the English came and found that the Indians called the river Powhatan in honor of their chief, the settlers reproved the heathen by asserting the rights of his sacred majesty King James I., whose name it still bears, since we did not see fit to change it to Washington when we cut our leading-strings.

The country through which the navigable portion of the James pursues its tortuous course offers little or no scenery, according to the generally accepted meaning of the word, beyond the always agreeable combination of water and low banks fringed with willows and cypress trees — meadow lands and cultivated fields alternating with steep bluffs of marl and clay heavily wooded on top. The river is rarely clear, generally of a tawny red, often a dull orange color, owing chiefly to the influx of the Rivanna, which flows among the red hills of Albemarle and empties its turbid waters into the James some fifty miles above the city of Richmond, situated at the head of navigation. But it would be difficult to find in America a region of country of the same extent possessing greater historical and romantic interest than these counties of tide-water Virginia between which the James makes its way to the sea. Into this estuary more than two hundred and eighty years ago came the first successful English colonists. Along its shores dwelt, like nabobs amid their princely domains, the Cavalier planters, men who sought refuge in the new land of Virginia during troublous times at home, and whose stately old mansion-houses remain to us of the present day. Here, too, have marched the armies of two great wars, and battlefields are everywhere — cornfields and pastures they are now.

Richmond presents a fine appearance to the traveler as the steamer drifts slowly out into the stream just as the sun comes above the horizon. Along the slightly curving bank the city rises tier on tier upon the slopes of its seven hills, the loftiest eminence being crowned by the State capitol, made after Jefferson's model of the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, its façade with an imposing row of columns presented to the view. Down close to the water's edge are the great Haxall and Gallego flour mills, among the largest in the world, and farther up the river the Tredegar and Belle Isle ironworks, their chimneys belching forth volumes of flame and dark smoke. On the opposite bank is Manchester, situated upon a low-lying plain contrasting well with the varying elevations of the larger city, with which it is connected by some half-dozen bridges. Soon the spires and roofs become a misty bank against the western sky; then the Old Dominion's prosperous

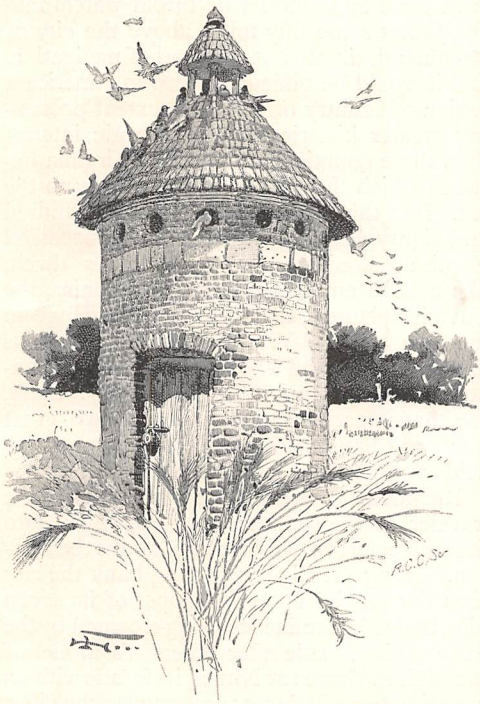
Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

seven-hilled city is lost to view, and the day's journey is well begun.

The steamer had journeyed on at a jog-trot, so to speak, about an hour, when a tall, gaunt man approached and seated himself in the chair beside me.

"I hain't be'n to these parts since sixty-fo'," he observed, tilting the chair and crossing his long legs, "an' then I set up thar on them steep banks an' had agers nigh about every day. You don't belong to these parts, I reckon?"

Not heeding the rising inflection in his voice, I uttered some platitude concerning the pleasant difference between those times and these. But it was not necessary for me to take any great part in the conversation. I soon discovered that my new acquaintance was a farmer from the Blue Ridge country.



THE PIGEON HOUSE AT SHIRLEY.

"Thar she is!" exclaimed he of the mountains, clutching me by the arm and dragging me across the deck. "Thar she is! I tell you we poured hot shot into them gunboats till they were glad enough to get back whar they come from."

The height to which he pointed was Drewry's Bluff, or Fort Darling, towering something less than a hundred feet above us. Along its crest the earthworks were outlined against the sky. How still and peaceful it had grown in all these years. From the slope of an embrasure where the blazing mouth of a cannon had once called a halt a little child looked down upon us as we journeyed on unchallenged.

"We poured hot shot into them gunboats," repeated the mountaineer reflectively, shifting a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, "an' they did n't find gittin' along here so easy."

Another reminder of the war is Dutch Gap, a canal a few hundred feet in length, cut by Butler when ascending the river with his gunboats. For the practical purposes of navigation this canal is a great advantage, since it avoids a "horseshoe" of seven miles. Butler's forerunner was a Dutchman, who in the dim days of the colony laid a wager with an Indian that he could beat him in a canoe race around the horseshoe, he, the Dutchman, starting a mile lower down the river. The Indian cheerfully accepted the bet and started off. When the Dutchman reached the narrowest point across the little peninsula he shouldered his canoe, walked over with it, and relaunched it on the other side, where he lighted his pipe and quietly awaited the arrival of the Indian. Hence the name of Dutch Gap. Upon the bit of land now converted into an island Sir Thomas Dale in 1612 laid out three streets defended by palisades and watch-towers. Being of a sanguine disposition and loyal withal, he called the place the City of Henricus, in honor of Henry, Prince of Wales. A few years later a "university" was established here. No vestige remains; city, palisades, university — all are vanished utterly. At Varina, — the Aiken's Landing of our civil war, — a short distance from the City of Henricus, Pocahontas passed several years of her brief married life.

The manor-house of Shirley may be taken as a typical house of the James River planter of the middle colonial period. Square, built of bricks alternately glazed and dull, two stories and a half in height, with steep roof set with dormer windows, the walls of the foundation from three to four feet in thickness, it is an edifice massive and simple in plan. Indeed, the builders of these old Virginia country-seats seem to have aimed at massive simplicity rather than at architectural display. And how much better it is, for the stately old piles yet retain their olden dignity, wearing well the years as they come upon them.

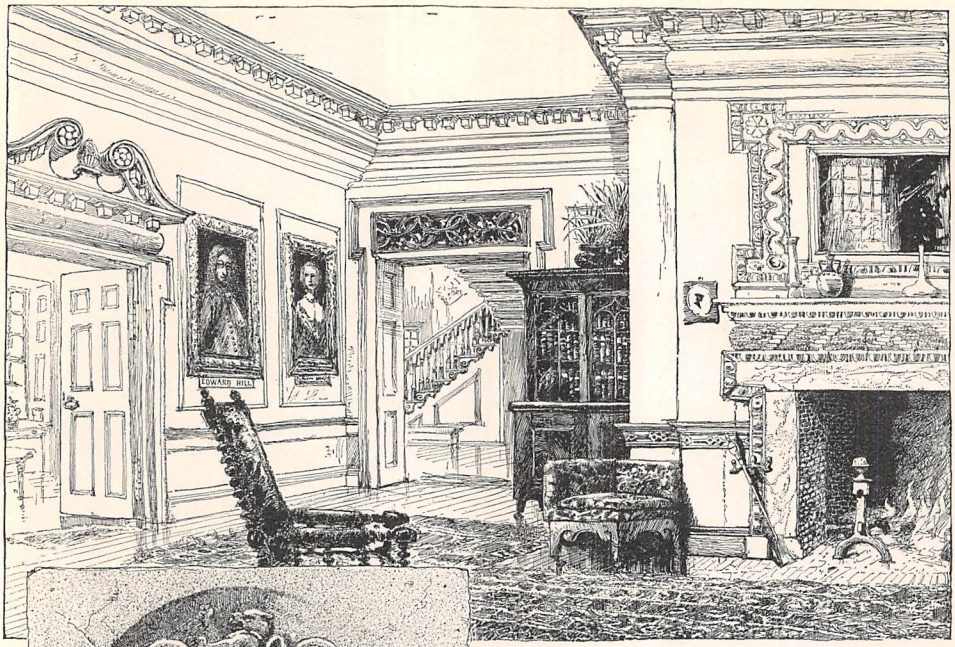
The eastern and western porticos of Shirley, with their Ionic columns, are of more recent erection, though they do not mar the original plan, with which, however, the quaint north porch more strictly accords. In the English models followed by the early builders in Virginia broad stone steps led up to the doorways, and while at some houses, as at Weston, these

SHIRLEY FROM THE GARDEN.

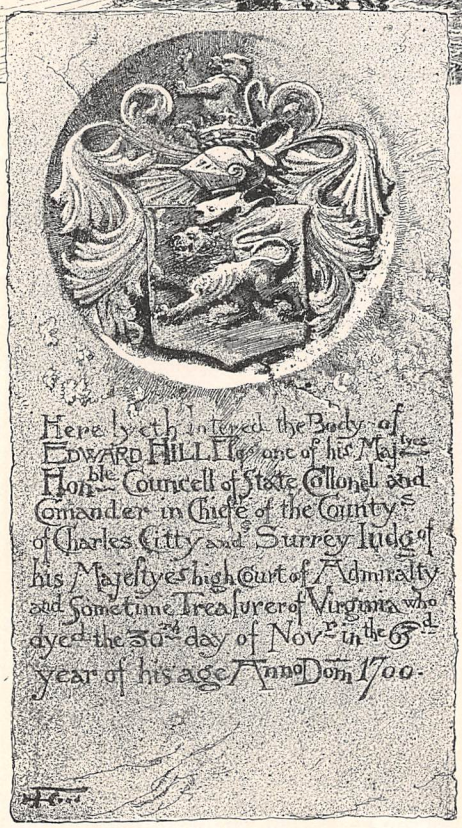
remain, porticos and verandas have been generally substituted—an exigency of a warmer climate afterward recognized.

Everything here seems to have been constructed with a view to durability. The various outhouses, almost any one of which would make a commodious dwelling, are of brick, thick-walled and arranged in a hollow square, as though they might have been designed to serve the purposes of defense did emergency demand. Even the dovecote, a peak-roofed turret set upon the ground, is of brick. Within, the mansion corresponds to its exterior. The interior arrangement differs materially from that of other mansions of the period, the lower floor being divided into four unequal parts, all wainscoted to the ceiling, the largest of which serves as hall, from which an ornate stairway leads with two rectangular turns to the floor above.

The galleries of Shirley are rich in family portraits—the Carters and the families with whom they have intermarried, the Wickhams, the Byrds of Westover, the Randolphs, and others, from the first Virginia generation to the present. There are many Saint-Mémins among them—crayon portraits in profile against a soft pink background. How exquisitely regular of feature were these old belles and beaux of Saint-Mémin's time! One of the chief treasures of the gallery is Charles Willson Peale's full-length portrait of Washington, a figure of the most unheroic rotundity standing out against the smoke and tumult of a battle-scene. There is also a portrait of the founder of the house, a handsome man clad in crimson velvet, lace, and a flowing peruke. Beneath a massive tomb emblazoned with the family arms he sleeps in the neighboring



THE DRAWING-ROOM, SHIRLEY.



TOMB OF EDWARD HILL, THE FOUNDER OF SHIRLEY.

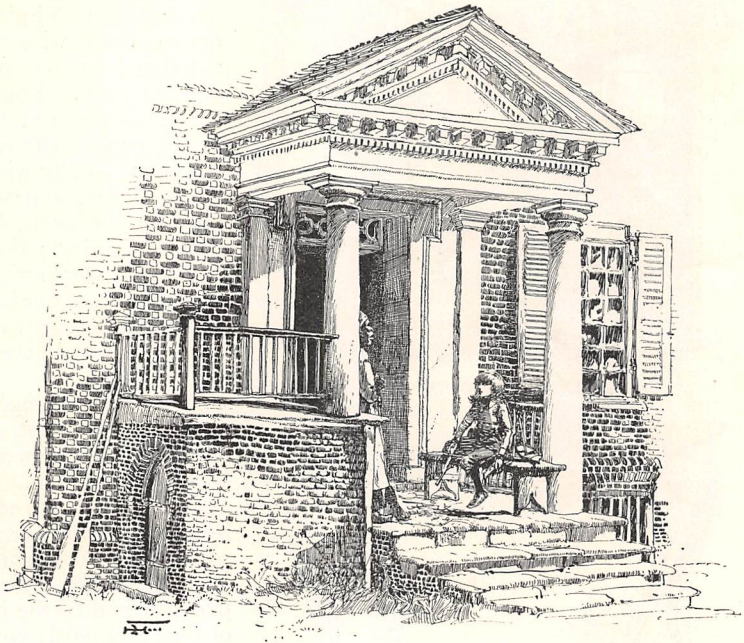
graveyard. He was one "Edward Hill, Esq., Collonel and Comander in Chiefe of the Countys of Charles Citty and Surrey." His granddaughter, a blond beauty in blue among the family portraits, married into the Carter family, who are still the proprietors of the estate. If the family tradition of the building of the house is correct, Shirley must long antedate the other James River mansions, since Edward Hill "dyed the 30th day of Novr in the 63d year of his age Anno Dom 1700." Certainly it is full of Old World suggestions, with its fine sweep of lawn, its prim box-hedged garden, its stout brick barns and other farm-buildings, the hatchments above the doorways, even the habits and manners of its occupants — a bit of England such as one does not often find in America.

Across the river, at the conjunction of the Appomattox, is the little village of City Point, the port of Petersburg, in which there is one attractive spot, a low, rambling frame structure situated amid picturesque grounds on the summit of the almost perpendicular bluff below which the two rivers come together. It was used for a time as headquarters by General Grant, and the weather-boarding in many places is riddled with bullets — cards left by passing visitors during the late unpleasantness.

Near City Point once stood the mansion-house of Cawsons, the birthplace of John Randolph of Roanoke. The Blands, Randolphs, and Bollings were at one time possessed of vast estates along the James and the Appomattox; and even now Turkey Island, Curles, Wilton, Cobbs, Matoax, etc., are indissolubly associated with their names, though for the most part passed into other hands and the dwellings destroyed.

The patent of Westover, one of the finest and best known plantations in this region, was granted to the Pawlet family and sold by Sir John Pawlet in 1665 to Theodoric Bland, the founder of the Bland family in Virginia. He is buried here, and his tomb and armorial bearings may still be seen. From the Blands it passed to the Byrds by purchase; and with the name of the second Colonel William Byrd, one of the most conspicuous figures in the story of colonial Virginia, who was born to a fortune amounting to a principality, as his tombstone pridefully records, it is now invariably connected. From the river it presents a fine and prosperous appearance, its stately red brick front looking out upon a broad, closely trimmed lawn stretching down to the river. An avenue of superb tulip trees borders the gravel walk running the entire length of the grounds, at each end of which are elaborate gates of hammered iron with the arms of the Byrd family curiously inwrought. There is yet a third gate, above which perch leaden eagles with outstretched wings, larger and more elaborate in decoration, and capable of admitting the most ponderous chariot. Everything else is on the same lordly scale: even the bricked and flag-paved drain, the mouth of which, now partly choked up, opens from the bank upon the river shore. A man of average height may enter standing; and hence has arisen the tradition that the drain was a subterranean passage for escape from the house in time of danger, the curious stairway let into the wall of the house and the dry-well some twenty feet in depth, flanked at the bottom by two tiny rooms, adding to the mysterious charm of the tradition. The present proprietor is one of the most successful planters in the State, and by him the mansion has been restored to much of its pristine dignity. What fine old days it must have seen in the time of the jovial fox-hunting gentry, the descendants of those old Cavaliers who proclaimed Charles II. King of Virginia while still an exile from the British throne! And had the king taken them at their word and appeared in person how speedily these same old Cavaliers, so restive under the slightest infringement of their rights, yet ever "his Majesty's most dutiful, affectionate, and obedient subjects," would have repented of their bargain and felt no hesitation about telling him so. One can almost fancy he sees the quaint iron gates swing open as the cavalcade rides in, sees the gentle dames and squires returning from the chase, hears their hunting-horns and merry shouts. But it is only the whistle of the steamer, and her captain and the present owner of Westover exchanging parting salutes. Ah me!

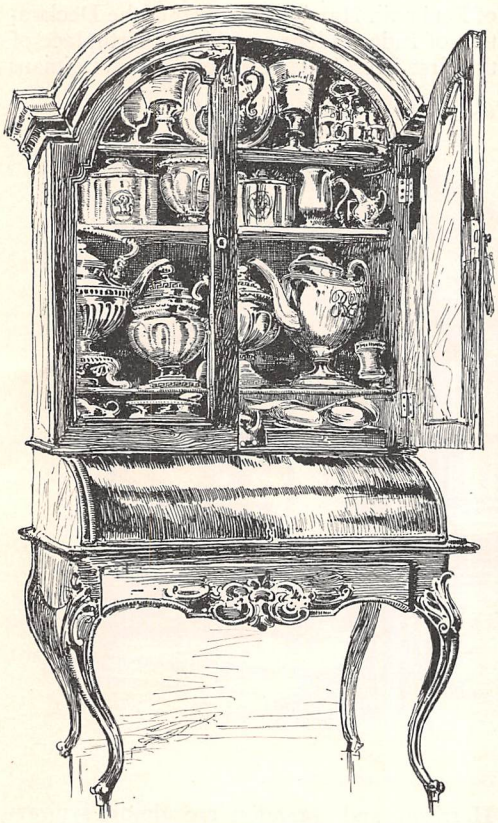
The Harrisons are represented among other estates by Berkeley on the north side of the river, and Brandon and Upper Brandon on the south. The first, erected in 1725, was the seat of Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and is the birthplace of the first President Harrison. To Virginians Harrison and Brandon are almost synonymous; hospitality and Brandon certainly are, in the good old Anglo-Saxon acceptation of the word, notwithstanding the changes wrought by time and war.



THE NORTH PORCH, SHIRLEY.

Upper Brandon, now owned by Mr. George Byrd of New York, though still occupied by a representative of the original family, was formerly a magnificent establishment, but has never fully recovered from the shock and ravages of war. There is here a beautiful three-quarters length portrait of Martha

Blount,[1] Pope's sweetheart, done by Sir Godfrey Kneller and brought from England by Colonel Byrd of Westover. Clad in a robe of soft yellow satin cut low on the bosom, she sits before a harpsichord and holds a sheet of music in her hand. Ah, beautiful tyrant, when I look into your deep brown eyes and note the turn of your head with its wealth of chestnut curls, and the pouting, half-petulant, voluptuous fullness of your nether lip, I do not wonder that the poet permitted you to lead him such a dance. Here, nearly two centuries after your beauty has crumbled and I look upon your pictured loveliness, I am almost willing to assert that I, too, would have been as abject a subject, notwithstanding your notorious habit of indulging yourself in a bad quarter of an hour: I say quarter of an hour, madam, out of deference to your sex—and your beauty.



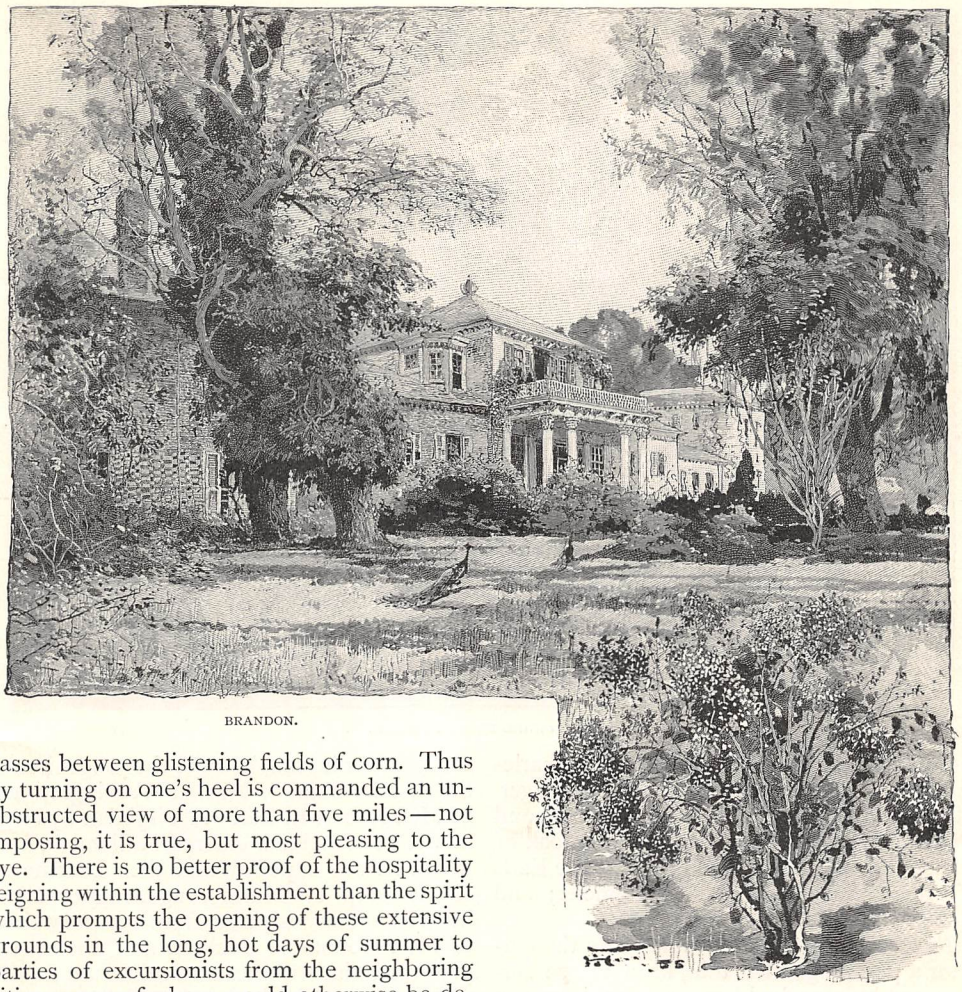
THE BRANDON PLATE.

Brandon, a veritable English country-house encompassed by broad lawns, shadowed by noble trees, among which are the magnolias and mimosas of the South, has remained in the Harrison family since its foundation, about a hundred and fifty years ago. Here, too, linger many traces of the war. The blinds and other exterior woodwork are defaced by bullets, and entire panels of the wainscoting of the interior have been torn away. In this connection it may be interesting to quote from a private letter written by the present mistress of Brandon, a daughter of the distinguished editor Thomas Ritchie.

"Our hall windows," she writes, "were real chronicles of the past. Mr. J. K. Paulding, of literary fame, was the first who enrolled his name with a diamond upon one of the old panes years ago. In his 'Letters from the South' you will find an interesting sketch of his visit to this old place. Year after year his example was followed by numbers of dear friends, and many panes of the four old windows had long lists of the happy spirits who had flitted around so joyously and have now passed away forever. Mr. John R. Thompson, one of our Virginia poets, who visited us, was so struck with these old records of the past that he wrote some touchingly beautiful lines on them. You may imagine our grief, on returning home after the war, to find all our historic panes shattered and our house a skeleton home — fifty windows gone and fourteen doors. But we were so grateful that we had a roof over our heads. The birds had built their nests in the hall; the foxes came up to the steps even after our return; and the squirrels were masters of our lawns, where they are still gamboling, leaving us but few nuts and pears. But they are real pets with the family, and are not disturbed."

Despite all changes Brandon continues a most charming spot, where the aroma of the old time still hovers and hospitality has never become a tradition. The house consists of a main building two stories in height, flanked by spacious drawing and dining rooms, beyond which are broad corridors connecting with capacious wings. It is indeed a picturesque old pile, softened by the innumerable neutral tints of time and partly enveloped in ivy, in many places several feet in thickness. The western wing is entirely covered with this vine, the windows looking out through a mass of perpetual green, the apartments within appearing from the outside more like arbors than like the chambers of a dwelling. Standing in the lofty, square hall facing the northern entrance, you look out across the lawn down a narrow vista, cut through a tangled wilderness of rose trees and boxwood hedges, at the end of which is a glimpse of the river and the opposite shore. Then turning towards the southern entrance you look along another vista through the park out to the open country beyond, where the road

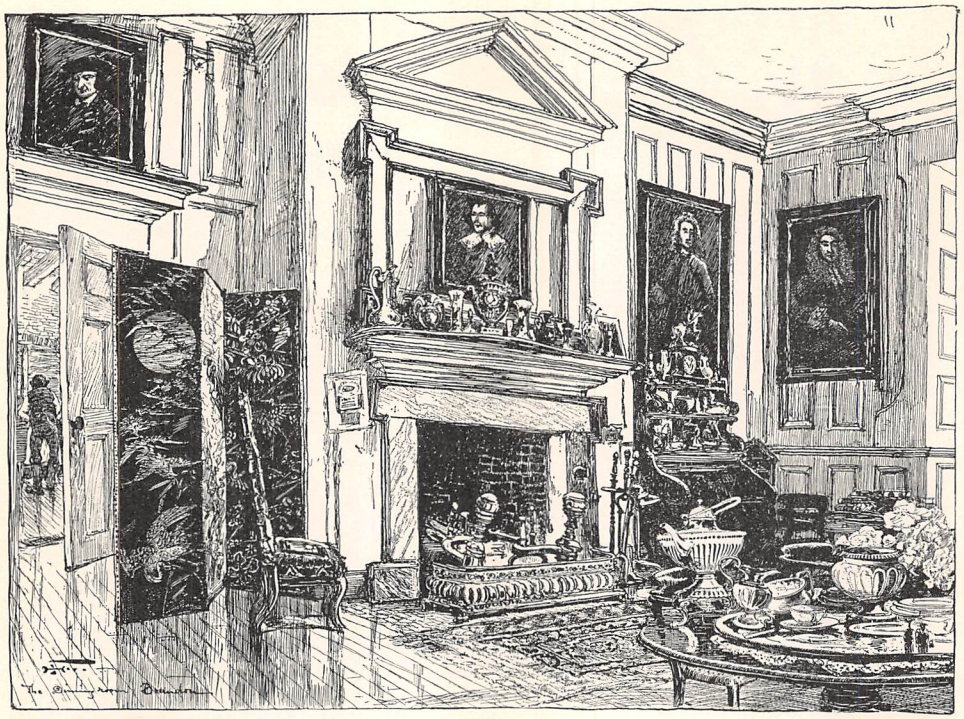
[1] The present owner of this portrait has recently come to believe, from external evidence, that it represents Teresa and not Martha Blount. Tradition has always held it to be the latter.



BRANDON.

passes between glistening fields of corn. Thus by turning on one's heel is commanded an unobstructed view of more than five miles — not imposing, it is true, but most pleasing to the eye. There is no better proof of the hospitality reigning within the establishment than the spirit which prompts the opening of these extensive grounds in the long, hot days of summer to parties of excursionists from the neighboring cities, many of whom would otherwise be denied a breath of the pure country air. "One cannot refuse to others a blessing the value of which one so truly appreciates and is so thankful for." Is not this a beautiful hospitality, so disregardful of personal inconvenience or annoyance? Then, too, some specially favored guest may pass through the hall to the stately old drawing-room and there receive the ceremonious, but most gracious, greeting of the mistress of the house, upon whose head the snows of years rest more like a benediction than the mark of speeding time.

The art treasures of Brandon are numerous and valuable, consisting not only of the Harrison family portraits but of those of the Byrds of Westover and many others of distinguished men and women collected in England by the second Colonel William Byrd. Conspicuous among these is one of Colonel Byrd himself, done by the brush of Sir Godfrey Kneller. The face looking from the flowing brown curls is as beautiful as that of a woman; and it is difficult to realize that it lived to wear the wrinkles of threescore years and ten, and finally went to dust nearly a century and a half ago. Colonel Byrd filled many positions of trust in the colony, founded the city of Richmond, and was one of the Virginia commissioners who superintended the running of the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina. Of this expedition he wrote a lively and delightfully witty account — the famous "Westover Manuscripts" — the original of which is preserved at Brandon. He was educated in England under the particular care of Sir Robert Southwell; and afterwards went there as agent of the colony to the court, becoming known among his familiars as the Black Swan. Thus among his personal friends were numbered many of the nobility and other distinguished men of the time; and in the dining-hall at Brandon hang the portraits of some of them, emphasizing the Old World effect of the wainscoted walls and the massive dark mahogany furniture. Among these are



THE DINING-ROOM, BRANDON.

represented Sir Robert Southwell; Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax; Sir Charles Wager, First Lord of the Admiralty; John, second Duke of Argyle, in steel corselet and cloak of crimson velvet; Sir Wilfred Lawson; the Earls of Albemarle, Orrery, and Egremont; and Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford.

From above the door leading into the corridor a personage of a thin, keen visage surmounted by a cocked hat surveys this august assemblage in their full-bottomed wigs, laces, and gorgeous velvets. He is one Mr. Waltho, for many years clerk of the Virginia House of Burgesses. This portrait of himself he presented, along with a handsome diamond ring, to Colonel Byrd, requesting that it should be hung among the peers, for whom he might show his republican contempt by wearing his hat in their presence. The gifts were accepted, and the portrait was placed above the door, in token that the clerk of the House of Burgesses finds the company too good for his keeping and is in the act of leaving. When, through an intermarriage, this, among other pictures, was transferred from Westover, the conceit of the aristocratic Virginian was not disregarded; and Mr. Waltho's diamond ring sparkles upon the hand of the lady of Brandon.

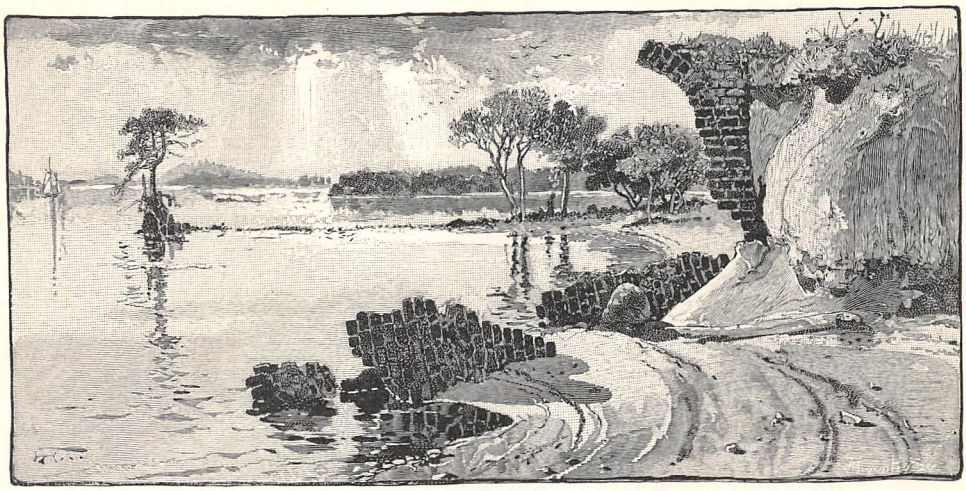
Another exquisite work of art, the painter of which was Sir Godfrey Kneller, is a portrait of Daniel Parke, governor of the island of Antigua, who, through his daughter's marriage with a Custis of Arlington, became the progenitor of the first husband of Martha Washington and of Mrs. Robert E. Lee. A Virginian by birth, he went to England, entered Parliament, from which he was expelled, and then became an aid-de-camp to Marlborough. After Blenheim he bore a hasty note from the great duke to his redoubtable duchess, and the queen presented him with her own miniature framed in diamonds. This he wore on his breast when he sat for his portrait, and there it shines at the present day, while the smoke of Blenheim ascends, a dense column in the background. As governor of Antigua he proved a tyrant, and the inhabitants mobbed and murdered him. One of his daughters became the wife of Colonel Byrd, and thus this beautiful picture finds a place in the Brandon gallery. These portraits hang in the dining-room, where there is much else of interest in the way of old family plate, and the quaint communion service of Brandon church, bearing the date of 1659. Other portraits hang in the halls and drawing-room.

Passing by the work of West, the elder Peale, and other distinguished American artists, there yet remain three portraits demanding special attention, on account both of the painters and of their subjects. The first of these is of Anne Randolph of Wilton, the first Mrs. Benjamin Harrison of Brandon, done by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The second is of Eliza-

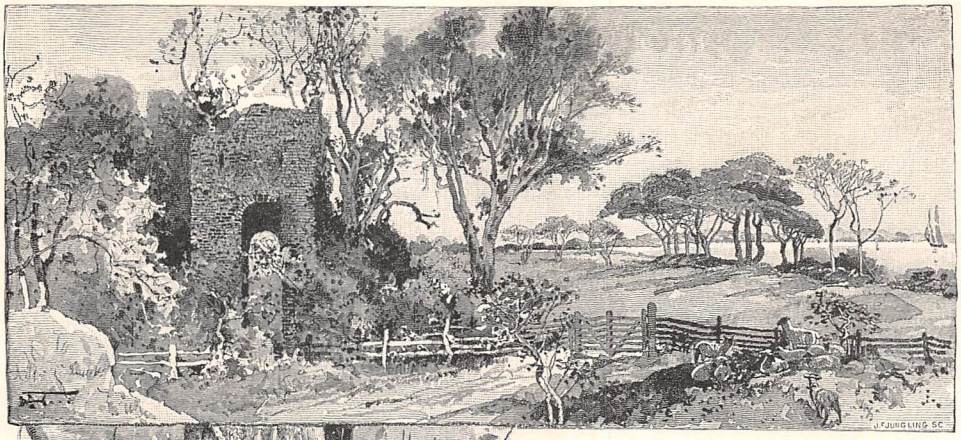
beth, Lady Claypole, Cromwell's daughter. Sir Peter Lely was the artist, and the woman he painted in her pale blue draperies, leaning upon her bare bended arm, was a beauty. The picture is therefore priceless.

The third portrait is of a beautiful girl who came into the world nearly two centuries ago and dwelt but a little while. She was Mistress Evelyn Byrd, daughter of that Colonel William already so often mentioned. One loves to look at her seated there upon a bank of greensward — amid the shadows of gathering dusk, the fading light yet aglow upon her pale blue gown, and the handful of gathered roses and the shepherd's crook lying across her lap; still illumining the dark almond-shaped eyes and kissing the full, bare throat and bosom. Among the branches overhead perches a brilliant red-bird, doubtless a play upon the name of the satin-clad shepherdess whose sheep have wandered away out of sight over the brow of the hill. Sir Godfrey Kneller must have been proud of this picture, as he was of that of Beatrix Esmond, beneath which Madame Bernstein sat and meditated grimly in after years. But there is no such pitiful tale to tell of the fair young Virginian, the *Rara Avis* as she was called at the court of George I. She was beloved by the Earl of Peterborough, but her father opposed the marriage on account of differences in religious belief, and she died young. Tradition says that her heart was broken. Across the river she lies in the graveyard at Westover, and a massive monument with the family escutcheon tells her "name and life's brief date."

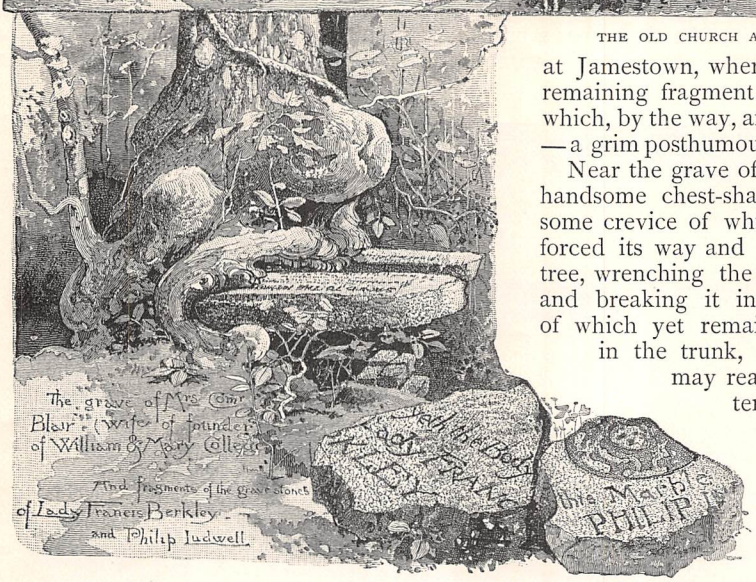
Jamestown is but a low-lying island that seems scarcely to rise above the water's edge. With the aid of the glasses one can easily distinguish the vine-covered ruin of a square brick tower standing amid a grove of trees. This, with a few broken gravestones heavily carved with armorial bearings, is all that remains of the first successful English colony in America. Along the beach lie the remnants of undermined foundations, over which the tide ebbs and flows; and at the present rate of encroachment it must be a matter of only a few years before the waters will lick up the very dust of the dead. The island is gaining at the lower end; but this seems small compensation for the destruction of its most historic part, the preservation of which demands prompt action and a well-filled purse. But they should not be demanded in vain. One cannot look without emotion upon this island and think of the scenes that have been enacted here, of the men and women who lived out their lives within its narrow circumference and laid the cornerstone of our great republic. The place is haunted. Here Captain John Smith, Admiral of New England and doughty slayer of Turks, one of the most picturesque figures in our colonial story, flourished as the hero of many romantic adventures. In this very church, whose crumbling belfry alone lingers from the past, Pocahontas, the lithe-limbed Indian princess, if you can accept tradition, stood beside the font and was transformed into Rebecca, a Christian woman. Here, too, she plighted her troth to John Rolfe, Gent. Ah, that same John Smith, with his furious mustachios and sword and breastplate, as we all see him in his portraits, was a gay deceiver every inch of him, at least to lovers of the romantic. How much more pleasant it is to think of Pocahontas stealing through the woods at night to give warning of a proposed attack by her father's braves than



THE OLD MAGAZINE AT JAMESTOWN.



THE OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.



IN THE GRAVEYARD.

of Rebecca Rolfe homesick at the English court. There is something very touching and desolate about that grave on the other side of the sea at Gravesend, where she sickened and died and went to dust. "She came to Gravesend, to her end and grave," as the quaint old chronicler has put it.

Other shapes haunt this island of Jamestown. Here Sir William Berkeley lived for thirty years as royal governor, thanking God that there were no printing presses in America, and hanging more men for participating in Bacon's Rebellion — the revolution one hundred years ahead of schedule time — than Charles II. put to death for the execution of his father. When he died his widow married Philip Ludwell, secretary of the council, reserving the privilege of retaining the title of Lady Berkeley. Being possessed of a neat property,— some thousands of acres, probably,— she was enabled to make her own terms. She is buried at Jamestown, where I have seen the remaining fragment of her tomb, upon which, by the way, are the Ludwell arms — a grim posthumous retaliation.

Near the grave of Lady Berkeley is a handsome chest-shaped tomb, through some crevice of which a sycamore has forced its way and grown into a large tree, wrenching the slab from its place and breaking it into fragments, some of which yet remain partly embedded in the trunk, and upon these we may read in mutilated sentences the epitaph of Sarah Blair, wife of Commissary James Blair, who founded William and Mary College at Williamsburg in 1693, seven miles inland, Sir Francis Nicholson's "new citie" two centuries ago, the capital of the colony in its palmiest days, and the first capital of the commonwealth.

Of the original Jamestown this is all that remains. Fields of waving grain and pastures dotted with browsing cattle encompass the moldering church-tower and graveyard, beyond which stands an old colonial mansion, now filled with the life and interest of the nineteenth century, but keeping the old-time spirit of hospitality as well.

The last of the old mansions visible from the river as you draw near the bay is The Grove, a seat of the Burwell family, built about 1746 after the prevailing colonial pattern by "King" Carter of Corotoman, whose daughter married a Burwell. Situated upon an elevation a quarter of a mile back from the river, the grounds sloping in terraces to the level of the bluff which here bounds the beach below, the old

house with its pyramidal roof and flanking "offices" stands out clearly against a background of noble trees, and commands an unobstructed water view twenty miles in extent. It is noted for the beautiful and elaborate carving of the woodwork of the interior, some of which has fortunately escaped the painter's brush, the wainscot now become mellow in tint, a dark richness that age alone can impart. An interesting memorial of the Revolution is the mahogany balustrade along the stairway hacked by sabers — the cipher signature of Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton and his raiders.

Now for a word as to the material condition and prospects of this country of the lower James, teeming with the traditions of past wealth and a romantic social history. Naturally, reared in such an atmosphere, it has taken a long time for the people to recover from the shock consequent upon the result of the war, and many have not yet done so. But all along the line there is an ever-growing realization of the power of well-directed personal exertion which is slowly but steadily producing good results. The fine old manor-houses of the nabob planters, though far removed from their pristine grandeur, have been raised in many instances from a state of semi-ruin to become once more the homes of comfort, if not of opulence; and there is good reason to believe that this process of improvement, slow though it may be, will ultimately restore much that has not already been regained.

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways.

Men's souls have been severely tried; but the blood of the old colonists, infused with new life, has risen to meet the emergency; for after all it is the maker of the old South and his descendants who are the moving spirits of the new South, though their energies may be bent in other directions. Though still most tenderly cherishing the past as a precious legacy, they realize and act according to the demands of the present, with the reasonable hope of reaping in the future a generous harvest. Westover — no longer, it is true, in the hands of its quondam proprietors — once more wears the front of prosperity; the broad acres of Shirley and the two Brandons as I saw them in the full blossom of June were smiling with luxuriant crops; and so it is, in greater or less degree, with other estates. Clairmont, the seat of a flourishing agricultural and manufacturing colony, is now the deep-water terminus of a railroad which has opened up a large tract of back country hitherto difficult of access. Hog Island, so called on account of the large droves of wild hogs found there by the early settlers at Jamestown when starvation stared them in the face, has been converted into a model cattle farm with all the modern improvements.

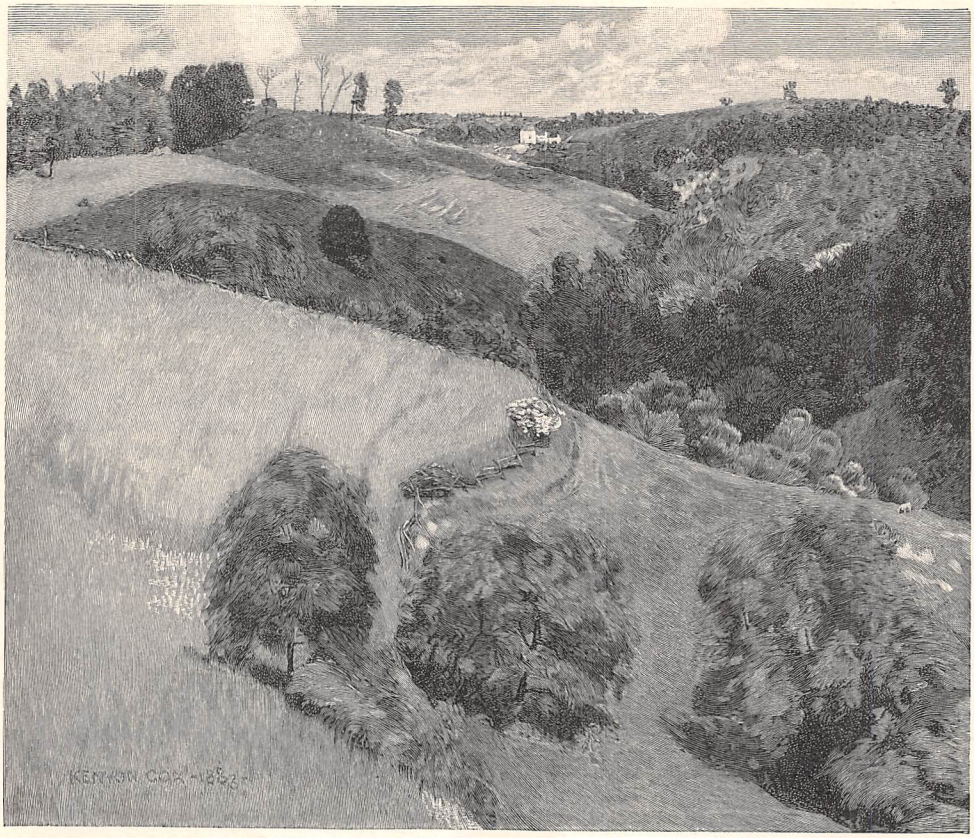
As the steamer leaves Newport News, a city in embryo, the eastern terminus of a great railroad system, and plows her way through Hampton Roads, where the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* fought each other, the broad land-locked water scene is very fine, the Roads meeting the Chesapeake, and the ocean peeping in between the distant pale-blue capes. Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Hampton are faintly visible at different points of the horizon; and also Fort Monroe, with its grass-bordered rampart crowning the tip of the peninsula, while the Hygeia Hotel, as if basking under its protection, stretches its length along the beach below.

Charles Washington Coleman.

KENYON COX.

IT seems as if there could be little in the atmosphere of a prim New England village or of a busy Western town to incite a youth to the serious study of art; nevertheless, many of the best of our painters have come from so uncongenial a place. The fact is that the country boy who finds himself possessed of the desire to become an artist has no exact knowledge of what an artist's life is like, and but a confused notion of the aims of art. He forms an ideal, and after trying to realize it with the limited means near at hand ends sooner or later by striking out boldly for the best place in the world. It is certain, moreover, that the ablest men we have, with very few exceptions, are those who have cut away from home life and have had their artistic taste cultivated and their brains trained to work in the best foreign schools. Kenyon Cox is one of these.

He was born at Warren, Ohio, on the twenty-seventh day of October, 1856. His father is General Jacob D. Cox, whose career as a soldier in the civil war, as governor of Ohio, and as a man in public life is too well known to need to be referred to here in detail. What is perhaps less generally known is that he is a man of high scientific attainments whose name is familiar to the learned world of Europe and America as a distinguished microscopist. He



FLYING SHADOWS.

is now president of the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Cox's mother is the daughter of the late President Finney of Oberlin College. His father's family are New Yorkers, and give Hanover as the place whence they came to America years ago. When a small boy Cox saw some pictures in Warren by an artist named Crawford which fired his youthful imagination, and he announced his firm intention to become a painter. His family received this declaration — as well-regulated American families usually do — with depreciating smiles, but the boy was not yet able to show them that he meant what he said. From the time he was nine years old until he was thirteen he spent most of his life in bed, and underwent two critical operations.

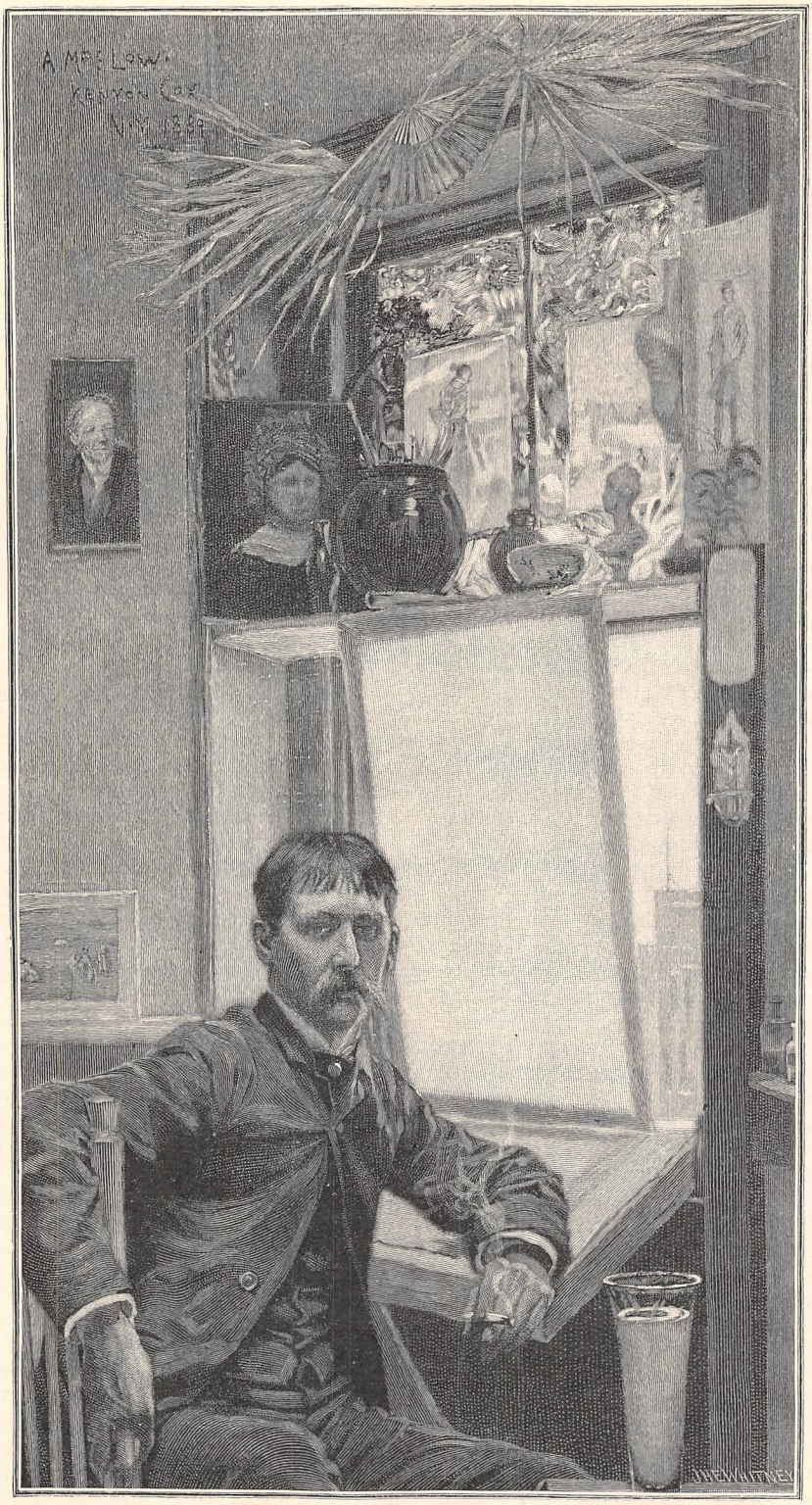
Having lived through this most painful period he slowly gained strength, and after that went to school when he could go; but that was not very often. In a year's time he was allowed to enter the McMicken Art School in Cincinnati, where he remained about three years, though he passed more of his time sketching animals at John Robinson's menagerie than he did in the class-rooms. Three more years he spent in a desultory way with some drawing and much reading, "receiving an early and healthful introduction to Shakspere," and in 1876 he went to Philadelphia, becoming a pupil at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Cox began to feel the truth of the maxim that "Art is long," but he did not see how to help himself much in Philadelphia, and in the autumn of 1877 sailed for Paris. He worked first about a year in the atelier of Carolus Duran, but feeling that the men who studied there did not draw well enough to suit him, he entered the École des Beaux Arts and drew for a time from the antique under Cabanel. Later he again changed masters and was admitted to Gérôme's class; here he worked from the life about three years. In the afternoons when the ateliers in the government school were closed he painted at the Julian Academy, receiving criticisms from Bouguereau, Lefebvre, Boulanger, and other professors. Gérôme, however, he regards as his master, and as "élève de Gérôme" his name is printed in the Salon Catalogues of 1879, 1880, 1881, and 1882, in which years he exhibited "A Venetian Girl"; "Lady in Black" and "Among the Wildflowers"; "White and Pink"; and "Portrait

of Mr. E. G." and "The Looking-glass Portrait of my Friend U——."

Cox took a studio in New York in the autumn of 1883, and his work has been well known in the current exhibitions of American art ever since. He received the second Hallgarten prize at the Academy exhibition of 1888, and represented at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 by four of his works in oil and by six drawings in black and white, he was awarded two medals of the third class. As a draftsman his illustrations for Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel"—none of which, by the way, he was able to send to Paris—have given him a wide renown. In some of these designs, such as "Some of her New Friends," "The Stars sang in their Spheres," and "With Love," he has attained a very high level. The work the artist did in this series of drawings has had a strong influence on his painting, being of the serious sort that helps to progress, and not of that other sort, too frequent, unfortunately, in the illustrative work of painter-designers, which lowers their standard rather than elevates it.

Kenyon Cox is a colorist of distinction, but he is above all a draftsman; indeed he is one of the best draftsmen among American painters. In the autumn Academy exhibition of 1888 there was a small portrait of a lady by him that is a marvel of drawing, and which possesses a fineness of line that makes it comparable to the best work of Élie Delaunay. Better drawing is seldom seen nowadays than is to be found in this admirable little head in three-quarters view, and it is painted with extreme delicacy of touch. That it is entirely free from hardness in modeling is proof of its great excellence. In the portrait of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1888, Mr. Cox has had to deal with an exact problem in the representation of things as they are in nature, and he has given in this picture a brilliant exposition of his power as a technicist. It is notable also as showing skill in the expression of character—a quality that marks every portrait which the world has decided to call good. "A Studio Corner" (a portrait of the artist Will H. Low), exhibited at the Academy in 1884, is, again, a worthy example of the painter's ability to transcribe facts while investing them with the quality that belongs to true picture-making. The list of portraits that Mr. Cox has painted is not a very long one, but it is marked by several performances that are extraordinarily good. Considering a portrait as it ought to be considered—as a work of art in itself as well as a likeness—we shall not find many canvases among those signed by American painters in recent years that equal Mr. Cox's "Portrait of Roger D——," in the Academy exhibition of 1890. A little boy with a rosy face and blonde hair, dressed in a sailor suit of dark blue, is represented standing, with a background of quiet gray. There are no "accessories" in the picture; the composition is simplicity itself. But it has much of that charm which distinguishes the master's portraits, the charm that lies in giving us character and truth without meretricious effect.

No man in America has worked more persistently and conscientiously than Kenyon Cox to paint well for the sake of painting, and no man has striven more resolutely to realize his ideal in spite of that lack of encouragement which is measured in money. From indifference on the part of the public, from a criticism of his intentions which in some quarters has been as malicious as it is ignorant, Cox as a painter of the nude has had much to endure. Some of the best of his works, such as "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" (Society of American Artists, 1888), have not attracted much more than a passing notice; others have been misunderstood and condemned. It is sufficient to say here that no painter among us has a purer sense of beauty in the ideal, and no one has a keener perception of grace of form and distinction of color in nature. He is impelled to paint the nude simply because he considers it beautiful. It would be a sorry day for art if the critic's right were admitted to dictate to the artist what he shall choose for the subject of his work, yet Mr. Cox has been told to leave off painting the nude and paint only those other things in which his intentions are fully understood and his ability universally recognized. It is characteristic of the man that he has turned a deaf ear to such admonitions, and it is gratifying to those who believe he is right to see that in a composition completed during the past autumn he has surpassed his previous work in this direction, and has produced in a picture called "Vision of Moonrise" a canvas of most admirable quality and so complete in drawing, color, and *ensemble* as to make it compare favorably with the best of modern work. It would be scarcely fair, however, to compare what he has done with the best work of the same kind by modern Frenchmen. He is much nearer the Italians of the Renaissance in his sympathies than he is to Gervex. He has more in common with Baudry, whose works he admires intensely; but he is most influenced by the great Venetians. Titian and Giorgione are his gods, and if he thinks of other men's work when he toils at his own it must be of these two. His standard is such a high one that he may never reach the point where he can say that he is satisfied with what he has done; but is it not a question whether any really good man ever did? And is it not



A STUDIO CORNER, BY KENYON COX.

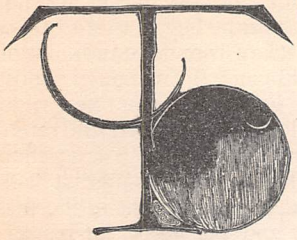
the best hope for the future of his art when we find a painter saying, "I have yet something to learn"?

But Cox the painter of the nude is another man from the painter of such a landscape as "Flying Shadows." He holds, rightly, that an artist should not keep to one "line," and he thinks, rightly again, that the highest fields in painting are the portrait, the nude, and the landscape. In his portraits he is as modern as he well could be, meaning always that he has never been guilty of cultivating a "fad" or of sacrificing truth and simplicity for mere effect. As a landscape painter he is modern and a naturalist. He is always sober, self-contained, and reserved. "Flying Shadows" was painted when the artist returned fresh from the sympathetic atmosphere of France. He visited his native State in the summer of 1883, and the picture was painted on the banks of the Ohio near Bellaire. There is a force in feeling one's self amid scenes that have been familiar from childhood and receiving the impressions that associations produce, and in the picture in question there is no doubt but the painter was influenced by such a feeling. These rolling hills, with patches of woods and fields separated by rail fences, with alder bushes growing in the corners, are distinctively American. They belong in Ohio and western Pennsylvania, and nowhere in the world except in the upper Ohio Valley does the landscape bear just such characteristics as distinguish this picture. In its treatment there is no hint of the softer atmosphere of northern France, where the painter had lived and studied for five years before. In the well-modeled contours of the ground, in the clearly marked values of one mass of green beside the others, in the well-defined horizon with its bright sky and white clouds floating by, in every line of the composition, there is the accent of local truth. Such native motives as these Mr. Cox has used in his compositions of the nude; and in the "Vision of Moonrise," "Evening," "An Eclogue," and other pictures, their fitness for the purpose may be noted. In choosing these motives, too, it should be remarked, the painter has avoided the raggedly picturesque — the scraggy oak and the stringy birch tree, with which we are only too familiar. In his pictures are broad stretches of meadow, round, well-foliaged trees, and simple skies with cloud masses well drawn and in harmony of line with the land.

As a painter, whether of portraits, or the nude, or landscape, Kenyon Cox always impresses us as a man who is in earnest. His work is invariably sincere and dignified in intention; in many of his compositions there is a regard for style that is such a rare quality in the work of American painters as to make it worthy of note when we find it. That which has been criticized most frequently in his pictures of the nude is the result of mistaken judgment of his public, not of perverted taste. He fancies that all the world can see from his point of view, forgetting that the artist from the hour he begins to study gets farther and farther away from the standpoint of the layman, who has generally remained almost in the same place. Feeling sure that he is right himself, he is tenacious of his opinion, and rarely makes a change in his work at the suggestion of others; or if he does, he often changes it back again, convinced that he was right in the first place. Self-reliant and persistent, he reasons clearly and logically, and acts upon his conclusion. High-minded and absorbed in his own world, he takes little heed of the concerns of others except when he is appealed to, and then he is always ready and willing to give to his friends the same conscientious thought and the same energetic action that he brings to his own affairs. Though his health is none too robust, and his life has been in part a struggle to regain the strength the illness of his boyhood came near depriving him of altogether, he has energy of intellect sufficient for a whole company. Alert, keen, and responsive, he finds an interest in many things outside of his art. A writer of correct and vigorous English and a regular contributor to some of our best periodicals and journals, an active working member of the Society of American Artists and one of its Board of Control, the indefatigable secretary of the National Free Art League, a hard-working committeeman, one of the ablest instructors in the Art Students' League, a busy illustrator, and a painter who works in his studio with the ardor of an enthusiast, there is no more individual figure in the art world of New York than Kenyon Cox. He believes thoroughly in the future of American art and thinks the best hope for its high rank lies at home. He maintains that its ultimate supremacy is inevitable, and to do what he can to hasten the day when it shall be acknowledged second to none is his constant thought. He is always ready with hand and voice and pen whenever and wherever he feels he can help to advance the cause of true art among us, and when he enlists he fights manfully to the end. No one's interest is greater and no one's industry is so unflagging in every movement which tends to achieve that higher civilization which comes to a people after the height of material progress is attained, and no good cause need more than once appeal to the artist or the citizen Kenyon Cox.

William A. Coffin.

AN IRISH GENTLEWOMAN IN THE FAMINE TIME.



HE great Irish famine — alas for the country which need distinguish its famines — had some beneficent consequences, but among them cannot be reckoned the one consequence most widely and hopefully predicted at the time — the famine did not draw Irish and English hearts together. On the contrary, it added a burning memory to the old grudges. Ever since then the Celt has held his English landlords responsible for the famine's coming, and the English Government responsible for its horrors. Your Irish orator will picture, with savage eloquence, the loaded cars crawling past the dead faces that stared out of the mud, as the grain of starving Ireland was carried away to pay her absentee landlords' rents. Listen to him and you have, on one side, the Irish victims, robbed for centuries until they were the poorest people on earth, and on the other, cynical English oppressors who did not let the wretches all starve because corpses cannot pay rent, but doled out their help as a loan, under intolerable conditions. It is an appalling indictment. But if one turn to the acts of Parliament passed for Irish relief; if he read carefully the narratives of such dispassionate observers as Pim and Mann, and such fair-minded Government officials as Trevelyan, or the reports of the British Relief Association; if he glance down those enormous lists of subscriptions, headed by the Queen, published by the British Relief Association and the Committee of Friends;[1] especially if he read in the newspapers of the day, and in yellow old letters, the affecting details of individual sacrifice and benevolence — he will be amazed at the English munificence, and cannot resist admiring, as well, the courage and sagacity displayed by the English Government in its grapple with Death. For a year and a half, from a third to half of the population of Ireland was supported by charity. During the month of July, 1847, 3,020,712 persons received daily rations of food from the Government.[2] "Advances amounting to nearly two millions[3] were made by Parliament. Local and central relief associations distributed sums which could not have fallen far short of a million and a half."[4] Yet trade was not paralyzed thereby. Neither did this colossal almsgiving pauperize the country. To use the language of one of the ablest and most candid of the Government officials:

> The multitude was gradually and peacefully thrown on its own resources at the season of harvest, when new and abundant supplies of food became available, and the demand for labor was at its highest amount.[5]

That such exertions should have elicited so little gratitude may be sorrowful, but it is not strange. Ireland has always depended upon the richer country's help. Whatever the emergency, landlords and patriots have always been agreed upon one point, to expect aid from the central government; I may say that they have been agreed upon another, to be dissatisfied with the aid given. Naturally they expected aid during the famine, and, in a measure, looked upon such aid as their right — which is not a frame of mind conducive to gratitude. I am not discussing now the claims that the English colony certainly had on England, nor the greater claims of the people subjugated cruelly in the first place, impoverished later, by villainous trade laws; I am only calling attention to a fact as the partial explanation of another fact. Besides, the machinery necessary to support half the population could not be invented and got into working order quickly — and men were dying every hour! It is asking too much of human nature to expect the ragged, ignorant, half-crazed survivors of that awful time to be grateful because only two or three out of a family starved to death. More than all, perhaps, the methods of relief — methods of grim necessity, very likely — were most repugnant to the Celtic temperament. Memories of the bayonets gleaming about the food carts; of the weary, useless dragging from one official to another; of nightmare walks to the relief works, barefooted, through the snow; of the old mother creeping to the poorhouse that she might be buried in a coffin; of the little chil-

[1] One of the most vital yet simple and calm narratives of the famine is contained in the Report of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, Dublin, 1852.

[2] Report of the British Relief Association.

[3] Pounds; nearly ten millions of dollars.

[4] "Transactions during the Famine in Ireland," Report of the Central Relief Committee of Friends.

[5] Sir Charles Trevelyan, "The Irish Crisis," p. 64.

dren moaning out their lives in deserted cabins — these, not grateful thoughts, were what the Irish peasant brought out of the famine. And these he has taught his children. Yet to individual benefactors the people were grateful to a pathetic degree.

In this article I shall try to describe the experience of one of such benefactors, a good woman who belonged to that best abused class in the world, the Irish landlords. Her experience was not exceptional; rather, I like to believe that it was typical, and that all over Ireland women were toiling, like her, for their suffering dependents. There are two ways of viewing a cyclone; we may stand safe on a hill or be down in the stress of the storm. No one can doubt which has the wider vision, but the other's experience is incomparably more vivid. As regards the cyclones of human life, in history we have the post on the hill; but sometimes, vicariously, we may mingle in the storm. A packet of old letters, a pile of moldy newspapers, bring us to the shoulder of some stout fighter, and we see the storm as he saw it, breasting its fury, or spent and conquered in the wreck.

I would look at the Irish famine through the windows of an old manor-house in County Cork. Not very many miles from the ancient town where Sir Walter planted his first Irish potatoes was the estate of the C——s of D——. D——, the town, is a compact little place with the manor-house a mile away at one end, and a big, many gabled, brick almshouse at the other. In 1845 the town had a population of some eight or nine thousand souls. The houses are of stone, whitewashed in Irish fashion, and the doors swinging on the street, where the old crones in their frilled caps and blue cloaks squat on the earth sidewalks to smoke their pipes and gossip. Here and there a sociable pig will be studying the scenery from a second-story window. The shops make a puny show of color with prints, tobacco, ribbons, and such huckster goods, and the shopkeepers live above. A few tall houses of stone and stucco, having stone sidewalks in front and pretty gardens behind, are the homes of the gentry—the rector, the doctors, lawyers, and one or two gentlemen who have property in the neighborhood.

The Bandon River runs through the town. A sparkling thread of a stream it is, and so shallow that one of the C——s assured me that she had waded across without wetting her feet. The explanation is that the bed of the "river" is sprinkled with great stones, from one to another of which she stepped.

Thackeray passed through D—— in 1842, and the curious may find a few lines about it in his "Irish Sketch Book."

The next stage [there was no railway then] was a place called D——. Here it was market-day, too, and, as usual, no lack of attendants, swarms of peasants in their blue cloaks, squatting by the stalls. . . . There is a little miserable old market-house, where a few women were selling buttermilk; another, bullocks' hearts, livers, and such like scraps of meat; another had dried mackerel on a board; and plenty of people huckstering, of course. Round the coach came crowds of raggery and blackguards fawning for money.

I fear that the women of the people did not strike him favorably; he speaks of not seeing a pretty face at the markets for fifty miles.

Every woman has bare legs, of course; and as the weather is fine they are sitting outside their cabins, with the pig and the geese and the children sporting round. Before many doors we saw a flock of these useful animals, and the family pig almost everywhere; you might see him browsing and poking along the hedges, his fore and hind leg attached with a wisp of hay to check his propensity to roving. Here and there were a small brood of turkeys; now and then a couple of sheep or a single one grazing upon a scanty field, of which the chief crop seemed to be thistles and stone; and by the side of the cottage the potato field always.

The character of the landscape is for the most part bare and sad [he has passed D—— now, and is well on his way to Skibbereen, wretched and squalid town that shall come to have its uncouth name hideously famous for anguish of famine], except here and there, in the neighborhood of towns where people have taken a fancy to plant and where nature has helped them, as it almost always will in this country. If we saw a field with a hedge to it we were sure to see a good crop inside. Many a field was there that had neither crop nor hedge. We passed by and over many pretty streams running bright through emerald meadows; and I saw a thousand charming pictures which want as yet an Irish Berghem. A bright road winding up a hill; on it a country cart, with its load, stretching a huge shadow; the before mentioned emerald pastures and silver rivers in the foreground; a noble sweep of hills rising up from them, and contrasting their magnificent purple with the green; in the extreme distance the clear, cold outline of some far-off mountains, and the white clouds tumbled about in the blue sky overhead. . . . Some way beyond D—— the road takes us through a noble, savage country of rocks and heath. Nor must the painter forget long, black tracts of bog, here and there, and the water glistening brightly at the places where the turf has been cut away. Add to this, and chiefly by the banks of rivers, a ruined castle or two; some were built by the Danes, it is said. The O'Connors, the O'Mahonys, and the O'Driscolls were lords of many others, and their ruined towers may be seen here and along the sea.

This is the landscape to the life. I feel a melancholy pleasure examining the picture. What a simple, narrow, leisurely, thriftless sort of good cheer hangs over the cottages with their pigs and geese and laughing children. Plenty of

time to frolic with the babies or bargain and chatter in the market-place, and potatoes enough to fill all their mouths. Even the beggars, then, were not hungry; they were begging because they craved those luxuries of mackerel and milk and meat described; and, very likely, the dreadful little green apples also, which Thackeray did not see, but which are everywhere in Ireland to this day.

Poor childlike, untidy, cheerful creatures, one wonders how many of them were to die miserably only a few years later.

The manor-house stands a little way from the town amid beautiful gardens and plantations[1] of firs and birches. It is a square stone house, not later than the Georges. The old manor-house is only a ruin. It stood in the center of the town, for when it was built by the first baronet safety was more desirable than any beauty of surroundings. He was a well-hated man, that first Sir Richard; yet there is a letter from Lord Chesterfield to him, in the family archives, praising his "humane policy." But he was a stanch Protestant, and religious feeling ran high when William the Third was king. The kitchen windows of the house have a queer broad shape and look like gable windows that have had a fall in the world, blinking out above a disproportionate length of wall; they were, in fact, windows of the ordinary form, but were built up during the Whiteboy riots. The other windows fared the same, but in their case the masonry has been removed. There were later riots, and the C—— of that day received a sword from the Duke of Wellington for his services with the yeomanry. This C—— inherited the estate by right of his mother, and added the C—— name to his own. He was the cadet of a noble Scotch family whose every title is an outrage to Irish ears, and he was a most irascible and domineering old personage. Once he walked through his village of D—— and smashed every tea-pot. He regarded tea as a beverage above the station of his tenants. "Such airs!" he snorted; "the likes of them drinking tea."

Doubtless it was a relief to the tenants when he went to America and bought property there, and was gone for years at a time. Long before the famine he died, and his son reigned in his stead. He lived in America, making frequent visits to Ireland. But his two sisters had always lived at the manor-house and cared for the tenants. They were both unmarried and no longer young; Kate, the younger, was past forty, while her sister was ten years older. The men of the family were a roving race, but the sisters clung to the old home. Kate was born in America, but I cannot say that she was pleased with her birthplace. She always protested against being called an American: "Should I be a horse, then, if I had been born in a stable?" said she. She was a little, slight, active woman, with the fair Irish skin and the Irish black hair and blue eyes. Frail as she looked, no exertion or fatigue could conquer her spirit. For miles around the cotters knew her flashing smile and gay word. Shrewd as she was kind-hearted, they "niver tried to come the comether over Miss Kate." Martha was the oldest of the family. From the description of one who knew and loved her I imagine a tall woman, gentle and sad, wearing an elderly cap and almost always in black robes, for there were few living then out of a great family whom she had loved with a mother's devotion. Her eyes were bright, and though grief and ill-health had laid a fine network of wrinkles over her features, her skin retained a youthful freshness of color. She had beautiful hands and very small feet. They were a hereditary gift of person; but I do not think that otherwise Martha inherited the C—— beauty. The beauty of the family was married and gone away.

Martha had always been an invalid. Racking headaches tormented her; she had a constant cough. Nevertheless she made so light of her ailments that her weak health is only a second thought in one's impressions.

The life of the sisters was secluded. It is pretty to see what metropolitan splendor Cork assumes in Miss C——'s letters. Indeed, a kind of Old World innocence and simplicity clings to her air of education and high breeding, just as, I am sure, a soft odor of lavender clung to her old-fashioned silken gowns of state. One can see by her letters that she had read widely and was deeply interested in politics. Never was a more ardent Tory. Lord Derby she is convinced is "a *sound* Protestant and real Christian," as well as "a man of real talent," and the Lord Lieutenant she admires loyally when she goes to Cork to see him open the Exhibition; "he is a kingly looking man." But it is hard telling whom she regards with the holier horror, Lord John Russell or the Pope. Either of them would destroy Ireland unless stopped in his fell career; and they never get across her page without a thumping. A deeply religious woman, her piety, in this age, looks a thought austere; but she had the tenderest and most unselfish of hearts, and whenever this good heart and her harsh prejudices dispute, the prejudices are sure to be left in the lurch.

Thus this Protestant lady and her "papist" tenants dwelt together in the utmost amity. Strange, truly; it seems to recall that vanished feudal devotion in these discordant times. The people brought all their troubles to the manor-

[1] Plantations in Ireland are groves of planted trees.

house, from the "baccagh's" inability to find the rent to the "colleen's" quarrel with her sweetheart. Every summer a prodigious store of sweetmeats was put away for the ailing. Flannel and tea were dealt out to the sick; and—matter even nearer the Irish heart—there was always fair harkening to complaints. Under the sister's mild rule the estate prospered—as prosperity is counted in Ireland; tillage was increased, and rents, which were mercifully low, were paid with reasonable promptness. Then the famine came. No one can comprehend the complete prostration of Ireland who does not realize the condition of her social fabric. Here is a country where, save in a small portion, manufactures are practically extinct. A few decaying mills, a few fingers still moving above lace curtains and looms in the cabins, a few rude fisheries[1]—there you have a nation's resources. By consequence the population is virtually thrown on the land. To make matters worse, the land laws tie both landlord and tenant hand and foot.

The acts of the Irish parliament, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, offering a bounty on the exportation of corn and restricting the importation, had the immemorial consequences of such legislation. They lured men of small capital, or no capital at all, into agriculture, which had assumed a fictitious value. Having no money, the new farmers paid their laborers in rent, allowing them bits of ground whereon they would erect hovels and raise potatoes.

Now give to this squalid multitude, living on the edge of starvation, a priesthood loved and trusted by them, which shall have to depend for its living mostly on wedding and christening fees: the Roman Catholic clergy had been more than human if they had consistently discouraged early marriages or small holdings. There was another motive: they conscientiously believed early marriages desirable on moral grounds; and when principle adds its impetus to interest we all know the result.

Finally, supply this population with the very cheapest food, which shall also be food raised with very little labor in a marvelously small space; have no career outside open to the younger sons of the gentry and professional men; have a multitude of middlemen who make profit rents out of subletting their property; cap the cairn of hindrances on the body of enterprise with an absent or a ruined aristocracy, and what happens? Simply this: the ordinary movements of trade and society may go on in a feeble fashion, but any additional load will break the whole.

It is not understood how desperate the position of the Irish landlords was in 1845. Really half of them were ruined. There was a grand show on the rent-rolls, but deduct the charges on the revenues, the annuities, dower charges, marriage portions, interest on debts, and the remnant will cut a shabby figure.

Sometimes a gentleman with a nominal rent-roll of ten thousand a year had hardly two thousand. Yet he must support the position of the man with ten. Inevitably estates of this kind grew more and more encumbered. Half the apparent rapacity of the landlords is due to this frightful disproportion between their revenues and their state. When the famine came many landlords gave up the struggle. Having long paid the bulk of their income as interest to their creditors, now, there being no rents, they had nothing left to pay. The creditors seized on the rent-roll, since at that period they could not sell the land. All over Ireland there were landlords who had no more word in the management of their reputed estates than the poorest cotter. A report of the period tells of one barony where "every one of the landlords—from Mr. ——, who is in possession of 500,000 acres, to the lowest of them—was involved, lived on an allowance, and had his estate managed by the agency, so that the poor" were "placed between a landlord who" was "unable to give them any assistance and the agent who" had "no interest in giving them any." Even those landlords who had a competent income beheld it almost swept away. At one blow the income of the landlord and the subsistence of the people were annihilated.[2] The first hint that I have of the calamity which was to assume such overwhelming size, affecting D——, is in a letter written by Miss C—— to her brother, the landlord, in January, 1845. She describes the failure of the potato crop, "everywhere rotting in the pits," and regrets that she can send him so little money. Less and less money was sent, until during the year 1847–48 the landlord did not, in the words of an old friend, "get enough from the estate to buy the children a pair of shoes."

The damage to the crop this year, however, was only partial. The early crops had escaped entirely, and some potatoes of the later crop could be used. Wheat, oats, and barley were a full average crop. At D—— they planted more "green crops"—turnips, carrots, and the like—than on many estates. Miss Kate, who was her brother's agent, reduced the rents. Relief works were opened by the Government, and some of the poorest tenants earned enough on them to keep soul and body together. The

[1] During the famine people on the sea-shore lived on limpets and seaweed or died of starvation because their tackle was too poor to catch fish, although the sea was full of them.

[2] Report of British Association, Appendix A, p. 96.

relief works were mainly on the highways. Some pottering with so-called "reproductive works," such as the draining and planting of farms, and some attempts to improve the fisheries, hardly ought to count; what an Irishman understands by the "relief works" is work on the roads. The testimony is unanimous that whether the works were good for the men they certainly were not good for the roads. They leveled the hills, or rather they hacked away at the hills; but harvest time found them still standing, and they were frequently left in the condition of the celebrated hill between Castle Richmond and Castle Desmond.

Before the famine was over there was a suffocating rush on the works. This is the description of one of the board:

> The attraction of the "Queen's pay," as it was popularly called, led to a general abandonment of their other descriptions of industry. . . . Landlords competed with each other in getting the names of tenants placed on the list; farmers dismissed their laborers and sent them to the works; . . . the fisheries were deserted, and it was often difficult to get a coat patched or a pair of boots mended.[1]

The C——s were not of the landlords who thus shifted their own burden to the Government's shoulders. Miss C——'s language about the works is as caustic as her usual strictures of Lord John Russell's measures.

> They have cut up the country into a parcel of useless roads; spent more of the immense sums on hired officials than on the poor, who continue dying on the roads by hundreds, of hunger and of cold; and damaged the people still more by congregating them in idle groups and drawing them away from all agriculture — so that now the spring is advancing, no farming doing, no prospect but of a perpetuity of famine and taxes.

Government, however, closed the relief works, and planting was done, although it seems clear that the tillage did suffer on account of the works. Still, at D—— the crops were planted. The sisters told each other, hopefully, that after a scarcity there always came a year of plenty. Kate, who was the active one, brought back cheering accounts of the fields green with harvest. The D—— people had used up the narrow margin of savings, of household furniture or pigs or cows; but they had only begun to be in want. The "Queen's pay" had kept the poorest alive. In July, Ireland drew a long breath of reviving hope; by the middle of August, every Irishman knew that the potatoes were gone. Miss C—— regularly sent her brother the Cork newspapers. Late in August the little circle in America that looked with such painful interest for the Irish news must have read the Cork reporter's despairing conclusions. The crop was clean gone.

> The people are in an absolute state of bewilderment. The blast has been nearly universal; and such is the effect that the stalk and stems thus blasted break off quite rotten like, and the young potatoes that are found are mostly black. All the change has taken place within the last fortnight; until then everything was promising.

That was the shock of the calamity, it was so sudden. In July — this, too, the circle at B—— must have read — Father Mathew passed from Cork to Dublin, and "the doomed plant bloomed in all the luxuriance of an abundant harvest." On his return, a week later, he saw "only one wide waste of putrefying vegetation," and the "wretched people were seated on the fences of their decaying gardens wringing their hands and wailing bitterly." August 16 Miss C—— wrote, with bitter calm:

> Ireland is ruined. God has manifested his continued wrath against us by completely destroying the potato crop. Never was there a greater quantity planted, never a more glorious prospect of plenty, but about three weeks ago the black spots appeared, and the whole crop is gone. It is said to be worse than last year. His arm is bared to destroy us. You thought it bad enough when you were here, but ah! we little knew how happy we were then. And extreme as seemed the poverty then, it was only *seeming* to our present misery. The tide of emigration is as great as ever; all who can are flying from a land which seems doomed to destruction.

Already the times were felt by the landlords. Nearly every one she knows is cramped by loss of rents and the enormous poor-rates. Her brother has been sick, and she fears that it was from anxiety of mind. She longs to see him, but she would not wish him back to "this dismal country"; and she compares the frantic misery of the people, beginning to show itself in riots, to the state of the Jews in Jerusalem before its destruction.

While the potato crop was a total failure, the wheat crop was "barely an average one," and rye and barley were scant. On the Continent, too, rye and potatoes failed. There was famine in Scotland, in Belgium, in France. Miss C—— writes:

> The worst of it is that no one has any heart left. Kate is busy about her farming. Our crops are much better than our neighbors'. Were they not, what would become of us? It is our only resource now.

She alludes to a little farm adjoining the manor-house, which, like many Irish landlords, they farmed on their own account. Kate was the farmer — a very successful one, it appears. She had profited by her brother's American

[1] Sir Charles Trevelyan, "The Irish Crisis."

experience. The tenants stared and howled Irish ejaculations over the outlandish machines that came down from the Cove of Cork. More perplexing and awe-inspiring were the strange grains that sent emerald spikes through the meadows. Both the landlord and his sister had long realized the danger of depending upon a single crop, and that the cheapest of all foods. But it was quite another matter to bring the tenants to this way of thinking. Farmers would come to the manor-house and gaze with awe on the huge pumpkins raised under glass, they would praise the waving fields of wheat and oats, and they would exchange sly winks of amusement over the ragged rows of Indian corn which Miss Kate vainly tried to make grow under that humid and uncertain sky. They said, "Shure, thim will do for the gentry; but 't is the praties that kapes the hunger down." They resisted all innovations with the dogged obstinacy of their race. But there were other crops on the estate. Alas, in that fatal year all crops failed together!

The relief works opened in September and instantly were crowded. Over half a million of men at one time were employed. In the month of March the expenditure on the works rose to the enormous sum of £1,050,722, or something over five million dollars.[1]

Nevertheless the wages of the men did not keep their families. How could they? The wages were only tenpence a day. Besides, there was a great multitude who had no direct providers, widows and orphan children and aged creatures who might have been helped by kinsfolk or neighbors in ordinary times; but now every man's hands were full if he earned bare life for his own. There were the almshouses for such people; but in the remoter districts often they did not know about the poor-laws, and always they hated "the house" next to death.

The year before had swept the wretched cabins clean of all those things which they could sell or pawn; now they sold their pigs and chickens and ponies and cows. They sold the cloaks which the women wore, and the men's frieze coats. Presently there was nothing left to sell; they ate up the scanty harvest, they ate up the potatoes that they had laid by for seed. Then—they began to die.

Early in September Miss Kate raised what money she could on her own and her brother's credit and laid in a stock of Indian meal. This, be it remembered, was before the Government had stirred. The year before, when the crop failed, Indian corn was bought in America, and depots were established in different parts of Ireland where meal was sold under the market price to the different relief committees.[2]

But these depots had been emptied. It was necessary to start afresh. Miss C—— passionately accuses the English Government of not realizing the situation, and doubtless she only echoed the sentiments of harassed and impoverished landlords all over the country. At that time the corn laws were in force. Indian corn in 1845 had a duty laid on it so high that it was practically unknown in the United Kingdom. And it was easier to repeal the law than to remove the ignorance. She says:

> Every measure of our rulers from the beginning has been foolishness and waste. They were warned a year ago of what was coming, but they kept utterly aloof until the distress was at its utmost height and hundreds starved to death; said British commerce must not be interfered with, and though petitioned by thousands to take some step to lower prices they have refused; allow speculators to traffic in the blood of their fellow-creatures, and when, at last, shamed by the loud cry of desperate misery, they did something, it was to set up *relief works!* . . . to support the people in sloth and idleness, and taxes laid on the country that her wretched revenues can never support.

Poor lady! But the Government also was a subject of compassion, confronted by the woful problem how to feed a starving nation without ruining both Ireland and England. It would hardly have helped matters to have made all the corn merchants in the United Kingdom bankrupt.

This letter was written before the repeal of the corn laws, and before the enterprise of the Irish dealers had filled the markets and reduced Indian corn from £19 a ton in February to £13 in March and £7 10s. in August, and it was before the British Association was organized, or that vast and searching system of relief had been arranged which saved the country.

The period between August, 1846, when the Irish landlords knew that the harvest was gone, and the arrival of the first war-steamer loaded with flour and pease on the southwest coast of

[1] "In order to check the exorbitant demands which had been made during the preceding season, the whole of the expense was made a local charge, and the advances were directed to be repaid by a rate levied according to the poor-law valuation, which makes the landlords liable for the whole rate on tenements under £4 yearly value, and for a proportion, generally amounting to one-half, on tenements above that value." ("Irish Crisis," p. 37.) The former relief works expenses were half a grant and half an advance, the advance to be repaid by the barony.

[2] These relief committees were formed all over Ireland, with a central committee in Dublin. They sold meal to those who could buy, and gave it to those too poor to buy. Their funds came from private subscriptions.

Ireland, was a time of dreadful anxiety and of consequent indignation.

Miss Kate bought her Indian meal and established a store in her kitchen, where meal was sold under the market price. As long as the people could buy, they purchased. Miss C—— and her sister knew the circumstances of every family on the estate; when a farmer who still had something left approached, and, in Irish phrase, "made a poor mouth," Miss Kate stopped him briskly: "There 's the dun cow's calf, Higgins; we'll give you the worth of that in meal. You know every penny we get will go for more meal." Soon they were obliged to guard the door of the impromptu shop. Policemen stood outside to keep back the horde of frenzied, dying creatures, lest they should rush in and fall upon the whole stock of provisions. "Never was Ireland more bloody, more riotous, than now," wrote Miss C——. They had no fear of their own people's violence,— they could be made to understand that the supplies must be husbanded,— but out of caves and bogs squalid, emaciated shapes crawled to the merciful ladies who were feeding the poor.

When they sat down to their niggardly meal, as plain now and hardly more plentiful than the portion they served to the starving, they had to have the shutters drawn in order not to see the ranks of wolfish eyes glaring in at the table.

They were always coming upon hideous sights. Once it was a mother and her two children whom they found crouched against a tree. Her husband was dead, and one child. Maybe it was the fever killed him, she said; they had some of "the yally meal" when he died, and a turnip that a neighbor gave her. With his last breath he had told her to go to the manor-house. She knew she was n't of their people, but she had no one else. They cared for her and she lived.

By this time pestilence was increasing the horrors of famine. They risked their lives by their humanity, but it was a daily risk for them and for others of the helpers in D——; because the fever did not spare the well-nurtured and clean, though it sprung out of filth and want.

The wretches died too fast for burial. Sometimes they dragged themselves almost to the house, then sank on the way. One poor lad the two sisters found with his head on a flower bed and the hydrangeas nodding above his pinched, ghastly brown face. So wasted was he that the two women picked him up and carried him to the house. When he revived enough to speak he tried to point, saying, "They 're beyant!" He meant his mother and sister. They were found and cared for. They survived; but the faithful child, whose last thought was of them, died before they could reach the house, in the arms of his kind bearers. They had no leisure to grieve over him. An awful feature of those days of darkness was that the mind, being so hurried from one scene of anguish to another, lost its capacity for separate pity, and was only sensible of the crushing weight of despair always upon it, pressing a little more heavily each time. Before that terrible winter ended, suffering that formerly the sisters would have discussed compassionately for weeks, they almost forgot in the crush of new agony at its heels.

Well might Count Strzelecki, the volunteer agent of the British Association, write to his chiefs:

> No pen can describe the distress. . . . It has actually reached such a degree of lamentable extremes that it becomes above the power of exaggeration and misrepresentation. You may now believe anything which you hear or read.

What painfully increased the difficulties of the situation was the condition of the roads and transportation. Ireland had few railroads, and as soon as winter came the highways were in a horrible condition. The relief works, so far from mending matters, often had succeeded only in turning what had been merely a bad road into an impassable one. At the same time there was an unprecedented demand for horses, and fewer horses than ever before, for horses as well as men died, and those left were so meagerly fed that they had not strength to pull. Towns were small and scattered. In the region about D—— there were districts without a mill or a granary or a single shop for the sale of provisions. The people of such districts must walk ten or twelve miles to D——. Count Strzelecki tells of men walking twenty and thirty miles to buy meal and then, such was the pressure on the scanty shops, being obliged to go empty-handed away. And twenty or thirty miles away among the bogs the wretches' starved women and children were waiting for them. In all the letters and reports of the time distances are mentioned. Always the people are walking from remote homes to the works or the village or the soup kitchen. Miles on miles, thousands of miles, must have been traversed in torment that winter. To me there is nothing ghastlier in all the famine than this vision of incessant motion; of a squalid procession whose life is dribbling away with every step. Yet what could the relief officers do? It took time to establish depots of provisions, and provisions must be hauled. By water it was no better. There were so few ships that freights jumped to an appalling fig-

ure,[1] and often vessels could not be hired at any price.[2] Bantry must have been the nearest point where the relief committee of D—— could obtain provisions in any quantity; but I am inclined to think from the letters that most of the supplies came from Cork. They sent their own cars and horses, and their own people went as escort, armed to protect the precious grain. Besides the relief committee there was a "Ladies' Association." It consisted of a number of ladies in the town and vicinity, being a branch of the general association of women which extended all over Ireland. Miss C—— was at the head of the D—— committee. Of this committee one of the agents for the British Relief Association wrote as follows:

> They reach many cases that no relief committee could, and are personally daily cognizant, for miles around, of the actual state of the inhabitants of the cottages scattered far and wide. The working is admirable.

The Ladies' Association worked with the relief committee to whom the general supervision of the K—— district belonged. The chairman was a trusted friend of the sisters, a wise, good man; happily, also, a man of wealth. His help of counsel and of money was great; it was a grievous misfortune that he died this year. The rector of the parish was an invalid, but the young Irish curate, Mr. L——, did the work of ten men. The sisters had other helpers in their own household, helpers who knew the character and necessities of the people better than any gentleman or gentlewoman could know; the servants of their house were the private soldiers in that pitiful battle with famine and the plague. It was they who carried the peat for the fire and made the beds and kept the rooms for the sick who were brought within the manor-house to die (for it came to this with the hunger, that those who succumbed very rarely could be revived), and it was they who served in the kitchen, cooking the meal and rice and soup. The head of the men was a bluff, red-faced giant who rose from a boy in the kitchen to be manager at this time, and later a large farmer. He kept the skeletons of men at work in the fields. At one time, so generally had the men gone to the relief works, that he was forced to hire girls to do the planting. Neither was his case uncommon in the southwest that year.

Of the women I see only one head out of the crowd, a square, wrinkled, honest, shrewd Irish face in a frilled cap; her short neck making her chin rest on her blue cloak. She was the cook, a servant of the old time, infinitely attached to the sisters, whom she ruled kindly but firmly, never for a second "forgetting her place," but getting her own way quite as effectually. Like all Irish servants, she had an incomparable ingenuity in makeshifts that served the whole family well. At this time she was a young woman, not cook in chief, only a kitchen maid. She made a cake of Indian meal and water very like our Southern hoe-cake, I fancy. The sisters did not share the prevalent ignorance of the gentry regarding "Indian wheat." Thanks to their brother's American training they were able to cook the new food properly. An American cannot realize the intensity of the Irish prejudice against new foods, especially the "yally male." They believed it would turn black those who ate it. Of course they did not know how to cook it — nor anything else beyond potatoes. The women used to mix the meal with cold water and eat it thus, grumbling with some reason at the "bitter bad stuff." Either from ignorance or avaricious intention some of the millers ground bits of the husk with the corn. "The back av me hand and the sowl av me fut to the yally male!" screamed one irate old woman at the relief committee. "Shure it 's scratched all up me throat is wid thryin' to swally it! It 's needles they put in it."

But before that winter ended the people considered themselves happy if they could get the "yally meal." Undoubtedly, however, its use half cooked did bring on disease.

As winter advanced the distress grew deeper and fiercer. It was a hard winter, cold rains and snows alternating. To famine and fever was added cold. Hundreds of cabins in County Cork had nothing on their earth floors save a few rotten bundles of straw — not a blanket, "not a stick of furniture." Neither could the people afford in many cases even the cheap peat fires. The men tramped barefoot through the snow to the relief works. Their rags hardly covered their bones. It was the commonest thing in the world for men to be "struck with the cold" and die in a day or two.

I find in the letters of this time constant reference to the need of clothes. Writing to a dear friend in America, Miss C—— acknowledges the receipt of two boxes of clothing. "The two boxes," she says, "arrived safely last night all right, according to the lists. Oh, if you could see the absolutely naked state of our whole peasantry, your benevolent hearts would feel a sweet reward in seeing so many comfortably clothed and hearing the bless-

[1] The freight for a barrel of flour from the United States to Ireland before the famine year was 2s. 6d.; by the winter of 1847 it was 8s. or 9s. Indian meal rose from 8s. to 18s.

[2] One gentleman offered £240 to the Cork Company for a steamer to carry a cargo of meal to Kenmare. The offer was refused. (Report of British Association.)

ings poured on your heads by the receivers." Clothing came from England as well. Often the garments were of an incongruous gentility, but the backs under them were as warm. One difficulty in this direction was that the starving people would pawn their clothes. But after a time the pawnbrokers refused to advance money. In this same letter Miss C—— speaks of their efforts to employ the hordes of idle women and children in wool spinning and making flannel. Some of the women were instructed in sewing, and altered or made garments. By this time the destitution had reached the class of tradespeople and farmers, and the terrible circle was continually widening.

I find slight mention in Miss C——'s correspondence of relief received from official sources. So overwhelming and paralyzing indeed was the distress at this time, that districts where the landlords were partly caring for their people were passed by in favor of utterly helpless regions where there was none to pity. But the efforts both of the Government and of individuals were herculean. The Society of Friends raised over a million of dollars, of which a great part came from the United States. The British Association spent £263,251. The Irish local relief committees raised £199,470, to which the British Government added a donation of £189,000. All over the world Englishmen sent money to Ireland. The Irish in America out of their poverty sent a million and a half dollars. Cargoes of corn and rice were sent from every part of the United States. I have before me a list of the freight paid by the British Government on gifts of food from America for the relief of the poor of Ireland and Scotland in the years 1846–47, and the total is more than forty thousand pounds.[1]

Yet in February Miss C—— wrote to her brother:

> No tongue can describe, no one can imagine, the horrors. Independent of hunger, fever, and death, in how many ways our comfort is utterly destroyed. Pigs, geese, fowls, horses dying everywhere; no poor man can keep his horse or cow; carriers knocked up; Indian meal and the coarsest flour 2s. 7d. a stone —how can the laborer on 10d. a day keep his family out of that? People are dying of hunger by hundreds, and the sufferings of women and young children are dreadful. Our porridge-pot and griddle are never off the fire to feed the skeletons at our door, who we fear will die after eating the bit. I have been obliged to send the newspapers with the worst accounts to England and Jamaica to try what they will do—this will cause irregularity in your getting. Kate and I are almost worn out. Since last September we have been every day selling meal in the kitchen below the market price. She works at trading, and I write for supplies of money: we have got about £100 from England by my letters alone; but that is but a drop in the ocean of misery, but I praise God for honoring me by making me in *any* way an instrument.

The work has made her ill, but she is up again, "for the loud cry of misery in the whole south of Ireland will not let us rest. And the north and part of Scotland is little better."

With the spring the tide of misery overflowed. The starving people attacked the marines landing meal on the coast. Vessels laden with provisions were detained in the harbors because no pilot dared take them out to sea. Skibbereen is a few hours' drive from D——. The agent of the Society of Friends wrote:

> This place is one mass of famine, disease, and death; the poor creatures, hitherto trying to exist on one meal a day, are now sinking under fever and bowel complaints—unable to come for their soup, and this not fit for them.

The skeletons crawled along the street and sometimes dropped dead on their way to the soup kitchen.

Another correspondent, writing from Castletown Bearhaven, a neighboring town, begged for help, saying that of twenty thousand souls in that parish the "greater part" were "suffering all the horrors of famine and of fever and dysentery." So reduced were the people that unguarded help was fatal to them. One man said to the relief agent, "If they get any strong dose at all, they die off at once." He explained that by a "strong dose" he meant "a full meal."

In County Mayo there was a more squalid and desperate misery than in County Cork. In one day in a single small town eight inquests were held on the bodies of poor people who had perished "for want of the necessaries of life."

A dreadful kind of apathy or a more dreadful frenzy possessed the starving people. There were crimes beyond any one's remembrance for number. A farmer living near D—— sold a cow. He was killed for the money as he was returning home. The assassins were arrested, and one of them immediately cut his throat with a piece of window-glass. Hope had abandoned all classes. An agent of the British Association describes his visit to one of the miserable hovels not half a day's driving from D——. Says he:

> I found three grown-up emaciated women, with three or four children. On inquiring as to whom they had to work for them they pointed to a corner, where an old man lay, their father, the only male left in the family. None of them had a fraction of money, and the only food in the house was a pannikin half full of a certain kind of thick gruel, of which they all had had a couple of mouthfuls each in the morning. Through an interpreter (the man only

[1] "Transactions during the Famine in Ireland," Appendix VIII.

spoke Irish) the old man said he had lain down to die — as also said all his daughters: there was no help for it.

In one village, "which in better times must have been prosperous, for they had grass for forty cows one side the village and for thirty-five on the other," they had "a *little* seed," that is, potatoes. They would not sow it, because "when the harvest came it would not be their property, and were they alive they would be murdered by those who had none for their crop; they would lie down and die after eating the little they had kept for putting in the land."[1]

All over the country men and women could be seen "redigging the potato grounds, in hopes of finding some few remaining." They were bending over the fields which the sheep had deserted, trying to find turnip roots. Families were known to have lived for weeks "on the flesh of horses that had died."

A Skibbereen man with a family of five had nothing for them all to eat from Saturday to Thursday except eleven and one-half pounds of potatoes and a head of cabbage. He walked several miles to the works, and the superintendent gave him a piece of bread; he tried to swallow it and dropped dead.

Such are some of the "worst accounts" in the papers which would be delayed in coming to her brother, but which did come. Again she writes to him; each letter, now, carries a deeper gloom.

The approaching summer presents a dreadful prospect. I think half the population will be swept away, and the other half eat each other. And if the landlords do not get their rents they can neither help the poor nor themselves. Yesterday the first person was buried in K—— churchyard without a coffin — poor Davy C——, long ago a laborer of ours. We have kept all our people from starving as yet.

So the winter wore away into spring. The land was tilled somehow, but with almost hopeless hearts. Still Miss Kate sold her meal to the hungry crowds below in the kitchen, and up-stairs her sister filled page after page to go to England, to India, to America. She had asked her brother to interest his American friends. So effectually was this done that a cargo of provisions was bought, and a generous merchant gave the use of one of his ships to take it to the Cove of Cork.[2]

It came at the darkest hour.

For six weeks the kitchen fire at the manor-house had not been allowed to die down. Night and day the haggard crowd besieged the doorway where the policemen stood.

[1] Report of Relief Association, Appendix A, p. 62.
[2] Now Queenstown.

The fever was making the streets of the town horrible. Mr. L——, the curate and the parish priest, used to wrap the dead in tarred sheets and so bury them — together.

In March the agent of the British Association, announcing his purpose to visit D——, had said, "Though I do not fear that they can be suffering the intense misery and raging fever, with perfect absence of food, that they are truly suffering on the sea-coast"; but March 14, after the visit has been paid, he writes:

I regret to say that in every place I have lately visited, and which I named as about to do in a former letter, I have found the distress, disease, and deaths have very much increased; nothing can exceed the wretchedness that is and has been existing; it is the spreading so rapidly that now principally horrifies the visitor.

The people would not plant, they said the crops would be taken from them, better to die now; and they crouched in the doorways or the corners of their cabins and looked on with dry eyes while their children died; they were a little glad when the moaning ceased, but they did not notice anything any more.

As yet the D—— people had kept famine at a little distance, but the fever and kindred diseases increased steadily. Steadily, too, those precious sacks in the pantry grew lean.

It was at this juncture that news came of the American gift; I have Miss C——'s letter of acknowledgment before me. The first words are a copy of the resolution of thanks.

The D—— Ladies' Committee for the Relief of the Poor beg leave to make their most grateful acknowledgments to the ladies and gentlemen of Binghamton for their generous exertions on behalf of the starving people of D—— and Skibbereen, in contributing the sum of four hundred dollars for the purchase of Indian meal to be divided between those two parishes. The meal is not yet arrived, but is daily expected. They are also informed that about six hundred dollars has been sent from Binghamton to other parts of Ireland. The committee particularly express their thanks to the family of E. W——, Esq., of Binghamton, who have been actively instrumental in directing the attention of their friends to these parishes, and to the ladies who have so kindly exerted themselves as collectors. Truly our American sisters have not been appealed to in vain. May the Lord reward them as he only can; and may the blessing of those who are ready to perish be on their heads.

This is dated April 28, and signed on behalf of the D—— Ladies' Committee by Martha C——, her sister, the rector's daughter, and three gentlewomen of the vicinity.

Miss C—— continues on the same sheet to her sister-in-law:

I have sent this according to your directions, and I have also sent the same to B—— W——, who is the kind and dear friend in Philadelphia who has done

so much for us in collecting and publishing, and I have requested him to have it published and send it to the W——s, and you can also, if you think fit, send it to Charles C——, to be published in New York. I feel so grateful to the Binghamtonians and to you that I should like to publish it everywhere. We have put it in the Cork paper, which I will send you; but you know ladies don't like to have their names in print when they can help it, therefore our committee would not sign their names for the Cork paper, but directed me to acknowledge it, as I have done. We got the paper with the account of the relief party at the W——s', and I beg you will make my most grateful thanks to all the kind friends in and about Binghamton who have stretched out the hand of compassion to Ireland in this her day of utter and hopeless misery. To you my dear, dear —— and ——, we feel most grateful. I did not at all doubt your wish to exert yourselves for Ireland, but I feared in your remote place [Binghamton is a wealthy town in the State of New York!] little could be done. How mistaken I was! I should have written this before, but was in hopes I should be able to announce the arrival of the meal — but got tired of waiting, thinking it appeared so negligent. Now when we get the meal we shall let you know by newspaper, for it is better for both you and us to save postage as much as we can; it will fill *some mouths*. We are in as miserable state as ever nation was, and the coming summer presents as dismal a prospect as that which has passed. Famine and pestilence are rioting over the land. All the best of our people are flying to America, leaving behind them an inconceivable legion of idleness, filthiness, and beggary to drag the whole nation into the gulf of pauperism. [She complains that the people hang about the roads and will not plant; and the overcharged heart brims over in wild invectives against the Government.] I have long suspected that British speculators, with Lord John Russell at their head, wish to get possession of all our lands by breaking or starving us out of them — and see when poor Paddy, who is always complaining of his own landlord, has an English one whether he will be the better for the exchange. But it is useless to complain; our tyrants have no pity, and absenteeism and popery have ruined the land. If they would only tax those wretched absentees who have drained our vitals it would be some comfort.

They are still laboring with their meal sale and their gifts of food: "Now our labors and expense are tremendously increased by having to cook rice, arrowroot, sago, stewed biscuit for the sick." Rice was valuable food, especially for those suffering from dysentery. By this time there was very little buying of food. Another soup kitchen was established in the town, but there seemed no diminution in the numbers at the manor-house door, nor to the demands on the sisters. "In fact," Miss C—— writes in this same letter, "our labors, combined with the shocking circumstances and the hurry and confusion in which we are kept, are very harassing. And not being able to *hope* for the end thereof, . . . I am glad most that those I love are in your happy land. God bless the Americans; they could send a war vessel with meal for our wants, though our own *paternal* government could not!"[1]

She continues her recital of the horrors attendant on the famine:

> The dogs are constantly digging the scarce covered bodies out of the graves. Even at K—— [part of the estate] the women carry their dead on their heads and scratch a little hole to lay them in. Whole families are laid down in fever, and as their neighbors are afraid to go near them, they die one after the other, and remain unburied sometimes until it is too shocking to describe. At D—— I do not know of anyone who has died of actual want of *any* food; but *slow* starvation, never having enough, and so often what they have bad, is killing as surely: when the creatures get the fever or *any* ailment they sink at once. Do not be unhappy about us; we are breasting the storm bravely, and the Lord supports us under all. Let us say, His will be done. If we are driven from this land we have the right of citizenship to an American home. One of our priests is just dead of fever, and poor Mr. B—— got his from a man who rushed out at him holding up two dead children. He only lived five days.

In the same letter Miss C—— acknowledges the receipt of five hundred dollars from Petersburg, Va., and "a most excellent letter from Peggy C——'s husband." "We are amazed," she says, "at the success of our appeal, and say again, God bless America!" She did not then realize how much greater was to be the American gift than she imagined. I find in the list of ships' cargoes one consigned to "the Misses C——," and entered at Cove of Cork. The fever-stricken skeletons stood in the streets as the carts loaded with meal and rice and flour rolled by, and called on God to bless the Americans.

Autumn saw the potato patches green again, and though the blight appeared, the crop was not destroyed, while oats, wheat, and barley were gathered in quantities which had not been known for years. In August, Miss C—— could write to an American friend: "I am thankful to say the pestilence seems abating. American supplies have relieved our famine and lowered the price of food." In another part of the same letter she says:

> The public papers have probably told you all. I need only say that there was not the slightest exaggeration in the appeal — no language could enlarge the horrors of our situation. I have passed through deep waters of domestic affliction; have seen the

[1] Miss C—— refers probably to the *Jamestown*, which was manned by volunteers and sent to the coast of Ireland, while the *Macedonian*, provisioned and manned in the same way, was sent to Scotland. But I do not understand the allusion, since the *Dragon*, the *Vulcan*, the *Terrible*, and half a dozen revenue cutters had been or were landing provisions on the southwest coast.

ravages of cholera which swept over D—— with peculiar and fatal malignity; have encountered the perils of flood, fire, and storm; but never did my eye see, my ear hear, such sights and sounds of misery as in the last year, and fatigue of body and distress of mind have almost worn us away. We seldom had time to think of our danger from the pestilence which crowded around our doors and windows: the Lord has graciously kept it from our dwelling, but many of the helpers have fallen, . . . all by the pauper fever, and within a very short time. Its ravages among the respectable in other places are equally great; for it is remarked that the poor don't often die *in* the fever, but of weakness and want of nourishment *after* it. The disorder caught from them is most malignant.

The famine indeed was stayed, but its effects remained, and are to be discerned to this day. The small tradesmen were bankrupt almost in a body; the middlemen were rooted out of the country; all professional people had suffered; while the gentry were three-fourths of them ruined, in fact if not in name. There is a letter from Miss C—— to her brother, written in 1848, which describes their own straitened condition and incidentally reveals the distracted state of the country.

That fatal year [she says, meaning the famine time] seems to have rung the death knell to the hopes of this doomed country. I have not written for a long, long time. But my silence has not been because my heart is grown colder to you or feels less pain on your account—far from it. I have not yet attained that privilege of old age—in my case it would be a privilege—of being weakened and indifferent in natural affection; but when I cannot write cheerfully I have no heart to write at all. . . . I wrote you last to Philadelphia and sent you an order for [word illegible] pounds, all I could save out of my pocket-money. (I have never had any to save since.) . . . Think of Lord ——'s estate being brought to the hammer of the "Encumbered Estates" courts! . . . As we grow older troubles seem to thicken about us and all our friends. I think God in mercy ordered your and the children's return to America, grief as it was to me at the time. Hundreds of gentlemen's sons and daughters, whose rank and prospects were as high or higher than theirs, are now scattered, the sons listed for soldiers or common sailors or clerks in the poorhouses, the daughters gone as governesses, waiting-maids even. . . .

Lord B—— is almost ruined by . . . the change in the times. . . . I don't know what you have heard of deaths and other changes in D——. All the old stagers are either dead or emigrated to America save John P——, who is still our faithful manager. Peggy B—— is dead, and her husband died last year in the poorhouse. Joan R—— dead, her sons all gone to America. D—— of B—— a ruined man and said to be deranged, Dan H—— sold out of all his property and become an idiot. Larry —— a ruined man, still at —— tormenting us about his rent, which we are always obliged to process him for. . . . I saw Nora L—— lately. She is settled near Ballydeman, her man farming—is very, very poor. She came to see us, driving a little donkey butt; the same lively, cheerful creature, but looking sadly wasted and worn. Poor Dr. —— is forced to resume his profession again; has twelve children and nothing else left.

And so the careless, sad gossip slips down the page, and the curtain drops on the kind, gloomy lady among her ruined neighbors. But I would lift up a corner for one pleasanter scene, since it shows the Irish heart. After better days came, the C—— tenants, headed by the parish priest (it pleases me to fancy that it was the same good fellow who worked during the famine), clubbed their shillings and purchased a splendid silver service for "the ladies of the manor-house," in recognition of their efforts during the famine time. The presentation was made by the parish priest, and the moment was one of the few bright memories in many somber days.

Long ago that tender and sorely tried heart ceased to ache. She died amid the blessings of the poor. Her life had many sharp sorrows, yet we may count her happy insomuch as she, an unworldly, elderly gentlewoman in feeble health, with no weapon but her pen, saved hundreds of humble homes, and won, as no soldier or statesman in her long line of ancestors had ever won, the wild gratitude and love of the most unhappy, intractable, and faithful of races.

Therefore it is that I, child of another age and different hopes than hers, reared to a pernicious tolerance — so it would seem to her — of the principles that she abhorred, lay this little sprig of remembrance on her grave.

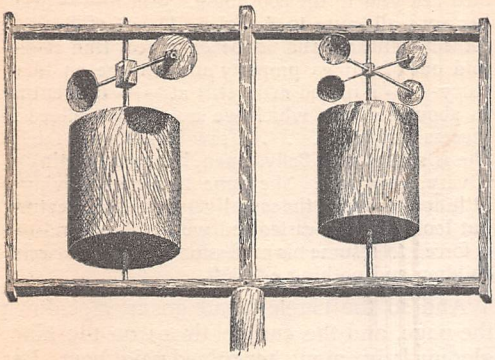
Octave Thanet.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

I DREAMED two spirits came — one dusk as night:
"Mortals miscall me Life," he sadly saith;
The other, with a smile like morning light,
Flashed his strong wings, and spake, "Men name me Death."

James B. Kenyon.

AMONG THE MONGOLS OF THE AZURE LAKE.



A WIND PRAYER WHEEL.

THERE is a legend among Mongols and Tibetans that when the saintly king of Tibet Srong-tsan-gambo, who reigned in the seventh century, attempted to build the great temple called Jo K'ang, which now stands in the center of Lh'asa, the ground sank under the weight of the walls. Again and again the work was begun, but always with the same result. So he sent out messengers who visited all the holy and wise men of eastern Asia to learn from them the cause of his failure. One of the messengers, worn out by years of travel and unavailing search, was on his way back to Lh'asa, following the road which caravans still take when journeying from Hsi-ning to that city, when the buckle of his saddle-girth broke. Seeing a tent near-by, he rode thither and asked an old blind man whom he found there to give him another so that he might continue his journey. While he was drinking a cup of tea the old man asked him whence he came, and he told him that he had been on a long pilgrimage to the great shrines of the Buddhist faith in the eastern country. "Many and beautiful are the shrines in the east," quoth the old man; "nowhere are there any to be compared with them. They have been trying to erect one at Lh'asa, but all their efforts will be of no avail, for under the ground at the spot they have chosen is a subterranean lake over which they cannot build. But should the secret, of which I am the sole depositary, ever reach the ears of a Lh'asa man, the waters will recede from their present bed and, bursting through the earth, bury this broad steppe beneath them." Then up jumped the king's messenger, and crying to the old man to flee, for he was a Lh'asa man, he dashed off at full speed.

The old man had but time to warn his people to flight and then sat praying, awaiting his doom. That same night the waters broke through the earth and rapidly spread over the country, forming what is at present the Koko-nor, "the Azure lake." To put an end to the deluge, which soon would have buried the whole broad steppe in its dark blue waves, one of the gods took the semblance of a crow, and bearing a great rock in its claws it flew over the waters and dropped it into the chasm whence rushed the flood. This rock is now known as the Lung-ch'ü tao ("the dragon colt's island") by the Chinese, and hereby hangs another tale. In olden times, when came the winter and the lake was covered with ice, the people who lived on its shores used to take their mares and drive them to the island. In the spring, just before the ice broke up,— for then, as now, there were no boats on the lake,— they went back to the island, and lo! with each mare there was a colt, and these were known as "dragon colts," and could travel three hundred miles a day. There are no more dragons or dragon colts on the island nowadays, but only a few ascetics, to whom the people carry food in the winter when they can cross over to them on the ice.

The Koko-nor is about two hundred and forty miles in circumference and is without any visible outlet.[1] Its waters are brackish and, according to Prjevalsky, of no great depth. My road lay along its northeast side over a well-watered steppe, and then through the Buha gol valley at its western extremity. We crossed a number of good-sized streams flowing into the lake, the beds of several over a quarter of a mile in width, and, though they were partly dry at that time, they showed that in the rainy season an immense quantity of water must be brought down to the lake. We saw but very few tents of either Mongols or Tibetans, certainly not fifty altogether. But no conclusion must be drawn from this as to the density of the population. The pasturage in the vicinity of the lake is necessarily poor on account of the caravans, which continually pass through, grazing on it, so that the people have to seek other spots which have the further advantage of being better protected from the wind than is the plain along the shores of the lake.

1 Its altitude above the sea level has been calculated by different travelers at from 10,000 to 10,934 feet. My observations give it as 10,900 feet.

Although the Buha gol was not the largest stream we had to cross in this part of the journey, it was one in which I took a special interest. Huc's passage of this river when journeying to Lh'asa has been considered by more recent travelers as one of the most powerful pieces of romance in a book which is supposed — most unjustly, I think — to be full of inventions. He describes in his usual graphic style the crossing of the river by the great caravan in the darkness of a November night, how the heavily laden yak broke through the ice, and the general confusion and excitement that ensued. Where I crossed the river it was not over fifty feet wide and about three deep, but its bed was over a quarter of a mile in width. The stream was fortunately free from ice; but it frequently happens in this region, where the nights are very cold and the days hot, that ice forms over the river to a thickness of several feet, but it is so rotten that it will hardly bear the weight of a man, to say nothing of a yak or a camel. Thus was the Baléma gol when we crossed it, and so we found other streams in this region. It may well have been that Huc had the same experience; there is nothing incredible in his story. In fact I have had several persons who frequently traveled this road, traders from Hsi-ning and Tankar, tell me that they had been delayed two or three days on the bank of the Buha gol from the difficulty of getting their caravans across.

Along the south bank of the river runs a chain of mountains of porphyritic rock, forming the watershed of the Koko-nor. It is a continuation of the range which skirts the great lake along its southern edge, but is less elevated, being little over a thousand feet in altitude. It was called, where I crossed it, Dagar-té-ch'en, but there is no name applicable to the whole range.

The day I passed the Buha gol I had hoped to be able to reach Dulan-kuo, the residence of the Mongol prince of the Koko-nor, on the south side of the Dagar-té-ch'en; but I had counted without my camels. Hardly had we begun the ascent of the mountain when two of them gave out, and, refusing to go a step farther, lay down. If any other animal gives out it is still possible to make it travel a few miles by a judicious use of patience and a club; but not so with a camel. When he lies down he will get up only when he feels like doing so; you may drag at the string which is fastened to the stick through his nostrils till you tear it out, he will only groan and spit. It was my first experience with camels, and I vowed that it should be my last; for, taking them altogether, they are the most tiresome and troublesome animals I have ever seen, and are suited only to Asiatics, the most patient and long-suffering of human beings. Besides their infirmities of temper, resulting, I believe, from hereditary dyspepsia, as evidenced by such coated tongues, offensive breaths, and gurgling stomachs as I have seen with no other ruminants, they are delicate in the extreme. They can work only in the winter months, for as soon as their wool begins to fall, Samson like their strength abandons them. They can travel only over a country where there are no stones, for the pads of their feet wear out and then they have to be patched, a most troublesome operation. The camel is thrown and a piece of leather stitched on over the foot, the stitches being taken through the soft part of it: in this condition it may travel till the skin has thickened again; or, what is more likely, until it refuses to take a step.

The next day we pushed on a few miles, the loads of the camels having been transferred to the backs of our saddle ponies, but we only reached Dulan-kuo on the third day after crossing the Buha gol. On the road we met a small party of Tibetans and Mongols going to Tankar. They had come from Lh'asa, which they had left in November. We stopped to have a chat with them and to hear the latest Lh'asa gossip. They said that war was still waging between the Tibetans and the English, and that all central Tibet was in arms. It appeared that the lamas had got a large body of troops from eastern Tibet and had sent them to the front, assuring them that they had nothing to fear from the English, for they would accompany them, and from a safe place recite prayers and incantations which would make them invulnerable. In the first fight a large number of these men were killed or wounded; and disgusted with the inefficacy of their employers' prayers the remainder had marched home again, leaving the Lh'asa people to fight their own quarrels. They congratulated us on having traversed the Koko-nor steppes without having been waylaid and pillaged, and trusted that they might have as good luck and reach Tankar in safety.

Dulan-kuo (meaning "Hot place") is a miserable village of adobe hovels and one wooden house built by Chinese carpenters and belonging to the Prince of the Koko-nor (Ch'ing-hai Wang). Here live some two hundred Mongols, thirty lamas, and a minor incarnate saint known as a *Gégén*. This village, like those which I saw later in the Ts'aidam, was built some forty or fifty years ago by the Mongols as a means of protecting themselves against their bullying and thieving neighbors the Tibetan Panak'a. The greater part of the inhabitants of these villages do not live in houses, but in the yards adjoining the hovels, and which are surrounded by adobe brick

walls about eight feet high. Here they pitch their felt tents, and thus have all the enjoyments of camp life with the additional security afforded by strong inclosures and the proximity of neighbors. Dulan-kuo is in a narrow valley, on each side of which the mountains rise precipitously some 1200 feet, those facing south covered in places with cedar and juniper trees. Through the valley flows the Dulan (or Hulan) gol, which a few miles below the village empties into a small lake bearing the same name as the river. These Mongols, and also those of the Ts'aidam, cultivate the soil, but just sufficiently to procure what barley is necessary to them for their daily food. They are very poor: the Prince of Koko-nor owns only one thousand sheep, forty camels, and about the same number of horses. A man who has eight or nine camels, from ten to fifteen horses, and a few hundred sheep is considered well to do; and as his wants are very few, and easily and inexpensively satisfied, I suppose he really is. The greatest luxury among Mongols is snuff, of which they use enormous quantities. They powder the dry tobacco leaves bought from the Chinese, and as without the addition of some other substance it would be too strong, they add a quantity of yak dung ashes, which makes a mild and probably aromatic mixture. Like the Tibetans, they are not very fond of smoking tobacco, but of snuff they never can get too much.

Medicines also are much sought after by them. While I was at Dulan-kuo nearly every one in the village came to see me, and most of the people asked for medicines whether they were suffering from any complaint or no. Plasters were in great demand, as all the villagers had rheumatism, and the tighter the plasters stuck the better they were held to be. I had with me a bottle of Eno's fruit salts and tried to give some to the people, but when they saw the salts boiling and fizzing they thought there must be some magic about the medicine and would have none of it. Most of their troubles, sores, and eye diseases come from dirty habits, but one can never persuade them of the necessity for keeping clean. A friend of mine was once traveling among the Mongols and an old crone came to him and begged some medicine to put on a sore. He told her that before applying the salve it would be necessary to wash herself. She gave it back to him, saying, "I am sixty-seven years old and have never washed in my life; do you suppose I am going to begin now?"

One man came to me and asked for elephant's milk, and lost all faith in my ability as a physician when I told him that this remedy had not been recognized by the profession in my country. He said that it was passing strange, for at Lh'asa, where he had twice been, it was a remedy in constant use, and that it was brought there from India.

Mongol physicians feel the patient's pulse on both wrists at the same time, and never ask any questions; or at least none concerning the origin and progress of the complaint, for if they did it would be held that they had shown ignorance in their profession. All the remedies I saw used in the Ts'aidam had been brought from Lh'asa, and were administered in the form of powders.

I remained at Dulan-kuo three days, during which time I was most hospitably entertained by the people, who invited me to their tents to dine, while the women sang choruses and some of the men played the guitar (*pi-wang*). They were all at my service while I staid there, ready to do any work for me or give me any information I might ask. Nearly all of them here and throughout the Ts'aidam could speak Tibetan, so I was able to get on without the assistance of an interpreter.

I have dwelt on the kind and cheerful disposition of these Mongols, because former travelers do not appear to have found them as genial as I did. Prjevalsky says of them that "Their eyes were dull and heavy, and their disposition morose and melancholy"; and that "The Prince of Koko-nor, a man of some intelligence, spoke of his subjects to us as only externally resembling human beings," being in all other respects absolutely beasts. "Knock out a few of their upper front teeth, set them on four legs, and you have regular cows," added he. I do not attach too much importance to the opinion of this "man of some intelligence," for a little farther on Prjevalsky states that he was twelve years old; but that of the colonel himself deserves more attention, and I am glad to say that my experience of these people — which lasted, it is true, only two months — does not bear out his very unfavorable opinion of them.

I was rather worried on the morning after my arrival at Dulan-kuo on hearing that one of the agents (*T'ung-shih*) from the Hsi-ning Amban's yamen had just arrived and was on his way to Tibet. I feared he had been sent, if not after me, at least to watch my movements, and have the roads to Tibet closed to me; so I sent one of my servants to speak to him and make him a few presents in my name, asking him to call as soon as he was rested. My man soon came back and told me that the T'ung-shih was on his way to eastern Tibet, there to collect the poll tax which the natives have to pay yearly to the Chinese in lieu of a former horse tax or tribute. Soon the T'ung-shih came to my camp. He was a handsome young man about six feet in height, with an extremely pleasing and open face. I told him

CAMPING ON THE KOKO-NOR.

that I was going first to southern Ts'aidam, then northward to Sa-Chou, and from that point to Hotien, and probably to India. Incidentally I regretted that the wars and rumors of wars in Tibet made it impossible for me to take the direct road to India (through Tibet), but that, as I had some years before been to Lh'asa, I was not sorry to have to take another route, although a much longer one. He said that he had never been to Lh'asa, though he had traveled all through eastern Tibet several times. He had many colleagues in the yamen, who had, however, gone there by the northern route (*i. e.*, the one from the Ts'aidam); and though they had only from fifteen to twenty in their parties, they had been able successfully to repel the attacks made on them by brigands and to reach their destination in safety. He believed I could do likewise if I had as large a party. As we should have to travel the same road between Dulan-kuo and the southern Ts'aidam, we decided to do so together. We soon became fast friends, and he eventually rendered me, on two occasions, important services, although I never saw him again after reaching southern Ts'aidam.

A little west of Dulan-kuo we came to the mouth of the valley and crossed a plain, some ten miles broad, in which are two small, brackish lakes, the Dulan-nor and Dabesu-nor. We camped near the mouth of a gorge which runs through the range of hills along its southern edge and marks the northern frontier of the Ts'aidam. I had hired two Mongols with three camels to go with me to southern Ts'aidam, not only to serve as guides, but for the information I could gather from their conversations around the camp-fire: one of them was a Mongolized Chinese, the other the steward of the Prince of Koko-nor. I was much interested, while camping near the Dulan-nor, watching one of these men butcher a sheep. With his short sheath-knife he first skinned it, and then, spreading the skin on the ground, cut open the carcass and disjointed it. In a few minutes the head with the backbone attached was all that was left on the ground, and half a dozen pieces of meat were already in the kettle. Among this people the sheep's tail and the brisket are considered the best pieces; but nothing is rejected, not even the intestines. They are always careful to remove every particle of flesh from the bones, and if it is a marrow-bone they crack it and eat the contents. A Mongol or a Tibetan nomad would never dream of leaving the smallest particle of food put before him, and in the case of cleaning bones of the flesh it is even looked upon by the latter people as a test of a man's ability. They say that by the care a man gives to this work one can judge what he would give to other and weightier matters in life. The shoulder-blades of sheep are much valued by these peoples for divination, and when I was wandering through the deserts of northern Tibet my Mongol guides used to divine

TIBETAN IDOL.

by them every day to see what fortune was in store for us. When the bone is dry they hold it in both hands to their foreheads while they mutter a short prayer, then put it into the fire, where it remains until thoroughly charred. Examining the cracks and crevices made on it by the fire, from their direction and location they learn what will befall both themselves and their animals. They also ascertain by this means what the weather will be, and experts can even cast a horoscope. So great is the Mongol's belief in this mode of divination, which our learned men have seen fit to call by no less formidable names than "scapulimancy" or "omoplatoscopy," that they will not undertake any work or journey if the shoulder-blade is against it. They have a number of other divinatory methods, of some of which I shall have occasion to speak later; but none of them is more popular than this one.

Having crossed the Timurté range we entered the waste of the Ts'aidam, in its northern part a sandy desert on which only a little brush grows, and farther south nearly everywhere a shaking bog covered with a crust of saline efflorescence and traversed by a few streams which are finally lost in the swamp in the center of this broad plain, some four hundred miles from east to west. The Mongols live chiefly near the mountains that border it to the north and south, where the heat is less great, and where there are no mosquitos. The average altitude of the Ts'aidam is a little over 10,000 feet above the sea level, consequently much lower than the Koko-nor and the country to the south of it, the desert tableland of north Tibet, which has an altitude of over 14,000 feet.

We were six days crossing this desert, in which we saw only a few herds of antelope and wild asses. The Mongols now and then manage to shoot some of the latter, the hides of which they sell to the Chinese, who use them to make saddle-flaps.

The village of Baron Ts'aidam, near which the road to Tibet begins to ascend to the great tableland, was finally reached, but I found it a miserable, tumble-down place of only twenty or thirty hovels, where nothing could be bought for either men or animals. I staid there only a day, and saying good-by to my friend, the T'ung-shih, pushed on to Shang, a large village some thirty miles to the east, which had been represented to me as a land flowing with milk and butter, where horses, camels, and yaks were plentiful and cheap.

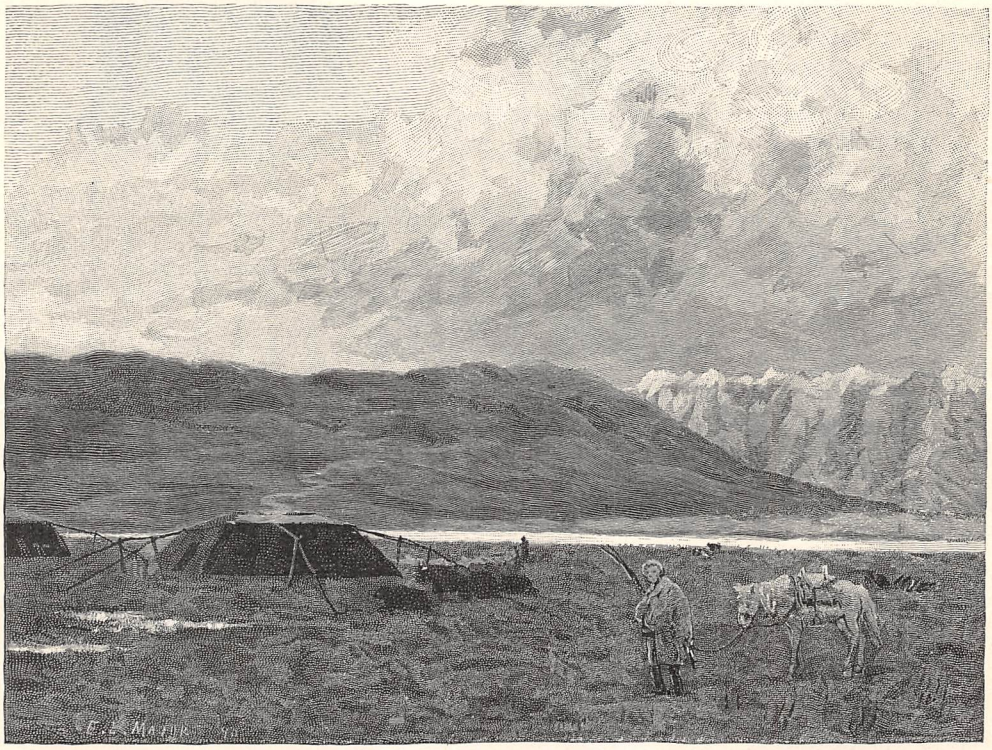
The district of Shang, which comprises the southeast corner of the Ts'aidam, is a fief of the Talé lama, to whom it was ceded by the Mongol chiefs of this country, probably towards the end of the seventeenth century, when they transferred their allegiance from Tibet to China. Although the population is entirely Mongol, the ruler is a Tibetan lama, whom I should like to dignify with the title of Lord Abbot of Shang, but I cannot bring myself to dub with a name so fine sounding the dirty old monk filling this office whom I found living in a corner of his kitchen and eating with his fingers. The people call him *K'anpo*, or Abbot, and his rule is not, they told me, an oppressive one, save that he insists rather too much on their observance of conjugal fidelity, a virtue held in as light esteem among Mongols as is cleanliness. The village has some seventy-five or eighty hovels in it, and the people live as they do at Dulan-

IDOL WITH DRESS OF YELLOW SATIN.

kuo, some in tents in their yards, some in the houses. The country around Shang, which is several hundred feet higher than Baron and no longer an open alkaline plain, but shut in on each side by high mountains, is well cultivated, and flocks of sheep, goats, and bunches of camels and ponies graze on the hillsides.

On the tops of all the houses were little prayer wheels turned by the force of the wind, a simple arrangement like an anemometer placed on them catching the air and so keeping them in motion. In the hands of most of the old men and women were bronze or brass prayer wheels, which they kept continually turning, while, not satisfied with this mechanical way of acquiring merit, they mumbled the popular formula "*Om mani pémé hum*," the well-known invocation to Avalokiteshwara, the would-be savior of the world.

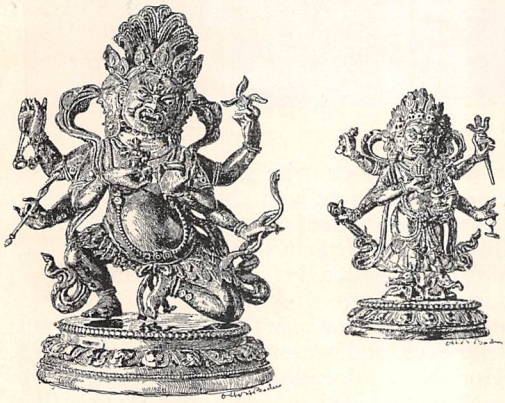
The abbot was very gracious at first, and I thought for a while that he would help me in organizing a party to travel southward or towards Lh'asa, and possibly give me a pass. He sent me a large Mongol tent to live in, as there were no good or large rooms to be found in the village; and his cook, who was also his prime minister, brought me from him a huge lump of deliciously rancid butter and a few other delicacies, among which were several pieces of brown sugar from India. Two or three days later, my camels and luggage having arrived from Baron, I made him some presents, and he invited me to dine with him. I found him seated on a pile of rugs in a corner of his kitchen and surrounded by his habitual cronies, his steward, his cook,—an old Mongol who had traveled in China and who now acted as his minister of foreign affairs,—and a number of village loafers, who could always get tea and tsamba in his house. I, and two of my men who accompanied me, sat down on his right with a long narrow stool or table before us, and taking our cups out of our gowns handed them to the cook, who filled them with buttered tea. After we had talked for a while, large wooden platters with chunks of boiled mutton piled upon them were put before us, and we set about devouring this Homeric meal, eating only the best part on each piece and then passing it to one of the bystanders, who finished it. After this dishes of rice, with *choma*, butter, and brown sugar, were given us, and the feast ended with vermicelli and hashed mutton, a concession to our Chinese tastes. When we had eaten as much as we could a great jug of Tibetan wine, called *néch'ang*, was brought in. In taste it is



A TIBETAN CAMP.

something like small beer, or Chinese *samshu* mixed with water, and is a cheering but not inebriating drink. Tibetans have, however, a stronger liquor called *arak*,[1] on which they get royally drunk, and the abbot told me that he loved it, though any kind of liquor was good. He certainly showed his fondness for it that afternoon. Seeing him in such a happy frame of mind, I broached the subject of my journey to Tibet and asked him if he would allow some of his people to accompany me, and hire or sell me pack-animals. Then he told me the same yarns I had heard already so often about the dangers of the roads leading thither, of the brigands who infested them, of the pestilential emanations which killed both men and beasts, and gave many other reasons for my not attempting the journey. I told him that I was on my way home to India, and that I could not turn back, but must go on. Then he advised me to go to Sa-Chou, and thence by Khoten to Ladak; but I explained to him that I had not money enough to afford such a long and roundabout journey, and that, speaking Tibetan, I preferred to travel in Tibetan country. He then said that he could not help me; that none of his people had ever been over the deserts of northern Tibet, and that he would not let them risk their lives in the attempt. He added that the Mongols of Baron often went that way with caravans, and that if I asked their chief to help me I might perhaps find him willing and able to do so.

In the evening his cook and foreign secretary came to my tent and repeated to my men all the abbot's stories with embellishments of



JAMBYANG.

their own, hoping thereby to deter them from accompanying me farther. There were then

JAMBYANG.

in the village some Chinese traders from a place between Hsi-ning and Tankar, and they had been most kind and friendly to me. They came to my assistance when they saw my men despondent and afraid to stay with me,—for they had more than half believed all the stories told them,—and gave them another version of travel in Tibet; and so successfully did the traders persuade them that there was in reality very little to fear, that they one and all told me of their firm determination to accompany me anywhere. I decided at once to give them a taste of desert life, and to prove to them that the much dreaded "pestilential emanations" were only the rarefied atmosphere at high altitudes, and that the sickness was due to diminished pressure on the vascular system. I did not make them the above learned explanation, as my Chinese would not have carried me through the "vascular system" part of it, but managed to make them understand it in simple language. My plan was to follow to its source beyond the great range of mountains to the south of us the course of the river which passes at Shang, the principal one of the Ts'aidam, and then come back to the camp of the chief of Baron, a trip which probably would occupy me a week, and during which I should have to cross passes at least 16,000 feet above the sea level.

Many of the people of Shang spoke to me of Prjevalsky and his Cossacks, whom they had twice seen in the Ts'aidam. The foreign costume of the Russians had struck them very much, especially the flat forage caps of the soldiers; but of all their customs that of making the sign of the cross had appeared to them

[1] Mongols give this name to a drink distilled from fermented mare's milk which we call kumiss. I asked if it had any curative properties, but was assured that it had none, and further inquiry elicited the fact that consumption was a disease not unknown to the Mongols. They were amazed at the idea of our drinking kumiss to cure this malady.

the most extraordinary and inexplicable. They told me that Prjevalsky had visited Shang, but I can find no corroboration of this statement in his works, nor have I been able to learn of any foreigner having been to this place before me. They said that on his last journey to the Ts'aidam he was accompanied by at least forty men, and that he had gone south into eastern Tibet in the hope of reaching Lit'ang. He had never been heard of since, and had most likely been killed by the wild Golok or suffocated by pestilential emanations.

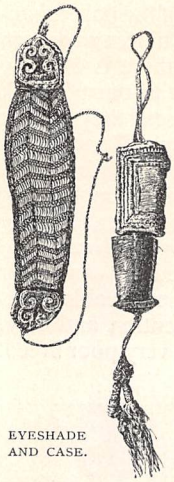
While among the Mongols I was much struck with the perfect equality of all classes. The poorest man in a tribe will enter his chief's tent, sit down, drink tea, and chat with him, and receive the same welcome as would the chief's relatives or most intimate friends, except that he will not occupy a seat beside his host, but will squat down near the door, while the host sits nearly opposite the door and a little to the right. In like manner the chief of a tribe will visit any of his people, sitting in their tents like their equal, possibly trying to beat them in a horse trade, or arranging with them some business venture on part profits.

Although the Mongols are kind-hearted and sociable, they are without any of the polite manners which characterize the Chinese and even the Tibetans. Among them there is even no expression which corresponds to our "Thank you"; so on receiving a present they cannot thank the giver, although they will sometimes with both hands raise the gift to their forehead. Their form of salutation consists in holding out both hands, palms uppermost, bowing slightly, and saying, "*Amour samběné.*"

While at Shang I exchanged my camels for ponies, which are much more serviceable pack-animals, and require less attention and care. The Ts'aidam ponies are of a very poor breed, mostly sway-backed and with such long hoofs that they are bad mountain animals; but anything was better than camels, and had I not been able to find horses I should have done as many of the Mongols and Tibetans do—ridden yaks. As it was, when ready to leave Shang I found myself the owner of fourteen ponies, eleven of which were as miserable-looking jades as ever lived.

BY THE VILLAGE OF BARON TS'AIDAM.

Having secured the services of a guide to go to the source of the Bayan gol, I sent two of my men with the packhorses by the direct route to the camp of the chief of Baron, and with the other two I started out with the



EYESHADE AND CASE.

lightest possible outfit on the 24th of April, to give them a taste of life in the desert and incidentally to try to shoot some of the bears, wild yaks, or asses with which the country to the south of the mountains was said to be alive.

After following the course of the river through a picturesque cañon for some thirty miles, we left it when half through the range, and, going up a side gorge, crossed the mountains by a steep and difficult pass, the top of which was covered with several feet of snow. In this we floundered about holding on to the tails of our horses till it was nearly dark, and only managed to get to the lower edge of the snow line late in the night, when we threw ourselves down among some rocks, and supperless awaited the dawn. This pass is called the Amnyé-k'or, and is about 16,200 feet high. On the north side of it we saw several large herds of wild yaks, also bears and wolves; but as the march was a long one and I was kept busy surveying its endless zigzags, I had not time to go after them.

The next day we once more struck the river in a fine open valley some twenty miles west of the Tosun-nor ("Butter lake"), its principal source. Here again the country was alive with game of every description, and the ground was so thickly covered with yak and wild ass droppings that it looked like a vast barnyard. While the men were getting our tea ready I saw a herd of about fifty yaks coming down to the river, half a mile away from us; so, picking up my Winchester, I crawled up to within about two hundred yards of them and let fly at the biggest one I could pick out. At the report of my rifle the herd made a rush in the direction from which the noise had come; but, as I was lying down behind some stones, they could see nothing and soon stopped. When I wished to reload my rifle I found the magazine empty, and I had no cartridges about me. Then, like the hero of "Happy Thoughts," I remembered all that had been said about the danger of this kind of sport — how the bull when wounded charges his assailant, that one's safety lies in keeping on firing at him, etc.; so I slunk away by a circuitous route as fast as I could without ever again looking at the yak. What was my amazement, an hour or two later, when riding by this spot with my men, to find the yak lying dead on the ice and the vultures already pecking it.

Shooting wild asses is a much more exciting sport, for these handsome beasts are extremely wild and their sight and hearing wonderfully acute; hence it is very difficult to stalk them. In size they resemble the domestic ass. Their color is invariably a bright fawn, running into white on the neck, belly, and legs. The head, which they carry very erect, is too heavy for the body, and the tail is short, with little hair. The flesh is coarse and tough, but not so bad as that of the yak, in comparison with which bull beef is a delicacy.

I spent four days in this valley, which is about seventy miles long, tracing the two branches of the river to their sources in the Tosun-nor and the Alang-nor; and then, turning northward again, I recrossed the range by another difficult pass called the Nomoran Pass, and found my men and luggage at the camp of the chief or Dsassak of Baron, on the north side of the pass, in the pretty little cañon of Narim.

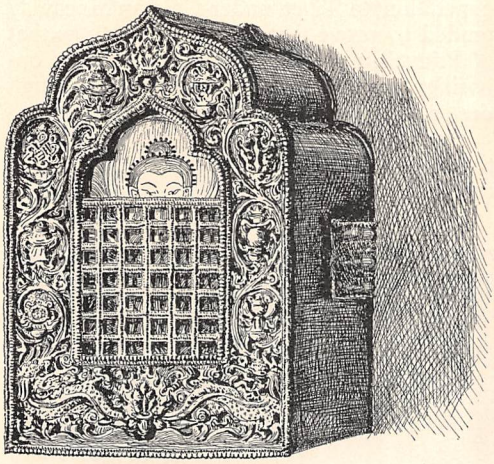
I found the Dsassak a good-natured, fat fellow, about twenty-eight years old, whom I had met several times in Peking two years before, when he was there on his triennial visit or tribute mission to the emperor. He showed himself most kindly disposed and ready to assist me; although my lacking a pass from the Amban at Hsi-ning, a document that every traveler has to carry in these parts, made him at first fear that he might get himself into trouble with the Chinese authorities if he did anything for me. His steward, when he heard where I wanted to go, volunteered his services. He had been three times to Lh'asa and once through eastern Tibet, spoke Tibetan like a native, and was considered the most energetic man in his tribe. This was a good beginning, but when I tried to get seven or eight more men to go with me — without whom Dowé, the steward, declared that it was impossible to attempt to reach Lh'asa — I found neither the men, nor the money in my pocket to pay them if they had offered. The only man who tendered his services wanted forty ounces of silver, a very moderate

A TIBETAN CAP.

sum in reality, but at that rate I should have been left penniless before starting. It was not to be thought of. Another reason which made me relinquish with less chagrin the attempt to reach Lh'asa was the news of the arrival there, in January of that year, of a Russian expedition. The Dsassak assured me of the truth of this story, which he said he heard from a party of traders who had recently passed through on their way to Tankar. At Shang the same story had been told me, so it was not an invention of this chief, and later I heard it again from a Tibetan chief south of the sources of the Yellow River. How this report had been spread through the country I cannot conceive even now, unless it was that the Chinese authorities had informed the Tibetan government of the start of Prjevalsky's last expedition for Tibet, and of the permission they had given him to visit Lh'asa, if he could. The rumor had probably been noised about the country and had finally become the tale told to me. At all events I was inclined to believe it, although the recent fiasco of the great British expedition to Tibet under Colman Macaulay tended to prove that so large a party as that of Prjevalsky would meet with strenuous opposition at every step of its progress through the country.

Finding that I could not possibly undertake this journey, I resolved to try to go through eastern Tibet and reach either Assam or Ssu-ch'uan in China. All this country was unexplored, and I knew from Chinese works that it was full of interest both to the geographer and to the ethnologist. The Dsassak did his best to dissuade me from attempting it, for he declared this to be quite as dangerous a journey as that to Lh'asa. Especially did he dwell on the nearly insurmountable difficulty I would experience in crossing the Dré ch'u, as the Yang-tze-kiang is called in Tibet. He said that in 1884 Prjevalsky — he called him the Russian Amban — had attempted to do so, and had gone with about eighteen men and some fifty camels as far as the bank of the river. But the lamas who lived in a convent on the farther shore had, by their prayers and incan-

IN A MONGOL TENT.



SILVER CHARM BOX FROM LH'ASA.

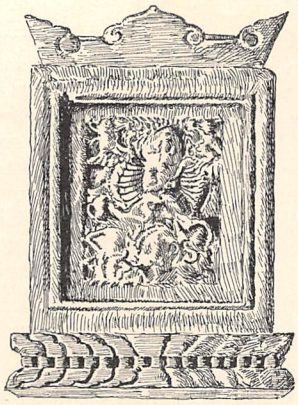
tations, raised the wind and the waves so that he could not effect a passage, and he had had to turn back. Then he was attacked by the wild Golok who roam over these desert steppes in search of caravans to pillage, and in a nearly destitute condition he returned to the Ts'aidam.

In a tent near that of the Dsassak dwelt a living Buddha, a man whom all the Mongols held to be a most wonderfully endowed saint. He was a native of eastern Tibet, and was known as the Lab jyal-sé-ré. He passed his time in prayer, thus warding off all calamities from the country, the people, and their flocks and herds. Especially was his wonderful foreknowledge of use to all those who were about to start on journeys or to undertake perilous expeditions, for he could foretell all that was to befall them. Taking a few presents, and accompanied by the two Mongols who had offered me their services, I went to the Gégén's tent, and having given him a long blue silk scarf called a *kata*,—the indispensable accompaniment of any present or request,—together with the other presents, which comprised a convex and concave looking-glass, a razor, and a piece of soap, I begged that he would deign to disclose to me the fate of my expedition; should I be able to cross the terrible Dré ch'u and eastern Tibet, or should I be obliged to retrace my steps and fail in my attempt? He took up from beside him a little gold box in which were dice, held it up to his forehead while he muttered a prayer, opened it, and looked at the dice. Then he took a book, and turning over the leaves till he reached one whose number corresponded with that turned up on the dice, he conned it for a while and then delivered himself of this remarkable prophecy: "You want to go through Ch'amdo? Well, between this place and the Dré ch'u you will perhaps have trouble and fall in with brigands, or perhaps you will not. As to the Dré ch'u, it is a terrible stream to cross, and you may cross it, or you may not. But as to traversing all eastern Tibet and reaching Jyagar [India] or Ssu-ch'uan, I cannot tell; it is beyond my ken. Be careful, be careful."

My Mongols listened with bated breath and awed and reverent silence while he thus foretold the fate of my undertaking; and when the lama had spoken they declared that nothing could be more satisfactory than this; they were ready to go anywhere with me; my luck would evidently be good.

Then the Gégén, who was a youth of not over nineteen, very handsome, and, wonderful to relate, quite clean (he was not a Mongol), turned his attention to the presents I had brought him. But all his science, accumulated through his many incarnations, was not enough to disclose to him the use of the piece of soap. He did not like to confess his ignorance, but finally he had to pocket his pride and ask me what that queer stuff was.

The next day we were occupied in buying food for our journey,—mutton, butter, and tsamba,—in arranging the pack-saddles and loads for the ponies, and in overhauling our slender kits. In the tents of the two Mongols who were to accompany me lamas were busy reciting prayers with beat of drum and ring of bell, in writing out charms for them to carry on their persons, and in examining charred shoulder-blades of sheep. Nearly every man in the valley came to my camp and gave me some advice about the journey; among others the Dsassak and his brother, who told me that it would be prudent for me to say wherever I went that I was a T'ung-shih from Hsi-ning or Peking, as they were the only men who could travel through these wild parts of Tibet without let or hindrance, and that, though I had no pass from the Amban, the simple fact of my being employed in his or in a similar office would greatly facilitate my progress. A little later on in the day the Buddha sent one of his lamas to tell me the same thing. I followed their advice with the most happy results. My men clung with such persistency to this fiction that I never had to tell the lie direct myself; they took that trouble



WOODEN CHARM BOX FROM EAST MONGOL.

off my shoulders. The fact was that they did not believe they were making any important misstatement, for though they knew that I had held an official position at Peking, they could not conceive that it was independent of the Chinese government; they simply thought that I and the other men employed with me in the legation were regular T'ung-shih, or agents in the pay of the Chinese to facilitate the transaction of business, the presentation of tribute from our people. This is the opinion of nearly all Chinese as regards foreigners; for them foreigners are but frontagers of the great empire, of the Chinese world, and tributaries of the emperor. I have often been questioned in China as to the form of government in my country, and when I replied that our sovereign was changed every four years, that his title was Pi-li-shih-tien-te (the best transcription our treaty makers have been able to coin for the word President), and that he had a council of about four hundred members, they expressed astonishment that there was still in the world a people sunk in such savagery.

But to return to the Mongols. We remained in the Narim Valley for five days, during which time snow fell heavily (we were then in the first days of May), so that they doubted whether we could cross the Nomoran Pass again for some days to come, and Dowé, my new guide, proposed that we should try the Hato Pass, a little to the east of it. This road was very rocky, but a little snow was usually found on it at this season of the year. The Dsassak did his best to make me stop a few days longer with him, sending me every day a big bottle of *arak*, and *tarak*, or sour milk, by the bucketful; but even these luxuries had not the power to delay me, and on the 5th of May I broke up my camp and moved about fifteen miles in the direction of the Hato Pass, which we did not cross until the third day after leaving Narim, as snow had again fallen on our way up to it. I found this pass a great deal easier and lower than the two others I had crossed in this range; its altitude is 15,290 feet, and there was hardly any snow on it. The descent on the south side was extremely steep though short, and we soon found ourselves near my old camp, some ten miles east of the Alang-nor. And now began the most fatiguing portion of my whole journey, across the desert tableland to and far beyond the sources of the Yellow River, amid snow and piercingly cold winds, with starving horses, the sickening effects of the rarefied air, and the constant fear of falling in with some party of Golok, the Bedouins of northern Tibet.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

THE MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.[1]

INTRODUCTION BY THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO FRANCE.

TALLEYRAND has been dead fifty-two years. Within two months the first volumes of the memoirs he left are to be issued. He himself forbade their publication till thirty years after his death, and at that date his literary executors found a further postponement necessary. He was thought to be the depository of more secrets than any other man of his day, with greater power over the reputations of more men, living and dead. Naturally these memoirs were long awaited with a singular mixture of curiosity and alarm. Not the least element of the absorbing interest which still attaches to them arises from the desire to see how much of the piquancy and flavor of a famous man's recollections may evaporate in half a century.

The career these memoirs portray was and remains unparalleled in modern Europe for length and variety of distinguished service Beginning with Louis XVI., from whom he received his first appointment, and from whom he went later with a letter to the king of England, Talleyrand served in all eight known masters — besides a great number of others who were at one time or another said to have him secretly in their pay. He became President of the Constituent Assembly which organized the French Revolution. He was sent to London on a secret mission with a passport from Danton. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory, under the Consulate, under the Empire, under Louis XVIII., and under Louis Philippe. In diplomatic skill and success contemporary public opinion held him the first man of his period — that is to say, for half a century the first man in Europe. As to real influence on affairs, it is doubtful if any minister since can be said to have exerted as much, with the exceptions only of Bismarck and Cavour. Even they did not cover so wide

1 Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

a range, or deal with such a bewildering variety of negotiations, extending over so great a time, and furthering the views of so many masters.

Sir Henry Bulwer has a phrase that, in a way, measures him: "He was the most important man in the Constituent Assembly after Mirabeau, and the most important man in the Empire after Napoleon." But to gage fairly his extraordinary public life it must be remembered that he held place and gained in power for forty years after Mirabeau's death; and that he had been one of the leading men of France before Napoleon was heard of, and remained a minister and an ambassador of France long after Napoleon had eaten out his heart at St. Helena.

Yet, in spite of his amazing career, his countrymen have not been generally disposed to speak well of him. Napoleon called him a silk stocking filled with filth, and on occasion addressed the same epithet directly to him. Chateaubriand said of him: "When Monsieur Talleyrand is not conspiring, he is making corrupt bargains." Carnot said: "He brings with him all the vices of the old régime, without having been able to acquire any of the virtues of the new one; he has no fixed principles; he changes them as he does his linen, and takes them according to the wind of the day—a philosopher, when philosophy is the mode; a republican now, because that is necessary in order to become anything. To-morrow he will declare for an absolute monarchy, if he can make anything out of it. I don't want him at any price." Mirabeau called him "this vile, base trickster"; and again wrote: "It is dirt and money that he wants. For money he has sold his honor and his friend. For money he would sell his soul—and he would be right, for he would be trading muck for gold." The very member of the Assembly who secured his recall from exile, Chénier, wrote of him:

This letter of the Abbé Maurice proves to me that after having been anarchist and Orleanist, and not having been Robespierreist only because Robespierre would n't have him, he has now become a partizan of the Directory. This limp-foot, without respect for his bishopric, is like a sponge, which sucks up every liquid into which it is dropped, but, unlike the sponge, he never gives anything back. Here he is, recalled from exile yesterday, and proposing proscriptions for to-morrow. If the Directory wants blood, look out for your head; Maurice will not refuse it.

Modern French writers, while, of course, less passionate, have been apt to agree in admitting his extraordinary venality, his treachery to his chiefs, and his lack of veracity. Lamartine admired him, but Louis Blanc was as severe as the bitterest of his contemporaries. Guizot said he was a man of the court and of diplomacy — not of government; that he was indifferent to means and almost indifferent to the end, provided he found in it a personal success. And, to quote but one opinion not coming from his countrymen, Gouverneur Morris said of him: "This man appears to me polished, cold, tricky, ambitious, and bad."

Few men, indeed, spoke well of him. Towards the close of his life, when he was Ambassador in London, an attack was made upon him in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Londonderry. The Duke of Wellington offered a spirited defense. "He had held official relations with M. de Talleyrand in most critical periods. Never had he encountered a man more vigorous and skillful in protecting the interests of his own country, or one more upright and honorable in his attitude towards other countries." Talleyrand was found the next day reading the report of this debate with tears in his eyes; and he said to his visitor, "I am all the more grateful to the Duke, since he is the one statesman in the world who has ever spoken well of me."

The evil in a public man's life is apt to attract wider attention than the good, and certainly no exception to the rule has been made in Talleyrand's favor. Yet, taking his career from the records of his countrymen prior to this issue of his own memoirs, what an extraordinary picture is presented! Here are a few of the lines in it:

A profligate priest, who owed his start in life to an ill-flavored joke about the immorality of Paris, made in the drawing-room of Mme. du Barry, the king's favorite.

A bishop who was forced into the public journals to explain that the money he had recently made in gambling was not won in gambling-houses, but in clubs; and that it was not so much as reported — being only thirty thousand francs, instead of six or seven hundred thousand.

A confidential friend of Mirabeau, who was accused of poisoning him.

A minister, and for years the intimate, of Napoleon, and yet accused of a plot to assassinate him.

A great statesman whose enormous and continuous receipt of bribes from the beginning to the end of his long career is unquestioned.

A trusted Minister of Foreign Affairs who, while in office under the Directory, thwarted their measures and plotted for the *coup d'état* of Napoleon; who, while in office under Napoleon, intrigued with the emperors of Russia and Austria to defeat his plans, and plotted for the return of the Bourbons; who, while in office under Louis XVIII., plotted for his overthrow, and for the accession of Louis Philippe.

The Constituent Assembly forbade his return to France. Pitt expelled him from England. Washington refused to receive him in America. The Pope excommunicated him.

And yet he lived to be summoned back to France, and appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Revolutionary Government; lived to return to England as Ambassador from France, with the prestige of the most distinguished living diplomatist, to meet with a reception which could scarcely have been more respectful if he had been a crowned head; lived to give notice to the American Ministers Plenipotentiary in Paris that they must buy peace or leave the country; lived to have the Pope's excommunication withdrawn, and died in the odor of sanctity, with his king at his bedside, and the blessings of the Cardinal of Paris.

Many of the lineaments in this strange portrait, drawn by the French historians, are not likely to be much changed. There seems little chance to erase the licentiousness, the treachery, the deceit, the monstrous venality. In recalling them, however, it must always be remembered that he can only be fairly judged by the standard of his century, which was lax to a degree we can hardly comprehend, especially with reference to the first of these faults, and the last. When the American commissioners resented Talleyrand's demand for a bribe of $250,000 for himself, and a bigger one, called a loan, for the Directory, his representative said naïvely: "Don't you know that everything is bought in Paris? Do you dream that you can get on with this government without paying your way?"

It must be further remembered, and to his honor, that while he betrayed her rulers, he never betrayed France. On the contrary, when he was secretly thwarting his masters he was often helping his country. On several notable occasions he rendered her service of incomparable value, and may almost be said to have saved her from destruction as a first-class European power. It was a touching, and in the main a just, eulogy pronounced on him at his death in varying phrases by both Thiers and Mignet, that he had always shown an aversion to persecutions and violence, and that he had never done harm to anybody. In the main this praise is deserved. "But," exclaims Sainte-Beuve, in protest (writing in 1867), "there are three points in his life which raise terrible doubts — the death of Mirabeau, the affair of the Duke d'Enghien, the affair of Maubreuil." This last was the alleged plot for the assassination of Napoleon.

Talleyrand was perfectly aware of the shocking charges against himself in connection with the death of Mirabeau, but he makes no reference whatever to them in the portion of his memoirs treating of that period. The fact that they were believed at the time only shows the estimate then placed on him by some of his contemporaries. On the other hand, it must be said that many things make the story improbable, and that the evidence is circumstantial, vague, and inconclusive. The second charge, to which great weight has been attached, was the alleged responsibility for the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. This Napoleon repeatedly, in conversation and in writing, fastened directly and positively upon him. Talleyrand devotes one chapter to repelling the accusation, and fixing the responsibility for the crime on Napoleon himself. As to the third charge, that of trying to have Napoleon assassinated, even Talleyrand's enemies must admit that, while some circumstances were certainly suspicious, the evidence is fragmentary and not convincing.

No portrait of the man can be just which does not relieve by many light touches the somber colors in which his countrymen have generally depicted him. He had the uniform courtesy and dignity of the old régime. He was the most accomplished of courtiers, the most correct of masters of ceremonies. He spoke well, and he wrote better — his few appearances at the Academy really being events. In the brilliant salons of the court circles before the Revolution he was a social lion. Women always liked and helped him. His witty sayings were the talk of Paris. In prosperity he was not arrogant; in times of trouble he bore himself with unruffled dignity and composure. When Napoleon denounced him in the presence of others, for treachery and venality, he merely said, as he went down the staircase, "What a pity that so great a man should have been so badly brought up." At another time when Napoleon, then First Consul, asked him how he had become so rich (he was said at this period to be worth thirty millions of francs), he replied, "Nothing could be more simple, General; I bought Rentes the day before the 18th Brumaire [the day on which Napoleon seized power], and I sold them the day after." He had taken office under Louis XVIII., and was representing France at the Congress of Vienna, when Napoleon suddenly came back from Elba. He merely discovered that his liver was a little out of order, and he must go to Carlsbad. "The first duty of a diplomat," he observed, after a Congress, "is to take care of his liver." When things went wrong, says Sainte-Beuve, he always had trouble with his liver. In fact, a few months later, after Waterloo, there were fresh symptoms of the same disease so long as Louis XVIII. regarded him

askance; but the moment he was reappointed Minister of Foreign Affairs all was well.

The harm Talleyrand did was chiefly to individuals. The good he did was to France. His public action in the Constituent Assembly was most important and in the main most judicious. The French writers of that period, and even down to the day of his death, habitually ascribed sinister motives to every act, and professed to find his hidden hand in many excesses of the Revolutionary party. But he can only be fairly judged now by what he is known to have done; and by that standard there is no Frenchman who might not be proud of his record in the Constituent Assembly. He was the pioneer in the establishment of the metric system. He opposed the issue of the assignats, and accurately foretold their end. He presented an elaborate and judicious plan for the reform of the finances and the establishment of a sinking fund. He urged the suppression of lotteries. He presented, in a comprehensive and in the main a judicious report and bill, a system of national education, including a plan for the secularization of the schools. He favored the policy of peace and alliance with England. Bishop as he still was, he presented the measure for selling the property of the clergy, and thus secured for the almost bankrupt treasury of Louis XVI. two milliards of francs. He carried the measure for abolishing the oppressive tithes of the clergy. In effect this representative of the old nobility of France showed himself among the earliest to recognize the inevitable changes, and loyally endeavored at first to introduce reforms which would enable the monarchy to adapt itself to them without too violent a wrench. As time went on he became convinced of the incapacity of the king to meet the crisis. Thenceforward he went with the tide, but strove rather to moderate and restrain it. The address to the people of France which the Assembly chose him to prepare breathed throughout a spirit of genuine and almost republican devotion to the rights of man as we now understand them.

In other and widely differing occasions his influence was exerted to promote peace, and to discourage wars of mere ambition. He faithfully warned Napoleon against his Spanish policy, and fell into disgrace for a time through efforts to thwart it. With that Spanish policy the downfall of Napoleon began. At Erfurt he protested against the scheme of wanton aggression against Austria, and even maintained private relations and had nightly interviews with the Czar Alexander to keep him from being led into it by Napoleon's importunities. At another stage in Napoleon's wild aggressions he protested, "I do not want to be the torment of Europe." He lost his place in the Cabinet of Louis XVIII. because that king would not tolerate his plans for an alliance with England. Later on he went to England as the ambassador of Louis Philippe, and there negotiated the treaty of 1834, which secured his country many years of peace and prosperity. He rendered useful service at the peace of Amiens. At the Congress of Vienna his efforts were directed to an English rather than to a Russian alliance, and for this Thiers and others have criticized him; but there is no proof that his policy would not have resulted as well. After the hundred days, he did everything in his power to protect French property and preserve French territory.

To close this cursory recital, two other acts of Talleyrand's may be cited, which this generation should not allow to be forgotten. He proposed under the Consulate a practical system of civil service for the Department of Foreign Affairs. He was permitted to introduce it in part only, but his remarkable memorandum on the subject can be read with profit to this day. He defended the liberty of the press under Louis XVIII. against the tendency of the king and the court. Twice in the Chamber of Peers, in successive years, he faced the reaction on this subject, and exposed the fatal path on which they wished to enter.

> Let us take for granted [he once said] that what has been desired, what has been held good and useful by all the enlightened men of a country, without variation, during a succession of years of various governments, is a necessity of the time. Such, gentlemen, is the liberty of the press. . . . I do not say that governments ought to hasten to recognize these new necessities. But when they have been recognized, to take back what was given, or — which comes to the same thing — to suspend it indefinitely, that is a rashness which, more than any one, I hope may not bring a sad repentance to those who have conceived the convenient but pitiful thought. You must never compromise the good faith of a government. In our days it is not easy to deceive for a long time. There is some one who has more sense than Voltaire, more sense than Bonaparte, more than any Director, more than any Minister, past, present, or to come. That is — everybody. To undertake or even to persist in a controversy where all the world is interested against you is a fault; and to-day all political faults are dangerous.

Students of current American politics are accustomed to the phrase, "Everybody is wiser than anybody." It may interest some of them to note from the above that Talleyrand said so, before the American politicians.

The forthcoming memoirs have been expected to clear up some of the dark charges against him, and to do much towards clarifying our views of that extraordinary epoch.

They are sure to leave a better impression as to the character and work of Talleyrand himself. One of his critics, Sainte-Beuve, judiciously says: "I am persuaded that everything to be found in the letters and other writings of Talleyrand will give one a more favorable idea of him. People of genius like his never put the worst of their thoughts or of their lives on paper." His relation to the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, and his treachery at one period or another of his service to almost every master he ever served, are all likely to appear in a new and more favorable aspect. He will shed a new light on the career of Napoleon, and on the secret motives which controlled the Emperor at critical moments. He may disclose his real opinions of the religion he preached in his youth, and he will certainly disclose his real opinions about the monarchy which he helped to overturn and to reëstablish. But he will make no attempt to explain away his unfortunate relations to America, on both sides of the water, and there is no sign that he will make the slightest reference to his constant acceptance of bribes.

Whitelaw Reid.

THE MEMOIRS.[1]

A STRANGE CHILDHOOD.

[THE opening volumes of the Memoirs are noticeably wanting in references to the private life and domestic associations of Talleyrand. He does, however, give some details of his neglected childhood, and with these the extracts from the first volume may properly begin.]

I WAS born in 1754; my parents had a very small fortune, but held at court a position which, if properly taken advantage of, could secure for themselves and their children the highest offices.

Louis XV. was then enjoying universal respect. The first subjects of the Crown still considered obedience to the sovereign as glorious; they did not conceive of any other power or luster than that proceeding from the king's majesty.

The queen was reverenced, but the very melancholy of her virtues did not prepossess people in her favor. She was wanting in those outward charms that caused the nation to be so proud of the fine features of Louis XV. Hence the mixed feeling of justice and indulgence which, on one hand, led people to pity the queen, and, on the other, induced them to excuse the inclination shown by the king towards Madame de Pompadour. M. de Penthièvre, the Maréchale de Duras, Madame de Luynes, Madame de Marsan, Madame de Périgord, the Duchesse de Fleury, M. de Sourches, Madame de Villars, M. de Tavannes, Madame d'Estissac, doubtless grieved at the fact, but were then afraid of disclosing by censure what was looked upon as one of those open family secrets, that nobody dares to deny, but everybody hopes to palliate by hushing them up and behaving as though one were not aware of their existence. All the personages I have just mentioned would have considered that they were forfeiting their honor by admitting too openly the failings of the king.

My relatives held various positions with the royal family. My grandmother was lady of the queen's household, and was treated with especial regard by the king; she always resided at Versailles, and kept no house in Paris. She had five children. Like that of all persons connected with the court, their early tuition was rather neglected, or, at least, devoted to few important branches of knowledge. As to their subsequent education, it was to consist merely in imparting to them what were termed the usages of society. Their outward appearance was prepossessing.

My grandmother had noble, refined, and reserved manners. Her piety won universal respect for her, and the fact of her numerous family caused the frequent steps she took towards securing and promoting the future of her children to be regarded as quite natural.

My father held the same views as his mother, concerning the education befitting children whose parents enjoyed a position at court. Thus mine was rather left to take care of itself; not through any indifference towards me, but owing to the special disposition of the mind which leads some people to consider that the best plan is *to do, or to be like everybody else.*

Too much care would have seemed pedantry; affection, too openly expressed, would have been regarded as quite unusual and therefore ridiculous. Children, at that time, inherited their father's *name and title.* Parents considered they had done enough for their progeny by opening a career to them, and securing for them advantageous posts; by marrying them, and increasing their allowance.

Paternal care had not yet come into fashion; the fashion was, indeed, the reverse, when

[1] Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

I was a child; thus, my early years were cheerlessly spent in an outlying district of Paris. At the age of four, I was still there, when I accidentally fell from the top of a cupboard, and dislocated my foot. The woman to whose care I was intrusted only informed my family of this several months afterwards. The truth became known only when my parents sent for me to go to Périgord to visit Madame de Chalais, my grandmother, who had expressed a wish to see me. Although Madame de Chalais was my great-grandmother I always called her grandmother, very likely, I think, because that name implied a closer relationship. The dislocation of my foot had been neglected too long to be remedied; even my other foot, having had to bear alone the whole weight of my body, had grown weaker, and thus I remained lame for life.

That accident had a great influence over my after-life. It, indeed, led my parents to think I was unfit for a military career, or, at least, that, in such, I should labor under great disadvantages; they were thus induced to seek for me some other profession, which, in their eyes, would be best calculated to serve the interests of the *family*. For, in great families, the *family* was far more cared for than its members individually, chiefly those young members who were still unknown. These considerations are rather painful to my mind, so I will not dwell further on them.

Madame de Chalais was a most refined and distinguished lady; her mind, her language, the dignity of her manners, the sound of her voice, were most winning. She retained what was still termed the wit of the Mortemarts; indeed, she was a Mortemart by birth.

My appearance pleased her; she acquainted me with feelings heretofore unknown to me. She was the first member of my family who displayed any affection towards me, and also the first who taught me the sweetness of filial love. God bless her for it! Indeed, I was fondly attached to her! To this day, her memory is still dear to me. Many a time have I regretted her! Many a time have I bitterly conceived how priceless is the sincere affection of some member of one's own family. Such affection affords immense comfort through the trials and troubles of life, when those who inspire it are near us. When they are away, it soothes both the heart and the mind, and enables us to collect calmly our thoughts. . . .

I am perhaps dwelling too long on those details, but I am not writing a book, I am only noting my impressions. The recollection of what I saw and heard during those early years of my life is extremely sweet to my mind. "Your name," I was daily told, "was always held in veneration in our province. Our family," people affectionately said to me, "was at all times serving some member of yours. This piece of ground we received from your grandfather—he it was who built our church—my mother's cross is a gift from your grandmother—he who comes from a good stock cannot degenerate! You will also be kind, will you not?" I am very likely indebted to those early years for the general spirit of my conduct in life. If I displayed affectionate and even tender feelings without too much familiarity; if in various circumstances I showed pride without haughtiness; if I love and respect old people, it is at Chalais, by the side of my grandmother, that I imbibed all the good feelings which surrounded my relatives in that district, and which they enjoyed with delight. For feeling constitutes an inheritance which increases from generation to generation. For a long time to come people whose fame or fortune is of recent origin will be unable to appreciate its sweetness.

[The neglect with which Talleyrand's parents treated him, and the measures taken to drive him into the priesthood, for which he felt no inclination, stung him through life, and the bitterness he felt is shown in many passages like the following:]

I was struck with the sudden manner in which I was sent off to school without being previously brought to my father and mother. I was eight years old, and I had never yet felt my father's gaze rest upon me. I was told—and I took it for granted—that imperative reasons had caused this precipitate step to be taken. I obeyed.

Once each week I was brought home to dinner by the Abbé Hardi, and taken back to school as soon as we rose from table, after hearing on every occasion the selfsame recommendation: "Be good, my son, and give satisfaction to Monsieur l'Abbé." I worked pretty well; my schoolfellows were fond of me, and I took kindly to my new life. I had led it for three years when I was afflicted with small-pox. . . . The principal informed my people, and they sent a sedan-chair to have me conveyed to Madame Lerond, a nurse employed by the school physician, M. Lehoc, who lived in the Rue Saint-Jacques. At that time, patients attacked with small-pox were still shut up inside double rows of curtains; the windows were hermetically closed; a huge fire was lit in the room, and efforts were made to bring out the fever with very potent draughts. Many a man has been killed outright by this fiery cure; I recovered; I was not even marked. . . .

I was now in my twelfth year; during my convalescence I began musing over my situation with a feeling of surprise. The little interest that had been shown in my illness, the

fact of my having been brought to school without even an interview with my father and mother; these and other sad memories pained me at heart. . . .

No visit home was permitted me before my departure for Reims, and—let me say it once for all, and, I trust, never more think of it—I am perhaps the only man of noble birth, and scion of a large and respected family, who never experienced for one week in his life the bliss of feeling himself under the paternal roof. . . .

All the care with which they surrounded me was planned to impress profoundly upon me the conviction that, my lameness making service in the army impossible, I must necessarily enter the Church—a man of my name having no other career. . . .

No means of defense had I against this; I was alone, and all my surroundings seemed to tell me, as though with preconcerted uniformity of language, that I had no chance of escaping the plan adopted by my parents on my behalf. After a year's sojourn at Reims, seeing I could not possibly avoid my fate, I wearily gave way to it, and allowed myself to be led to St. Sulpice.

TALLEYRAND AND PARISIAN SOCIETY.

[He tells how he settled in Paris after taking holy orders, cultivated the acquaintance of people who might be useful, and went into society. But he does not tell how he secured the abbey of Périgord by so pleasing Madame du Barry with a questionable joke about the immorality of Paris that she asked the king to give him a lucrative appointment.]

I SETTLED in Bellechasse in a snug little house. My first thought was to gather the nucleus of that library which afterwards became valuable for the selection of the books, the scarcity of the editions, and the elegance of the bindings. I cultivated the acquaintance of such men as were most distinguished by their past lives, by their works, by their ambition, or by the prospects held out to them by their birth, their connection, or their talents. Placed thus, by my own act, within that vast circle where so many superior men shone with such various lights, I indulged in the proud consciousness of being indebted for what I was to no one but myself. Indeed, it was a happy moment for me when, having been appointed by the king to the abbey of Saint-Denis, at Reims, I was able to use my first year's income in handing to the Harcourt College a large portion of my fees which was still unpaid, and thus make a return to M. Langlois for the kindly care he had bestowed upon me in my early years. . . .

The cold manners, the outward show of reserve I had adopted had made some people assert that I was a clever man. Madame de Gramont, who disliked any reputation of which she had not been the prime mover, proved useful to me, at my *début*, in endeavoring to embarrass me. It was on the occasion of my first supper at Madame de Bouffler's, at Auteuil. I was seated at one end of the table, barely venturing an occasional word with my neighbor. Suddenly, in a loud and harsh voice, Madame de Gramont calls me by my name and asks me what had struck me so forcibly, when entering the room after her, as to make me say: *Ah! Ah!*—"Madame la Duchesse," I reply, "has not heard me rightly; what I said was not *Ah! Ah!* it was *Oh! Oh!*—" My answer, poor wit though it was, raised a laugh; I went on with my supper, and said no more; but, on rising from table, I was greeted by several of the guests, and received for the following days various invitations which enabled me to make the acquaintance of persons whom I was very anxious to meet.

[The following is an exquisite portrait in miniature of one of Talleyrand's early friends.]

Nobody ever appeared to me to possess a conversational charm comparable with hers. She had no pretentiousness; her words never bore, if I may say so, any striking color; she spoke in delicate shadings; no witticism ever fell from her lips; that would have been too violent. Witticisms are remembered, whereas she only sought to please, and to let the words be forgotten. An abundant stock of facile, new, and ever delicate expressions supplied the varied requirements of her intelligence.

This lady has inspired me with a thorough aversion for people who, in order to speak the more accurately, use none but technical terms. I have no faith in the brain power, or in the science, of persons who are ignorant of equivalents, and go on for ever defining; it is to their memory alone they are indebted for what they know, and, accordingly, they know it badly. I am sorry that this remark should have occurred to me during M. de Humboldt's stay in Paris; but now it is penned, let it remain. . . .

The power of what is called "Society" in France was prodigious during the years which preceded the Revolution, and even throughout the whole of the last century. Those light and varied forms which are peculiarly its own have probably hindered our historians from noticing the origin and following up the effects of this outcome of modern civilization. I have often thought of it. The following are my views in this connection. In those countries where the origin of the present forms of government is lost to view in the mist of ages, the influence of "Society" must needs be immense. Where,

on the contrary, the constitution is but of recent date, and, consequently, still present before men's eyes, this influence is null. Thus it is, that Athens and Rome in ancient times, England and the United States of America in our own day, have had, and have, no "Society."

[He disapproved of the increasing number of literary men in society.]

Society, under Louis XV., had all the weaknesses of his reign; it opened its sanctuary, a few literary men entered. Conversation, first, and works of taste, subsequently, were benefited thereby. M. de Fontenelle, M. de Montesquieu, M. de Buffon, President Hénault, M. de Mairan, M. de Voltaire, all brought up under the influence of the century of Louis XIV., preserved in the world that mutual regard, that freedom, that noble ease, which were the charm and the fame of the Paris literary gatherings. That was the lofty standard which should have been kept up.

But, under the reign of Louis XVI., members of all the different grades of literature spread themselves through "Society." No man kept in his own place, confusion extended through the ranks, pretensions were boldly displayed and the sanctuary was violated. Then, the general tone of "Society" underwent modifications of every kind. Knowing everything, probing everything, judging of everything, was the aim of all. For sentiments were substituted philosophical ideas; for passions, the analysis of the human heart; for the desire of pleasing, personal opinions; for recreations, plans, schemes, etc.— Everything became unnatural. I say no more, for I fear I am too strongly foreshadowing the French Revolution, from which several years and numerous events still separate me.

LA FAYETTE — THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[He did not like La Fayette; and he thought the true interests of France lay in cultivating close relations with Northern Africa rather than with America.]

M. DE LA FAYETTE belongs to a noble family of Auvergne, boasting of but little luster; under Louis XIV. the intelligence of a woman had brought the name into some renown.

He was born to a large fortune, and had married a lady of the house of Noailles. Had not an extraordinary occurrence drawn him out of the rank and file, he would have been ignored all his life. M. de La Fayette had not enough in himself to come to anything; for he is below the standard at which one is reckoned a clever man. In his desire to distinguish himself, as well as in the means he uses, there is something that seems taught. What he does looks as though it did not proceed from his own self; he gives one the idea of a man following the advice of somebody else. Unfortunately no one will boast of having offered him any at the most important moment of his life. . . .

Sympathy for the cause of America was kept up in France by the report of all the deliberations of Congress, published each week by a newspaper named "Le Courrier de l'Europe." This, I believe the first really political paper we ever had, was edited by a man who belonged to the police; his name was Morande, and he was the author of an infamous lampoon known as "Le Gazetier Cuirassé."

Frenchmen, brought to the colonies on military expeditions, came home with glowing descriptions of the wealth contained in the New World. America was on every lip. In my youth great lords had one peculiarity; they attributed to themselves the discovery of anything that was new to them, and the interest they felt therein increased in proportion. "*What should we be were it not for America?*" everybody wanted to know. "She gives us a navy," stated M. Malouet; "she extends our trade," the Abbé Raynal proclaimed; "she gives work to our overcrowded populations," repeated the administrators of the day; "she welcomes all restless spirits," said the ministers; "she is the refuge of all dissenters," remarked the philosophers, etc.— Nothing more useful, nothing more pacific, in appearance. There was no topic of conversation but the glory attached to the discovery of America. And yet, let us sift matters to the bottom. What has been the result of all our communications with the New World? Do we see less misery round about us? Have all our disorganizers disappeared? Have not the longing looks we have cast abroad lessened our love for fatherland? These newly discovered parts of the globe having given England and France additional points of irritation, are not wars more frequent, longer, of greater extent, and more costly? The history of mankind supplies this sad conclusion: that the spirit of strife rushes to every spot on earth to which communication is opened. . . .

When we examine the geographical situation of that solid, compact body, called France, and carry our eye all along its coast line, we cannot refrain from feeling surprised that the Mediterranean Sea has not always been considered as part of its domain. This basin, the only access to which is an opening a few miles in width, is inclosed on all sides by countries that have no considerable sea trade. France gathering by herself, and through Spain, her ally, all the resources that may be supplied by the ports of Toulon, Marseilles, Carthagena, etc., ought to have in the Mediterranean any

preponderance she may choose to acquire. The immense advantages which might result therefrom have been neglected. . . .

Have we a greater interest in reëstablishing our former relations with the New World than in seeking fresh ones with the Old? It is important that this political problem should be solved. If it were proved that agriculture is less difficult and not more expensive in the Old World than in the New, that the produce is equally good, and that the great shipping interests will not be injured by the new state of things, the solution would be complete. . . .

That is the reason why, at a time in my life when I had the power to do so, I introduced into the Amiens Treaty — merely as a philosophical view, so as to give umbrage to nobody — certain points which aimed at the civilizing of the African coast. If the government had followed me up; if, instead of sacrificing all that was left of the splendid army of Egypt to the vain hope of reconquering San Domingo, this imposing and already acclimatized force had been directed against Barbary, it is probable that my philosophy would have become a practical fact, and that France, instead of destroying a fine army at San Domingo in a few months, would have established herself firmly on the African shore of the Mediterranean and would have spared us the gigantic and disastrous continental system. . . .

[Later on, in discussing the growth of the spirit of equality before the Revolution, Talleyrand shows more plainly his feeling against the French assistance to the American Revolution.]

I must repeat it once more, that portion of the army which had been so incautiously sent to the help of the American colonies struggling against the mother-country, had in the New World imbibed doctrines of equality. The men returned full of admiration for these doctrines, and perhaps with a desire to put them in practice in France; and, by a kind of fatality, this was the very time hit upon by Maréchal de Ségur to reserve for the nobles all the officers' posts in the army.

[Talleyrand's enemies have denied that his rapid promotion in the Church, before the Revolution, was crowned by an actual offer to the young man of a cardinal's hat. Here is his own account of it, following his story of loss of favor at court.]

I look back on that period of my disfavor at court with greater pleasure than on many fortunate situations in which I have been in my life, and which have left no trace, either in my mind or in my heart. Hardly do I still remember that the queen would not let me have the benefit of a very gracious act of Gustavus III., who had obtained a cardinal's hat for me from Pope Pius VI. She desired M. de Mercy to induce the Vienna court to oppose the appointment of a French cardinal before the promotion of the crowns. Her wishes were complied with; the papal appointment was suspended; and, since then, my cardinal's hat is likely to have spent a few years in French fortresses.

BEGINNINGS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[His account of his part in the Constituent Assembly is brief and almost apologetic. He wanted to resist the movement; failing in this, he wanted to make the best of it. He scarcely speaks of his brilliant personal successes, or of his presidency, but does speak of his devoting the last exercise of his religious functions to the service of the Revolution.]

I WAS a member of the delegation of the order of the clergy. My opinion was that the States-General should be dissolved, and then convoked again according to certain plans. I suggested it to the Count d'Artois who, at that time, showed me a certain amount of kindness, nay — if I dare use his own expression — of friendship.

My idea appeared too hazardous. It was an act of violence, and there was no one about the king able to make use of violence. I had several appointments by night at Marly; but all of them having proved fruitless, the conviction was forced upon me that I could do no good, and that, such being the case, I should be a madman if I did not think of my own self.

The composition of the States-General evidently rendering null the first and the second orders,[1] there was but one rational course open — to yield before we were compelled to do so, and while we might yet claim credit for our action. Thereby we might prevent things being carried to extremities; we imposed a certain regard for us on the third estate; we preserved the means of influencing the common deliberations; we gained time — which frequently means gaining everything — and if we had any chance of reconquering lost ground, this was the only course that presented it. I therefore felt no hesitation in joining those who set the example in this direction. . . .

I resolved, accordingly, not to leave France before I was driven away by personal danger, not to do anything to provoke this danger, not to struggle against a torrent which it was impossible to stem; but to keep within reach and in a position to help the saving of what could be saved; not to raise any obstacle between the opportunity and myself, and to reserve myself for the opportunity.

The deputation of the third order, before its triumph over the two others, had been busy drafting a declaration of rights similar to that which the American Colonies had drawn out

[1 The three orders were the nobility, the clergy, and the people.]

when they had proclaimed their independence. This declaration continued to be discussed after the fusion of the orders. It was but the development of a theory of equality. . . Those who had the keenest presentiment of its ravages were reduced to playing, as far as prudence permitted, a passive part in the proceedings.

That is what I did generally. Still, I thought it my duty to speak on several questions of high finance. I opposed the creation of assignats, the reducing of the interest of the public debt. I laid down, somewhat fully, the principles on which, in my opinion, a national bank should be founded. I proposed the decreeing of a uniform standard of weights and measures. I likewise took charge of the report of the Constitutional Committee on public instruction. For the proper carrying out of this great work, I consulted the most learned men, the most noted savants of the period — a period boasting such men as M. de Lagrange, M. de Lavoisier, M. de la Place, M. Monge, M. de Condorcet, M. Vicq d'Azir, M. de la Harpe. All came to my aid. The reputation which this work has acquired demands that I should name these men.

One circumstance presented itself in which, in spite of all my repugnance, I deemed it necessary to come to the fore. These are the motives by which I was urged.

The Assembly claimed to regulate, of itself and by civil law, that which hitherto had been regulated only by the concurrence of the spiritual and the temporal powers, and a blending of canon and civil laws. It planned a special constitution for the clergy, and required that all ecclesiastics in office should take an oath of compliance with it, under penalty of being considered as having resigned their functions. Most of the bishops declined to do so, whereupon, their sees being held vacant, the electoral bodies appointed successors to them. The new elects would readily have done without the "institution" granted by the court of Rome, but they could not do without the episcopal character which could be conferred upon them only by men who had received it themselves.

Had there been no one to confer it on them there would have been every reason to apprehend, not the proscription of every kind of worship (which came to pass a few years later), but an eventuality which struck me as more dangerous because it might be more lasting; and that was, that, through the doctrines it had sanctioned, the Assembly might soon drive the country into Presbyterianism (more in accordance with the then prevailing opinions), and that it might become impossible to bring France back to Catholicism, the hierarchy and external forms of which are in harmony with those of the monarchical system. I therefore lent my assistance to consecrate one of the bishops elect, and he, in his turn, consecrated the others. That being done, I resigned the bishopric of Autun, and thought only of leaving the career I had hitherto followed; I placed myself at the disposal of events; provided I remained French, I was ready for anything.

The Revolution held out fresh prospects to the nation; I followed her in her progress, and went through its vicissitudes. I offered her the tribute of all my abilities, determined as I was to serve my country for its own sake, and I founded all my hopes on the constitutional principles which we thought we were so near attaining. This explains why and how, several times over, I entered, left, and reëntered the world of public affairs, and it accounts also for the part I played therein.

[But Talleyrand makes no mention of his share in the famous celebration of the 14th of July, 1790, on the Champ de Mars, when, in his capacity of Bishop of Autun, he officiated at the altar, in the presence of the immense crowd, before swearing the multitude to allegiance to the new constitution. Bastide, author of a French life of Talleyrand, which appeared within a few years after his death, recites that, at the very moment of mounting the altar, Talleyrand turned to the Commandant of the National Guard, General La Fayette, with the words: "Come, now, don't make me laugh." There is a letter published by the same author, written by Talleyrand on the 15th, to his friend, the Comtesse de Flahaut. In this he calls the solemn religious ceremony "Yesterday's ridiculous fête," and quotes Sieyès as having asked him, in the presence of sixteen persons, with a sardonic smile, how he was enabled to keep a sober face in executing his dexterous buffoonery on the Champ de Mars, and how many Christians he believed there were among the hundred thousand spectators who received the national and Christian oath. After saying that he professed ignorance in his reply to Sieyès, he adds: "I share the opinion of Voltaire, whether we ourselves believe in a God or not it would be dangerous for all society that the multitude could think that, without punishment in this world, and without fear of chastisement in the other, it could steal, poison, and assassinate." And then he continues: "I hope that your penetration has not failed to make you feel to what divinity I yesterday addressed my prayers, and my oath of fidelity. You alone were the Supreme Being whom I adore, and always will adore." The rest is simply a love-letter of a rather bold character.

In beginning his account of the Constituent Assembly, Talleyrand speaks of his consultation with the Count d'Artois. M. de Bacourt gives in a footnote the following account of this effort by Talleyrand to induce the younger brother of Louis XVI. (afterwards Charles X.) to influence the king to more decided measures, and how, when Louis XVIII. was coming to the throne, Talleyrand reminded him of the interview:

"The most important, and the last, of these interviews took place at Marly during the night from the 16th to the 17th of July, 1789, that is to say a

few hours before the prince left France. When M. de Talleyrand presented himself at the residence of the Count d'Artois, the latter was already in bed; he admitted his visitor, however, and there, during two hours' conversation, M. de Talleyrand again explained all the dangers of the situation, and entreated the prince to lay them before the king. The Count d'Artois was moved at this intelligence; he got up, repaired to the palace, and returning after a pretty long absence declared to M. de Talleyrand that there was nothing to be done with the king, determined as he was to give way rather than to have one drop of blood shed through his resistance to the popular movements. 'As to myself,' added the Count d'Artois, 'my mind is made up; I am off in the morning, and will leave France.'

"M. de Talleyrand vainly besought the prince to give up such an intention, and pointed out to him the inconveniences and dangers it might have for him in the immediate present, and for his rights and those of his children in the future. The Count d'Artois was obstinate, and in the end M. de Talleyrand said to him: 'In that case, Monseigneur, there is nothing now left for each one of us but to think of his own interests, since the king and the princes desert theirs as well as those of monarchy.' 'Quite so,' replied the prince; 'that is what I advise you to do. Whatever may happen, I can never blame you; always reckon on my friendship.' The next morning the Count d'Artois emigrated.

"In the month of April, 1814, it befell to M. de Talleyrand, as president of the Provisional Government, to announce to Count d'Artois (who was then awaiting events at Nancy) that Louis XVIII. was called to the throne, and that the prince himself was invited to come to Paris and assume the reins of government in the capacity of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. He entrusted this mission to the Baron de Vitrolles; and, pacing up and down with him the first floor of his residence in the Rue Saint-Florentin, while the prince's dispatch was being sealed, he related the above conversation to him, adding the request: 'Pray do me the pleasure to ask the Count d'Artois if he remembers this little incident?'

"M. de Vitrolles, after fulfilling his important mission, did not fail to communicate M. de Talleyrand's query to the prince. 'I have a distinct recollection of the occurrence,' answered the Count d'Artois; 'M. de Talleyrand's account of it is accurate in every point.'"]

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS — ORIGIN OF THE REVOLUTION.

[Talleyrand paints a terrible picture of the Duke of Orleans, grandfather of Louis Philippe, and great-grandfather of the Count of Paris. He seems to have been intimate with him before and during the Constituent Assembly, and he describes him as "destitute of ability, ignorant to the verge of illiteracy, without heart and without principle. All his actions had the characteristics of thoughtlessness, frivolity, and trickery." In this sketch, for the first time, occurs a significant gap, for which the editors offer no explanation, excepting that — "Here eight pages are missing in the manuscript."]

In 1788, after a friendship of twenty-five years' duration, he displayed the most heartless indifference at the death of one of his principal *habitués*, the Marquis de Conflans, a man always remarkable, first by his handsome cast of features, his noble bearing, his gait, his skill, and also by his faults when he kept evil company, by his qualities when he was among military men, by the accuracy of his judgment when he spoke on serious matters and, at every period in his life, by the frankness of his tastes, his feelings, and his hatreds. M. de Conflans, afflicted with a lingering disease which was fated to have a sudden termination, would not believe that he was ill, and went about in the world as usual. On the day of his death, he was to dine, with the Duke of Orleans and several others, at M. de Biron's, at Montrouge. They were all waiting for him — the Duke more impatiently than the rest, as he wanted to go to the theater. At four o'clock, the company being all together, one of M. de Conflans's servants arrived with the news that he had just died. Every person in the room, according to his more or less intimate acquaintance with M. de Conflans, expressed his sympathy. The only words the Duke of Orleans pronounced were: "Well, Lauzun, as we are no longer expecting any one, let us go on with our dinner so that we can get to the opera in time for the beginning."

[And here is Talleyrand's conclusion as to the Duke of Orleans, and as to who were the authors of the French Revolution.]

After the instructions he gave to his bailiwicks, the Duke of Orleans ceased to be an active political personage; his weak character and his equivocal, disquieting position were obstacles to his becoming one again. After the crime he committed by his vote, he was henceforth without purpose or aim — a nobody; he remained in the rank and file, and as that was not his place, he became a nonentity, a degraded being, a dead man.

What now becomes of the opinion, so loudly asserted, that the Duke of Orleans was the author of the Revolution; that his name served as a rallying standard for a large number of citizens; that he was urged by the ambition of a few restless minds to turn his views to the throne itself? This opinion cannot be maintained in the face of his actual life. For immorality, extreme frivolity, want of thought, and weakness are quite sufficient to explain his moments of activity as well as his fits of inaction. Moreover, the impulse having once been given, the rapid and violent movement of the public mind left no room, at any period in the Revolution, for the development of individual ambitions. As all thoughts, from the very start, verged towards the establishment of equality and the weakening of power, high personal ambitions were necessarily discon-

certed. Much later only, and after terrible ordeals, did the need of a chief begin to be felt, who would modify the existing state of things; it was then that Bonaparte appeared.

The Duke of Orleans could not possibly have been the last man to observe the tendency I have just alluded to; and accordingly the real aim of his ambition has always remained open to doubt. He was, as I said, neither the principal, nor the object, nor yet the motive of the Revolution. He, like all the rest, was carried along by the raging torrent.

The Duke of Orleans began to turn his attention to himself, his own tastes, his wants. Thence sprang the secret thought which made him consent, after the 6th of October, 1789, to undertake the shameful trip to England which all parties have reproached him with. It is from that time that may be dated the dwindling of his immense fortune; which, being more easily convertible, left still fewer traces than the splendid picture gallery of the Palais Royal, now scattered so far and wide. All the available funds of the Duke of Orleans found their way to England by underhand means, and through secret agents who, thanks to their obscurity, may have been dishonest and quietly enjoyed the proceeds of their dishonesty. Such is the opinion of the men who were then at the head of affairs.

Should historians ever puzzle themselves to find out the men to whom they can attribute the honor or the blame of having started, or directed, or modified the French Revolution, they will give themselves very needless trouble. It had no creators, no leaders, no guides. The seeds were sown by the writers who, in an enlightened and enterprising age, when aiming a blow at prejudices, upset religious and social principles, and by the unskilled ministers who increased the deficit of the treasury and the discontent of the people.

[The time was now come when the prudent spirit of Talleyrand sought a refuge from the impending storm. A few extracts show the English experiences to which this purpose led, and his feeling about the bloody drama enacted in his own land, which he watched from the English coast.]

What was left of the royal prerogatives after the vote of the Constituent Assembly was but a shadow, growing fainter daily. It was, therefore, of paramount importance to save from further ruin the frail power of the king, which all efforts made in view of restoring to it its lost reality only tended to diminish. The men who still affected to be afraid of it, such as it was, only sought a pretext to complete its destruction. The great point would have been not to have offered them any. They were not satisfied that the king should imitate the reed, that withstands the fury of the wind, simply because it is incapable of offering any resistance to it: they wished his supporters both at home and abroad to remain in utter inaction, and to abstain from expressing any opinion he might have been accused of sharing. But who could be induced to adopt such a spiritless policy? The revolutionary impulse had been given and stirred all classes.

The cabinet of the time, of which M. Necker was no longer a member, then understood the necessity for royalty to obtain from the chief courts of Europe the promise that they should either disarm or not arm at all. The leaders of the second Assembly, known as Girondists, had insisted on this step with the belief that the king's ministry would decline to take it. Their hopes were deceived. M. de Lessart, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, took up that suggestion, and proposed that I should go to England in order to open negotiations on the subject. I was anxious to leave France for some time; I was tired and disgusted, and, though I felt sure that my mission had little chance of success, I accepted. The king wrote to the king of England a letter of which I was the bearer. . . .

At that stage, it was no longer a question whether the king should reign, but whether he himself, the queen, their children, his sister, should be saved. It might have been done. It was at least a duty to attempt it. At that time France was only at war with the Emperor, the Empire,[1] and Sardinia. Had all the other states concerted in offering their mediation by proposing to recognize whatever form of government France might be pleased to adopt, with the sole condition that the prisoners in the Temple should be allowed to leave the country and retire wherever they liked — though such a proposal, it may be supposed, might not have filled the demagogues with delight, they would have been powerless to reject it.

So little were the demagogues inclined to general hostilities, that they hastened to make pacific declarations to all the governments with which France was still at peace. Indeed, very few amongst them thirsted for the blood of Louis XVI.; and if they shed it afterwards, that was owing to reasons not one of which would have existed had Europe taken the course indicated above. The royal family might therefore have been saved. A war of twenty-two years might have been prevented.

TALLEYRAND IN ENGLAND.

AFTER August 10, 1792, I solicited from the provisional executive a temporary mission to

[1 The Emperor of Austria was the head of the Holy Roman Empire, of which the German States were an integral part.]

London. As the object of my mission I chose a scientific question with which I was somewhat entitled to deal, seeing that it related to a motion previously made by me in the Constituent Assembly. The point was to establish for the whole kingdom a uniform system of weights and measures. When the exactitude of that system should have been ascertained by the most competent men of Europe, it might subsequently have been adopted by the different nations. It was therefore advisable to confer with England on the subject.

My real object was, however, to leave France, where it seemed to me useless and even dangerous to stay any longer, but I only wished to leave the country with a regular passport, in order that it should not be shut to me for ever. . . .

I resided in England during the whole of the dreadful year 1793, and a portion of 1794. There I was welcomed with the utmost kindness by the Marquis of Lansdowne, whom I had known in Paris; he was a nobleman of lofty views, gifted with abundant and lively powers of elocution. He was still free from the infirmities of old age. Some people brought against him the commonplace accusation of being *too clever*—an accusation by means of which, in England as well as in France, people keep at a distance all the men whose superiority gives them umbrage. That is the only reason why he never was in office again. I saw him often, and he kindly sent me word every time he received the visit of some distinguished person of whom he thought I should be pleased to make the acquaintance. It was at his house that I met Mr. Hastings, and Doctors Price and Priestley. There also I formed an intimacy with Mr. Canning, Mr. Romilly, Mr. Robert Smith, M. Dumont, Mr. Bentham, and Lord Henry Petty, the son of Lord Lansdowne, who at that time was already looked upon as one of the hopes of England. All the friends of Mr. Fox, with which gentleman I had, on several occasions, been on intimate terms, did their best to render my stay in London as pleasant as possible. . . .

My absence from France during the most terrible years of the Revolution left me in ignorance of the details of its dreadful events; scarcely could I, at that distance, discern their broad outlines. On the other hand, I too often turned away from those hideous scenes, in which so much abjectness was mingled with so much fierceness, to be able to depict them. The reign of Henri IV. and that of Louis XIV. are known to us in all their details, but these recent events appear confused and problematic even to the very men who played a part in them; they followed each other with such rapidity that each in turn almost stamped out the recollection of what occurred before. Perhaps also the mob leaves too slight an imprint on what it does; its deeds have but a transient effect, and the character of the men who serve it is such as to make no impression on one's memory. Having lived in obscurity until such day as they appear on the scene, to obscurity they return as soon as their part is played.

I confess that it would not cause me the slightest concern if the details of that awful calamity were to leave no trace in men's minds, for they are of no historical importance. Indeed, what teachings could men derive from deeds performed without aim or plan, and which were merely the outcome of ruthless and unruly passions?

Instruction of every kind is rather to be sought in the knowledge of the facts preceding the catastrophe, and for the investigation of which every material exists; that knowledge will disclose the numerous and weighty causes of the Revolution. . . . The study of those already distant days possesses, methinks, the invaluable advantage of cautioning us against every form of intolerance. When considering the last twenty years of the old monarchy, there is no man of any elevation of mind and good faith who, on remembering what he did or said, what he wrote, what he blamed or approved, will not find some fault with himself—if that man possessed any influence at all: I might almost add that no one knows all the examples—good or bad—he must have set. I thus deny that it is in the power of any of the men I have known, whether princes or simple subjects, to decline all share of responsibility in the subsequent outbreak.

[Talleyrand tells very briefly his expulsion from England, and at the moment of setting out for America gives a pitiful glimpse of a certain well-known American.]

It was not my intention to stay long in England. Though being nominally an outlaw in France, I yet did not wish to place myself in the category of *émigré*, which I really was not. However, the English Foreign Minister thought it advisable to emphasize his zeal for the general cause by displaying at first his antipathy towards the *émigrés*. With that object he availed himself of the alien bill, which he had wrenched from Parliament, to send me orders to leave the country within twenty-four hours. Had I acted on the first impulse, I should have started off at once, but my dignity required of me to protest against the unjust persecution of which I was the victim. In consequence, I applied to Mr. Dundas, to Mr. Pitt, and to the king himself; being unable to obtain satisfaction in any quarter, I had but to submit, and therefore went to sleep on board

a ship which, I had been told, was the first to start for the United States. . . .

On the second day of our voyage, just after having left the Thames, we met with a violent storm. I was then between England and France — a most critical situation. I could see France; there my head was in danger. Though I ran no immediate risk by returning to England, it would have been repugnant to me to solicit the hospitality of a government which had tried to injure me.

Fortunately the danger we were running was noticed on shore, and induced some Falmouth lightermen to brave the fury of the sea and come to our assistance. With their help, we managed to reach the harbor. Whilst our ship — all the rigging of which was much damaged — was being repaired, a rather striking incident added an impression of a special kind to the many I was to experience in the course of this voyage. The innkeeper at whose place I had my meals, informed me that one of his lodgers was an American general. Thereupon I expressed the desire of seeing that gentleman, and, shortly after, I was introduced. After the mutual exchange of greetings, I put to him several questions concerning his country, but, from the first, it seemed to me that my inquiries annoyed him. Having several times vainly endeavored to renew the conversation which he always allowed to drop, I ventured to request from him some letters of introduction to his friends in America. "No," he replied, and, after a few moments of silence, noticing my surprise, he added, "I am perhaps the only American who cannot give you letters for his own country, — all the relations I had there are now broken, — I must never return to the States." He dared not tell me his name. It was General Arnold! I must confess that he excited my pity, for which political puritans will perhaps blame me; but I do not reproach myself, for I was a witness of his agony.

TALLEYRAND IN AMERICA.

We had been sailing for several weeks, when one morning, the word I feared, "Land! Land!" loudly shouted by the people on board, roused me from my sleep. The captain, the crew, and the passengers, all displayed the most lively joy. On reaching the deck, I saw the pilot who was to take us up the Delaware, and, at the same time, I noticed an outbound ship steering round the headland. Having ascertained from our pilot that the other ship was bound for Calcutta, I immediately despatched a boat to her captain, in order to inquire whether he had room for one more passenger. The ship's destination was of no consequence to me; she was going on a long voyage, and my object was, if possible, to avoid landing. Unfortunately, the captain being unable to accommodate me, I had no choice left but to submit to be taken to Philadelphia.

[He stayed for a short time in Philadelphia, encountering there a Dutchman, whom he had known in Paris, Mr. Cazenove; and he subsequently found other Dutch and French friends. With some of these he made a journey into the interior.]

Only twelve years had elapsed since the United States had ceased to be a colony, and the years of their independence had been lost for their prosperity, owing to the inefficiency of their first Constitution. The bases of public trust not having been properly defined, a paper money more or less discredited roused everybody's cupidity, encouraged bad faith, disturbed all transactions, and caused the institutions necessitated by the recent independence of the country to be lost sight of. It was only in 1789, at the time of the new Federal Constitution, that property in the United States began to rest on truly solid foundations, that social guarantees securing the safety of foreign intercourse were shaped, and that the government of the young nation was admitted to rank with older powers. That is the true date of the foundation of the United States. . . .

Intending to tire myself I made up my mind to leave Philadelphia, and thus proposed to M. de Beaumetz and to a Dutch gentleman, of the name of Huidekoper, to travel with me inland. They both accepted, and I must confess that from the beginning I was pleased with the undertaking. I was struck with astonishment. Less than a hundred and fifty miles distance from the capital, all trace of men's presence disappeared; wild nature in all its pristine vigor confronted us; forests old as the world itself; decayed plants and trees covering the very ground where they once grew in wildness; others shooting forth from under the *débris* of the former and like them destined to decay and rot; thick and intricate bushes that often barred our progress; green and luxuriant grass decking the banks of rivers; some large natural meadows; some strange and delicate flowers quite new to me; and here and there the traces of former tornadoes that had carried everything before them. Enormous trees all mowed down in the same direction, extending for some considerable distance, bear witness to the wonderful character of those terrible phenomena. . . .

Agriculture is the basis on which all states are founded. It is this, — I say it with all economists, — that forms the chief wealth of the social state, that teaches the respect of property, and warns us that we are blind to our interests

whenever we interfere with those of other people. . . .

The American government allowed itself too easily to be influenced by the geographical situation of the States; it gave too much encouragement to the spirit of enterprise, for, in order to increase its population, America annexed Louisiana; it will now be obliged to annex the Floridas. Commerce requires ports and harbors from Sainte-Croix River, near the Saint-Lawrence, to the Gulf of Mexico, yet nine-tenths of the five hundred millions of acres composing the territory of North America are still untilled. Too much activity is devoted to business, and not enough to farming; and that first direction given to all the ideas of the country unsettles its social establishment. You need only travel hardly a hundred miles inland to see, in the same spot, people paying in kind for whatever they buy, whilst others draw bills on the first markets of Europe: the contrast is really too shocking; it is the symptom of a social disease.

I saw, sixty miles from Boston, six thousand feet of timber exchanged for a bullock, and in Boston itself twenty pounds paid for a Florence straw hat.

At Frenchman's Bay, on the border of the Eastern States, a violent storm having compelled me to stop at Machias, I questioned the man at whose house I was staying. That house was indeed the best in the district, and, as people say in the country, the landlord was *a most respectable man.* Having exhausted the chapter relative to the value and price of land, I asked him whether he had ever been to Philadelphia. He replied that he had not yet done so. He was a man of about forty-five years of age. I scarcely dared to ask him whether he knew General Washington. "I have never seen him," he said. "If you should go to Philadelphia," I went on, "you will be pleased to see the great man?" "No doubt I shall, but," he added with beaming eyes, "I should very much like to see Mr. Bingham, the man who they say is so rich."

Throughout the States I met with similar love for money, and often as coarsely expressed. This country is too soon acquainted with luxuries. The latter are, indeed, shocking when men can hardly provide themselves with the necessaries of life. I recollect having seen, in the drawing-room of Mrs. Robert Morris, the hat manufactured in the birthplace of the master of the house, carefully laid on an elegant Sèvres china table, bought at Trianon by some American. Hardly would a European peasant have consented to wear such a hat.

On the banks of the Ohio, Mr. Smith possesses a residence known in the country by the name of *log-house.* The walls of it were formed with rough trees. The drawing-room contained a pianoforte enriched with most beautiful bronzes. M. de Beaumetz, having opened it, Mr. Smith said to him: "Please do not attempt to play on it, for the man who tunes it lives a hundred miles from here, and he has not come this year.

TALLEYRAND AND HAMILTON.

[The above is almost, or quite, the only reference Talleyrand makes to Washington. The explanation is simple. Talleyrand was armed with an extremely cordial letter of introduction to Washington from Lord Lansdowne, telling how he had sacrificed his ambition in the church to public principle, eulogizing his moderation, and attributing his exile to the wish of courts, which can never pardon in a bishop a desire to promote the general freedom of worship. In spite of this appeal, Washington flatly refused to receive him, and Talleyrand never forgot, or forgave it. He saw much, however, of Hamilton who was very kind to him, and of whom he always spoke, during his after life, in terms of the utmost admiration.]

DURING the two winters I spent either in Philadelphia or in New York, I availed myself of the opportunity thus afforded me to see the chief personages whose names the American Revolution gave to history — especially General Hamilton, whose mind and character placed him, I thought, on a par with the most distinguished statesmen of Europe, without excepting Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox.

As remarked above, I had noticed, whilst traveling in the States, that agriculture was less encouraged than commerce, that, having to choose between two sources of prosperity, government had caused the scale to fall in favor of commerce, and, still recently, emphasized its intention by adding to all the real wealth of their country the fictitious one procured by all the banking establishments which have sprung up everywhere in the States, and serve exclusively the ends of commerce. Such direction, once adopted, vanity and cupidity could not help soon to denounce wisdom, moderation, or simple probity, as narrow views. By upsetting the barriers formerly raised by the metropolis which centralized on its markets all the products of its colonies, and set its own rules to their speculations, the United States take able advantage of the position and power their independence obtained for them. They send to all the markets of the Old World unexpected quantities of all sorts of goods, which, by altering prices, bring about commercial crises impossible to avoid. The chief cause of all those perturbations proceeds from the great distance existing between the eastern and southern ports of the States, whence thousands of ships loaded with similar products start every year, on almost the same day, bound for all the ports of

Europe. Thus will, for a long time to come, the commerce of America with Europe be left to chance. . . .

All these considerations make it most difficult to foresee the future, and well-nigh impossible to direct its course. Yet everything seems easy to a man driven from his country and obliged to put up at an inn or reside in indifferent lodgings: not so to him who is quietly seated under his own roof. I then took advantage of the disposition in which my narrow quarters placed me to indulge myself in high politics, and set the world to rights. . . . I even fancy that I was on the very point of applying the system of the economists to free trade and the abolition of customs, which must needs be comprised in my speculative ideas, when, at the very moment I was engaged in trying to solve the problem, a new customs-tariff, adopted by the American Congress, on the motion of my friend Hamilton, came into force. The early conversations I had with him dwelt on that branch of the American administration. "Your economists," he said to me, "invented a beautiful dream; it is the chimerical exaggeration of people whose intentions were good. Theoretically," he added, "their system might perhaps be contested, and its unsoundness be exposed; but we must leave them their sweet illusions; the present state of affairs of this world suffices to prove that, at least for the nonce, their plan cannot be carried out; let us be satisfied with that fact." I did not make a very firm stand in favor of the economists, yet I could scarcely make up my mind to abandon the idea that there could exist some generous combinations that would result in mutual advantages for all commercial nations. Philanthropic ideas rush to the mind when one is an outlaw.

Mr. Hamilton did not seem to me to reject so peremptorily the possibility of all industry being, some day, divided in a permanent way between all the nations of the world.

Europe, I said to him, is acquainted with and cultivates all branches of art, and excels in the manufacture of all articles of luxury, as in everything that tends to make life more pleasant and agreeable. The New World possesses a kind of wealth peculiar to it: its crops will always surpass in quantity those of any rival nation.

Might not, therefore, the distribution of those two modes of applying men's abilities serve, at least for a considerable time to come, as the measure and basis of the relations that must necessarily spring up between nations, some of which daily require to buy, at a moderate cost, the most usual necessaries of life, whilst others are anxious to acquire all that tends to make life more pleasant and sweet?

Might not that natural balance furnish a vast ground for intelligent exchange, which, being ruled by international conventions, would constitute the commercial intercourse of the different powers?

"Your idea," Mr. Hamilton said to me, "will only be practical the day when — and it is perhaps not very remote — great markets, such as formerly existed in the Old World, will be established in America.

"You have four chief markets concentrating all the products of the world: that of London, which, notwithstanding our commercial successes, will yet be the first for a long time to come; that of Amsterdam, which, if things do not mend in Holland, will soon be removed to London; that of Cadiz, which will eventually pass into the hands of our northern or southern ports; and that of Marseilles, which owed its flourishing state to Levantine trade, but is now on the eve of being lost to you Frenchmen.

"As for us, we only need two markets, but they are indispensable to us: one for the Northern and one for the Southern States.

"When those large markets are established, commerce will be able to resume its regular course; commercial enterprise will no longer rely on mere chance, it being the interest of each market to publish the real price and quality of the various goods that find their way to it; excessive fluctuations will be thereby avoided, thus keeping within reasonable bounds the losses and gains of all speculations. Then will sailors of all nations bring in confidence their cargoes to the various ports of the world."

I admired the large-mindedness always apparent in the private views expressed by Mr. Hamilton respecting the prosperity of his country. I do not know whether they will ever be realized, but, if they are, it will only be when the American desire to encroach and invade will have ceased to alter the general relations of the American people with other nations, and when, by a judicious regard for its own interests, it will endeavor to conquer its own country by turning to every possible advantage the vast extent of territory belonging to it.

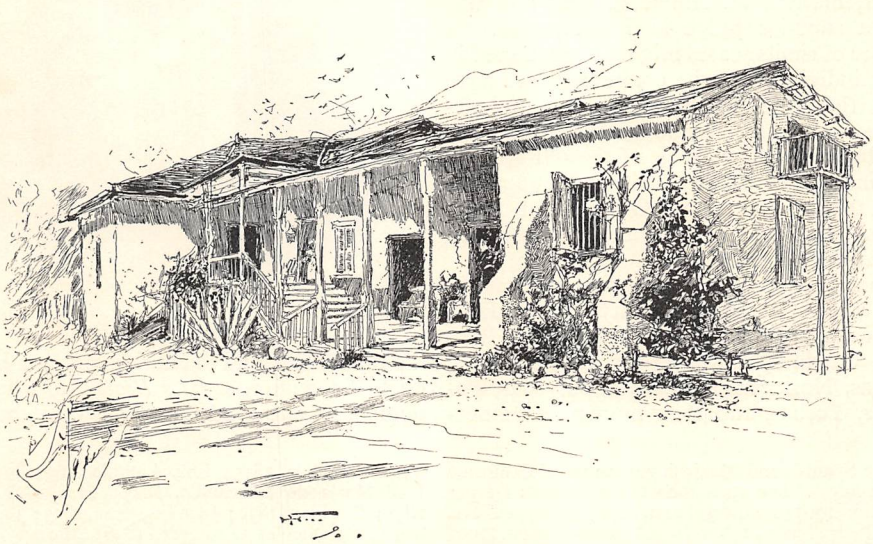
I had acquainted myself with almost all I wanted to know in America; I had been spending nearly thirty months in that country, without any other aim than that of being away from either France or England, and impelled by the sole interest of seeing with my own eyes the great American nation whose history is only beginning.

PIONEER SPANISH FAMILIES IN CALIFORNIA.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE VALLEJOS.

DON ARTURO BANDINI IN THE OLD SPANISH RIDING DRESS OF HIS FATHER.

THE most attractive literary material left in California is to be found in the recollections and traditions of descendants of the pioneer Spanish families. But these men and women must be met with sympathy for their misfortunes, and with an unfeigned interest in the old ranch and Mission days. As soon as their confidence is fairly won they tell all they know, with almost childlike eagerness to help in the restoration of the past. One immediately observes the great stress laid upon family connections, the pleasure taken in stories of former times, and the especial reverence for the founders of the province, the governors and other officials, and the heads of the Missions. Politics, though of course on an extremely small scale, occupies a large part of the recollections of the older men, and the animosities of the petty revolutions of half a century ago, of the years just before the American conquest, and of the conquest itself, still divide families from each other. A glance at the subjoined list of the governors of California will show the reader how closely united were the social and political features of the life of the province. At first the governors had much power; the great families were hardly established in their almost feudal relations to the soil; and the long terms of office,—fourteen years in one case,—and the peaceful progress of events, show that it was the age of settlement. As the Mexican revolution of 1835 approached the Californians grew restive and gave their governors more and more trouble; at last every noted ranchero family had a different candidate for the governorship, and that "year of revolutions," 1836, saw four successive occupants of the office. Picos, Castros, Alvarados, and a dozen other families, with



THE CAMULOS RANCH,—THE SCENE OF H. H.'S "RAMONA,"—ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MILES FROM SAN BUENAVENTURA.

DON JUAN B. CASTRO.

their adherents and relatives, were struggling for social and political supremacy.[1]

The great families of the Spanish pioneer period have mostly representatives at the present day; some of them have retained wealth and influence, especially in the southern counties. Don Romualdo Pacheco, whose mother was Ramona Carrillo, became State senator, lieutenant-governor, and one of the leaders of the Republican party. The grandson of Captain Antonio del Valle, who came from Mexico to California in 1819, is now one of the most prominent politicians in the State. Don Juan B. Castro has held many offices of trust and profit in Monterey County. Don Ignacio Sepulveda, a thoroughly educated lawyer, married an American wife, and was long a superior judge in Los Angeles. A number of similar cases might be mentioned in which individuals of the conquered race have found their opportunity in the material development of the Pacific coast. Still, these were but exceptions; most of the old families sank into obscurity, and it is now difficult to trace their connections. Only about thirty Spanish families of California have retained any wealth or influence.

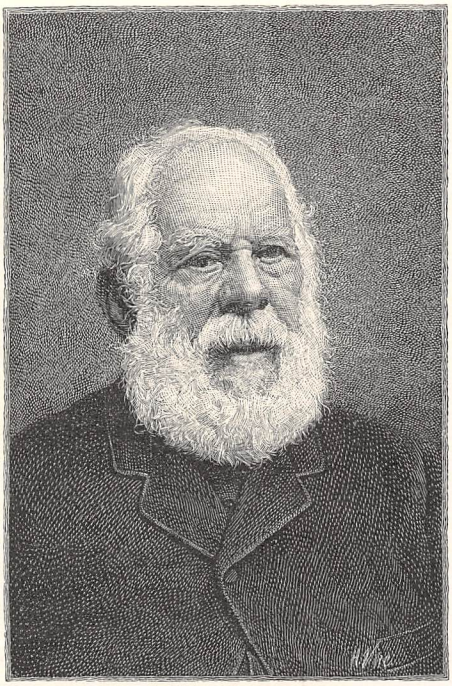
Among the families of the first rank as regards wealth, influence, dignity, and pride of birth were the Castros, Picos, Arguellos, Bandinis, Carrillos, Alvarados, Vallejos, Avilas, Ortegas, Noriegas, Peraltas, Sepulvedas, Pachecos, Yorbas, and their numerous connections. The Estradas, for instance, were relatives of the Alvarados, and Don José Abrego, of Monterey, treasurer of the province from 1839 to 1846, married an Estrada. This made the Abregos allies of the Alvarados. Don José's son married a daughter of Jacob P. Leese, the American, son-in-law of General Vallejo; his daughter married Judge Webb of Salinas: the Alvarado-Vallejo connection had drawn the Abregos towards the Americans. The founder of the Alvarado family was Juan B., a settler of 1769, whose son José was sergeant at Monterey, and whose grandson was the governor. The mother of the governor was Maria Josefa Vallejo; his wife was Martina Castro. The founder of the Arguello family was Don José Dario, who arrived in 1781; his wife was a daughter of the Moragas, and their children intermarried with the best families of the province. One daughter was the famous Maria de la Concepcion Marcela, born in 1790, and remembered because of her romance, of which Bret Harte has told the story. There is little to add to the outlines of the poem, except that the tale of the lady Concepcion Arguello is familiar to all the Spanish families, and one often hears it used to illustrate the "simple faith of the ancient days." One of the ladies of the Vallejo family retired to a convent. The lady Apolinaria Lorenzana, of Santa Barbara and San Diego, whose lover died, devoted her

DON MANUEL CASTRO.

life to teaching and to charity, and was known for half a century as "*La Beata*," to whom all doors were open and all sorrows brought. She

[1] The Spanish and Mexican governors of California and the dates of their accession were as follows: Gaspar de Portola, 1767; Felipe de Barri, 1771; Felipe de Neve, 1774; Pedro Fages, 1782; José Antonio Romen, 1790; José J. de Arrillaga, 1792; Diego de Borica, 1794; José J. de Arrillaga, 1800; José Dario Arguello, 1814; Pablo Vicente de Sola, 1815; Luis Antonio Arguello, 1823; José Maria de Echeandia, 1825; Manuel Victoria, 1831; Pio Pico, 1832; José Figueroa, 1833; José Castro, 1835; Nicolas Gutierrez, 1836; Mariano Chico, 1836; Nicolas Gutierrez, 1836; Juan B. Alvarado, 1836; Manuel Micheltorena, 1842; Pio Pico, 1845.

planted the famous grapevine of Montecito, long known as the largest in the world, and bearing six thousand clusters in a single season.



PIO PICO, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA IN 1845.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BUTTERFIELD & SUMMERS.)

There were other women as worthy of saintship, of whom the elders still speak.

The well-known family of Pico was founded in 1782, by Don José Maria, the father of the governor. The northern branch of this family sprang from Don José Dolores, who arrived in 1790. The first of the Sotos was Don Ignacio, a pioneer of 1776; and the Moraga family date from the same year, their founder being Comandante José Joaquin, of San Francisco Presidio and San José Pueblo. A large and prominent Los Angeles family, that of the Avilas, was founded by Cornelio Avila in 1783. Alcalde Avila was killed in the revolution of 1836. Several daughters married Americans. The Lugos are often spoken of in histories. They descend from a Mexican soldier, Francisco Lugo, who arrived in 1769, the date which ranks among Spanish Californians as 1849 does among American pioneers. His four daughters married into the four prominent families of Ruiz, Cota, Vallejo, and Carrillo. The town of Martinez, near Monte Diablo, takes its name from the Martinez family, whose founder was an early alcalde of San Francisco, and three of whose daughters married Americans. A far later arrival was the Jimeno family, one of whom was Governor Alvarado's Secretary of State, whose widow became the wife of Dr. Ord, and whose two sons were taken to the Atlantic States by Lieutenant Sherman in 1850 to be educated. An intimate friend of this famous secretary was Don José M. Romero, the most widely known teacher and author of the province, who wrote and printed the "Catecismo de Ortologia" at Monterey in 1836, and established an advanced school, the best in California until the days of Enrique Cambuston and José Maria Campina, whom Governor Alvarado brought from Mexico.

The Bandinis descended from an Andalusian family of high rank, and were in California by 1771. Old Captain José Bandini was the first to raise the Mexican flag, which he did on the ship *Reina*, at San Blas, in 1821. His son Juan married Dolores Estudillo, and, after her death, Refugio Arguello, and was very prominent in the province from 1825 to 1845. The extensive Carrillo family and also the great Ortega family date their Californian record from 1769. The Ortegas founded Santa Barbara. The Carrillos in the second generation married into the Vallejos, Castros, Pachecos, and many other proud families. At the time of the conquest they had connections in every part of the province. The late Judge Covarrubias, of Santa Barbara, one of the most prominent jurists of Southern California, was connected by marriage with the Carrillos. Captain Noriega, of Santa Barbara, also married a Carrillo, and when he died, in 1858, he left more than a hundred descendants. There were large families in those days of simple,

GENERAL ANDRES PICO.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF PIO PICO.)

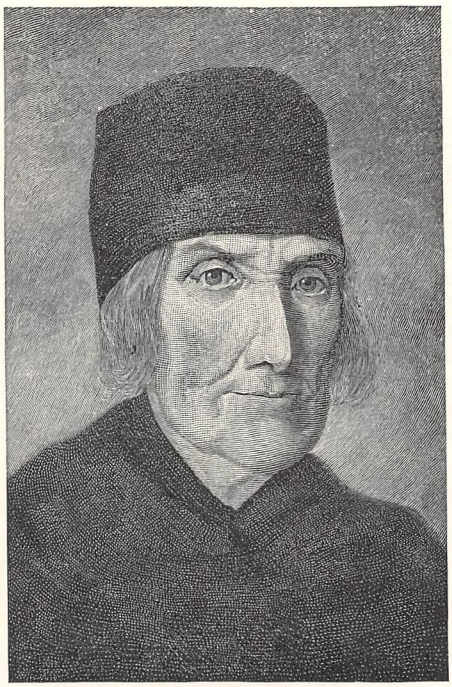
healthy outdoor life; one often reads in the old documents of from twelve to twenty sons and daughters of the same parents. Don Cristobal Dominguez, who owned the Las Virgenes ranch, left fourteen living children, and one hundred and ten living descendants.

The founders of the early families came from all parts of the Spanish dominions. The Castros were from Sinaloa, and so were the Lugos. Old Don Aguirre, a wealthy ship-owner and merchant, who first came in his vessel the *Guipuscuana*, was a Basque, and his family is still represented in San Diego and Santa Barbara. Another Basque pioneer was Don José Amesti, a rough, honest fellow, alcalde of Monterey, and afterwards the governor's secretary, who married Prudencia Vallejo. General Castro once told me that Don José "would even say 'carajo' before his children," a thing which "astonished all his friends," for it was not seemly; no other Californian did so. The officer who founded Branciforte, Colonel Pedro Albertia, was a Catalan. The first of the Alvisos, the Valencias, and the Peraltas were from Sonora. José Mariano Bonilla, from the city of Mexico, was one of the first lawyers in the province. The Vacas, descendants of the famous *conquistadore* Captain Vaca, who was under Cortez, came from New Mexico. Don Manuel Requena of Los Angeles came to California from Yucatan. The Suñols, who owned one of the most beautiful of valleys, were from Spain, and the sons were sent to Paris to be educated. Lieutenant Valdez, who was in the Malaspina expedition of 1791, returned to Europe and was killed at Trafalgar. This noted expedition, under Alejandro Malaspina, consisted of two royal corvettes of Spain, which left Cadiz in 1789, reached California in 1791, and went around the world. In ways like these, and from a thousand channels of commerce and adventure, every province of Spain and Mexico became represented among the pioneer families of California.

MARIA DE JESUS VALLEJO (SISTER MARIA TERESA).

THE Vallejo family traces its descent from soldiers and nobles of the heroic days of Spain, and is as well known in the mother country as in California. A copy of the genealogical record of the family, which has been kept with great precision, was filed in 1806 in the Spanish archives of Alta California. It states that Don Alonzo Vallejo commanded the Spanish troops on board the vessel which brought the royal commissioner Bobadilla to America with orders to carry Columbus a prisoner to Spain. Another famous Vallejo was a captain under Cortez, followed that illustrious cutthroat to the complete conquest of Mexico, and became governor of the province of Panuco, lord of great silver mines, and master of peons innumerable.

Bilbao, the ancient capital of Burgos, Spain, was the place from which the branch of the Vallejos that is known in California started for the New World. Of this branch came Don

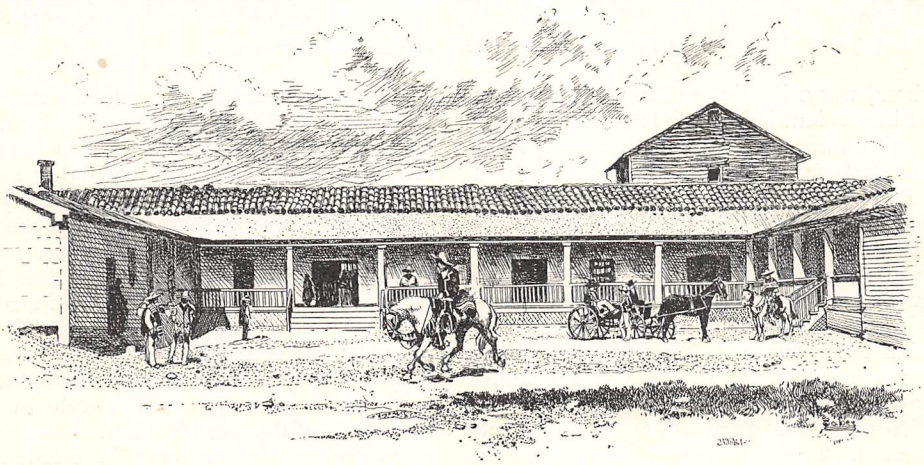


THE MOTHER OF GENERAL VALLEJO, BORN MARIA ANTONIA LUGO.

Ignacio Vicente Vallejo, born in 1748, in the city of Guadalaxara, Mexico, and designed, as were many of the family before him, for holy orders and the service of the Church. The young man rebelled, volunteered under Captain Rivera y Moncada in Padre Junipero Serra's famous expedition, landing at San Diego in 1769, and thus became a pioneer among the Spanish pioneers themselves. He soon became prominent in the colony, and was not only made military commander of various towns, but was long the only civil engineer in the province, laying out most of the greater irrigation works of the Missions and pueblos, and becoming the owner of extensive and valuable estates.

Don Ignacio's engagement and marriage are noted in most of the chronicles of the period. The great Missions were being founded, and, outside of priests and Indians, few people were in the country; California, as late as in the "golden prime of '49," was a masculine community, and women of the better sort were hard to find. When, therefore, the young soldier of fortune saw, at San Luis Obispo, in 1776, on the day of her birth, an infant daughter of the Lugo family, then as now prominent among the Spanish families of Southern California, he did not delay his wooing. Using all the dignity and formality that the aristocratic *gentils de razon* of the period considered essential in such matters, he obtained an interview with the parents, and negotiated a solemn contract of engagement with the day-old Señorita Maria Antonia Lugo, subject to the girl's future consent. She grew up to be an exceedingly attractive and intelligent young woman, and in due season they were married. It proved an extremely happy and fortunate union, and the success of the founder of the Vallejo family in California in speaking for an infant in arms became almost a family proverb from San Diego to Sonoma. Don Ignacio's home was notable, even in that pioneer age, for its patriarchal simplicity, and he maintained to the day of his death, in 1831, a noble and dignified leadership of the family. Señora Vallejo survived her husband until 1851, and a painting made a short time before her death shows the almost puritanical severity and strength of character of this old Spanish lady of the Arcadian period of California.

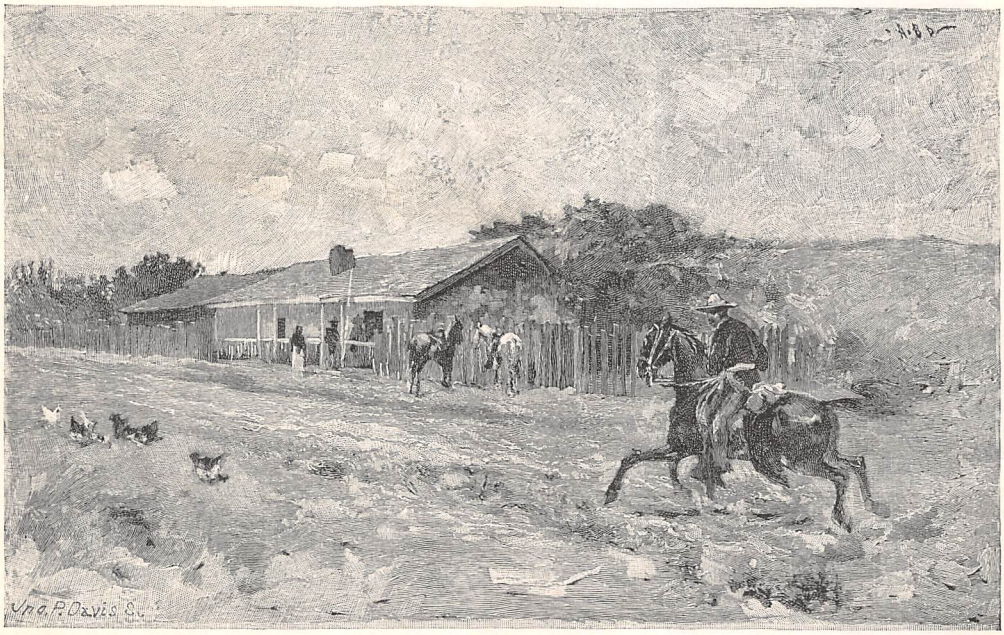
None of the Spanish pioneer families have more carefully preserved the traditions and



DE LA GUERRA MANSION.

relics of the past than have the Vallejos. With them, as with others, the time of greatest prosperity was between 1820 and 1846. Among the great families with which they were closely connected by marriage or friendship were the De la Guerras, whose founder, Don José de la Guerra y Noriega, was born in Santander, Spain, of a family which dates back to the Moorish wars. Early in the century the family owned no fewer than eight large ranches, and as late as 1850 Don José sold nearly $100,000 worth of cattle annually, and was one of the great men of the pastoral period, with hundreds of herdsmen scattered over leagues of territory. His wife, Maria Antonia Carrillo, the daughter of Don Raymundo, one of the first commanders at San Diego and Santa Barbara, was called in common speech "that most benevolent lady." The seventh of their eleven children was several times mayor of Santa Barbara. The eldest daughter married W. P. Hartnell, of London. The youngest daughter, Antonia, afterwards Mrs. Oreña, was called in her day the greatest beauty on the Pacific coast.

It is remarkable how many of the daughters of the best families of the old Californian towns married Americans and Englishmen of standing. In the Carrillo family four daughters married foreigners; the Ortegas, Noriegas, and many others showed a similar record. The grace, beauty, and modesty of the women of the time were the admiration of every visitor. The freedom from care, the outdoor life and constant exercise, and the perfect climate of California had re-created the Andalusian type of loveliness. In the Ortega family, for instance, the women, who all had brown hair and eyes and were of pure Castilian stock, were so renowned for their beauty that their fame extended to the city of Mexico, and General Ramirez came from there with letters of introduction to win a daughter of the Ortegas. Another of the famous beauties of her day was the Señora Maria Isabel Cota de Pico, who was born in 1783 and died in 1869, leaving over three hundred living descendants. Señorita Guadalupe Ortega married young Joseph Chapman, a New Englander who landed on the coast in 1818 from the Buenos Ayrean privateer which Bouchard commanded, and who was captured by Corporal Lugo, whose sister married Don Ignacio Vallejo. With true Spanish hospitality Lugo made him a guest of the family, and in a year or two secured his social recognition among the leading families. Chapman became prominent at the Mission San Gabriel, and at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, where he died in 1849.



ADOBE HOUSE, SONOMA, ERECTED BY GENERAL VALLEJO, 1834.

A multitude of stories of the social life of the Spanish period might be told here, but it is sufficient to give the outline as told by the descendants of those old families. Each town on the coast was the center of the hide and tallow trade for a hundred miles or more. The

low adobe stores there held piles of costly and beautiful goods in the days of which Farnham and Dana wrote — the days when the great cattle princes came from their ranches to hold festival. The young cavaliers rode in on fiery but well-trained and gaily caparisoned horses, and all the wonderful feats of horsemanship of as fine a race of riders as the world has ever seen were performed daily on mesa and sea-beach and plaza. But the home life of these great families was simplicity itself. In many a Spanish house there was no fireplace, window, or chimney. The fire for cooking was built on a clay floor, partly roofed, outside of the main building. The household utensils were few — a copper or iron kettle, a slab of rock on which to pound corn or wheat, a soapstone griddle for the tortillas. Dishes, tableware, and furniture came slowly, and were of the most simple description. For years a raw hide stretched on the floor with a blanket spread over it formed the usual bed in early California. Everything was kept exquisitely clean, and though the Spanish families learned to spend more on their houses and belongings, they seemed to look upon such things as only affording opportunities for a more generous hospitality.

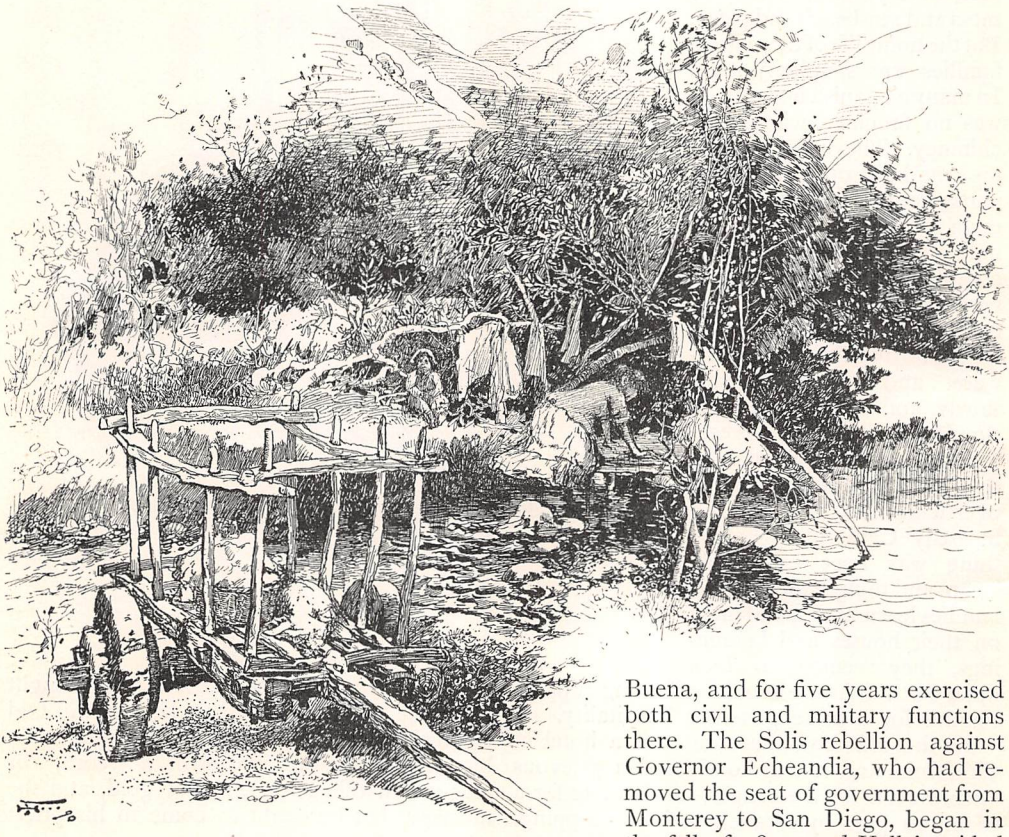
DOÑA VALLEJO, WIDOW OF GENERAL VALLEJO, BORN FRANCISCA BENICIA CARRILLO.

In the old days there was not a hotel in California, and it was considered a grievous offense even for a stranger, much more for a friend, to pass by a ranch without stopping. Fresh horses were always furnished, and in many cases on record when strangers appeared to need financial help a pile of uncounted silver was left in the sleeping apartment, and they were given to understand that they were to take all they needed. This money was covered with a cloth, and it was a point of honor not to count it beforehand nor afterwards. It was "guest silver," and the custom continued until its abuse by travelers compelled the native Californians to abandon it. Among themselves no one was ever allowed to suffer or struggle for lack of help. The late Dr. Nicholas Den, of Santa Barbara, who married into the Ortega family, once needed money to carry through a speculation, and thought of going to Los Angeles to borrow it. Old Father Narciso, hearing of the matter, sent his Indian boy to him with a "cora," or four-gallon tule basket, full of gold, and the message that he ought to come to his priest whenever he needed help.

The collections of "Documents relating to the History of California" made by General Vallejo and his brother Don J. J. Vallejo, and now in the Bancroft library, and the very graphic and careful series of manuscript notes and memoranda by General Vallejo, entitled "Historia de California," all cast light upon the social and economic conditions in these Arcadian days. A very large number of the old families, such as the Castros, Picos, Arces, and Peraltas, and many of the Americans who had married native Californians, furnished manuscripts, letters, and various documents of permanent value. In fact it may be doubted if

the pioneer period of any other American State has had a more complete mass of original authoritative data made ready for the historian's use. Much still remains to be collected from first hands, and many minor historical questions will probably be solved by documents still held by the native Californian families, who treasure every scrap of written paper.

The link between the old and the new, between the quiet and happy pastoral age of the beginning of the century and the age of American growth and change that followed fast on the conquest, was that remarkable man, General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo,[1] whose children, as he once told me, "were born under three administrations—Spanish, Mexican, and American." One of his daughters said, "Two of us, when we were small, were called by our brothers and sisters 'the little Yankees.'" General Vallejo, the eighth of the thirteen children of Don Ignacio, was born in 1808, in the old seaport town of Monterey, long the capital of the province, and died January 18, 1890, in Sonoma, once the northern fortress of the province and guarded by the young general's soldiers. At the age of sixteen he was an officer in the army and the private secretary of the governor of California. In 1829, when only twenty-one, he became lieutenant-commander of the northern department, which included all the country north of Santa Cruz, and made his headquarters at the presidio. Here he organized the first town government of Yerba Buena, and for five years exercised both civil and military functions there. The Solis rebellion against Governor Echeandia, who had removed the seat of government from Monterey to San Diego, began in the fall of 1829, and Vallejo aided in the defeat of the insurgents at Santa Barbara. He was a member of the territorial deputation in 1831, and brought articles of impeachment against Governor Victoria, who was defeated and driven from California in the revolution which followed. The next year General Vallejo married Señorita Francisca Benicia Carrillo, by whom he had seventeen children, nine of whom are now living.[2]



WASHING-DAY ON A RANCH.

By 1840 the young lieutenant had reached

[1] See portrait in THE CENTURY for December, 1890.

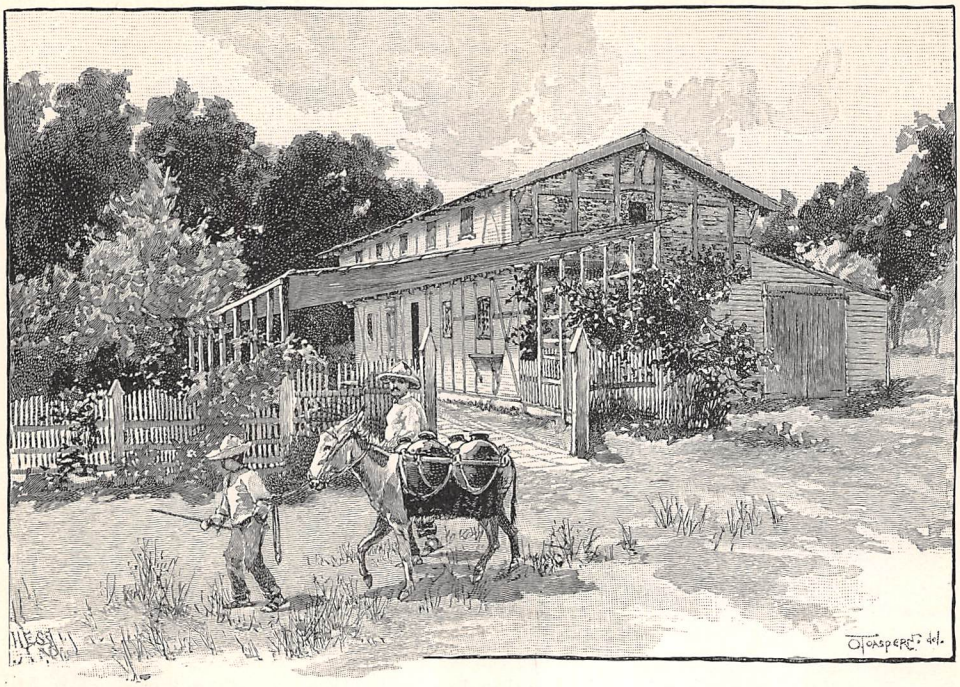
[2] The eldest became the wife of General John B. Frisbie; the others are the wife of Dr. Frisbie, Mrs. Attila Haraszthy, Mrs. E. Emperan, Mrs. J. Henry Cutter, Dr. Platon Vallejo, Andronica Vallejo, Ulla Vallejo, and Napoleon Vallejo.

THE FANDANGO.

the rank of lieutenant-general, and was the one man in California to whom the entire province turned with perfect confidence in every emergency. When Gutierrez was deposed Vallejo took control of affairs, and he made his nephew Alvarado civil governor, retaining military control himself. Micheltorena, who succeeded him as governor, confirmed all his acts, and appointed him military commander of the whole territory north of Monterey. Vallejo then founded the town of Sonoma, making it his military headquarters, and spent more than a quarter of a million dollars there. He sent to Mexico for a printing press and type, set up with his own hands his orders and proclamations, and printed and bound several pamphlets. This was in 1839. The famous Zamorano press of Monterey, which began work in November, 1834, with carnival ball invitations, had printed the "Catecismo" and many public documents, which are much prized by collectors. Paper was so scarce that the proof-sheets and defective prints were saved and used for fly-leaves of the curious little *arisméticas* and other text-books that were issued a few years later for the schools of the province.

One has to go back to the days of the famous Spanish "marches," or frontier towns built and defended in Spain's heroic age by her proudest knights, to find a fit parallel in history to the position held by General Vallejo during the closing years of the Mexican rule in California. He had absolute sway for a hundred miles or more, and he "kept the border." His men rode on horseback to Monterey and to Captain Sutter's fort on the Sacramento, bringing him news and carrying his letters. Spanish families colonized the fertile valleys under his protection, and Indians came and built in the shadows of the Sonoma Mission. He owned, as he believed by unassailable title, the largest and finest ranch in the province, and he dispensed a hospitality so generous and universal that it was admired and extolled even among the old Spanish families. J. Quinn Thornton, who visited the coast in 1848 and published his experiences, says: "Governor-General Vallejo owns 1000 horses that are broken to the saddle and bridle, and 9000 that are not broken. Broken horses readily bring one hundred dollars apiece, but the unbroken ones can be purchased for a trivial sum." More and more in the closing years of the epoch and the days of the conquest General Vallejo became the representative man of his people, and so he has received, among many of the old families, the reproachful name of a traitor to California and to his nation. The quiet intensity of this bitterness, even to-day, is a startling thing. I have seen men of pure blood, famous in provincial history, leave the room at the name of Vallejo.

In 1844–45 the native Californians drove out Governor Micheltorena, and began to discuss the feasibility of establishing a separate government. In 1846 the famous Santa Barbara convention of leading ranchers occurred, and, according to General Vallejo's memo-



OLD SWISS HOUSE OF GENERAL VALLEJO AT SONOMA, IMPORTED IN PARTS FROM SWITZERLAND.

randa, English influences were very strong. He exerted all his personal influence, and secured an adjournment of the convention to Monterey, where that fine old American, Consul Thomas O. Larkin, helped him in his struggle. Here Vallejo made a bold speech against an English protectorate, against a separate republic, and in favor of annexation to the United States and ultimate statehood. He was thoroughly equipped for the task, the best educated man among the native Californians, and inspired by the American ideal. The convention closed with its leaders, such as his nephews Castro and Alvarado, ready to adopt the views of Vallejo, and the way seemed prepared for a hearty welcome to the Americans. But the Bear Flag episode followed, Vallejo was carried a prisoner to Sutter's Fort, and the opportunity of peaceful conquest was lost. Nevertheless, as soon as he was released he threw himself heart and soul into the work of organizing a government. He aided in framing a temporary code of laws, and in securing its support by the Spanish population. He laid out the town sites of Benicia and Vallejo on the strait of Carquinez, and he was a leading member of the constitutional convention. General Vallejo's whole career showed that he was actuated by a large and noble ambition to be recognized as the foremost citizen of the State. Nothing marked this element in his nature more clearly than the magnificent plans for his proposed capital at Vallejo. He offered to construct public buildings and give large areas of land. The long-forgotten scheme, which was laid before the legislature of 1850, who accepted, and was ratified by the people, was in every respect worthy of his magnificent liberality. He began to build his new city, but, contrary to the pledges of the State, the capital was removed to Sacramento at the next session of the legislature. Squatters began to settle upon his great Suscol and Petaluma ranches, and ultimately the Supreme Court of the United States rejected the title to the larger part of his estates. He spent the rest of his life on a comparatively small homestead, "Lachryma Montis," near the old town of Sonoma.

Lachryma Montis is one of the few historical mansions of the Pacific coast. The dwelling house, built in 1850–51, cost nearly $60,000 and came from all parts of the world — the mantelpieces from Honolulu, the iron from China, the bricks from South America. Carpenters' wages were then seventeen dollars a day, and the great redwoods that were hewn in the Sonoma forests were "whip-sawed" by hand for the plank required. The spring on the mountain side that gave the mansion its name was walled in, and a lake which supplied the town with water and fed fountains in the orange, lemon, and olive groves was thus formed. More nopal hedges were planted, and the old ones extended. A chalet imported in parts from Switzerland was erected near the man-

sion. Farther away were the old adobes. A pavilion of iron, glass, and bamboo, imported from China, cost, as members of the family tell me, more than a hundred thousand dollars. When the estates were lost the beautiful grounds began to fall into ruins, through lack of means to keep them up, and in 1890 General Vallejo died a comparatively poor man.

Sonoma Valley is full of stories of his generosity. Father Lorenzo Waugh, an early Methodist circuit-rider of the region, saw the squatters taking up land in the valley while waiting for a decision respecting Vallejo's title. He went to the general, and was told to go ahead and settle on a quarter-section, and he would do all in his power to secure him a title. Father Waugh did so, and nine years later, while Vallejo was away, the lines of this particular district were settled, and his lawyer, against orders, sold the tract on which Waugh lived. As soon as Vallejo learned this he gave him a title to three hundred acres of better land, a part of the home estate. No one will ever know how many hundreds of American pioneers owed their start in the world to General Vallejo, even while he was struggling against immense financial difficulties and losing his lands, not by acres, but by square leagues. Many others of the old Californians made a distinction between the "Gringo thieves" and the pleasant, manly pioneers who were good neighbors. A volume could be written about the unsolicited gifts of land — fifty acres here, a hundred there — made to young Americans to whom the great rancheros had taken a fancy, or who had rendered them a service. "Take the land," said Don Alviso to a Connecticut man in 1849, in Alameda County. "You can keep it; I cannot."

After General Vallejo found his estate slipping away he devoted himself more and more to horticulture and to the education of his children. He occasionally appeared in public, and the greatness of his services to the commonwealth was recognized by every thoughtful citizen. The general's name is mentioned in nearly every book of travels or magazine article relating to early California. In his later years he gathered up and put on record a surprising wealth of material relating to the old Spanish days of California. From him the historians have drawn most of their important details. His manuscript, now in the Bancroft collection, is written with such exquisite care and fidelity to truth that, like General Bidwell's recollections of early days in the Sacramento Valley, it has become the primary authority upon all within its range.

General Vallejo's readiness of apt anecdote was always remarkable. Patti once dined with him, and asked the old soldier if he enjoyed the first opera he ever heard.

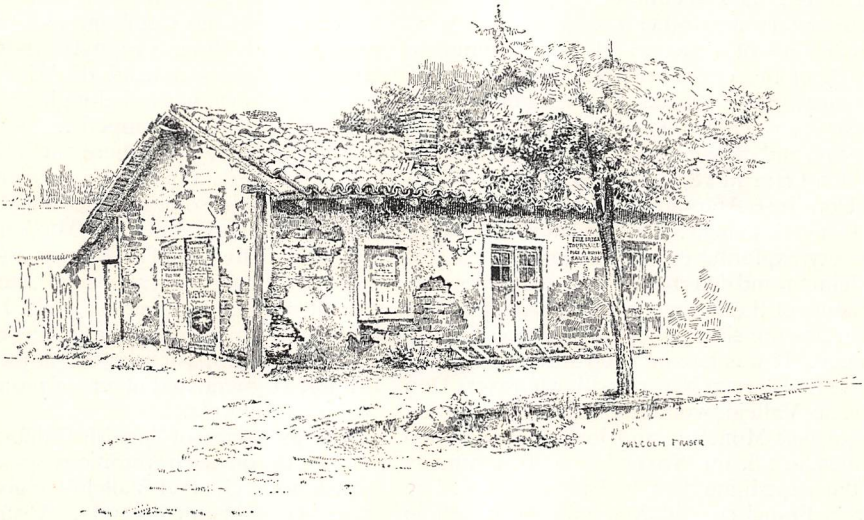
"Why, no," said Vallejo; "and yet I confess I shall never forget it."

This reply aroused Patti's curiosity, and she demanded when and where the event took place.

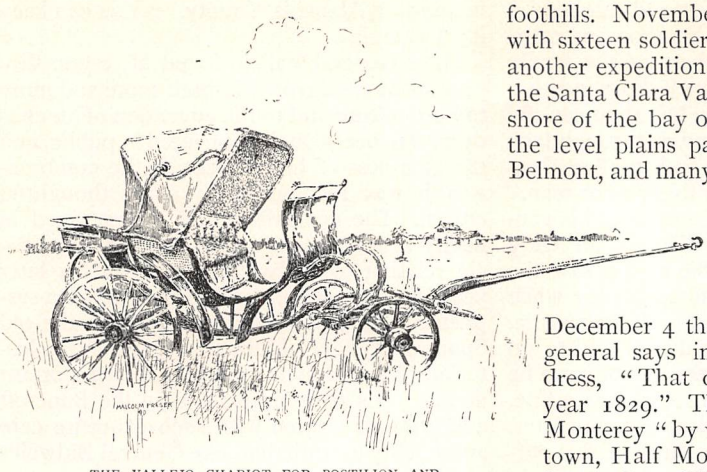
"In 1828, on the site of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco."

"Indeed! And who was the prima donna so long ago as that?"

"Well, I can't say," was the smiling answer; "but there were at least five hundred coyotes in the chorus."



AN ADOBE IN SONOMA.



THE VALLEJO CHARIOT FOR POSTILION AND FOOTMAN, BROUGHT FROM MEXICO EARLY IN THIS CENTURY.

A volume of description could not give a more complete picture of the loneliness of the peninsula at that time.

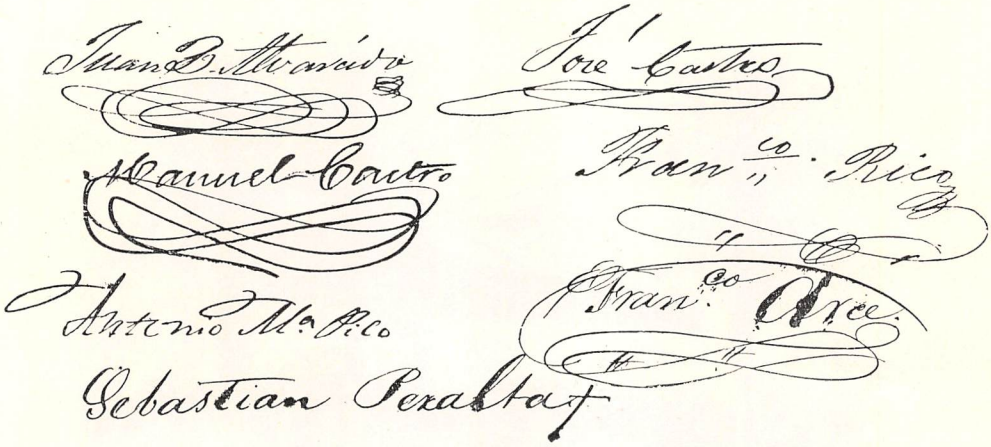
In his younger days General Vallejo not only knew almost every one of the five thousand Spanish Californians in the province, the greater part of the Mission Indians, and the chiefs of the wild tribes, but he gathered up, even in his youth, the traditions of the pioneers, and tested their accuracy by every possible documentary and other evidence. His journals are full of variety, and form a complete picture of the entire Spanish period. One of his memoranda speaks of the galleon *San Augustin,* which was wrecked in Tomales Bay in 1595, and of which portions drifted into the Golden Gate in 1830, where they were found by Don José Antonio Sanches and identified by General Vallejo! He has traced the track of every exploring expedition from the earliest settlement, and determined most of their camps. His story of the discovery of San Francisco Bay illustrates the slowness of the progress of settlement. It was late in 1769 that the Portala party and Captain Rivera, with whom was Don Ignacio Vallejo, worked northward from San Diego, past Monterey, and down the San Mateo peninsula, till, on November 2, two hunters of the expedition first looked upon the bay of San Francisco, and November 4 the whole party saw the great bay. In March, 1772, Captain Fages and Father Crespi made that notable exploration which extended from Monterey across the Salinas Valley, through the hills to the Santa Clara Valley, up the east side of the bay past San José and Oakland, and along the shores of San Pablo and Suisun to where Antioch now stands. The San Joaquin River was crossed at this point, and recrossed by the expedition, which returned to Monterey through the Monte Diablo foothills. November 23, 1774, Captain Rivera, with sixteen soldiers and Father Palou, made another expedition to the bay. They entered the Santa Clara Valley and skirted the western shore of the bay of San Francisco, following the level plains past the sites of Palo Alto, Belmont, and many other towns of to-day, and crossing to the ocean beach at Laguna de la Merced, they reached Point Lobos, and climbed the cliff to look down on the Golden Gate. December 4 they planted the cross. The general says in his commemoration address, "That cross I saw myself in the year 1829." The expedition returned to Monterey "by way of San Pedro, Spanishtown, Half Moon Bay, Point New Year, Santa Cruz, Watsonville, Castroville, and Salinas." In 1775 Captain Ayala sailed the *San Carlos* into the bay of San Francisco, and "remained forty days, exploring it in all directions." In the spring of 1776 Colonel Anza and Lieutenant Moraga led another land expedition to the region and returned to Monterey.

Then came the foundation of the Mission and the Presidio. The military force, under Lieutenant Moraga, consisted, says General Vallejo, of one sergeant, two corporals, and ten soldiers, with their wives and children. These conveyed Fathers Palou and Cambon, with two Indian servants and three neophyte Indians, who cared for eighty-six head of Mission cattle, partly their own, partly belonging to the king. June 27, 1776, they camped at the lagoon or lake of Dolores, near where the Mission was soon afterwards built. The soldiers erected barracks of tule, soon replaced by wood. The day of the foundation of the Mission was fixed at October 4, the day of St. Francis, and October 8 the actual building was begun. Among those present were Don Ignacio Vallejo, Lieutenant Moraga, and members of the families of Briones, Galindo, Castro, Pacheco, Bojorques, Bernal, Peralta, Higuera, and others of prominence in Spanish California.

The historians of Spanish Californian days must draw on such traditions as these, obtained from General Vallejo's conversations, or written in his memoranda. A single magazine article can contain only a small part of the wealth of tradition that has gathered about the old Sonoma homestead of the Vallejos — that homestead which is in the highest degree typical of all Spanish homesteads of the first rank on the Pacific coast. Everywhere, in the most picturesque portions of California, are the old adobes that once were social centers of the stately life of nearly a century ago. Most of them are merely ruins, but many are still the homes of the descendants of the first fami-

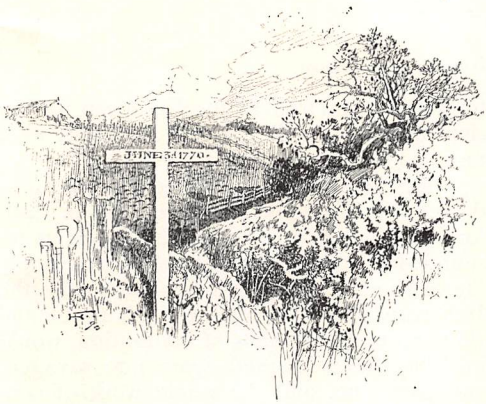
lies of the province. The years that brought such change and wreck to the old days have now carried them so far back into the mists of tradition that they seem centuries away. Vallejo's fortress on the frontier is now a town, as dull and unromantic as Yonkers. About the ancient pueblo of Los Angeles has sprung up an intensely modern city. A railroad extends through the very graveyard of San Miguel Mission. Much needs to be done by Californians to preserve the memorials of the past that was so fair and so fruitful a beginning of the story of the commonwealth. The agency through which this is to be accomplished is likely to be the association known as the Native Sons of the Golden West, under whose public-spirited direction was conducted the recent successful celebration of the admission of California.

Charles Howard Shinn.



FROM AN OLD DOCUMENT.

THE MISSIONS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA.[1]



CROSS AT MONTEREY MARKING THE LANDING PLACE OF JUNIPERO SERRA.

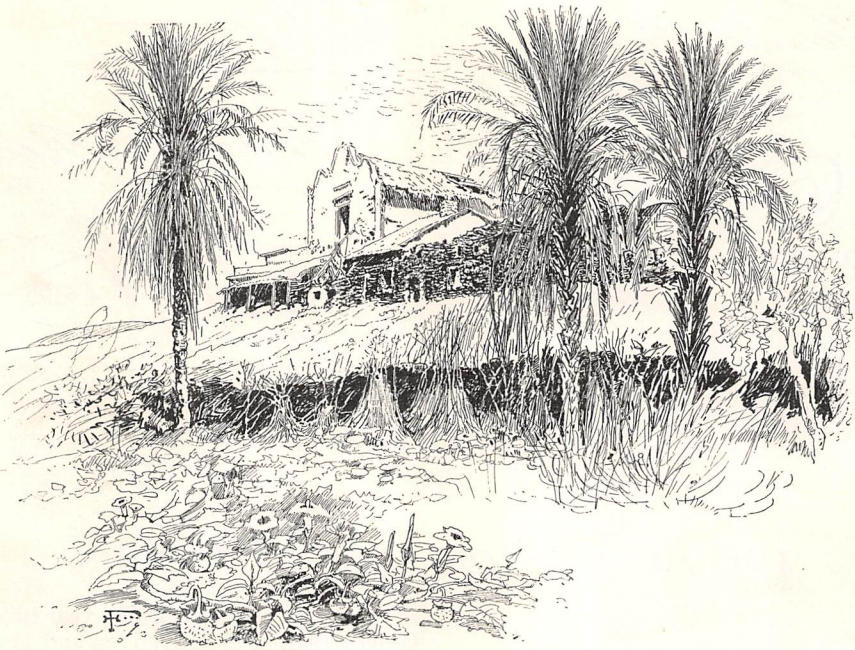
ALTHOUGH the peninsula of Lower California was discovered as early as 1534, and many attempts were made to colonize it, it remained wholly unoccupied by Spain down to 1697. In February of that year two Jesuit fathers, Juan Maria Salvatierra and Francisco Eusebio Kino, asked permission to attempt the spiritual conquest of the country, which was granted on condition that the king should not be called on for any part of the expense involved, and that possession should be taken distinctly in the name of the Spanish crown. Armed with this authority and the sanction of their superiors in the order, the two missionaries set about collecting funds for their undertaking, and in a short time succeeded in obtaining sufficient means to commence it. These funds, subscribed by charitable individuals, whose names and contributions the gratitude of the fathers has preserved for us to this day, increased, in progress of time, to an aggregate of sufficient importance to find frequent mention in Mexican legislation and history, under the name of the "Pious Fund of the Californias." It constituted afterwards the endowment and support of the Missions on all the west coast of the continent as far north as claimed by Spain, the whole of which was called by the general name of the Californias.

The thirteen Missions founded by the Jesuits

[1] See also "Father Junipero and his Work: A Sketch of the Foundation, Prosperity, and Ruin of the Franciscan Missions in California," by "H. H.," in this magazine for May and June, 1883.—EDITOR.

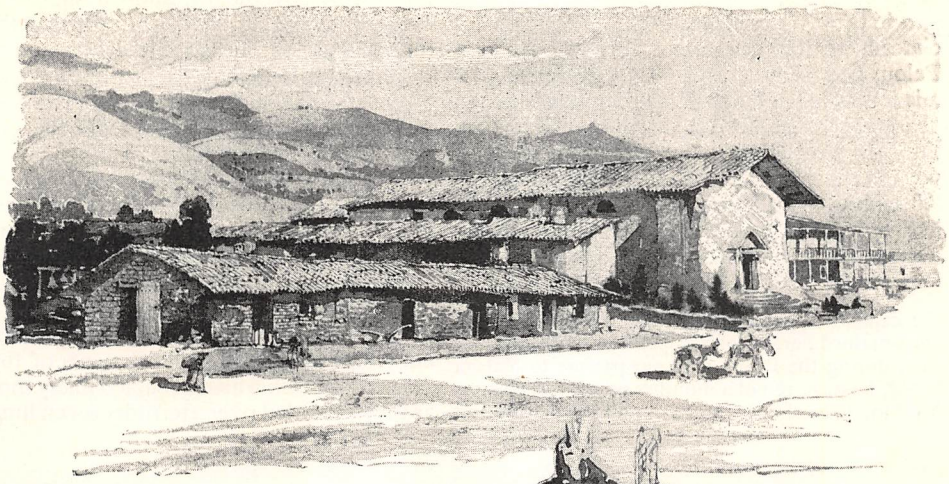
in Lower California extended from Cape San Lucas, at the extremity of the peninsula, northwards. Details regarding them are deemed out of place here: they were in a flourishing condition at the time of the expulsion of the order in 1768, and the establishments remain to the present day; ruined indeed and deserted by the population that once clustered round them, but attesting still the pious zeal of their founders.

In 1767 the Spanish monarch, by a "pragmatic sanction," directed that the Society of Jesus should be expelled from his dominions. With a refinement of cruelty this decree was directed to be put into force in every part of the kingdom at the same instant. At a given hour of the night, long after the inmates were in profound sleep, a train of vehicles was drawn up at the door of every Jesuit college, novitiate, or other establishment of any kind, and the porter was roused from sleep and directed, in the name of the king, to summon all the members of the community to instant assembly in the chapel or refectory. Hastily putting on their garments, the members obeyed the summons, bewildered to conjecture its cause. The roll was called, the laggards, if there were any, were brought in, and the assembled members were then informed that his Majesty had been pleased to banish them forever from his dominions. Carriages were awaiting them below, and relays of animals were provided for their transportation to the nearest seaport, where vessels were prepared to convey them abroad. A few moments only were allowed to them to snatch their breviaries, beads, prayer-books, and necessary clothing, and within an hour after the first knock at the door of the establishment the whole body of inmates was in motion towards the coast, where they were with equal suddenness and despatch shipped off to Rome. During their journey to the point of embarkation no intercourse was allowed either with friends or with persons casually met on the road. They vanished from Spain, and from all the European possessions of Spain, as silently and as rapidly as a morning mist.



THE FIRST MISSION IN CALIFORNIA (SAN DIEGO).

It was not possible to enforce this barbarous decree with the same cruel precision in California. The place was too remote, and its resources inadequate. It was necessary to supply the Missions with other missionaries, else the Indians, who had been with so much trouble and effort reduced to habits of civilization, would infallibly have relapsed again into savagery and paganism, and the whole work of conquest would have to be recommenced. Thus the necessities of the situation somewhat modified the cruelty of the proceedings in California. The missionaries were assembled in La Paz in February, 1768, and amid the tears and lamentations of their Indian flocks, who, from every Mission in the peninsula, sent delegations to accompany their spiritual fathers, they finally embarked, and, after a toilsome pilgrimage across Mexico, finally took ship at Vera



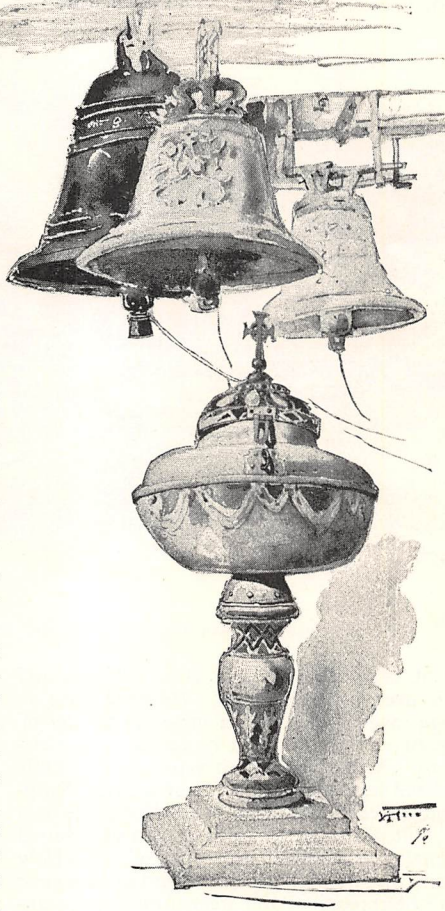
MISSION OF SAN JOSÉ. (DRAWN AFTER A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN 1853, NOW OWNED BY J. L. BEARD.)

Cruz on the 13th of April. From the magnitude of the Pious Fund the hungry politicians, who hoped to profit by their expulsion, looked for large amounts of money from the plunder of the California Missions. The total of all sums found at them proved less than a hundred dollars.

Arrangements had been made by the viceroy by which Franciscan friars, drawn from the convent of San Fernando de Zacatecas, took the place of the expelled Jesuits in the several Missions; and adopting the rules and practices of their predecessors they gradually slid into the confidence of the simple-hearted natives, and carried on the work as it had been commenced.

At this time the Marquis de Croix was Viceroy of New Spain, and José de Galvez was sent over from the mother country as Visitador General, armed with extraordinary powers. Apprehensions of an attempt by the English to enlarge their possessions in America and to obtain a foothold on the Pacific made it appear unsafe to permit the northwest coast to remain longer unoccupied, and Galvez determined to colonize it on a large scale. He was a man of immense zeal and untiring industry, well chosen for an occasion requiring energetic action. Fortunately he met with an ecclesiastic to second his movements who possessed the same qualities in as high a degree, perhaps in a higher, and who joined to them a humble piety, a zealous devotion to duty, and a self-abnegation even more remarkable. This was Father Junipero Serra, president of the Missions.

Father Michael Joseph Serra was born in the island of Majorca, in the year 1713. After pursuing his studies in the Lullian University there he evinced a preference for a religious life, and



BELLS AND FONT AT SAN JOSÉ.

was admitted to the order of St. Francis, taking instead of his baptismal names that of Junipero, by which only he is known in history. The Franciscans and Dominicans were, about that period, extending their Missions among the Indians of America in rivalry with the Jesuits, and Father Serra with three of his fellow-mem-

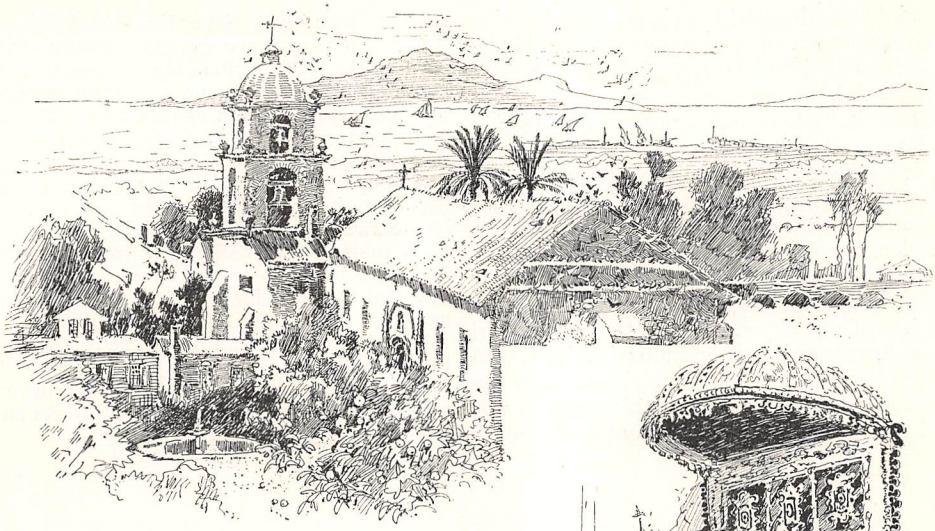
bers became inflamed with the desire to take part in these pious enterprises. The other associates were Fathers Rafael Verger, Francisco Palou, and Juan Crespi. They obtained permission to join a body of missionaries which in 1749 was assembled at Cadiz to embark for the New World, and after a ninety-nine days' voyage they landed in Vera Cruz. Palou has left us a quaint history of their journey, which in these days of rapid transit is rather amusing. The voyage from Majorca to Malaga was made in a small English coaster,

the captain of which [says he] was a stubborn, cross-grained heretic, of a disposition so aggravating that, during the fifteen days our passage to Malaga lasted, he gave us not a minute's peace. We scarce had time to read our office, from his everlasting and persistent craving to dispute about religion and wrangle over doctrinal points. He understood no language save English and a mere smattering of Portuguese, and in the latter he conducted his disputations. With the English version of the Bible in his hand he would read a text of the Holy Scripture and proceed to interpret it according to his own ideas. But our Father Junipero was so well versed in dogmatic theology and so familiar with the Holy Scriptures that he would at once point out the error and misinterpretation, and frequently refer to another text in confirmation. The captain would thereupon rummage his greasy old Bible, and when he could find no other escape would declare that the leaf was torn and he could n't find the verse he wanted.

The captain, as Father Palou states, remained "doggedly perverse" till the last, and in fact the disputes waxed so hot at times that he more than once threatened to throw the missionaries overboard, and on one occasion clapped a dagger at Father Serra's throat, threatening his life. It is not surprising that the missionaries rejoiced at again reaching *terra firma* after fifteen days of tossing in a Mediterranean vessel and enjoying from the officers these social amenities.

After many years' successful missionary efforts in the Sierra Gorda, Father Serra was selected to take principal charge of the Missions of California, now confided to the Franciscans, and he arrived at the port of Loreto with fifteen associates on the 2d of April, 1768. After having made the necessary dispositions for occupying the various establishments of the peninsula — a task which occupied many months, as they extended over a territory seven hundred mile. in length — he was ready to coöperate with Galvez in the subjection of Upper California to the practical dominion of the crown of Spain and the Christian religion. Two expeditions were organized for the purpose, one by sea and the other by land. The latter was formed into two detachments, which, after a toilsome march from San Fernando de Vellicata, on the Indian frontier of Lower California, were, on the 1st of July, 1769, reunited at the bay of San Diego, where the schooners *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*, which had come up the coast to meet them, were also safely anchored. San Diego was a place of which at that time nothing more was known than that there was an excellent harbor, which had been visited by Sebastian Vizcayno in his voyage of 1601–2. This journey to San Diego occupied ninety-three days, during which Father Serra suffered

MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO OF PADUA, ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM MONTEREY.



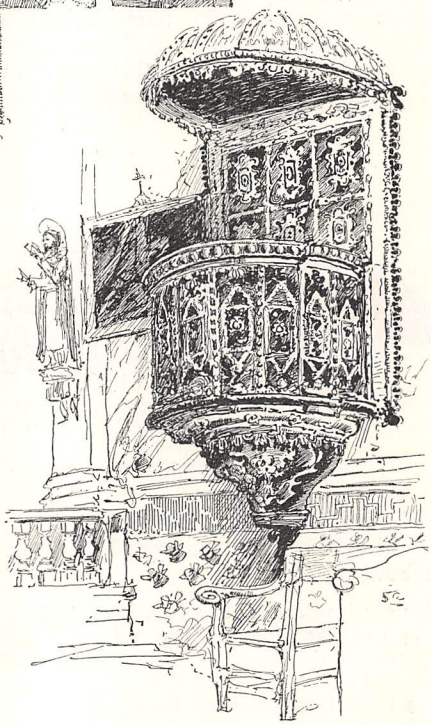
MISSION OF SAN BUENAVENTURA.

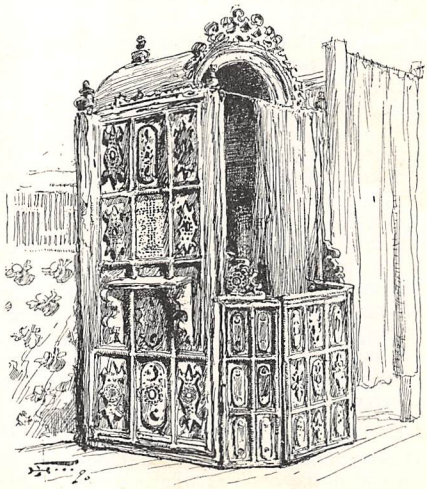
excruciatingly from an injury to one of his legs, so that at times he could neither walk nor ride.

The first Mission of Upper California was founded at San Diego, and before the lapse of a fortnight a second expedition was organized, under Don Gaspar de Portola, which was directed to proceed up the coast as far as Monterey and to found a Mission there. Monterey was also a place made known to Spanish geographers by Vizcayno's voyage of 1602, in his report of which he had described it in glowing terms as a magnificent harbor, fit to shelter the navies of the world. Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez were the chaplains of this expedition, which was also to have the coöperation of the two schooners, which were directed to the same destination.

How this land expedition toiled up the coast from San Diego, of its "moving accidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth 'scapes, ... of antres vast and deserts idle, rough quarries, rocks and hills," of how in its search for Monterey it stumbled on the bay of San Francisco and first made known to civilized man the garden of the present State of California, I have related elsewhere and will not here repeat. Suffice it to say, that having penetrated as far up the coast and over the Coast Range as to look down from the crest over what is now Searsville on the broad expanse of the Santa Clara Valley, and on the great estuary which its historian described as a "Mediterranean sea," the expedition, compelled by the approach of winter, the scarcity of food, and the increasing hostility of the aborigines, turned on the 11th of November to retrace its steps to San Diego.

On again reaching Point Pinos and the supposed place of the bay of Monterey, nearly a





PULPIT AND CONFESSIONAL OF SAN BUENAVENTURA.

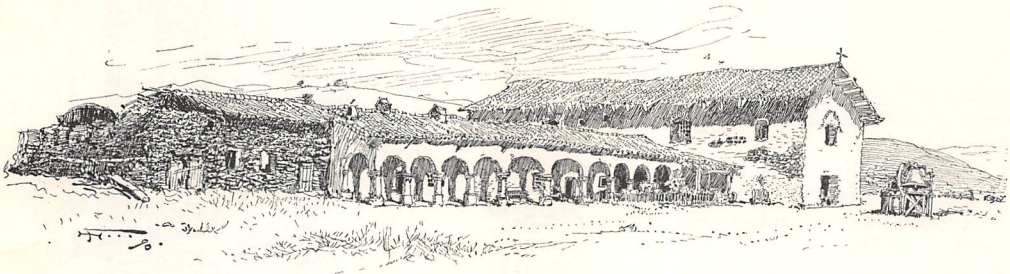
fortnight was devoted to a vigorous exploration of the rugged coast in search of the magnificent port described by Vizcayno, but in vain. The locality did not correspond in any degree to the traveler's glowing description of it. Failing to discover the harbor they were looking for, the leaders concluded it had been either destroyed by some convulsion of nature, or filled with silt, and so obliterated. They erected a large wooden cross at the north and another at the south side of Point Pinos as a memorial of their visit, and for the purpose of attracting the attention of the expedition by sea, which had been despatched to coöperate with them. On the cross erected at the south side was cut the legend: "Dig at the foot of this and you will find a writing"; and at its foot accordingly they buried a brief account of their journey. Its text is set forth in the diary of Father Crespi as follows:

The overland expedition which left San Diego on the 14th of July, 1769, under the command of Don Gaspar de Portola, Governor of California, reached the channel of Santa Barbara on the 9th of August and passed Point Concepcion on the 27th of the same month. It arrived at the Sierra de Santa Lucia on the 13th of September, entered that range of mountains on the 17th of the same month, and emerged from it on the 1st of October. On the same day caught sight of Point Pinos and the harbors on its north and south sides without discovering any indications or landmarks of the bay of Monterey. Determined to push on farther in search of it, and on the 30th of October got sight of Point Reyes and the Farallones at the bay of San Francisco,[1] which are seven in number. The expedition strove to reach Point Reyes, but was hindered by an immense arm of the sea, which, extending to a great distance inland, compelled it to make an enormous circuit for that purpose. In consequence of this and other difficulties, the greatest of all being the absolute want of food, the expedition was compelled to turn back, believing that it must have passed the harbor of Monterey without discovering it.

Started on return from the estuary of San Francisco on the 11th of November, passed Point Año Nuevo on the 19th, and reached this point and harbor of Pinos on the 27th of the same month. From that date until the present, 9th of December, we have used every effort to find the bay of Monterey, searching the coast thoroughly notwithstanding its ruggedness, but in vain. At last undeceived, and despairing of finding it after so many efforts, sufferings, and labors, and having left of all our provisions but fourteen small sacks of flour, we leave this place to-day for San Diego. I beg of Almighty God to guide it, and for you, traveler, who may read this, that he may guide you to the harbor of eternal salvation.

Done in this harbor of Pinos, the 9th of December, 1769.

NOTE.—That Don Michael Constanzo, the engineer, observed the latitude of various places on the coast, and the same are as follows.



MISSION OF SAN MIGUEL, SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY.

Here follow the latitudes of various points, after which the letter continues:

If the commanders of the schooners, either the *San José* or the *Principe*, should reach this place within a few days after this date, on learning the contents of this writing, and the distressed condition of this expedition, we beseech them to follow the coast closely towards San Diego, so that, if we should be happy enough to catch sight of them, we may be able by signals of flags or firearms to apprise them where succor and provisions may reach us.

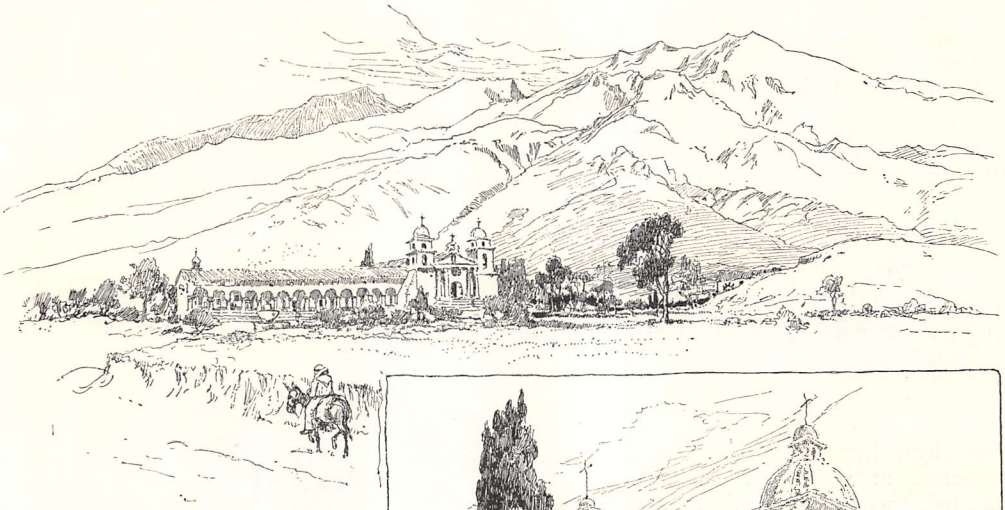
"Glory be to God," says the pious chronicler, "the cross was erected on a little hillock, close to the beach of the small harbor on the south side of Point Pinos, and at its foot we buried the letter."

The cross erected at the north side of the Point bore the simple inscription, cut on its transverse arm with a razor: "The overland expedition from San Diego returned from this place on the 9th of December, 1769, starving."

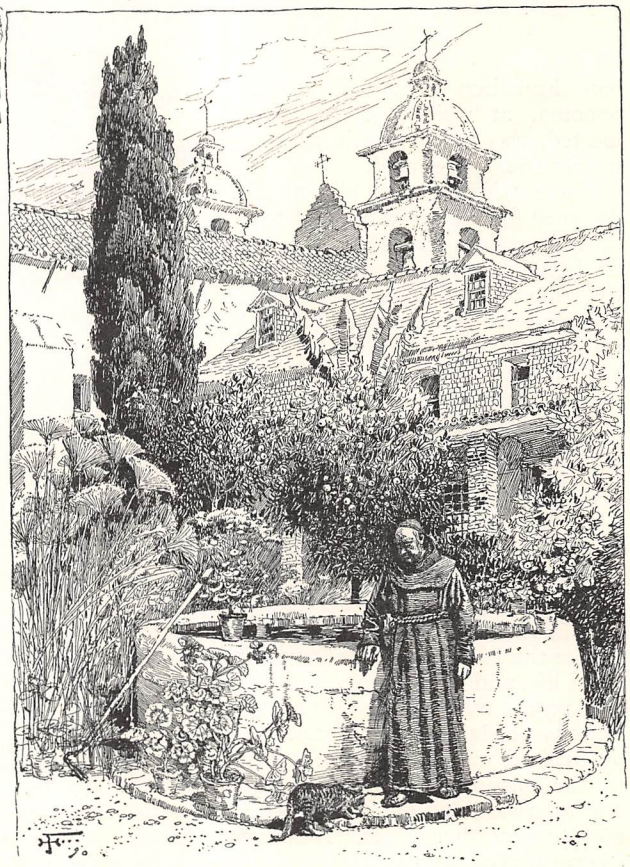
Their prayer for succor was in vain; it never reached those to whom it was addressed. The schooners, after beating up the coast as far as the latitude of Monterey, were driven back by adverse winds, and, after months of fruitless effort to make port there, returned to San Diego, arriving just in time

[1] The bay of San Francisco of the old Spanish geographers and navigators was what we now call "Sir Francis Drake's Bay."

to relieve the infant colony from starvation. The land party plodded its weary way down the coast, encountering sickness, suffering, privation, and occasionally death, until on the 21st of January, 1770, its surviving members reached San Diego, whence it had set out six months and twelve days before.



The effort at missionary colonization was not, however, abandoned. In 1770 another expedition moved up the coast, following the track of the first explorers, whose diary was their guide, and founded the Mission of San Carlos on the bay of Monterey, close to which was established the presidio of the same name. The place first selected proved unsuitable for the site of a Mission, and before the close of 1771 the establishment was removed a few miles to the southward and planted on the banks of the Carmel River, overlooking the charming little bay of the same name. This new foundation was called "El Carmelo." The presidio retained its site and subsequently became the capital city of the department.



MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.

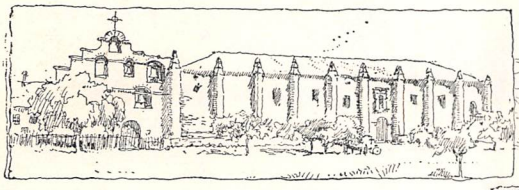
Monterey has become in our day a famous watering-place frequented by visitors from the ends of the earth, and the ancient Mission, El Carmelo, now little better than a ruin, continues to attract the attention of travelers from its picturesque site and from the fact that it contains the remains of the venerable men whose pious efforts created the Missions and laid the foundations of civilization in California. There were interred the remains of Fathers Junipero Serra, Juan Crespi, and Rafael Verger.

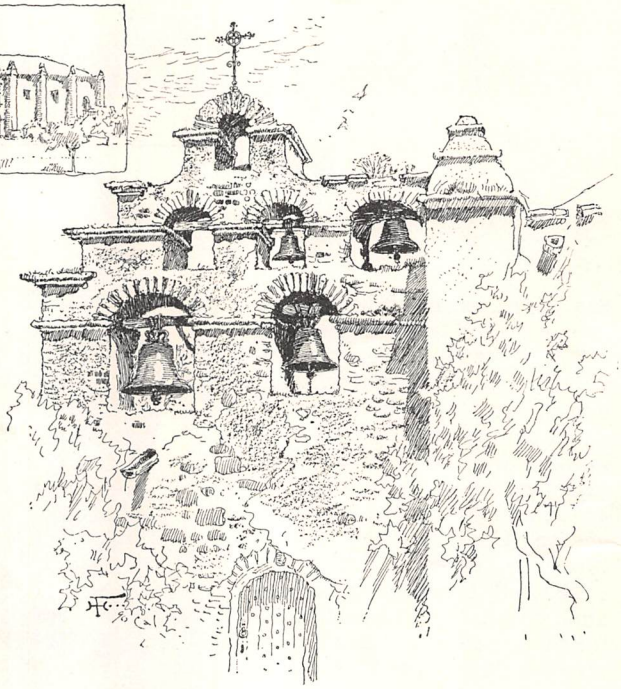
San Diego and Monterey served to mark the extremes of the first Spanish occupancy; the interval was filled up and the area of missionary conquest gradually extended by other similar establishments. The names of these institutions, founded in rapid succession, are as follows:

1771.—San Gabriel, San Fernando, San Antonio.
1772.—San Luis Obispo.
1776.—San Juan Capistrano, San Francisco de Assisi.
1777.—Santa Clara.
1782.—San Buenaventura.
1786.—Santa Barbara.
1787.—La Purissima.
1791.—La Soledad, and Santa Cruz.
1797.—San Juan Bautista, San José, San Miguel.
1798.—San Luis Rey.
1802.—Santa Ynez.

After this missionary efforts seem to have relaxed, but a revival at a later date led to the foundation of San Rafael in 1817, and San Francisco Solano in 1823. Sonoma, at which this last was located, was as far north as the missionaries penetrated.

These Missions were, of course, designed for the instruction of the rude aborigines in the truths of Christianity and in the arts of civilized life. The scheme of life and discipline was devised by the Jesuits, who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries organized and carried on the most extensive system of missions in every quarter of the heathen and pagan world. India, China, Japan, both coasts of Africa, a large part of Central Asia, and both North and South America were the scenes of their indefatigable labors.





MISSION AND BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL, NEAR LOS ANGELES.

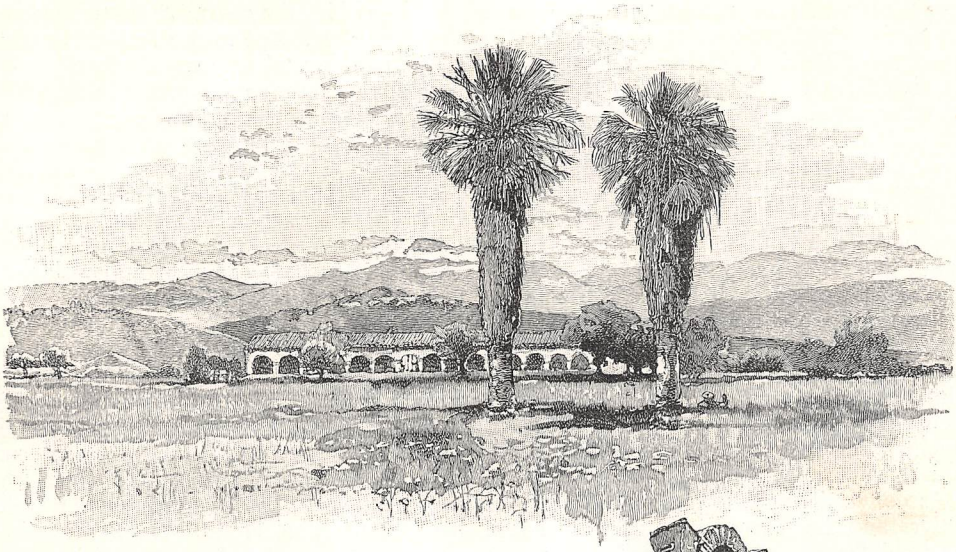
The Franciscans, who succeeded the Jesuits in California, followed their system. In order to induce the Indians to abandon their nomadic tribal life, and to exchange their reliance for food on the fruits of the chase and the spontaneous products of the forest for the ways of civilized men, they were at first supplied by the missionaries with food and clothing and afterwards taught to cultivate the earth and support themselves. Timber was felled wherever accessible and transported to a suitable site, where, with unburned brick and tiles, the Mission church and buildings were erected. The following description of San Luis Rey, condensed from the account of an intelligent traveler who saw it in its palmy days, will convey a fair idea of the establishments of which it was a type.

The Mission building is in the form of a hollow square of about one hundred and fifty yards front, along which a gallery extends. The church forms one of the wings. The edifice, a single story in height, is elevated a few feet above the ground. In the interior is a court adorned with a fountain and planted with trees, on the corridor extending around which open the apartments of the friars and the major-domo as well as those used for workshops, schoolrooms, and storehouses, and the chambers set apart for the accommodation of travelers and guests.

The male and female infirmaries, as well as the schoolrooms, are placed in the most quiet portions of the premises. The young Indian girls occupy a set of apartments secluded from the rest and commonly called the "nunnery," and they themselves are familiarly styled the "nuns." They are thus entirely protected from intrusion, and, being placed under the guardianship of staid and trustworthy matrons of their own race, are taught to spin and weave wool, flax, and cotton, and do not leave the nunnery until marriageable.

The Indian children attend the same schools with those of the white colonists, and are educated with them. Those who exhibit the most talent are taught some music, as the plain chant of the church, as well as the violin, flute, horn, violoncello, and other instruments. Such as attain superior proficiency, either as carpenters, smiths, or even agricultural laborers, are made foremen, by the name of alcaldes, and placed in charge of the other workmen.

Two ecclesiastics are stationed at each Mission; the elder is charged with the internal administration and the duty of religious instruction, the

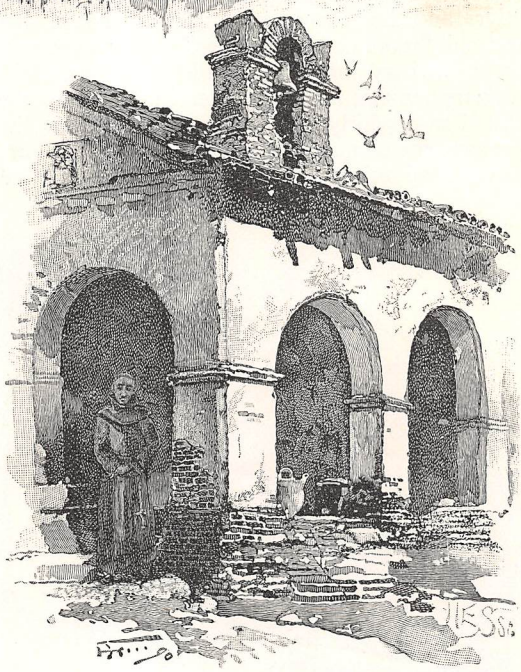


MISSION OF SAN FERNANDO, LOS ANGELES.

younger, with the direction of the agricultural and mechanical labor. The Franciscans assiduously cultivate the study of the Indian dialects, of which they have compiled dictionaries and grammars, some of which are still extant.

Industry is inculcated and encouraged by the constant example of the Fathers, who are always the first to put their hands to the work; and considering the meagerness of their resources, and the absence of European labor, the works they have executed with the aid of unskilled savages, of low intelligence, are marvels of architecture and mechanical skill. These comprise mills, machinery, bridges, roads, and canals for irrigation, besides extensive agricultural labors. For the erection of nearly all the Mission buildings large beams had to be transported from the mountains eight and ten leagues off, and the Indians taught to burn lime, cut stone, make bricks, tiles, etc.

Opposite the Mission building is usually a guard-house for lodging the escort of the priests, consisting of four cavalry soldiers, under command of a sergeant, who act as couriers, carrying correspondence and orders from one Mission to another, besides protecting the Mission from the incursions of hostile Indians.



CLOISTERS AND BELL OF SAN FERNANDO.

The following is a summary of the ordinary day's work at a Mission. At sunrise the bell sounded for the Angelus and the Indians assembled in the chapel, where they attended morning prayers and mass and received a short religious instruction. Then came breakfast, after which, distributed in squads as occasion required, they repaired to their work. At 11 A. M. they ate dinner, and after that rested until 2 P. M. Work was then resumed, and continued until an hour before sunset, when the bell again tolled for the Angelus. After prayers and the rosary the Indians supped, and then were free to take part in a dance or some such innocent amusement. Their diet consisted of fresh beef or mutton in abundance, with vegetables and tortillas made of flour or corn-meal. They made drinks of the same ingredients, which were called *atole* and *pinole* respectively. Their dress consisted of a shirt of linen, a pair of pantaloons, and a woolen smock. The alcaldes and head workmen had also cloth clothes like those of the Spaniards; the women received every year two changes of underclothing, a smock, and a new gown.

The Indians of California were not the sturdy warlike race of the eastern side of the

continent, nor did they possess the intelligence or partial civilization of the natives of the tableland of Mexico. They were originally of low intelligence and brutish habits. Besides what they obtained from fishing and hunting — in which they do not appear to have been specially dexterous — their food consisted largely of acorns, pine nuts, and the like, and their clothing was practically *nil.* Though neither as subtle nor as fierce as the Iroquois, Algonquins, and Hurons of Canada, with whom Parkman's brilliant pages have made us familiar, they were not wanting in cunning, treachery, or ferocity, and on more than one occasion the missionaries sealed their faith with their blood — a sacrifice from which, to their honor be it said, the Franciscans never flinched, any more than the followers of Ignatius.

As conversions made progress among the natives, and the young people, instructed from their childhood, came to maturity, they were taught various industries, besides farming. Ordinary smith's and carpenter's work they learned to do fairly well; their saddlery was of a superior sort, and is still sought for. As weavers, tailors, and shoemakers they would not perhaps have obtained recognition in Paris, London, or New York, but they made serviceable blankets, serapes, cloth, and shoes, and I have seen creditable specimens of their work in silver. Domestic animals were introduced and they increased with astonishing rapidity, and in the care and management of them the Indians became very dexterous and serviceable — in fact, some of the most skillful horsemen in the world.

Hides, tallow, grain, wine, and oil were sold to ships visiting the coast. From the proceeds the friars distributed to the Indians handkerchiefs, clothing, tobacco, rosaries, trinkets, etc., and employed the surplus profits in the embellishment of the churches, the purchase of musical instruments, pictures, ornaments for the altar, etc. Where lands were found suitable for the purpose the fathers established outlying farms as appurtenances of the particular Mission on which they were made to depend. At these were gathered considerable colonies of civilized Indians selected from the most reliable.

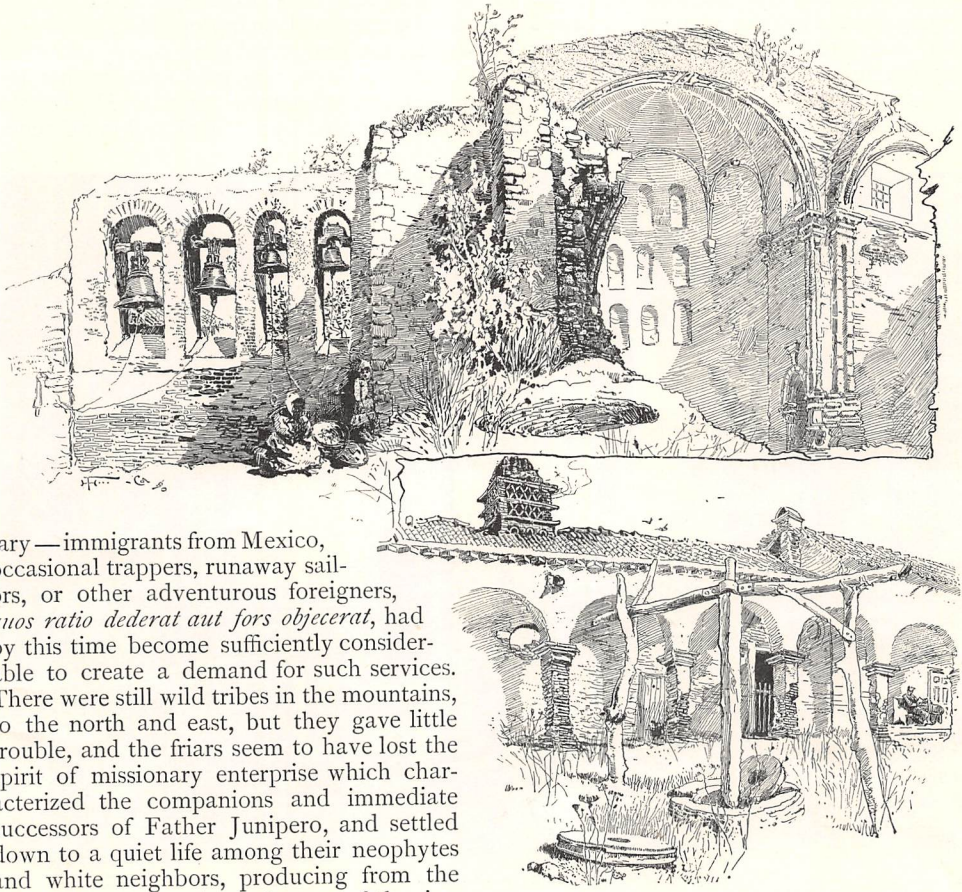
Besides instructing the natives and incidentally fulfilling the duties of parochial clergy, the Missions extended a bountiful hospitality to all travelers and wayfarers. Planted at intervals of about a day's journey, on the natural route of travel along the coast, they became the usual resting-place for all travelers in either direction. Horses were the only means of locomotion, and at the end of his hard day's ride the weary traveler stopped at the door of the Mission building as naturally, and with as little thought of intrusion, as one might now at a public hotel. Throwing his rein to an Indian *arriero*, he was received by the missionary priest, or in his absence by the sacristan, with the patriarchal hospitality that Abraham extended to Lot. A bath was provided, followed by a plentiful meal and a comfortable bed. He was at liberty to stay as long as his convenience required, and on leaving was provided with a fresh horse and directions, or, if needed, a guide, for his further journey. Perhaps it is a tradition from these early days, but travelers still speak kindly of the hospitality of California.

PRESENT CHAPEL OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

Serus in cœlum redeat!

The Missions in this State were in all twenty-one. They may be said to have attained their maximum of prosperity during the first quarter of the present century. The Indian tribes of the coast, as far north as Sonoma, had by that time been reduced to pupilage at the various establishments described, and those of the younger generations had been sufficiently in-

structed in the simple arts of domestic life not only to carry on the various industries mentioned, but to make useful servants to the rancheros and white settlers, whose numbers, recruited from discharged and superannuated soldiers, a few voluntary — and some involuntary — immigrants from Mexico, occasional trappers, runaway sailors, or other adventurous foreigners, *quos ratio dederat aut fors objecerat*, had by this time become sufficiently considerable to create a demand for such services. There were still wild tribes in the mountains, to the north and east, but they gave little trouble, and the friars seem to have lost the spirit of missionary enterprise which characterized the companions and immediate successors of Father Junipero, and settled down to a quiet life among their neophytes and white neighbors, producing from the soil all the necessaries and many of the simple luxuries of life, and accumulating, for the Indian communities they governed, pastoral wealth, in the shape of countless herds of cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and swine.



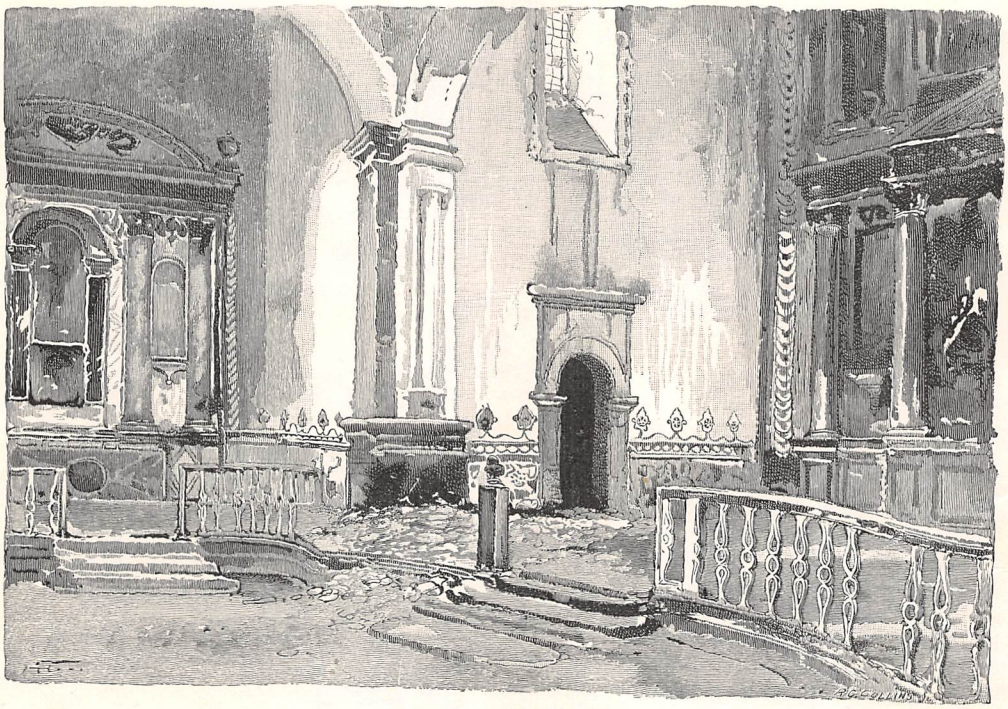
MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

The grain raised on the Mission ranches was threshed out, just as in Egypt and Mesopotamia twenty-five hundred or three thousand years ago, by spreading it on the ground and turning in a band of horses to trample it. A rude mill, generally turned by hand or by horse-power, furnished flour, though at two or three of the Missions water-power was utilized for this purpose. At each Mission gardens and orchards were inclosed, wherein, besides ordinary vegetables, fruits of various sorts were cultivated, including the fig, the orange, the olive, and the vine. The last two gave the missionaries oil and wine in abundance, for use and sale. The cattle were valued mainly for their hides and tallow, which with soap and other exportable products were sold to vessels trading along the coast, and paid for in dry-goods, cutlery, tools, clothing, etc. The archives contain a good deal of statistical information as to Mission products, but I am not aware that it has ever been tabulated. An idea of them may be formed from the statement that in the year 1820 the Mission cattle are quoted at 140,000 head; the horses at 18,000, the sheep at 190,000, etc. The average annual product of grain, from 1811 to 1820, is given at over 113,000 bushels.

But the increase of white settlers, bringing with them the wants, ambitions, and freedom of modern life, was incompatible with the continued success of institutions based, as the Missions were, on paternal authority. The Indians were infants in all respects except age and capacity for evil; and the settlers were subject to no restraints except those of the civil authority, which was of the weakest kind.

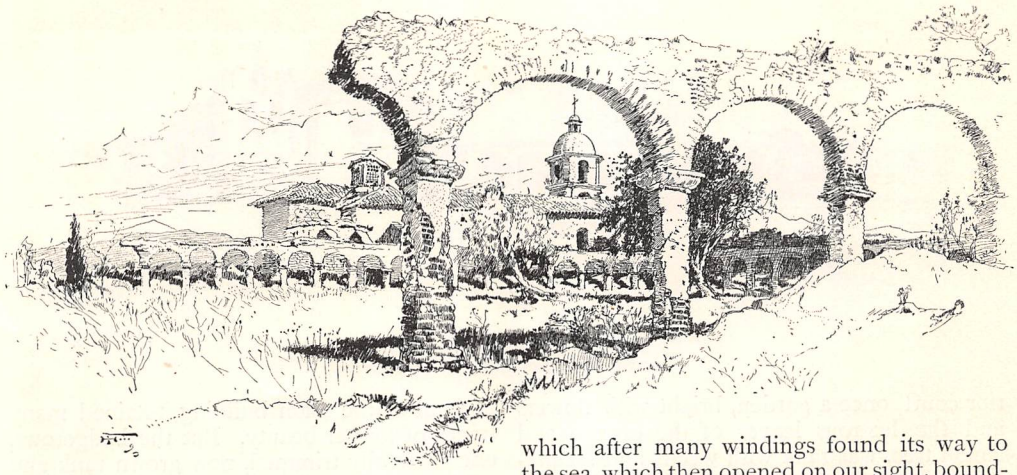
Contact and intercourse with them corrupted the Indians and relaxed the bonds of discipline among them. Moreover the broad acres and the vast herds of the Missions excited the cupidity of the settlers, who did not regard the property of the friars and Indians in the same light as that of white people. Under these influences the Mexican congress, in 1833, passed a law for secularizing the Missions, converting them into parishes, replacing the missionary priests by curates, and emancipating the Indians from their pupilage to the Church. Administrators were to be appointed for the temporalities of the Missions, the proceeds of which, after a small allowance for the maintenance of the priest and the charges of public worship, were to be applied to public purposes.

Under this law the greedy politicians of the day were enabled to plunder the Missions pretty nearly to their heart's content. Administrators were appointed, who administered away the tangible property in favor of themselves and their friends with marvelous industry and celerity. People whose names were held in esteem among the colonists, members of the "first families," leaders in public opinion and public affairs, are recorded as having despoiled the Missions of their lands and cattle by wholesale. The desolation wrought was so rapid and complete, and its effects on the Indian population so malign, that the Government became alarmed and suspended the operation of the law. But it was too late; the mischief had been accomplished and the establishments thenceforth visibly decayed. A traveler of 1840–41 says that at the Mission of San José as late as 1837 Father Gonzales turned over to the administrators 17,000 head of cattle, of which as many as 8000 remained unappropriated in 1840, as well as 200 horses and 9000 sheep, while four hundred Indians remained even at that late day gathered about the Mission. He was also much interested by a school, still in existence, where sixty Indian children surprised him by their progress in elementary studies, especially arithmetic. In 1834 (after the secularization) San Luis Rey had an Indian population of 3500 and possessed over 24,000 cattle, 10,000 horses, and 100,000 sheep. It harvested 14,000 fanegas of grain and 200 barrels of wine. In the same year San José had 2300 neophytes, 20,000 cattle, 11,000 horses, and 19,000 sheep, and harvested 10,000 fanegas of grain and 60 barrels of wine.



INTERIOR OF SAN LUIS REY.

The ruin of the Missions was completed by the American conquest. The few remaining Indians were speedily driven or enticed away, for the rough frontiersmen who came over the plains knew nothing of missionary friars or civilized Indians; they came here to squat on public land and respected no possession beyond 160

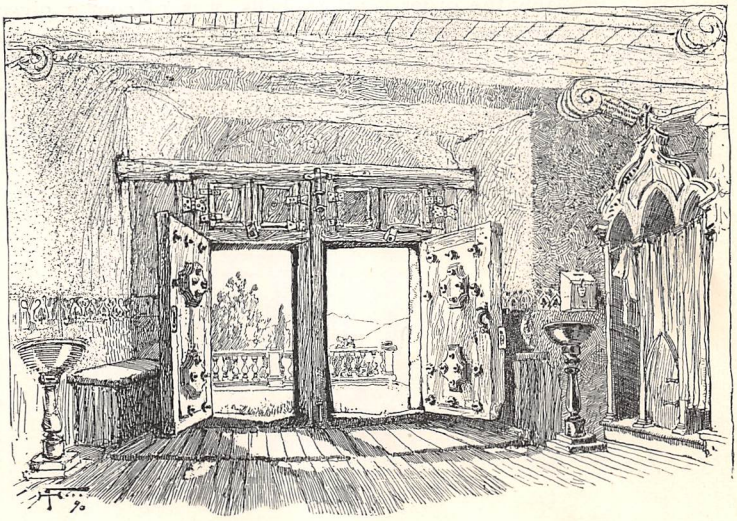


THE MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY, SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

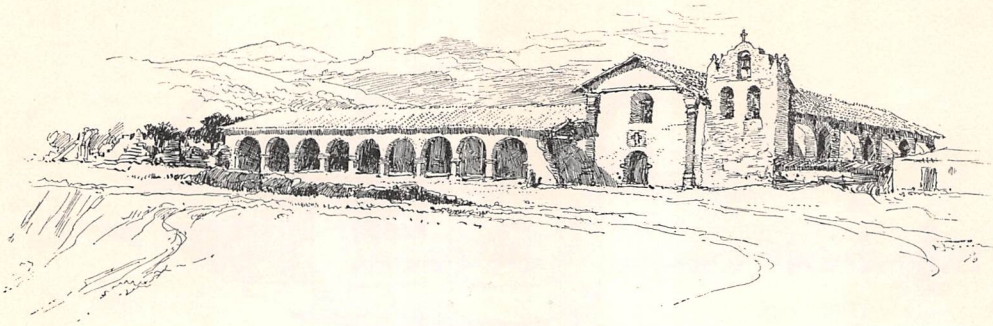
acres, and that only in the hands of one familiar with the English language and modern weapons. None of the establishments retains its original character. Where population has grown up around the site, as at Santa Clara, San Francisco, and San Rafael, they became parish churches. At other places squatters took possession of them, extruding priest and mayor-domo impartially, and in more than one case even the churches were sacrilegiously degraded to the use of stables and the like. In others many parts of the buildings were demolished for the sake of the timber, tiles, and other building material they afforded.

The most extensive of the old establishments was that of San Luis Rey. I visited it with a companion in the summer of 1862. We left San Juan Capistrano at an early hour, and reached San Luis at about 2 P. M., without meantime meeting a human being or seeing a house or a fence. Our way had taken us along a faintly marked wagon trail in the rugged foothills of the Sierra, through tangled chemisal and underbrush, crossed by many steep barrancas, which out of California would scarce be deemed practicable for wheels. After many hours of this monotonous travel we suddenly emerged from the chain of hills to the prospect of a charming valley, through which meandered a little stream of crystal water, which after many windings found its way to the sea, which then opened on our sight, bounding the western horizon. In the middle of the valley, on a slight elevation, rose the towers of the old church, the red-tiled roof of which, and of the adjoining buildings of the ancient Mission, shone bright and ruddy in the glare of an almost tropical sun.

The landscape was magnificent, and we paused a short time to enjoy it before hastening on to examine the spot. The walls of the quadrangle remained in fair condition, and the graveled approach to the main entrance appeared so neat that I was persuaded it had lately been swept, and that I should find some inhabitants within. I effected an entrance without much difficulty, and wandered through the interior rooms and corridors searching for the aged sacristan my imagination had suggested; but I searched in vain. No shadow was cast there except my own; I heard no sound but the echo of my own footsteps. The inte-



INTERIOR OF SAN LUIS OBISPO.

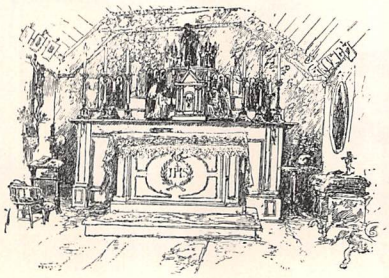


SANTA YNEZ, SANTA BARBARA COUNTY.

rior court, once a garden, bright with flowers and the lustrous leaves of the orange and lemon tree, was rank with weeds and spontaneous vegetation; the fountain was dried up, and the walls which confined its basin split by the swelling roots of neglected and overgrown trees. Great spider webs hung from the columns of the corridor, and the stillness was broken only by the drowsy hum of dragonflies and humming-birds. I entered the venerable old church, and while endeavoring to accustom my eyes to the dim, uncertain light which shrouded its interior I was disturbed by the startled cry and hasty flight of an enormous owl, which left its perch over where the high altar had stood and rustled over to a window at the opposite end. I ascended one of the towers to the belfry, where I provoked another flight of unclean birds. The old chime of bells still hung there inscribed with the maker's name and "Boston, 1820," telling plainly of the intercourse of the old missionaries with the whaling fleets and the hide drogers which half a century ago wintered on the coast. Probably the order for these bells had been given in 1818, and they had been received, in pursuance of it, in 1821 or 1822. There was no express in those days between Boston and California; the journey was made *via* Cape Horn, and a couple of years elapsed between the departure and the return of a vessel. The Mission gardens, particularly that in front of the main building, retained many traces of former beauty. But the hedgerows, once carefully trimmed, now grown rank and wild; the old rustic seats crumbling to decay; the vines and fruit trees, which for want of pruning had ceased to produce; and the garden flowers growing neglectedly — all told of decay and ruin. From the remains of the fountain two clear streams of water still issued, and from the little rivulet they formed, bordered with cress as green as an emerald, a lazy fish looked deliberately up at me without moving — so unaccustomed to man as not to fear him. Just before the American conquest this Mission had harbored an industrious Indian population of several thousand. It had been occupied by our troops as a military post during the Mexican war and for some time after its close. When it ceased to be so used the Government, as I have heard General Beale say, caused an estimate to be made of the expense of repairing and restoring it to its former condition. The figures were two millions of dollars, and the project of repairing was, of course, given over.

It stands there to-day, magnificent, even in its ruins, a monument of the piety, devotion, industry, and disinterestedness of the venerable monks who wear the habit and cord of St. Francis, and who were the first colonists of Alta California.

John T. Doyle.



A FAMILY CHAPEL (CAMULOS).

A ROMANCE OF MORGAN'S ROUGH RIDERS.

THE RAID, THE CAPTURE, AND THE ESCAPE.

I.

THE RAID.

IN the summer of 1863 when at Tullahoma, Tennessee, General Bragg's army was menaced by superior numbers in flank and rear, he determined to send a body of cavalry into Kentucky, which should operate upon Rosecrans's communications between Nashville and Louisville, break the railroads, capture or threaten all the minor depots of supplies, intercept and defeat all detachments not too strong to be engaged, and keep the enemy so on the alert in his own rear that he would lose or neglect his opportunity to embarrass or endanger the march of the army when its retrograde movement began. He even hoped that a part of the hostile forces before him might be thus detained long enough to prevent their participation in the battle which he expected to fight when he had crossed the Tennessee.

The officer whom he selected to accomplish this diversion was General John H. Morgan, whose division of mounted riflemen was well fitted for the work in hand. Equal in courage, dash, and discipline to the other fine cavalry commands which General Bragg had at his disposal, it had passed a longer apprenticeship in expeditionary service than had any other. Its rank and file was of that mettle which finds its natural element in active and audacious enterprise, and was yet thrilled with the fire of youth; for there were few men in the division over twenty-five years of age. It was imbued with the spirit of its commander and confided in his skill and fortune; no endeavor was deemed impossible or even hazardous when he led. It was inured to constant, almost daily, combat with the enemy, of all arms and under every possible contingency. During its four years of service the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, of which General Morgan was the first colonel, lost sixty-three commissioned officers killed and wounded; Company A of that regiment, of which Morgan was the first captain, losing during the war seventy-five men killed. It had on its muster-roll, from first to last, nearly two hundred and fifty men. The history of this company and regiment was scarcely exceptional in the command.

Morgan was beyond all men adapted to independent command of this nature. His energy never flagged, and his invention was always equal to the emergency. Boldness and caution were united in all that he undertook. He had a most remarkable aptitude for promptly acquiring a knowledge of any country in which he was operating; and as he kept it, so to speak, "in his head," he was enabled easily to extricate himself from difficulties. The celerity with which he marched, the promptness with which he attacked or eluded a foe, intensified the confidence of his followers, and kept his antagonists always in doubt and apprehension.

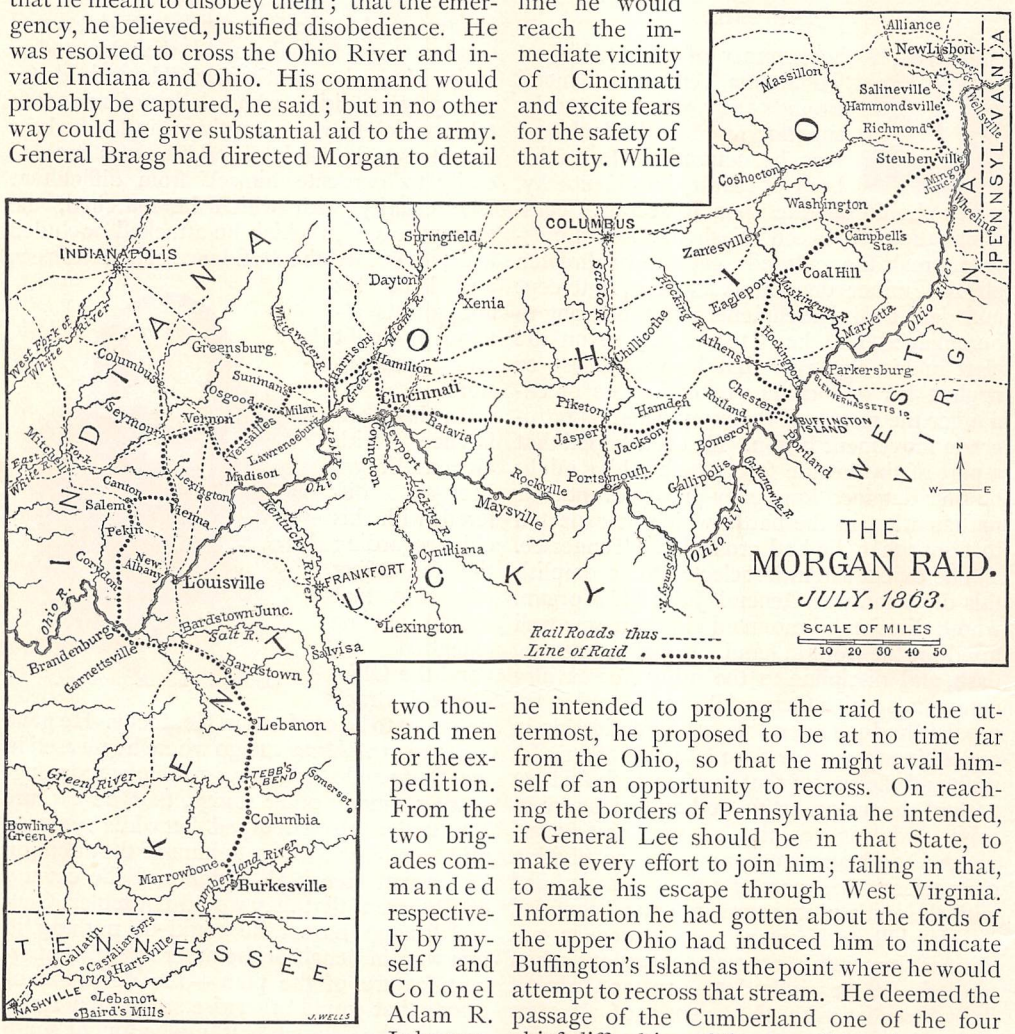
GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

In his conference with General Bragg, Morgan differed with his chief regarding the full effect of a raid that should not be extended beyond the Ohio. General Bragg desired it to be confined to Kentucky. He gave Morgan *carte blanche* to go where he pleased in that State and stay as long as he pleased; suggesting, among other things, that he capture Louisville. Morgan urged that while by such a raid he might so divert to himself the attention of General Henry M. Judah and the cavalry of Rosecrans that they would not molest General Bragg's retreat, he could do nothing, in this way, in behalf of the other equally important feature of the plan — the detention of troops that would otherwise strengthen Rosecrans in the decisive battle to be fought south of the Tennessee. He contended, moreover, that a raid into Indiana and Ohio, the more especially as important political elections were pending there, would cause troops to be withdrawn from Rosecrans and Burnside for the protection of those States. But General Bragg refused permission to cross the Ohio, and instructed Morgan to make the raid as originally designed.

Some weeks previous to this conference, by Morgan's direction, I had sent competent men

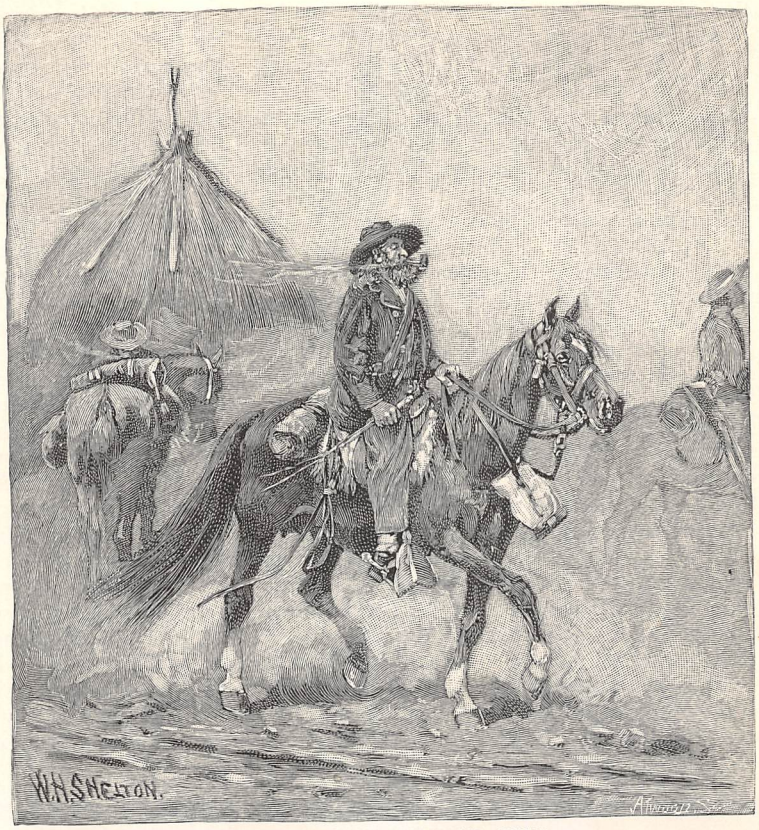
to examine the fords of the upper Ohio. He had even then contemplated such an expedition. It had long been his conviction that the Confederacy could maintain the struggle only by transferring hostilities and waging war, whenever opportunity offered, on Northern soil. Upon his return from this interview he told me what had been discussed, and what were General Bragg's instructions. He said that he meant to disobey them; that the emergency, he believed, justified disobedience. He was resolved to cross the Ohio River and invade Indiana and Ohio. His command would probably be captured, he said; but in no other way could he give substantial aid to the army. General Bragg had directed Morgan to detail two thousand men for the expedition. From the two brigades commanded respectively by myself and Colonel Adam R. Johnson, Morgan selected twenty-four hundred and sixty of the best mounted and most effective. He took with him four pieces of artillery, two 3-inch Parrotts, attached to the First Brigade, and two 12-pounder howitzers, attached to the Second.

I should state that Morgan had thoroughly planned the raid before he marched from Tennessee. He meant to cross the Cumberland in the vicinity of Burkesville, and to march directly across Kentucky to the nearest point at which he could reach the Ohio west of Louisville, so closely approaching Louisville as to compel belief that he meant to attempt its capture. Turning to the right after entering Indiana, and marching as nearly due east as possible, he would reduce to a minimum the distance necessary to be covered, and yet threaten and alarm the population of the two States as completely as by penetrating deeply into them; more so, indeed, for pursuing this line he would reach the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati and excite fears for the safety of that city. While he intended to prolong the raid to the uttermost, he proposed to be at no time far from the Ohio, so that he might avail himself of an opportunity to recross. On reaching the borders of Pennsylvania he intended, if General Lee should be in that State, to make every effort to join him; failing in that, to make his escape through West Virginia. Information he had gotten about the fords of the upper Ohio had induced him to indicate Buffington's Island as the point where he would attempt to recross that stream. He deemed the passage of the Cumberland one of the four chief difficulties of the expedition that might prove really dangerous and insuperable; the other three were the passage of the Ohio, the circuit around Cincinnati, and the recrossing of the Ohio.



Before noon on the 2d of July my brigade began to cross the Cumberland at Burkesville and at Scott's Ferry, two miles higher up the stream. The river, swollen by heavy and long-continued rains, was pouring down a volume of water which overspread its banks and rushed with a velocity that seemed to defy

any attempt to stem it. Two or three canoes lashed together and two small flats served to transport the men and the field-pieces, while the horses were made to swim. Many of them were swept far down by the boiling flood. This process was necessarily slow, as well as precarious. Colonel Johnson, whose brigade was crossing at Turkey Neck Bend, several miles below Burkesville, was scarcely so well provided with the means of ferriage as myself. About 3 P. M. the enemy began to threaten both brigades. Had these demonstrations been made earlier, and vigorously, we could not have gotten over the river. Fortunately by this time we had taken over the 6th Kentucky and 9th Tennessee of my brigade — aggregating nearly six hundred men — and also the two pieces of artillery. These regiments were moved beyond Burkesville and placed in a position which served all the purposes of an ambuscade. When the enemy approached, one or two volleys caused his column to recoil in confusion. General Morgan instantly charged it with Quirk's scouts and some companies of the 9th Tennessee, and not only prevented it from rallying but drove it all the way back to Marrowbone, entering the encampment there with the troops he was pursuing in a pell-mell dash. He was soon driven back, however, by the enemy's infantry and artillery.



THE FARMER FROM CALF-KILLER CREEK.

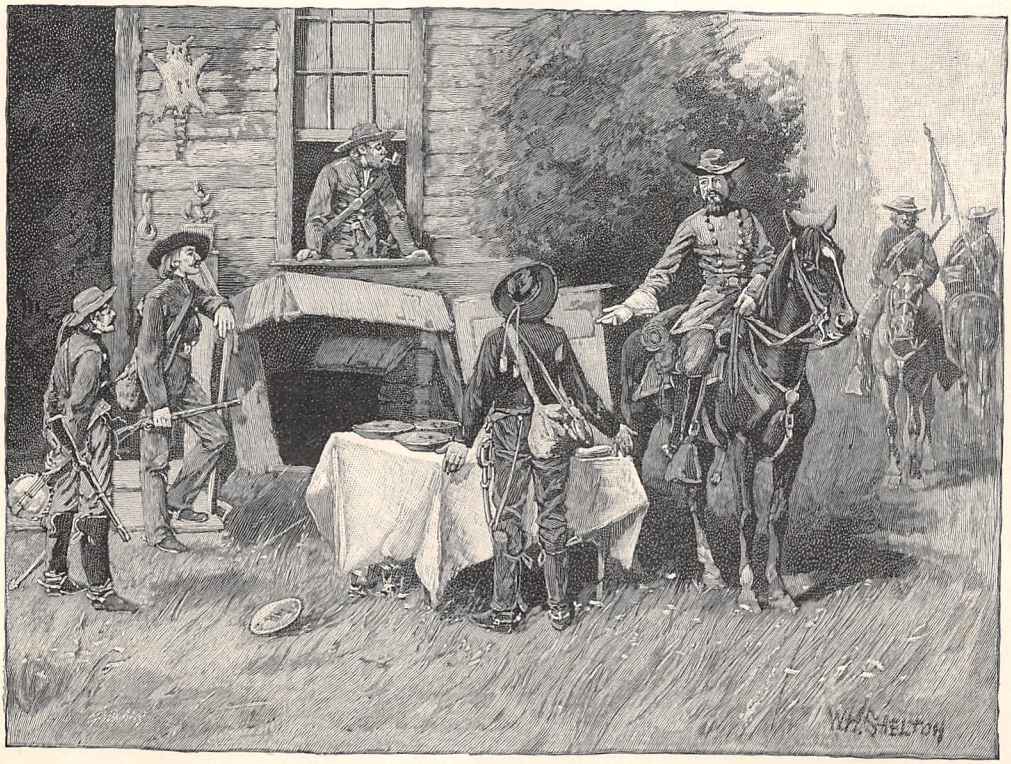
The effect of this blow was to keep the enemy quiet for the rest of the day and night. The forces threatening Colonel Johnson were also withdrawn, and we both accomplished the passage of the river without further molestation. That night the division marched out on the Columbia road and encamped about two miles from Burkesville. On the next day Judah concentrated the three brigades of his cavalry command in that region, while orders were sent to all the other Federal detachments in Kentucky to close in upon our line of march.

General Bragg had sent with the expedition a large party of commissaries of subsistence, who were directed to collect cattle north of the Cumberland and drive them, guarded by one of our regiments, to Tullahoma. I have never understood how he expected us to be able, under the circumstances, to collect the cattle, or the foragers to drive them out. The commissaries did not attempt to carry out their instructions, but followed us the entire distance and pulled up in prison. They were gallant fellows and made no complaint of danger or hardship, seeming rather to enjoy it.

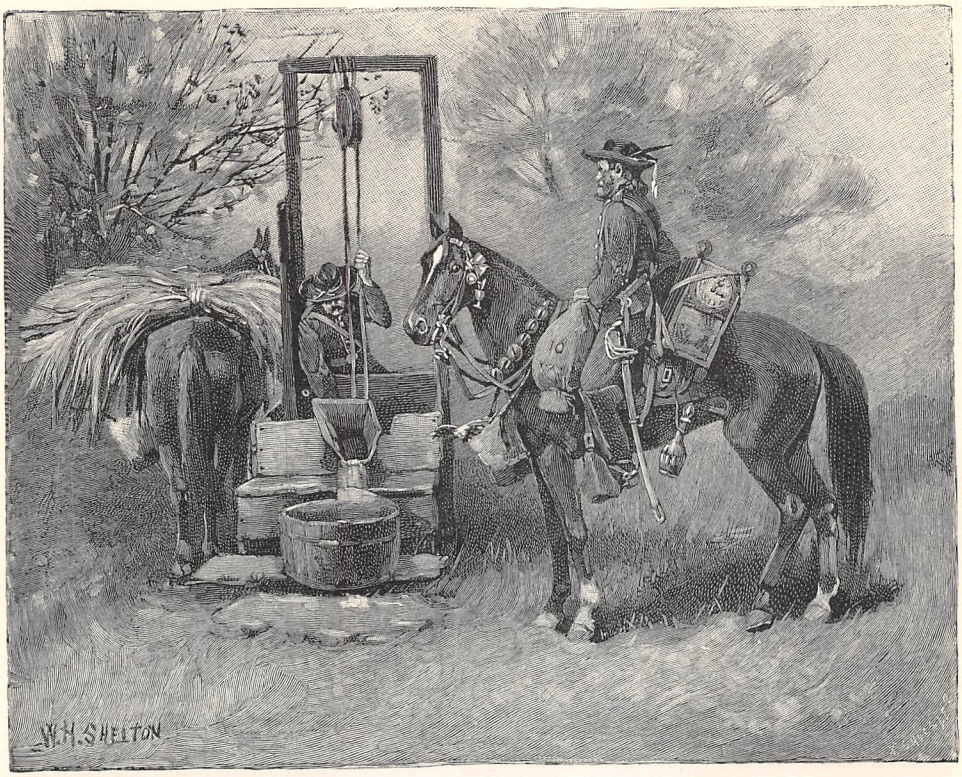
There was one case, however, which excited universal pity. An old farmer and excellent man, who lived near Sparta, had accompanied us to Burkesville — that is, he meant to go no farther, and thought we would not. He wished to procure a barrel of salt, as the supply of that commodity was exhausted in his part of the country. He readily purchased the salt, but learned, to his consternation, that the march to Burkesville was a mere preliminary canter. He was confronted with the alternative of going on a dangerous raid or of returning alone through a region swarming with the fierce bushwhackers of "Tinker Dave" Beattie, who never gave quarter to Confederate soldier or Southern sympathizer. He knew

that if he fell into their hands they would pickle him with his own salt. So this old man, sadly yet wisely, resolved to follow the fortunes of Morgan. He made the grand tour, was hurried along day after day through battle and ambush, dragged night after night on the remorseless march, ferried over the broad Ohio under fire of the militia and gunboats, and lodged at last in a "loathsome dungeon." On one occasion, in Ohio, when the home-guards were peppering us in rather livelier fashion than usual, he said to Captain C. H. Morgan, with tears in his voice: "I sw'ar if I would n't give all the salt in Kaintucky to stand once more safe and sound on the banks of Calf-killer Creek."

Pushing on before dawn of the 3d, we reached Columbia in the afternoon. The place was occupied by a detachment of Colonel Frank Wolford's brigade, which was quickly driven out. Encamping that evening some eight miles from Columbia, we could hear all night the ringing of the axes near Green River bridge on the road from Columbia to Campbellsville. Three or four hundred of the 25th Michigan Infantry were stationed at the bridge to protect it. But the commander, Colonel Orlando H. Moore, deliberately quitting the elaborate stockade erected near the bridge,—in which nine officers out of ten would have remained, but where we could have shelled him into surrender without losing a man ourselves,—selected one of the strongest natural positions I ever saw, and fortified it skillfully, although simply. The Green River makes here an immense horseshoe sweep, with the bridge at the toe of the horseshoe; and more than a mile south of it was the point where Colonel Moore elected to make his fight. The river there wound back so nearly upon its previous course that the peninsula, or "neck," was scarcely a hundred yards wide. This narrow neck was also very short, the river bending almost immediately to the west again. At that time it was thickly covered with trees and undergrowth, and Colonel Moore, felling the heaviest timber, had constructed a formidable abatis across the narrowest part of it. Just in front of the abatis there was open ground for perhaps two hundred yards. South of the open was a deep ravine. The road ran on the east side of the cleared place, and the banks of the river were high and precipitous. The center of the open space rose into a swell, sloping gently away both to the north and south. On the crest of the swell Moore had thrown up a slight earthwork, which was manned when we approached. An officer was promptly despatched with a flag to demand his surrender.



GENERAL DUKE TESTS THE PIES.



HOSPITALITIES OF THE FARM.

Colonel Moore responded that an officer of the United States ought not to surrender on the Fourth of July, and he must therefore decline. Captain "Ed." Byrne had planted one of the Parrott guns about six hundred yards from the earthwork, and on the return of the bearer of the flag opened fire, probing the work with a round shot. One man in the trench was killed by this shot and the others ran back to the abatis.

Colonel Johnson, whose brigade was in advance, immediately dashed forward with the 3d and 11th Kentucky to attack the main position. Artillery could not be used, for the guns could bear upon the abatis only from the crest of which I have spoken, and if posted there the cannoneers, at the very short range, would not have been able to serve their pieces. The position could be won only by direct assault. The men rushed up to the fallen timber, but became entangled in the network of trunks and branches, and were shot down while trying to climb over or push through them. I reënforced Johnson with a part of Smith's regiment, the 5th Kentucky, but the jam and confusion incident to moving in so circumscribed an area and through the dense undergrowth broke the force of the charge. The enemy was quite numerous enough to defend a line so short and strong and perfectly protected on both flanks. We had not more than six hundred men actually engaged, and the fighting lasted not longer than fifteen or twenty minutes. Our loss was about ninety, nearly as many killed as wounded. Afterward we learned that Colonel Moore's loss was six killed and twenty-three wounded. When General Morgan ordered the attack he was not aware of the strength of the position; nor had he anticipated a resistance so spirited and so skillfully planned. He reluctantly drew off without another assault, convinced that to capture the abatis and its defenders would cost him half his command. Among the killed were Colonel D. W. Chenault and Captain Alexander Treble of the 11th Kentucky, Lieutenant Robert Cowan of the 3d, and Major Thomas Y. Brent, Jr., and Lieutenants Holloway and Ferguson of the 5th. These officers were all killed literally at the muzzles of the rifles.

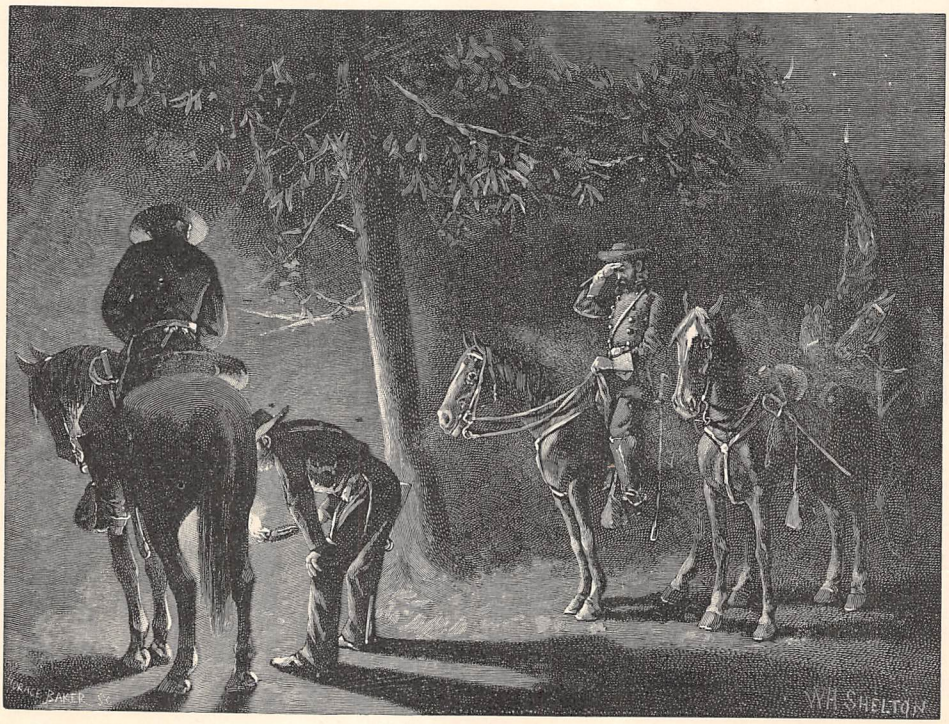
Colonel Moore's position might easily have been avoided; indeed, we passed around it immediately afterward, crossing the river at a ford about two miles below the bridge. Morgan assailed it merely in accordance with his habitual policy when advancing of attacking all in his path except very superior forces.

On the same afternoon Captain William

M. Magenis, assistant adjutant-general of the division, a valuable officer, was murdered by a Captain Murphy, whom he had placed under arrest for robbing a citizen. Murphy made his escape from the guard two or three days subsequently, just as the court-martial which was to have tried him was convening.

On the morning of July 5 the column reached Lebanon, which was garrisoned by the 20th Kentucky Infantry, commanded by Colonel Charles S. Hanson. The 8th and 9th Michigan Cavalry and the 11th Michigan Battery, under command of Colonel James I. David, were approaching by the Danville road to reënforce the garrison, necessitating a large detachment to observe them. Morgan's demand for surrender having been refused, artillery fire was directed upon the railroad depot and other buildings in which the enemy had established himself; but, as the Federals endured it with great firmness, it became necessary to carry the town by assault. Our loss was some forty in killed and wounded, including several excellent officers. One death universally deplored was that of the General's brother, Lieutenant Thomas H. Morgan. He was a bright, handsome, and very gallant lad of nineteen, the favorite of the division. He was killed in front of the 2d Kentucky in the charge upon the depot. The Federal loss was three killed and sixteen wounded, and three hundred and eighty were prisoners.

Without delay we passed through Springfield and Bardstown, crossing the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Lebanon Junction, thirty miles from Louisville, on the evening of the 6th. At Springfield two companies of about ninety men were sent towards Harrodsburg and Danville to occupy the attention of the Federal cavalry in that quarter. From Bardstown, Captain W. C. Davis, acting assistant adjutant-general of the First Brigade, was sent with a detachment of one hundred and thirty men to scout in the vicinity of Louisville, to produce the impression that the city was about to be attacked, and to divert attention from the passage of the Ohio by the main body at Brandenburg. He was instructed to cross the river somewhere east of Louisville and to rejoin the column on its line of march through Indiana. He executed the first part of the program perfectly, but was unable to get across the river. Tapping the wires at Lebanon Junction, we learned from intercepted despatches that the garrison at Louisville was much alarmed, and in expectation of an immediate attack.



LOOKING FOR THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE VAN.

The detachments I have just mentioned, with some smaller ones previously sent off on similar service, aggregated not less than two

hundred and sixty men permanently separated from the division; which, with a loss in killed and wounded, in Kentucky, of about one hundred and fifty, had reduced our effective strength, at the Ohio, by more than four hundred.

The rapid and constant marching already began to tell upon both horses and men, but we reached the Ohio at Brandenburg at 9 A. M. on the 8th. Captains Samuel Taylor and H. C. Meriwether of the 10th Kentucky had been sent forward the day before, with their companies, to capture steamboats. We found them in possession of two large craft. One had been surprised at the wharf, and steaming out on her they had captured the other. Preparations for crossing were begun; but, just as the first boat was about to push off, an unexpected musketry fire was opened from the Indiana side by a party of home-guards collected behind some houses and haystacks. They were in pursuit of Captain Thomas H. Hines, who had that morning returned from Indiana to Kentucky, after having undertaken a brief expedition of his own. This fire did no harm, the river here being eight hundred or a thousand yards wide. But in a few minutes the bright gleam of a field-piece spouted through the low hanging mist on the farther bank. Its shell pitched into a group near the wharf, severely wounding Captain W. H. Wilson, acting quartermaster of the First Brigade. Several shots from this piece followed in quick succession, but it was silenced by Lieutenant Lawrence with his Parrotts. The 2d Kentucky and 9th Tennessee were speedily ferried over without their horses, and forming under the bluff they advanced upon the militia, which had retired to a wooded ridge some six hundred yards from the river bank, abandoning the gun. The two regiments were moving across some open ground, towards the ridge, sustaining no loss from the volleys fired at them, and the boats had scarcely returned for further service when a more formidable enemy appeared. A gunboat, the *Elk*, steamed rapidly round the bend and began firing alternately upon the troops in the town and those already across. The situation was now extremely critical. We could not continue the ferriage while this little vixen remained, for one well-directed shot would have sent either of the boats to the bottom. Delay was extremely hazardous, affording the enemy opportunity to cut off the regiments we had already sent over, and giving the cavalry in pursuit of us time to come up. If forced to give up the attempt to cross the river, we must also abandon our comrades on the other side. So every piece of artillery was planted and opened on the gunboat, and after an hour or two of vigorous cannonading she was driven off. By midnight all our troops were over.

About noon of the 9th the column reached the little town of Corydon, Indiana, which proved not nearly so gentle as its name. Our advance-guard, commanded by Colonel R. C. Morgan, found a body of militia there, ensconced behind stout barricades of fence rails, stretching for some distance on each side of the road. Colonel Morgan charged the barricade, his horses could not leap it, the militia stood resolutely, and he lost sixteen men. A few dismounted skirmishers thrown upon the flanks, and a shot or two from one of the pieces which accompanied the advance-guard, quickly dispersed them, however, and we entered the town without further resistance.

Our progress, quite rapid in Kentucky, was now accelerated, and we were habitually twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four in the saddle, very frequently not halting at night or going into camp at all. For the first three or four days we saw nothing of the inhabitants save in their character as militia, when they forced themselves on our attention much more frequently than we desired. The houses were entirely deserted. Often we found the kitchen fire blazing, the keys hanging in the cupboard lock, and the chickens sauntering about the yard with a confidence which proved that they had never before seen soldiers.

As the first scare wore off, however, we found the women and children remaining at home, while the men went to the muster. When a thirsty cavalryman rode up to a house to inquire for buttermilk he was generally met by a buxom dame, with a half-dozen or more small children peeping out from her voluminous skirts, who, in response to a question about the "old man," would say, "The men hev all gone to the 'rally'; you 'll see 'em soon." We experienced little difficulty in procuring food for man and horse. Usually upon our raids it was much easier to obtain meat than bread. But in Indiana and Ohio we always found bread ready baked at every house. In Ohio, on more than one occasion, in deserted houses we found pies, hot from the oven, displayed upon tables conveniently spread. The first time that I witnessed this sort of hospitality was when I rode up to a house where a party of my men were standing around a table garnished as I have described, eying the pies hungrily, but showing no disposition to touch them. I asked, in astonishment, why they were so abstinent. One of them replied that they feared the pies might be poisoned. I was quite sure, on the contrary, that they were intended as a propitiatory offering. I have always been fond of pies,—these were of luscious apples,—so I bade the spokesman hand me one of the largest, and proceeded to eat it. The men watched me vigilantly for two or three minutes,

and then, as I seemed much better after my repast, they took hold ravenously.

The severe marching made an exchange of horses a necessity, though as a rule the horses we took were very inferior to the Kentucky and Tennessee stock we had brought with us, and which had generally a large infusion of thoroughbred blood. The horses we impressed were for the most part heavy, sluggish beasts, barefooted and grass fed, and gave out after a day or two, sometimes in a few hours. A strong provost guard, under Major Steele of the 3d Kentucky, had been organized to prevent the two practices most prejudicial to discipline and efficiency — straggling and pillage. There were very good reasons, independent of the provost guard, why the men should not straggle far from the line of march; but the well-filled stores and gaudy shop windows of the Indiana and Ohio towns seemed to stimulate, in men accustomed to impoverished and unpretentious Dixie, the propensity to appropriate beyond limit or restraint. I had never before seen anything like this disposition to plunder. Our perilous situation only seemed to render the men more reckless. At the same time, anything more ludicrous than the manner in which they indulged their predatory tastes can scarcely be imagined. The weather was intensely warm,— the hot July sun burned the earth to powder, and we were breathing superheated dust,— yet one man rode for three days with seven pairs of skates slung about his neck; another loaded himself with sleighbells. A large chafing dish, a medium-sized Dutch clock, a green glass decanter with goblets to match, a bag of horn buttons, a chandelier, and a birdcage containing three canaries, were some of the articles I saw borne off and jealously fondled. The officers usually waited a reasonable period, until the novelty had worn off, and then had this rubbish thrown away. Baby shoes and calico, however, were the staple articles of appropriation. A fellow would procure a bolt of calico, carry it carefully for a day or two, then cast it aside and get another.

From Corydon our route was *via* Salem, Vienna, Lexington, Paris, Vernon, Dupont, and Sumanville to Harrison, near the Ohio State line and twenty-five miles from Cincinnati. Detachments were sent to Madison, Versailles, and other points, to burn bridges, bewilder and confuse those before and behind us, and keep bodies of militia stationary that might otherwise give trouble. All were drawn in before we reached Harrison. At this point Morgan began demonstrations intended to convey the impression that he would cross the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad at Hamilton. He had always anticipated difficulty in getting over this road; fearing that the troops from Kentucky would be concentrated at or near Cincinnati, and that every effort would be made to intercept him there. If these troops lined the railroad and were judiciously posted, he knew it would be extremely difficult to elude them or cut his way through them. He believed that if he could pass this ordeal safely the success of the expedition would be assured, unless the river should be so high that the boats would be able to transport troops to intercept him at the upper fords.

After remaining at Harrison two or three hours, and sending detachments in the direction of Hamilton, he moved with the entire column on the Hamilton road. But as soon as he was clear of the town he cut the telegraph wires — previously left intact with the hope that they might be used to convey intelligence of his apparent movement towards Hamilton — and, turning across the country, gained the direct road to Cincinnati. He hoped that, deceived by his demonstrations at Harrison, the larger part of the troops at Cincinnati would be sent to Hamilton, and that it would be too late to recall them when his movement towards Cincinnati was discovered. He trusted that those remaining would be drawn into the city, under the impression that he meant to attack, leaving the way clear for his rapid transit. He has been criticized for not attempting the capture of Cincinnati, but he had no mind to involve his handful of wearied men in a labyrinth of streets. We felt very much more at home amid rural surroundings. But if he had taken Cincinnati, and had safely crossed the river there, the raid would have been so much briefer, and its principal object to that extent defeated by the release of the troops pursuing us.

We reached the environs of Cincinnati about ten o'clock at night, and were not clear of them until after daybreak. My brigade was marching in the rear, and the guides were with General Morgan in the front. The continual straggling of some companies in the rear of Johnson's brigade caused me to become separated from the remainder of the column by a wide gap, and I was for some time entirely ignorant of what direction I should take. The night was pitch dark, and I was compelled to light torches and seek the track of the column by the foam dropped from the mouths of the horses and the dust kicked up by their feet. At every halt which this groping search necessitated, scores of tired men would fall asleep and drop out of their saddles. Daylight appeared after we had crossed all of the principal suburban roads, and were near the Little Miami Railroad. I never welcomed the fresh, invigorating air of morning more gratefully. That afternoon we reached Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati.

The Ohio militia were more numerous and aggressive than those of Indiana. We had frequent skirmishes with them daily, and although hundreds were captured, they resumed operations as soon as they were turned loose. What excited in us more astonishment than all else we saw were the crowds of able-bodied men. The contrast with the South, drained of adult males to recruit her armies, was striking, and suggestive of anything but confidence on our part in the result of the struggle.

At Piketon we learned that Vicksburg had fallen, and that General Lee, having been repulsed at Gettysburg, had retreated across the Potomac. Under the circumstances this information was peculiarly disheartening. As we approached Pomeroy the militia began to embarrass our march by felling trees and erecting barricades across the roads. In passing near that town we were assailed by regular troops, — as we called the volunteers in contradistinction to the militia,— and forced a passage only by some sharp fighting. At 1 P. M. on the 18th we reached Chester, eighteen miles from Buffington's Island. A halt here of nearly two hours proved disastrous, as it caused us to arrive at the river after nightfall, and delayed any attempt at crossing until the next morning. Morgan thoroughly appreciated the importance of crossing the river at once, but it was impossible. The darkness was intense, we were ignorant of the ford and without guides, and were encumbered with nearly two hundred wounded, whom we were unwilling to abandon. By instruction I placed the 5th and 6th Kentucky in position to attack, as soon as day broke, an earthwork commanding the ford, and which we learned was mounted with two guns and manned by three hundred infantry. At dawn I moved upon the work, and found it had been evacuated and the guns thrown over the bluff. Pressing on a few hundred yards to reconnoiter the Pomeroy road, we suddenly encountered the enemy. It proved to be General Judah's advance. The 5th and 6th Kentucky instantly attacked and dispersed it, taking a piece of artillery and forty or fifty prisoners, and inflicting some loss in killed and wounded.

The position in which we found ourselves, now that we had light enough to examine the ground, was anything but favorable. The valley we had entered, about a mile long and perhaps eight hundred yards wide at its southern extremity,—the river running here nearly due north and south,—gradually narrows, as the ridge which is its western boundary closely approaches the river bank, until it becomes a mere ravine. The Chester road enters the valley at a point about equidistant from either end. As the 5th Kentucky fell back that it might be aligned on the 6th Kentucky, across the southern end of the valley, into which Judah's whole force was now pouring, it was charged by the 8th and 9th Michigan and a detachment of the 5th Indiana. A part of the 5th Kentucky was cut off by this charge, the gun we had taken was recaptured, and our Parrotts also fell into the hands of the enemy. They were so clogged with dust, however, as to be almost unserviceable, and their ammunition was expended. Bringing up a part of the 2d Kentucky, I succeeded in checking and driving back the regiments that first bore down on us, but they were quickly reënforced and immediately returned to the attack. In the meantime Colonel Johnson's videttes on the Chester road had been driven in, and the cavalry under Hobson, which had followed us throughout our long march, deployed on the ridge, and attacked on that side. I sent a courier to General Morgan, advising that he retreat up the river and out of the valley with all the men he could extricate, while Colonel Johnson and I, with the troops already engaged, would endeavor to hold the enemy in check. The action was soon hot from both directions, and the gunboats, steaming up the river abreast of us, commenced shelling vigorously. We were now between three assailants. A sharp artillery fire was opened by each, and the peculiar formation we were compelled to adopt exposed us to a severe cross-fire of small arms.

We were in no condition to make a successful or energetic resistance. The men were worn out and demoralized by the tremendous march, and the fatigue and lack of sleep for the ten days that had elapsed since they had crossed the Ohio. Having had no opportunity to replenish their cartridge-boxes, they were almost destitute of ammunition, and after firing two or three rounds were virtually unarmed. To this fact is attributable the very small loss our assailants sustained. Broken down as we were, if we had been supplied with cartridges we could have piled the ground with Judah's men as they advanced over the open plain into the valley. As the line, seeking to cover the withdrawal of the troops taken off by General Morgan, was rolled back by the repeated charges of the enemy, the stragglers were rushing wildly about the valley, with bolts of calico streaming from their saddles, and changing direction with every shrieking shell. When the rear-guard neared the northern end of the valley — out of which General Morgan with the greater part of the command had now passed — and perceived that the only avenue of escape was through a narrow gorge, a general rush was made for it. The Michigan regiments dashed into the mass of fugitives, and the gunboats swept the narrow pass with grape. All order was lost in a wild tide of flight.

About seven hundred were captured here, and perhaps a hundred and twenty killed and wounded. Probably a thousand men got out with General Morgan. Of these some three hundred succeeded in swimming the river at a point twenty miles above Buffington, while many were drowned in the attempt. The arrival of the gunboats prevented others from crossing. General Morgan had gotten nearly over, when, seeing that the bulk of his command must remain on the Ohio side, he returned. For six more days Morgan taxed energy and ingenuity to the utmost to escape the toils. Absolutely exhausted, he surrendered near the Pennsylvania line, on the 26th day of July, with 364 men.

The expedition was of immediate benefit since a part of the forces that would otherwise have harassed Bragg's retreat and swollen Rosecrans's muster-roll at Chickamauga were carried by the pursuit of Morgan so far northward that they were kept from participating in that battle.

But Morgan's cavalry was almost destroyed, and his prestige impaired. Much the larger number of the captured men lingered in the Northern prisons until the close of the war. That portion of his command which had remained in Tennessee became disintegrated; the men either were incorporated in other organizations, or, attracted by the fascinations of irregular warfare, were virtually lost to the service. Morgan, after four or five months' imprisonment in the Ohio penitentiary, effected an escape which has scarcely a parallel for ingenuity and daring [see page 417]. He was received in the South enthusiastically. The authorities at Richmond seemed at first to share the popular sympathy and admiration. But it soon became apparent that his infraction of discipline in crossing the Ohio was not forgiven. Placed for a short time in practical command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia, he was given inadequate means for its defense, and bound with instructions which accorded neither with his temperament nor with his situation. The troops he commanded were not, like his old riders, accustomed to his methods, confident in his genius, and devoted to his fortunes. He attempted aggressive operations with his former energy and self-reliance, but not with his former success. He drove out of West Virginia two invading columns, and then made an incursion into the heart of Kentucky — known as his last Kentucky raid — in the hope of anticipating and deterring a movement into his own territory. Very successful at first, this raid ended, too, in disaster. After capturing and dispersing Federal forces in the aggregate much larger than his own, he encountered at Cynthiana a vastly superior force, and was defeated. Two months later, September 4, 1864, he was killed at Greeneville, Tennessee, while advancing to attack the Federal detachments stationed in front of Knoxville.[1] The remnant of his old command served during the gloomy winter of 1864–65 in the region where their leader met death, fighting often on the same ground. When Richmond fell and Lee surrendered they marched to join Joseph E. Johnston. After his capitulation they were part of the escort that guarded Jefferson Davis in his aimless retreat from Charlotte, and laid down their arms at Woodville, Georgia, by order of John C. Breckinridge, when the armies of the Confederacy were disbanded and its President became a fugitive.

Basil W. Duke.

1 E. W. Doran of Greeneville, Tenn., gives the following particulars of General Morgan's death:

General Morgan came to Greeneville on September 3, and stationed his troops on a hill overlooking the town from the east, while he and his staff were entertained at the "Williams Mansion," the finest residence in town. At this time Captain Robert C. Carter, in command of a company of Colonel Crawford's regiment, was stationed three or four miles north of the town. He got accurate information of Morgan's whereabouts, and sent a messenger at once to General A. C. Gillem, at Bull's Gap, sixteen miles distant. This message was intrusted to John Davis and two other young men of his company, who rode through a fearful storm, picking their way by the lightning flashes and arriving there sometime before midnight. Other messages were probably sent to Gillem that night from Greeneville, but this was the first received. The report usually given in the histories to the effect that Mrs. Joseph Williams carried the news is not correct, as she was known to be in an opposite direction several miles, and knew nothing of the affair. In an hour after the message was delivered Gillem's forces were hurrying on their way to Greeneville, where they arrived about daylight, and surrounded the house where Morgan was. He ran out, without waiting to dress, to conceal himself in the shrubbery and grape arbors, but was seen from the street and shot by Andrew G. Campbell, a private in the 13th Tennessee. Campbell was promoted to a lieutenancy. Morgan's body was afterward secured by his friends and given decent burial. But little firing was done by either army; and after Morgan was killed his forces marched out of town while the Union forces marched in, in easy range of each other, yet not a shot was fired on either side.

II.—THE CAPTURE.

WHEN it was known at Indianapolis that General Morgan, with a large force, had crossed the Ohio, the city was panic-stricken. The State had been literally depleted of troops to assist Kentucky, and everybody knew it. The very worst was apprehended — that railways would be cut up, passenger and freight trains robbed, bridges and depots burned, our arsenal pillaged, two thousand Confederate prisoners at Camp Morton liberated, and Jef-

fersonville, with all its Government stores, and possibly Indianapolis itself, destroyed.

Nor was this all. It had been reported, and partly believed, as afterward proved to be the fact, that the State was undermined with rebel sympathizers banded together in secret organizations. The coming of Morgan had been looked for, and his progress through Kentucky watched with anxiety. It was predicted that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of "Knights of the Golden Circle" and "Sons of Liberty" would flock to his standard and endeavor to carry the State over to the Confederacy. Morgan probably had fair reason to believe that his ranks would be at least largely recruited in the southern counties of Indiana. The governor of Indiana, Oliver P. Morton, went to work with all his tremendous energy and indomitable will, in the face of the greatest opposition that had been encountered in any Northern State, amounting, just before, almost to open rebellion. He proclaimed martial law, though not in express terms, and ordered out the "Legion," or militia, and called upon the loyal citizens of the State to enroll themselves as minute-men, to organize and report for arms and for martial duty. Thousands responded to the call within twenty-four hours—many within two hours.[1] Everything possible was done by telegraph, until the lines were cut. Some arms were found in the State Arsenal, and more, with accoutrements and ammunition, together with whole batteries of artillery, were procured from Chicago and St. Louis.

The disposition of the State levies that came thronging in was left to me as fast as they were armed. The three great junctions of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad in Indiana, over which troops and supplies were shipped from all points to Rosecrans at Chattanooga, *viz.:* Mitchell, Seymour and Vernon, were first to be made secure; for surely Morgan must have some military objectives, and these appeared to be the most likely. The westerly junction was Mitchell. This was quickly occupied and guarded by General James Hughes with Legion men, reënforced by the new organizations rising in that quarter. Seymour was the most central, and lay directly on the road to Cincinnati and Indianapolis from Louisville; and to Seymour a brigade was assembled from the center of the State, with General John Love, a skillful old army officer, to command it, with instructions to have an eye to Vernon likewise. To this last point Burnside ordered a battery from Cincinnati; and what few troops I had in Michigan, though half organized, came down to Vernon and to General Love. Besides these thus rendezvoused, the people of the southern counties were called upon to bushwhack the enemy, to obstruct roads, to guard trains, bridges, etc., and make themselves generally useful and pestiferous.

Our militia first came in contact with the enemy opposite Brandenburg, where he crossed; but it made the first stand at Corydon Junction, where the road runs between two abrupt hills, across which Colonel Lewis Jordan threw up some light intrenchments. Morgan's advance attempted to ride over these "rail-piles" rough shod, but lost some twenty troopers unhorsed. They brought up their reserve and artillery, flanked, and finally surrounded Colonel Jordan, who, after an hour's resolute resistance, surrendered.

This gave the raiders the town, and the citizens the first taste of Morgan's style, which somewhat disgusted the numerous class of Southern sympathizers. The shops were given up to plunder, and the ladies were levied on for meals for the whole command.

Throwing out columns in various directions, Morgan pushed for Mitchell, where no doubt he expected to cut the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, got as far as Salem in that direction, captured or dispersed a few squads of badly armed minute-men who were guarding depots and bridges, which he burned, and doubtless hearing from his scouts, sent out in citizens' clothes, of Hughes's force collected at Mitchell, he discreetly turned off northeastward, apparently aiming next for Seymour. This I heard with great satisfaction.

The panic at Indianapolis began to subside. Still I felt uneasy for Seymour, as I next heard of Morgan at Vienna, where he tapped the telegraph lines and learned what he could of all our plans to catch him. He came within nine miles of Seymour. General Love sent out a reconnaissance of sharpshooters under Colonel C. V. DeLand, with a couple of field-pieces. They found that Morgan had turned off eastward. Love divined his object, and started De Land and two Indiana regiments of militia for Vernon. Here Morgan next turned up, planted his Parrotts, and demanded surrender. He was defied until Love's arrival with the rest of his militia, and then he swept off in a hurry from Vernon, followed by our men, who captured his pickets and rear-guard, but who, having no cavalry, were soon outmarched.

Morgan secured a great advantage by seiz-

[1] According to the report of the adjutant-general of Indiana 30,000 militia assembled within thirty-six hours, and about the time Morgan was leaving the State 65,000 men were in the field. In Ohio, according to a report made to the adjutant-general, 55,000 militia turned out; many of them refused pay, yet $232,000 were disbursed for services during the raid. It would appear, therefore, that 120,000 militia took the field against Morgan in addition to the three brigades of General Judah's United States cavalry.—EDITOR.

ing all the horses within reach,[1] leaving none for the militia or for General E. H. Hobson, which enabled him to gain on his pursuers, and he would then have left Hobson far out of sight but for the home guard, who obstructed the roads somewhat and bushwhacked his men from every hedge, hill, or tree, when it could be done. But the trouble was that we could not attack him with sufficient organized numbers.

After he left Vernon we felt safe at Indianapolis. "Defensive sites" were abandoned, and the banks brought back their deposits which they had sent off by express to Chicago and the North. Some fears, or hopes, were now entertained as to Madison, towards which Morgan next bent his way — fears for the safety of that city, and hopes that, with the help of Judah's troops and the gunboats now on the way up the river, we might put an end to the raid. From Indianapolis we started General Lew Wallace with a good brigade of minutemen, and with high hopes that at either Madison or Lawrenceburg, farther up the river, he might "capture them." The people ahead were asked by telegraph to coöperate. But after going down that line as far as Dupont, Morgan turned northeast for Versailles, where we next heard of him threatening the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway. This was a nice bit of work. He baffled all our calculations and did some damage on both the Ohio and Mississippi and Cincinnati railroads, sending off flying columns in a dozen directions at a time for the purpose, as well as to throw Hobson off the scent. Some of these columns looked like traveling circuses adorned with useless plunder and an excess of clowns. Thus they went through Pierceville and Milan to Harrison, on White River, and on the Ohio line. Here Hobson's advance came upon them, but unfortunately it paused to plant artillery, instead of dashing across the bridge and engaging the raiders until the main body should arrive. This lost us the bridge, which was burned before our eyes, and many hours' delay, marching round by the ford. Their next demonstration was towards Hamilton. Here there was a fine railway bridge over the Big Miami. Hobson followed in such close pursuit through New Baltimore, Glendale, and Miamiville that the raiders did little damage. Their attempt to burn a bridge at Miamiville was repulsed by the home guard. My last troops were despatched from Indianapolis to head them off at Hamilton, after five hours' delay caused by the intoxication of their commander. His successor in command was General Hascall, who swore like a trooper to find himself "just in time to be too late." He proceeded through Hamilton, Ohio, as far as Loveland. But Morgan had sent only a detachment towards Hamilton to divert attention from Cincinnati, towards which he made a rapid march with his whole united force.

Governor Tod of Ohio had already called out the militia and proclaimed martial law. He raised men enough, but Burnside had to organize and arm them. Morgan found the great city guarded, but he passed through the very suburbs by a night march around it, unmolested. He crossed the Little Miami Railroad at daylight, and came north in sight of Camp Dennison, where Colonel Neff half armed his convalescents, threw out pickets, dug rifle-pits, and threw up intrenchments. His fiery old veterans saved a railway bridge and actually captured a lieutenant and others before they sheered off and went some ten miles northward to Williamsburg. From that point they seemed to be steering for the great bend of the Ohio at Pomeroy.

In the vicinity of Cincinnati, Colonel W. P. Sanders, the splendid raider of East Tennessee, came up from Kentucky with some Michigan cavalry and joined Hobson in pursuit, and these were about the only fresh horses in the chase. Sanders had come by steamer, and, landing at Cincinnati, had been thrown out from there, it was hoped, ahead of Morgan, who, however, was too quick for him. They met later on.

Under the good management of Colonel A. V. Kautz in advance, with his brigade, and of Sanders, the men now marched more steadily and gained ground. Kautz had observed how the other brigade commanders had lost distance and blown their horses by following false leads, halting and closing up rapidly at the frequent reports of "enemy in front," and by stopping to plant artillery. Marching in his own way at a steady walk, his brigade forming the rear-guard, he had arrived at Batavia two hours before the main body, that had been "cavorting round the country" all day, "misled by two citizen guides" — possibly Morgan's own men.

Not stopping to draw the rations sent out to him from Cincinnati, Hobson urged his jaded horses through Brown, Adams, and Pike counties, now under the lead of Kautz, and reached Jasper on the Scioto at midnight of

[1] General J. M. Shackelford says in his official report: "Our pursuit was much retarded by the enemy's burning all the bridges in our front. He had every advantage. His system of horse-stealing was perfect. He would despatch men from the head of each regiment, on each side of the road, to go five miles into the country, seizing every horse, and then fall in at the rear of the column. In this way he swept the country for ten miles of all the horses." — EDITOR.

the 16th, Morgan having passed there at sundown. The next day they raced through Jackson. On the 18th Hobson, at Rutland, learned that Morgan had been turned off by the militia at Pomeroy and had taken the Chester road for Portland and the fords of the Ohio. The chase became animated. Our troopers made a march of fifty miles that day and still had twenty-five miles to reach Chester. They arrived there without a halt at eleven at night, and had still fifteen miles to reach the ford. They kept on, and at dawn of the 19th struck the enemy's pickets. Two miles out from Portland, Morgan was brought to bay — and not by Hobson alone. First came the militia, then came Judah. His division had pushed up the river in steamers parallel with Morgan's course. Lieutenant John O'Neil, afterwards of Fenian fame, with a troop of Indiana cavalry, kept up the touch on Morgan's right flank by a running fight, stinging it at every vulnerable point, and reporting Morgan's course to Judah in the neck and neck race. Aided by the local militia, O'Neil now dashed ahead and fearlessly skirmished with the enemy's flankers from every coign of vantage. He reached the last descent to the river bottom near Buffington Bar, and near the historical Blennerhasset's Island, early on the morning of the 19th.

The Ohio River was up. It had risen unexpectedly. But here Morgan must cross, if at all. It could not be forded by night, when he got here. He tried the ford at Blennerhasset. Failing in this, his men collected flatboats and set to work calking them, meantime sending a party to Buffington Bar, where they found a small earthwork and captured its guard; and these things delayed them until morning. General Judah attempted a reconnaissance, resulting in a fight, which he describes as follows in his report:

Before leaving Pomeroy I despatched a courier to General Hobson, apprising him of my direction, and requesting him to press the enemy's rear with all the forces he could bring up. Traveling all night, I reached the last descent to the river bottom at Buffington Bar at 5.30 A. M. on the 19th. Here, halting my force and placing my artillery in a commanding position, I determined to make a reconnaissance in person, for the purpose of ascertaining if a report just made to me—that the gunboats had left on a previous evening, the home guards had retreated, and that the enemy had been crossing all night—was true. A very dense fog enveloped everything, confining the view of surrounding objects to a radius of about fifty yards. I was accompanied by a small advance guard, my escort, and one piece of Henshaw's battery, a section of which, under Captain Henshaw, I had ordered to join my force. I advanced slowly and cautiously along a road leading toward the river, . . . when my little force found itself enveloped on three sides—front and both flanks—by three regiments, dismounted, and led by Colonel Basil [W.] Duke, just discernible through the fog, at a distance of from fifty to a hundred yards. This force, as I afterward learned, had been disposed for the capture of the home guards, intrenched on the bank of the river. To use Colonel Duke's own expression after his capture, "He could not have been more surprised at the presence of my force had it dropped from the clouds." As soon as discovered, the enemy opened a heavy fire, advancing so rapidly that before the piece of artillery could be brought into battery it was captured, as were also Captain R. C. Kise, my assistant adjutant-general, Captain Grafton, volunteer aide-de-camp, and between twenty and thirty of my men. Two privates were killed. Major McCook (since dead), paymaster and volunteer aide-de-camp,[1] Lieutenant F. G. Price, aide-de-camp, and ten men were wounded. Searching in vain for an opening through which to charge and temporarily beat back the enemy, I was compelled to fall back upon the main body, which I rapidly brought up into position, and opened a rapid and beautifully accurate artillery fire from the pieces of the 5th Indiana upon a battery of two pieces, which the enemy had opened upon me, as well as upon his deployed dismounted force in line. Obstructing fences prevented a charge by my cavalry. In less than half an hour the enemy's lines were broken and in retreat. The advance of my artillery, and a charge of cavalry, made by Lieutenant O'Neil, 5th Indiana Cavalry, with only fifty men, converted his retreat into a rout, and drove him upon General Hobson's forces, which had engaged him upon the other road. His prisoners, the piece of artillery lost by me, all of his own artillery (five pieces), his camp equipage, and transportation and plunder of all kinds, were abandoned and captured. We also captured large numbers of prisoners, including Colonels Basil [W.] Duke, Dick [R. C.] Morgan, and Allen [Ward?], and the most of General Morgan's staff.

Yet with a considerable force Morgan succeeded in making his escape, and started into the interior like a fox for cover. Passing around the advanced column of his enemy he suddenly came upon the end of Shackelford's column, under Wolford, whom he at once attacked with his usual audacity. Shackelford reversed his column, selected his best horses, and gave pursuit. He overtook the enemy at Backum Church, where Wolford's Kentucky fellows rushed upon Morgan's men with drawn sabers and Kentucky yells, and chased them until next afternoon, when they were found collected on a high bluff, where some hundreds surrendered; but Morgan again escaped, and with over six hundred horsemen gave our fellows a long chase yet by the dirt road and by rail. Continuing north through several counties, he veered northwest towards the Pennsylvania line, even now burning buildings, carloads of freight, and bridges by the way,

[1] Major Daniel McCook, father of the famous fighting family, who pushed himself in against remonstrance, to find the slayer of his son (General Robert L. McCook), reported to be with Morgan.

though hotly hounded by Shackelford, and flanked and headed off by troops in cars.

Among the latter was Major W. B. Way, of the 9th Michigan, with a battalion of his regiment. Way had left the cars at Mingo and marched over near to Steubenville,[1] where he began a skirmish which lasted over twenty-five miles towards Salineville, away up in Columbiana County. Here he brought Morgan to bay. The latter still fought desperately, losing 200 prisoners and over 70 of his men killed or wounded, and skipped away. Another Union detachment came up by rail under Major George W. Rue, of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, joined Shackelford at Hammondsville, and took the advance with three hundred men.

At Salineville he found Morgan, pursued by Major Way, pushing for Smith's Ford on the Ohio. Breaking into trot and gallop, he outmarched and intercepted the fugitives at the cross-roads near Beaver Creek, and had gained the enemy's front and flank when a flag of truce was raised, and Morgan coolly demanded his surrender. Rue's threat to open fire brought Morgan to terms, when another issue was raised. It was now claimed that Morgan had already surrendered, namely, to a militia officer, and been by him paroled. This "officer" turned out to be "Captain" James Burbick, of the home guard.[2] Rue held Morgan, with 364 officers and men and 400 horses, till General Shackelford came up, who held them as prisoners of war.

1 The Editor has received from E. E. Day the following account of Morgan's brief stay at Wintersville:

Defeated at Buffington Bar, Morgan abandoned his plan of making a watering trough of Lake Erie, and fled north through the tier of river counties, keeping within a few miles of the Ohio. The river was low, but not fordable except at Coxe's Riffle, a few miles below Steubenville. Headed at this point also, he struck across the country and passed through Wintersville, a small village five miles west of Steubenville. That was a memorable Saturday in Wintersville. Morgan's progress across the State had been watched with the most feverish anxiety, and the dread that the village might lie in his path filled the hearts of many. The wildest rumors passed current. Morgan and his "guerrillas," it was said, would kill all the men, lay the village in ashes, and carry off the women and children. The militia, or "hundred-day men," who lived in or near the village, drilled in the village streets, and fired rattling volleys of blank cartridges at a board fence, in preparation for the coming conflict. On Friday evening word came that Morgan would attempt to force a passage at Coxe's Riffle the next morning, and the militia marched to Steubenville to help intercept him. A bloody battle was expected. About the middle of the forenoon a horseman dashed into the village shouting: "Morgan 's coming! He 's just down at John Hanna's!" and galloped on to warn others. Mr. Hanna was a farmer living about a mile south of the village. He had shouldered his musket and gone with the militia, leaving his wife and two children at home. About ten o'clock Morgan's men were seen coming up the road. Mrs. Hanna with her children attempted to reach a neighbor's, but they were overtaken and ordered to the house, which they found full of soldiers. Morgan and his officers were stretched, dusty clothes, boots and all, upon her beds, and a negro was getting dinner. While the third table was eating, a squad of militiamen appeared on a neighboring hill. Morgan ordered their capture, saying, "What will those Yankees do with the thousand men I have?" A number of Morgan's men started to carry out their chief's command, but the militia made good their escape. Soon after, word came that Shackelford's men were near, and Morgan left so hurriedly that he neglected to take the quilts and blankets his men had selected.

In the village all was consternation. Many of the women and children gathered at the Maxwell Tavern. Their terror upon hearing that Morgan was "just down at Hanna's" cannot be described. Word had been sent to Steubenville, and Colonel James Collier marched out with a force of about eight hundred militia, sending a squad under command of Captain Prentiss to reconnoiter. They galloped through the village, and as Morgan's advance came in sight began firing. The fire was returned, and a private named Parks, from Steubenville, was wounded. Morgan's men charged the scouting party, sending them through the village back to the main body in a very demoralized condition. The frightened women, and still worse frightened children, no sooner saw the "dust-brown ranks" of the head of Morgan's column than they beat a hasty retreat down the alley to the house of Dr. Markle, the village physician. This change of base was made under fire, as Morgan's men were shooting at the retreating militia, and also at a house owned by William Fisher, in which they had heard there were a number of militiamen. At the doctor's house all crowded into one room, and were led in prayer by the minister's wife. The retreat of the scouting party did not have a very cheering effect upon the advancing militia. As they passed a field of broomcorn several men suddenly disappeared, their swift course through the cane being easily followed by the swaying of the tassels. The militia were met by rumors that the village was in ashes. Morgan did not set fire to the village, but his men found time to explore the village store and to search the Fisher house, in the second story of which they found a flag. Morgan's men were hardly out of sight on the Richmond road when Colonel Collier and the militia appeared. They formed line of battle on a hill east of the village just in time to see Shackelford's advance coming along the road over which they were expecting Morgan. The colonel at once opened fire with his six-pounder loaded with scrap iron. The first shot did little damage. One piece of scrap iron found its way to the right, and struck with a resounding thwack against the end of the Maxwell Tavern. The second shot did not hit anything. One of Shackelford's officers rode across the field and inquired, "What are you fools shooting at?" The colonel then learned, to his astonishment, that Morgan was at least two miles out on the Richmond road. Many who had been conspicuously absent then showed themselves, and the daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes which came to light are not to be lightly referred to. At least a dozen dead rebels, it was said, would be discovered in the fields when the farmers came to cut their oats, but for some reason the bodies were never found.

2 General W. T. H. Brooks says in his report:

Morgan had passed a company of citizens from New Lisbon, and agreed not to fire upon them if they would not fire upon him. He had taken two or three of their men prisoners, and was using them as guides. Among them was a Mr. Burbick, of New Lisbon, who had gone out at the head of a small squad of mounted men. When Morgan saw that his advance was about to be cut off by Major Rue, he said to this Captain Burbick: "I would prefer to surrender to the militia rather than to United States troops. I will surrender to you if you will agree to respect private property and parole the officers and men as soon as we get to Cincinnati." Burbick replied that he knew nothing about this business. Morgan said, "Give me an answer, yes or no." Burbick, evidently in confusion, said, "Yes."

James Burbick sent a statement to Governor Tod, in which he said that he was not a prisoner with Morgan, but that he was guiding him voluntarily away from the vicinity of New Lisbon, after Morgan had agreed not to pass through that town. Burbick says that he accepted Morgan's surrender, and started for the rear with a handkerchief tied to a stick to intercept the advancing troops, while Lieutenant C. D. Maus, a prisoner with Morgan, was sent with another flag of truce across the fields.—EDITOR.

And thus ended the greatest of Morgan's raids. By it Bragg lost a fine large division of cavalry, that, if added to Buckner's force,—already equal to Burnside's in East Tennessee,—might have defeated Burnside; or, if thrown across Rosecrans's flanks or long lines of supply and communication, or, used in reconnaissance on the Tennessee River, might have baffled Rosecrans's plans altogether. As it was, Rosecrans was able to deceive Bragg by counterfeit movements that could easily have been detected by Morgan.

Orlando B. Willcox.

III.—THE ESCAPE.[1]

ON the 31st of July and the 1st of August, 1863, General John H. Morgan, General Basil W. Duke, and sixty-eight other officers of Morgan's command were, by order of General Burnside, confined in the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus. Before entering the main prison we were searched and relieved of our pocket-knives, money, and all other articles of value, subjected to a bath, the shaving of our faces, and the cutting of our hair. We were placed each in a separate cell in the first and second tiers on the south side in the east wing of the prison. General Morgan and General Duke were on the second range, General Morgan being confined in the last cell at the east end, those who escaped with General Morgan having their cells in the first range.

From five o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock in the morning we were locked into our cells, with no possible means of communication with one another; but in the day, between these hours, we were permitted to mingle together in the narrow hall, twelve feet wide and one hundred and sixty long, which was cut off from the other portion of the building, occupied by the convicts, by a plank partition, in one end of which was a wooden door. At each end of the hall and within the partitions was an armed military sentinel, while the civil guards of the prison passed at irregular intervals among us, and very frequently the warden or his deputy came through in order to see that we were secure and not violating the prison rules. We were not permitted to talk with or in any way to communicate with the convicts, nor were we permitted to see any of our relatives or friends that might come from a distance to see us, except upon the written order of General Burnside, and then only in the presence of a guard. Our correspondence underwent the censorship of the warden, we receiving and he sending only such as met his approbation. We were not permitted to have newspapers, or to receive information of what was going on in the outside busy world.

Many plans for escape, ingenious and desperate, were suggested, discussed, and rejected because deemed impracticable. Among them was bribery of the guards. This was thought not feasible because of the double set of guards, military and civil, who were jealous and watchful of each other, so that it was never attempted, although we could have commanded, through our friends in Kentucky and elsewhere, an almost unlimited amount of money.

On a morning in the last days of October I was rudely treated, without cause, by the deputy warden. There was no means of redress, and it was not wise to seek relief by retort, since I knew, from the experience of my comrades, that it would result in my confinement in a dark dungeon, with bread and water for diet. I retired to my cell and closed the door with the determination that I would neither eat nor sleep until I had devised some means of escape. I ate nothing and drank nothing during the day, and by nine o'clock at night I had matured the plan that we carried into execution. It may be that I owe something to the fact that I had just completed the reading of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," containing such vivid delineations of the wonderful escapes of Jean Valjean, and of the subterranean passages of the city of Paris. This may have led me to the line of thought that terminated in the plan of escape adopted. It was this: I had observed that the floor of my cell was upon a level with the ground upon the outside of the building, which was low and flat, and also that the floor of the cell was perfectly dry and free from mold. It occurred to me that, as the rear of the cell was to a great extent excluded from the light and air, this dryness and freedom from mold could not exist unless there was underneath something in the nature of an air-chamber to prevent the dampness from rising up the walls and through the floor. If this chamber should be found to exist, and could be reached, a tunnel might be run through the foundations into the yard, from which we might escape by scaling the outer wall, the air-chamber furnishing a

[1] Condensed from "The Bivouac" of June, 1885.—EDITOR.

receptacle for the earth and stone to be taken out in running the tunnel. The next morning when our cells were unlocked, and we were permitted to assemble in the hall, I went to General Morgan's cell, he having been for several days quite unwell, and laid before him the plan as I have sketched it. Its feasibility appeared to him unquestioned, and to it he gave a hearty and unqualified approval. If, then, our supposition was correct as to the existence of the air-chamber beneath the lower range of cells, a limited number of those occupying that range could escape, and only a limited number, because the greater the number the longer the time required to complete the work, and the greater the danger of discovery while prosecuting it, in making our way over the outer wall, and in escaping afterward.

With these considerations in view, General Morgan and myself agreed upon the following officers, whose cells were nearest the point at which the tunnel was to begin, to join us in the enterprise: Captain J. C. Bennett, Captain L. D. Hockersmith, Captain C. S. Magee, Captain Ralph Sheldon, and Captain Samuel B. Taylor. The plan was then laid before these gentlemen, and received their approval. It was agreed that work should begin in my cell, and continue from there until completed. In order, however, to do this without detection, it was necessary that some means should be found to prevent the daily inspection of that cell, it being the custom for the deputy warden, with the guards, to visit and have each cell swept every morning. This end was accomplished by my obtaining permission from the warden to furnish a broom and sweep my own cell. For a few mornings thereafter the deputy warden would pass, glance into my cell, compliment me on its neatness, and go on to the inspection of the other cells. After a few days my cell was allowed to go without any inspection whatever, and then we were ready to begin work, having obtained through some of our associates, who had been sent to the hospital, some table knives made of flat steel files. In my cell, as in the others, there was a narrow iron cot, which could be folded and propped up to the cell wall. I thought the work could be completed within a month.

On the 4th of November work was begun in the back part of my cell, under the rear end of my cot. We cut through six inches of cement, and took out six layers of brick put in and cemented with the ends up. Here we came to the air-chamber, as I had calculated, and found it six feet wide by four feet high, and running the entire length of the range of cells. The cement and brick taken out in effecting an entrance to the chamber were placed in my bed-tick, upon which I slept during the progress of this portion of the work, after which the material was removed to the chamber. We found the chamber heavily grated at the end, against which a large quantity of coal had been heaped, cutting off any chance of exit in that way. We then began a tunnel, running it at right angles from the side of the chamber, and almost directly beneath my cell. We cut through the foundation wall, five feet thick, of the cell block; through twelve feet of grouting, to the outer wall of the east wing of the prison; through this wall, six feet in thickness; and four feet up near the surface of the yard, in an unfrequented place between this wing and the female department of the prison.

During the progress of the work, in which we were greatly assisted by several of our comrades who were not to go out, notably among them Captain Thomas W. Bullitt of Louisville, Kentucky, I sat at the entrance to my cell studiously engaged on Gibbon's Rome and in trying to master French. By this device I was enabled to be constantly on guard without being suspected, as I had pursued the same course during the whole period of my imprisonment. Those who did the work were relieved every hour. This was accomplished and the danger of the guards overhearing the work as they passed obviated by adopting a system of signals, which consisted in giving taps on the floor over the chamber. One knock was to suspend work, two to proceed, and three to come out. On one occasion, by oversight, we came near being discovered. The prisoners were taken out to their meals by ranges, and on this day those confined in the first range were called for dinner while Captain Hockersmith was in the tunnel. The deputy warden, on calling the roll, missed Hockersmith, and came back to inquire for him. General Morgan engaged the attention of the warden by asking his opinion as to the propriety of a remonstrance that the general had prepared to be sent to General Burnside. Flattered by the deference shown to his opinion by General Morgan, the warden unwittingly gave Captain Hockersmith time to get out and fall into line for dinner. While the tunnel was being run, Colonel R. C. Morgan, a brother of General Morgan, made a rope, in links, of bed-ticking, thirty-five feet in length, and from the iron poker of the hall stove we made a hook, in the nature of a grappling-iron, to attach to the end of the rope.

The work was now complete with the exception of making an entrance from each of the cells of those who were to go out. This could be done with safety only by working from the chamber upward, as the cells were daily inspected. The difficulty presented in doing this was the fact that we did not know at what

point to begin in order to open the holes in the cells at the proper place. To accomplish this a measurement was necessary, but we had nothing to measure with. Fortunately the deputy warden again ignorantly aided us. I got into a discussion with him as to the length of the hall, and to convince me of my error he sent for his measuring line, and after the hall had been measured and his statement verified General Morgan occupied his attention, while I took the line, measured the distance from center to center of the cells,— all being of uniform size,— and marked it upon the stick used in my cell for propping up my cot. With this stick, measuring from the middle of the hole in my cell, the proper distance was marked off in the chamber for the holes in the other cells. The chamber was quite dark, and light being necessary for the work we had obtained candles and matches through our sick comrades in the hospital. The hole in my cell during the progress of the work was kept covered with a large hand satchel containing my change of clothing. We cut from underneath upward until there was only a thin crust of the cement left in each of the cells. Money was necessary to pay expenses of transportation and for other contingencies as they might arise. General Morgan had some money that the search had not discovered, but it was not enough. Shortly after we began work I wrote to my sister in Kentucky a letter, which through a trusted convict I sent out and mailed, requesting her to go to my library and get certain books, and in the back of a designated one, which she was to open with a thin knife, place therein a certain amount of Federal money, repaste the back, write my name across the inside of the back where the money was concealed, and send the box by express. In due course of time the books with the money came to hand. It only remained now to get information as to the time of the running of the trains and to await a cloudy night, as it was then full moon. Our trusty convict was again found useful. He was quite an old man, called Heavy, had been in the penitentiary for many years, and as he had been so faithful, and his time having almost expired, he was permitted to go on errands for the officials to the city. I gave him ten dollars to bring us a daily paper and six ounces of French brandy. Neither he nor any one within the prison or on the outside had any intimation of our contemplated escape.

It was our first thought to make our way to the Confederacy by the way of Canada; but, on inspecting the time-table in the paper, it was seen that a knowledge of the escape would necessarily come to the prison officials before we could reach the Canadian border. There was nothing left, then, but to take the train south, which we found, if on time, would reach Cincinnati, Ohio, before the cells were opened in the morning, at which time we expected our absence to be discovered. One thing more remained to be done, and that was to ascertain the easiest and safest place at which to scale the outside wall of the prison. The windows opening outward were so high that we could not see the wall. In the hall was a ladder resting against the wall, fifty feet long, that had been used for sweeping down the wall. A view from the top of the ladder would give us a correct idea of the outside, but the difficulty was to get that view without exciting suspicion.

Fortunately the warden came in while we were discussing the great strength and activity of Captain Samuel B. Taylor, who was very small of stature, when it was suggested that Taylor could go hand over hand on the under side of the ladder to the top, and, with a moment's rest, return in the same way. To the warden this seemed impossible, and, to convince him, Taylor was permitted to make the trial, which he did successfully. At the top of the ladder he rested for a minute and took a mental photograph of the wall. When the warden had left, Taylor communicated the fact that directly south of and at almost right angles from the east end of the block in which we were confined there was a double gate to the outer wall, the inside one being of wooden uprights four inches apart, and the outside one as solid as the wall; the wooden gate being supported by the wing wall of the female department, which joined to the main outer wall.

On the evening of the 27th of November the cloudy weather so anxiously waited for came; and prior to being locked in our cells it was agreed to make the attempt at escape that night. Cell No. 21, next to my cell, No. 20, on the first range, was occupied by Colonel R. C. Morgan, a brother of General Morgan. That cell had been prepared for General Morgan by opening a hole to the chamber, and when the hour for locking up came General Morgan stepped into Cell 21, and Colonel Morgan into General Morgan's cell in the second range. The guard did not discover the exchange, as General Morgan and Colonel Morgan were of about the same physical proportions, and each stood with his back to the cell door when it was being locked.

At intervals of two hours every night, beginning at eight, the guards came around to each cell and passed a light through the grating to see that all was well with the prisoners. The approach of the guard was often so stealthily made that a knowledge of his presence was first had by seeing him at the door of the cell. To avoid a surprise of this kind we sprinkled fine coal along in front of the cells, walking

upon which would give us warning. By a singular coincidence that might have been a fatality, on the day we had determined upon for the escape General Morgan received a letter from Lexington, Kentucky, begging and warning him not to attempt to escape, and by the same mail I received a letter from a member of my family saying that it was rumored and generally believed at home that I had escaped. Fortunately these letters did not put the officials on their guard. We ascertained from the paper we had procured that a train left for Cincinnati at 1.15 A. M., and as the regular time for the guard to make his round of the cells was twelve o'clock, we arranged to descend to the chamber immediately thereafter. Captain Taylor was to descend first, and, passing under each cell, notify the others. General Morgan had been permitted to keep his watch, and this he gave to Taylor that he might not mistake the time to go.

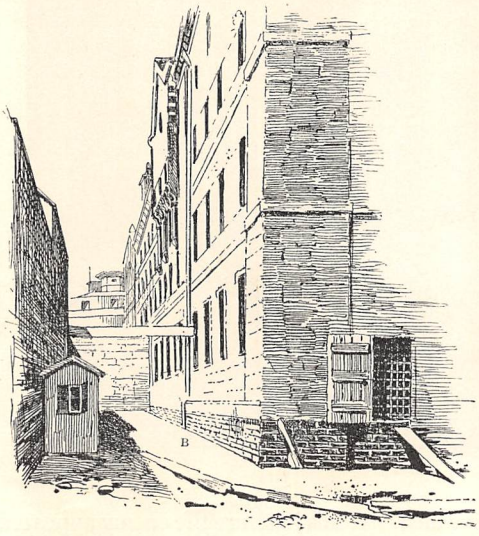
At the appointed hour Taylor gave the signal, each of us arranged his cot with the seat in his cell so as to represent a sleeping prisoner, and, easily breaking the thin layer of cement, descended to the chamber, passed through the tunnel, breaking through the thin stratum of earth at the end. We came out near the wall of the female prison,—it was raining slightly,—crawled by the side of the wall to the wooden gate, cast our grappling iron attached to the rope over the gate, made it fast, ascended the rope to the top of the gate, drew up the rope and made our way by the wing wall to the outside wall, where we entered a sentry-box and divested ourselves of our soiled outer garments. In the daytime sentinels were placed on this wall, but at night they were on the inside of the walls and at the main entrance to the prison. On the top of the wall we found a cord running along the outer edge and connecting with a bell in the office of the prison. This cord General Morgan cut with one of the knives we had used in tunneling. Before leaving my cell I wrote and left, addressed to N. Merion, the warden, the following:

CASTLE MERION, CELL NO. 20, November 27, 1863.—Commencement, November 4, 1863; conclusion, November 24, 1863; number of hours for labor per day, five; tools, two small knives. *La patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux.* By order of my six honorable Confederates. THOMAS H. HINES, *Captain, C. S. A.*

Having removed all trace of soil from our clothes and persons, we attached the iron hook to the railing on the outer edge of the wall, and descended to the ground within sixty yards of where the prison guards were sitting round a fire and conversing. Here we separated, General Morgan and myself going to the depot, about a quarter of a mile from the prison, where I purchased two tickets for Cincinnati, and entered the car that just then came in. General Morgan took a seat by the side of a Federal major in uniform, and I sat immediately in their rear. The general entered into conversation with the major, who was made the more talkative by a copious drink of my French brandy. As the train passed near the prison wall where we had descended the major remarked, "There is where the rebel General Morgan and his officers are put for safe keeping." The general replied, "I hope they will keep him as safe as he is now." Our train passed through Dayton, Ohio, and there, for some unknown reason, we were delayed an hour. This rendered it extra hazardous to go to the depot in the city of Cincinnati, since by that time the prison officials would, in all probability, know of our escape, and telegraph to intercept us. In fact, they did telegraph in every direction, and offered a reward for our recapture. Instead, then, of going to the depot in Cincinnati, we got off, while the train was moving slowly, in the outskirts of the city, near Ludlow Ferry, on the Ohio River. Going directly to the ferry we were crossed over in a skiff and landed immediately in front of the residence of Mrs. Ludlow. We rang the door-bell, a servant came, and General Morgan wrote upon a visiting-card, "General Morgan and Captain Hines, escaped." We were warmly received, took a cup of coffee with the family, were furnished a guide, and walked some three miles in the country, where we were furnished horses. Thence we went through Florence to Union, in Boone County, Kentucky, where we took supper with Daniel Piatt. On making ourselves known to Mr. Piatt, who had two sons in our command, we were treated with the most cordial hospitality and kindness by the entire family. We there met Dr. John J. Dulaney, then of Florence, Kentucky, who was of great benefit in giving us information as to the best route to pursue. That night we went to Mr. Corbin's, near Union,—who also had gallant sons in our command,—where we remained concealed until the next night, and where friends supplied us with good, fresh horses and a pair of pistols each.

On the evening of the 29th of November we left Union with a voluntary guide, passed through the eastern edge of Gallatin County, and after traveling all night spent the day of the 30th at the house of a friend on the Owen County line. Passing through New Liberty, in Owen County, and crossing the Kentucky River at the ferry on the road to New Castle, in Henry County, we stopped at the house of Mr. Pollard at 2 A. M., December 1. Our guide did not know the people nor the roads farther

than the ferry, at which point he turned back. Not knowing the politics of Mr. Pollard, it was necessary to proceed with caution. On reaching his house we aroused him and made known our desire to spend the remainder of the night with him. He admitted us and took us into the family room, where there was a lamp dimly burning on a center-table. On the light being turned up I discovered a Cincinnati "Enquirer" with large displayed head-lines, announcing the escape of General Morgan, Captain Hines, and five other officers from the Ohio penitentiary. The fact that this newspaper was taken by Mr. Pollard was to me sufficient evidence that he was a Southern sympathizer. Glancing at the paper, I looked up and remarked, "I see that General Morgan, Hines, and other

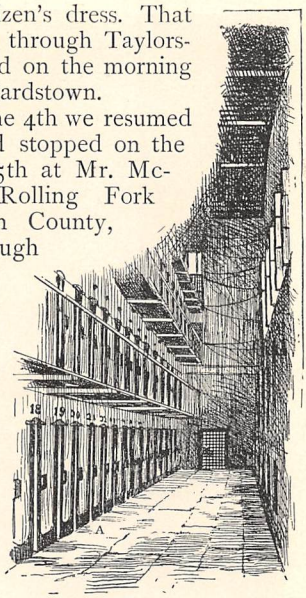


EXTERIOR OF THE PRISON. B—EXIT FROM TUNNEL.

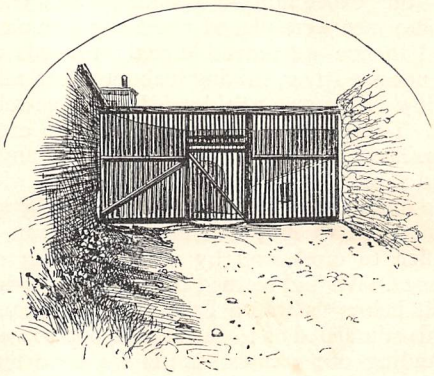
officers have escaped from the penitentiary." He responded, "Yes; and you are Captain Hines, are you not?" I replied, "Yes; and what is your name?" "Pollard," he answered. "Allow me, then, to introduce General Morgan." I found that I had not made a mistake.

After rest and a late breakfast and a discussion of the situation, it was deemed inexpedient to remain during the day, as the house was immediately on a public highway, besides the danger of such unexplained delay exciting the suspicion of the negroes on the place. We assumed the character of cattle-buyers, Mr. Pollard furnishing us with cattle-whips to make the assumption plausible. Our first objective point was the residence of Judge W. S. Pryor, in the outskirts of New Castle. After dinner Judge Pryor rode with us some distance, and put us in charge of a guide, who conducted us that night to Major Helm's, near Shelbyville, where we remained during the day of the 2d, and were there joined by four of our command in citizen's dress. That night we passed through Taylorsville, and stopped on the morning of the 3d near Bardstown.

The night of the 4th we resumed our journey, and stopped on the morning of the 5th at Mr. McCormack's at Rolling Fork Creek, in Nelson County, thence through Taylor, Green (passing near Greensburg), Adair, and Cumberland counties, crossing Cumberland River some nine miles below Burkesville. We crossed the Cumberland, which was quite high, by swimming our horses by the side of a canoe. Near the place of crossing, on the south side, we stopped overnight with a private in Colonel R. T. Jacob's Federal cavalry, passing ourselves as citizens on the lookout for stolen horses. Next morning, in approaching the road from Burkesville to Sparta, Tennessee, we came out of a byway immediately in the rear of and some hundred yards from a dwelling fronting on the Burkesville-Sparta road, and screening us from view on the Burkesville end. As we emerged from the woodland a woman appeared at the back door of the dwelling and motioned us back. We withdrew from view, but kept in sight of the door from which the signal to retire was given, when after a few minutes the woman again appeared and signaled us to come forward. She informed us that a body of Federal cavalry had just passed, going in the direction of Burkesville, and that



CORRIDOR AND CELLS IN THE EAST WING. A—CAPTAIN HINES'S CELL.



WITHIN THE WOODEN GATE.

OVER THE PRISON WALL.

the officer in command informed her that he was trying to intercept General Morgan. We followed the Burkesville road something like a mile, and in sight of the rear-guard. We crossed Obey's River near the mouth of Wolf, and halted for two days in the hills of Overton County, where we came upon forty of our men, who had been separated from the force on the expedition into Indiana and Ohio. These men were placed under my command, and thence we moved directly towards the Tennessee River, striking it about fifteen miles below Kingston, at Bridges's Ferry, December 13. There was no boat to be used in crossing, and the river was very high and angry, and about one hundred and fifty yards wide. We obtained an ax from a house near-by and proceeded to split logs and make a raft on which to cross, and by which to swim our horses. We had learned that two miles and a half below us was a Federal cavalry camp. This stimulated us to the utmost, but notwithstanding our greatest efforts we were three hours in crossing over five horses and twenty-five men. At this juncture the enemy appeared opposite, and began to fire on our men.

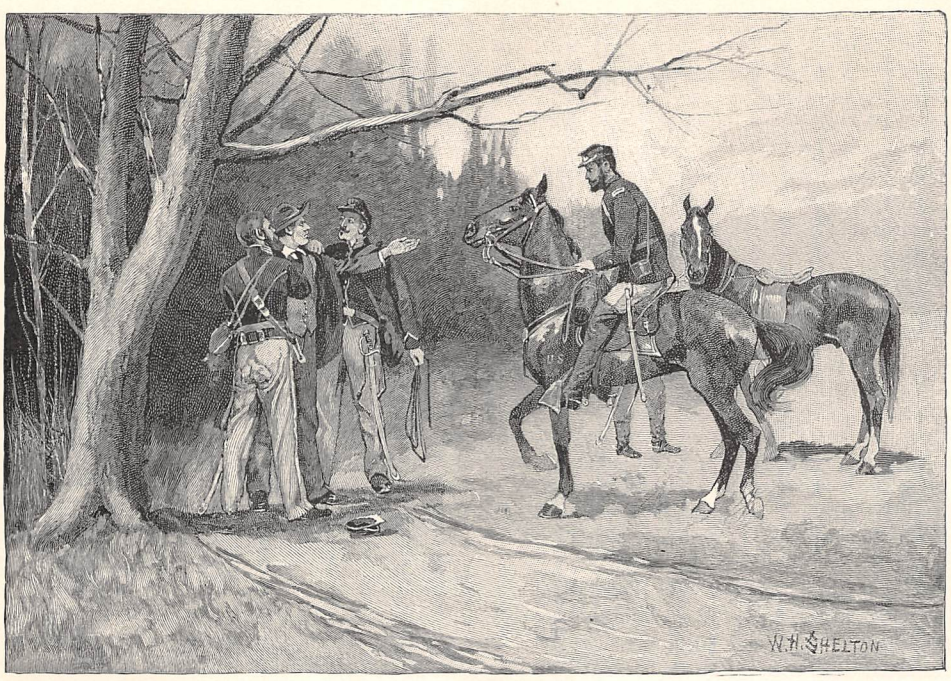
Here General Morgan gave characteristic evidence of devotion to his men. When the firing began he insisted on staying with the dismounted men and taking their chances, and was only dissuaded by my earnest appeal and representation that such a course would endanger the men as well as ourselves. The men, by scattering in the mountains, did ultimately make their way to the Confederacy.

General Morgan, myself, and the four mounted men crossed over a spur of the mountains and descended by a bridle-path to a ravine or gulch upon the opposite side, and halted in some thick underbrush about ten steps from a path passing along the ravine. Not knowing the country, it was necessary to have information or a guide, and observing a log cabin about a hundred yards up the ravine, I rode there to get directions, leaving General Morgan and the others on their horses near the path. I found at the house a woman and some children. She could not direct me over

the other spur of the mountain, but consented that her ten-year-old son might go with me and show the way. He mounted behind me, and by the time he was seated I heard the clatter of hoofs down the ravine, and, looking, I saw a body of about seventy-five cavalry coming directly towards me, and passing within ten steps of where the general and his men were sitting on their horses. I saw that my own escape was doubtful, and that any halt or delay of the cavalry would certainly result in the discovery and capture of General Morgan. I lifted the boy from behind me and dashed to the head of the column, exclaiming, "Hurry up, Major, or the rebels will escape!" He responded, "Who are you?" I answered, "I belong to the home-guard company in the bend: hurry, or they are gone." We dashed on, I riding by the major at the head of the column about half a mile, when we came to where a dry branch crossed the road, and, as it had been raining that day, it was easily seen from the soil that had washed down from the side of the mountain that no one had passed there since the rain. Seeing this, the command was halted, and the major again demanded to know who I was. I replied that I was a member of General Morgan's command. "Yes, —— you! You have led me off from Morgan; I have a notion to hang you for it." "No, that was not General Morgan. I have served under him two years and know him well, and have no object in deceiving you, for if it was Morgan he is now safe." "You lie, for he was recognized at the house where you got the ax. I would not have missed getting him for ten thousand dollars. It would have been a brigadier's commission to me. I will hang you for it." Up to this time I had taken the situation smilingly and pleasantly, because I did not apprehend violence; but the officer, livid with rage from disappointment, directed one of his men to take the halter from his horse and hang me to a designated limb of a tree. The halter was adjusted around my neck, and thrown over the limb. Seeing that the officer was desperately in earnest, I said, "Major, before you perform this operation, allow me to make a suggestion." "Be quick about it, then." "Suppose that *was* General Morgan, as you insist, and I have led you astray, as you insist, would n't I, being a member of his command, deserve to be hung if I had not done what you charge me with?" He dropped his head for a moment, looked up with a more pleasant expression, and said, "Boys, he is right; let him alone."

I was placed under guard of two soldiers and sent across the river to camp, while the officer in command took his men over the mountain in search of General Morgan, who succeeded in making good his escape. The next evening the major returned with his command from his unsuccessful pursuit. He questioned me closely, wanting to know my name, and if I was a private in the command, as I had stated to him at the time of my capture. Remembering that in prison the underclothing of

"HURRY UP, MAJOR!"



CAPTAIN HINES OBJECTS.

Captain Bullitt had been exchanged for mine, and that I then had on his with his name in ink, I assumed the name of Bullitt.

On the evening of the second day in this camp the major invited me to go with him and take supper at the house of a Unionist half a mile away. We spent the evening with the family until nine o'clock, when the major suggested that we should go back to camp. On reaching the front gate, twenty steps from the front veranda, he found that he had left his shawl in the house, and returned to get it, requesting me to await his return. A young lady of the family was standing in the door, and when he went in to get the shawl she closed the door. I was then perfectly free, but I could not get my consent to go. For a moment of time while thus at liberty I suffered intensely in the effort to determine what was the proper thing to do. Upon the one hand was the tempting offer of freedom, that was very sweet to me after so many months of close confinement, while on the other was the fact that the officer had treated me with great kindness, more as a comrade than as a prisoner, that the acceptance of his hospitality was a tacit parole and my escape would involve him in trouble. I remained until his return. He was greatly agitated, evidently realizing for the first time the extent of his indiscretion, and surprised undoubtedly at finding me quietly awaiting him. I had determined not to return to prison, but rather than break faith I awaited some other occasion for escape. Notwithstanding all this, something excited suspicion of me, for the next morning, while lying in a tent apparently asleep, I heard the officer direct the sergeant to detail ten men and guard me to Kingston, and he said to the sergeant, "Put him on the meanest horse you have, and be watchful or he will escape." I was taken to Kingston and placed in jail, and there met three of our party who had been captured on the north side of the Tennessee River at the time we attempted to cross. They were R. C. Church, William Church, and —— Smith. After two days' confinement there, we were sent under guard of twelve soldiers to the camp of the 3d Kentucky Federal Infantry, under command of Colonel Henry C. Dunlap. The camp was opposite the town of Loudon, and was prepared for winter quarters. The large forest trees had been felled for a quarter of a mile around the camp, and log huts built in regular lines for the occupation of the troops. We were placed in one of these huts with three guards on the inside, while the guards who delivered us there were located around a campfire some ten steps in front of the only door to our hut, and around the whole encampment was the regular camp guard. The next day, as we had learned, we were to be sent to Knoxville, Tennessee, which was then General Burnside's headquarters, and as I knew I would there be recognized, and, on account of my previous escape, that my chances for freedom

would be reduced to a minimum, we determined to escape that night.

It was perfectly clear, the moon about full, making the camp almost as light as day, and as the moon did not go down until a short time before daylight we concluded to await its setting. The door of the cabin was fastened by a latch on the inside. The night was cold. We had only pretended to sleep, awaiting our opportunity. When the moon was down we arose, one after another, from our couches, and went to the fire to warm us. We engaged the guards in pleasant conversation, detailing incidents of the war. I stood with my right next the door, facing the fire and the three guards, and my comrades standing immediately on my left. While narrating some incident in which the guards were absorbed, I placed my right hand upon the latch of the door, with a signal to the other prisoners, and, without breaking the thread of the narrative, bade the guards good night, threw the door open, ran through the guards in front of the door, passed the sentinel at the camp limits, and followed the road we had been brought in to the mountains. The guards in front of the door fired upon me, as did the sentinel on his beat, the last shot being so close to me that I felt the fire from the gun. Unfortunately and unwittingly I threw the door open with such force that it rebounded and caught my comrades on the inside. The guards assaulted them and attempted to bayonet them, but they grappled, overpowered, and disarmed the guards, and made terms with them before they would let them up. All three of these prisoners, by great daring, escaped before they were taken North to prison.

In running from the camp to the mountains I passed two sentinel fires, and was pursued some distance at the point of the bayonet of the soldier who had last fired at me. All was hurry and confusion in the camp. The horses were bridled, saddled, and mounted, and rapidly ridden out on the road I had taken, but by the time the pursuers reached the timber I was high up the mountain side, and complacently watched them as they hurried by. As I ran from my prison house I fixed my eye upon Venus, the morning star, as my guide, and traveled until daylight, when I reached the summit of a mountain, where I found a sedge-grass field, of about twenty acres, in the middle of which I lay down on the frozen ground and remained until the sun had gone down and darkness was gathering. During the day the soldiers in search of me frequently passed within thirty steps, so close that I could hear their conjectures as to where I was most likely to be found. I remained so long in one position that I thawed into the frozen earth, but the cool of the evening coming on, the soil around me froze again, and I had some difficulty in releasing myself.

As it grew dark I descended the mountain, and cautiously approached a humble dwelling. Seeing no one but a woman and some children, I entered and asked for supper. While my supper was being prepared, no little to my disappointment the husband, a strapping, manly-looking fellow, with his rifle on his shoulder, walked in. I had already assumed a character, and that was as agent to purchase horses for the Federal Government. I had come down that evening on the train from Knoxville, and was anxious to get a canoe and some one to paddle me down to Kingston, where I had an engagement for the next day to meet some gentlemen who were to have horses there, by agreement with me, for sale. Could the gentleman tell me where I could get a canoe and some one to go with me? He said the rebels were so annoying that all boats and canoes had been destroyed to keep them from crossing. He knew of but one canoe, owned by a good Union man some two miles down the river. Would he be kind enough to show me the way there, that I might get an early start and keep my engagement?

After supper my hospitable entertainer walked with me to the residence of the owner of the canoe. The family had retired, and when the owner of the premises came out there came with him a Federal soldier who was staying overnight with him. This was not encouraging. After making my business known and offering large compensation, the owner of the canoe agreed to start with me by daylight. During my walk down there my guide had mentioned that a certain person living opposite the place where the canoe was owned had several horses that he would like to sell. I suggested that, in order to save time and get as early a start as possible for Kingston, the canoe owner should take me over to see to the purchase of these horses that night. The river was high and dangerous to cross at night, but by promises of compensation I was taken over and landed some quarter of a mile from the house. With an injunction to await me, when the canoe landed I started towards the house; but when out of sight I changed my course and took to the mountains.

For eight days I traveled by night, taking my course by the stars, lying up in the mountains by day, and getting food early in the evening wherever I could find a place where there were no men. On the 27th of December I reached the Confederate lines near Dalton, Georgia.

Thomas H. Hines.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.—III.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

AN ALLUSION TO A YELLOW DOG.

THE colonel's office, like many other of his valued possessions, was in fact the property of somebody else.

It really belonged to a friend of Fitzpatrick, who had become so impressed by the Virginian's largeness of manner and buoyant enthusiasm that he whispered to Fitz to bring him in by all means and give him any desk in the place; adding that "in a sagging market the colonel would be better than a war boom."

So the colonel moved in — not a very complicated operation in his case; his effects being confined to an old leather portfolio and a bundle of quill pens tied up with a bit of Aunt Nancy's white yarn. The next day he nailed his visiting card above the firm's name in the corridor, hung his hat and coat on the proprietor's peg, selected a desk nearest the light, and was as much at home in five minutes as if he owned the whole building.

There was no price agreed upon, and the colonel never referred to it afterwards. Once, when Fitz delicately suggested that all such rents were generally payable monthly, the colonel, after some difficulty in grasping the idea, said:

"I could not offer it, suh. These gentlemen have treated me with a hospitality so generous that its memory will never fade from my mind. I cannot bring our relations down to the level of bargain and sale, suh; it would be vulgar."

The colonel believed it. As for himself he would have put every room in his own Carter Hall at their service for any purpose or for any length of time, and have slept in the woodshed himself; and he would as soon have demanded the value of the bottle of wine on his own table as ask pay for so trivial a courtesy.

Nor did he stop at the rent. The free use of stamps, envelops, paper, messenger service, and clerks were to him only evidences of a lordly sort of hospitality which endeared the real proprietor of the office all the more, because it recalled the lavish display of the golden days of Carter Hall.

"Permit a guest to stamp his own letters, suh? Never! Our servants attended to that."

Really he owed them nothing. No office of its size in the Street made so much money for its customers in a bull market. Nobody lost heart in a tumble and was sold out — that is, nobody to whom the colonel talked. Once convince the enthusiastic Virginian that the scheme was feasible,— and how little eloquence was needed for that! — and the dear old fellow took hold with as much gusto as if it had been his own.

The vein in the copper mine was always going to widen out into a six-foot lead; never by any possibility could it grow any smaller. The trust shares were going up — "not a point or two at a time, gentlemen, but with the spring of a panther, suh." Of course the railroad earnings were a little off this month, but wait until the spring opened; "then, suh, you will see a revival that will sweep you off yo' feet."

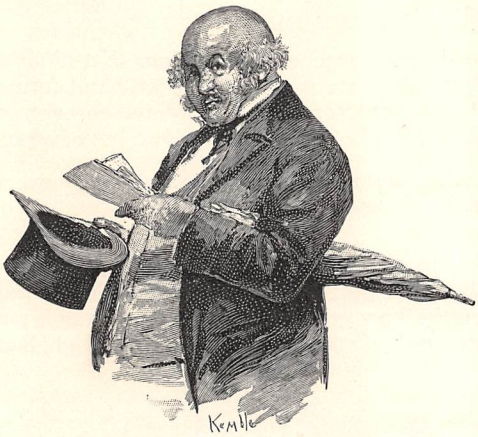
Whether it was good luck, or the good heart that the colonel put into his friend's customers, the results were always the same. Singular as it may seem, his cheery word just at the right time tided over the critical moment many an uncertain watcher at the "ticker," often to the enlargement of their bank accounts. Nor would he allow any one to pay him for any service of this kind, even though he had spent days engrossed in their affairs.

"Take money, suh, for helpin' a friend out of a hole? My dear suh, I see you do not intend to be discourteous; but look at me, suh! There 's my hand: never refer to it again." And he would offer the offender his card in the hope that its ample record might furnish some further slight suggestion as to who he really was.

His popularity, therefore, was not to be wondered at. Everybody regarded him kindly, total stranger as he was, and although few of them believed to any extent in his "Garden Spot of Virginia" scheme, as his pet enterprise soon came to be known around the Street, there was no one who did not wish it well, and not a few would have started it with a considerable subscription could the colonel have managed the additional thousands required to set it on its financial legs.

But Fitz never lost heart in the scheme — that is, never when the colonel was about. As the weeks rolled by and one combination after the other failed, and the well-thumbed bundle of papers in the big blue envelop was returned with the various comments of "In view of our present financial engagements we are unable to undertake your very attractive railroad scheme," or the more curt "Not suited to our line of customers," he would watch the colonel's face anxiously and rack his brain for some additional excuse.

He always found one. Tight money, or news from Europe, or an overissue of similar bonds; next week it would be better. And the colonel always believed him. Fitz was his guiding star, and would lead him to some



"THE ADVANCE AGENT."

safe haven yet. This faith was his stronghold, and his only one.

This morning, however, there was a touch of genuine enthusiasm about Fitz. He rushed into the office, caught up the blue bundle and the map, nearly upsetting the colonel, who was balanced back in his chair with his long legs sprawled over the desk,—a favorite attitude when down town,—rushed out, and returned in half an hour with a fat body surmounted by a bald head fringed around with gray curls.

He was the advance agent of that mysterious combination known as an English syndicate, an elusive sort of commercial sea serpent with its head in London and its tail all over the globe. The "inquiry" which had so gladdened the colonel's heart the morning of the breakfast with Aunt Nancy had proceeded from this rotund negotiator.

The colonel had, as usual, started the road at Cartersville, and had gotten as far as the double-span iron bridge over the Tench when the rotund gentleman asked abruptly:

"How far are you from a coal-field?"

The colonel lifted the point of his pen, adjusted his glasses, and punched a hole in the rumpled map within a hair's breadth of a black dot labeled "Cartersville."

"Right there, suh. Within a stone's throw of our locomotives."

Fitz looked into the hole with as much astonishment as if it were the open mouth of the mine itself.

"Hard or soft?" said the stout man.

"Soft, suh, and fairly good coal, I understand, although I have never used it, suh; my ancestors always burned wood."

Fitz heard the statement in undisguised wonder. In all his intercourse with the colonel he had never known him before to depart so much as a razor's edge from the truth.

The fat man communed with himself a moment, and then said suddenly, "I 'll take the papers and give you an answer in a week," and hurried away.

"Do you really mean, Colonel," said Fitz, determined to pin him down, "that there is a single pound of coal in Cartersville?"

"Do I mean it, Fitz? Don't it crop out in half a dozen spots right on our own place? One haalf of my estate, suh, is a coal-field."

"You never told me a word about it."

"I don't know that I did, Fitz. But it is of no use to me. Besides, suh, we have plenty of wood. We never burn coal at Caarter Hall."

Fitz did not take that view of it. He went into an exhaustive cross-examination of the colonel on the coal question—who had tested it, the character of the soil, width of the vein, and dip of the land. This information he carefully recorded in a small book which he took from his inside pocket.

Loosened from Fitz's pinioning grasp, the colonel, entirely oblivious to his friend's sudden interest in the coal-field, and slightly impatient at the delay, bounded like a balloon with its anchors cut.

"An answer from the syndicate within a week! My dear Fitz, I see yo' drift. You have kept the Garden Spot for the foreign investors. That man is impressed, suh; I saw it in his eye."

The room began filling up with the various customers and loungers common to such offices — the debonair gentleman in check trousers and silk hat, with a rose in his buttonhole, who dusts his trousers broadside with his cane — short of one hundred shares with twenty per cent. margin; the shabby old man with a solemn face who watches the ticker a moment and then wanders aimlessly out, looking more like an underpaid clerk in a law office than the president of a crosstown railroad — long of one thousand shares with no

"THE NERVOUS MAN WHO STOPS THE MESSENGER BOYS."

margin at all; the nervous man who stops the messenger boys and devours the sales' lists before they can be skewered on the files — with not a dollar's interest either way; and, last of all, the brokers with little pads and nimble pencils in their hands.

The news that the great English syndicate was looking into the C. & W. A. L. R. R. was soon around the office, and each habitué had a bright word for the colonel in consequence, congratulating him on the favorable turn his affairs had taken.

All but old Klutchem, a broker in unlisted securities, who had been trying for weeks to get a Denver land scheme before the same syndicate, and had failed.

"Garden Spot bonds! Bosh! Road begins nowhere and ends nowhere. If any set of fools built it, the only freight it would get outside of peanuts and sweet potatoes would be niggers and razor-back hogs. I would n't give a yellow dog for enough of those securities to paper a church."

The colonel was on his feet in an instant.

"Mr. Klutchem, I cannot permit you, suh, to use such language in my presence unrebuked, you—"

"Now, see here, old Garden Spot, you know—"

The familiarity angered the colonel even more than the outburst.

"Caarter, suh—George Fairfax Caarter," said the colonel with dignity.

"Well, Caarter, then," mimicking him, perhaps unconsciously. "You know—"

The intonation was the last straw. The colonel lost all control over himself. No man had ever thus dared before.

"Stop, Mr. Klutchem! What I know, suh, I decline to discuss with you. Yo' statements are false, and yo' manner of expressin' them quite in keepin' with the evident vulga'ity of yo' mind. If I can ascertain that you have ever had any claim to be considered a gentleman you will hear from me ag'in. If not, I shall rate you as rankin' with yo' yellow dog; and if you ever speak to me ag'in I will strike you, suh, with my cane."

And the colonel, with eyes flashing, strode into the private office with the air of a field marshal, and shut the door.

Klutchem looked around the room and into the startled faces of the clerks and bystanders, burst into a loud laugh, and left the office. On reaching the street he met Fitz coming in.

"Better look after old Garden Spot, Fitzpatrick. I poked holes in his road, and he wanted to swallow me alive."

CERTAIN IMPORTANT LETTERS.

When I reached my lodgings that night I found this note, marked in the left-hand corner "Important," and in the right-hand corner "In haste." A boy had left it half an hour before.

Be at my house at six, prepared to leave town at an hour's notice.

Carter.

I hurried to Bedford Place, dived through the tunnel, and found Fitzpatrick with his hand on the knocker. I followed him through the narrow hall and into the dining-room. He had

"LIKE AN EBONY STATUE OF LIBERTY." (SEE PAGE 431.)

a duplicate, also marked "Important" and "In haste," with this additional postscript: "Bring address of a prudent doctor."

"What does all this mean, Fitz?" I asked, spreading my letter out.

"I give it up, Major. The last I saw of the colonel was at two o'clock. He was then in the private office writing. That old wind-bag Klutchem had been worrying him, I heard, and the colonel sat down on him hard. But he had forgotten all about it when I saw him, for he was as calm as a clock. But what the devil, Major, does he want with a doctor? Chad!"

"Yes, sah!"

"Was the colonel sick this morning?"

"No, sah. Eat two b'iled eggs, and a dish ob ham half as big as yo' han'. He wa'n't sick, 'cause I yerd him singin' to hisself all frough de tunnel cl'ar out to de street."

We sat down and looked at each other. Could anybody else be sick? Perhaps Aunt Nancy had been taken ill on her way home to Virginia, and the doctor was for the dear lady. But why a "prudent doctor," and why both of us to go?

Fitz paced up and down the room, and I sat by the open window and looked out into the dreary yard. The hands of the clock in the tall tower outlined against the evening sky were past the hour, long past, and yet no colonel.

Suppose he had been suddenly stricken down himself! Suppose—

The slamming of the outer gate, followed by a sentry-like tread in the tunnel, cut short our quandary, and the colonel's tall figure emerged from the archway and mounted the steps.

"What has happened?" we both blurted out, opening the door for him. "Who 's sick? Where are we going?"

The colonel's only reply was a pressure of our hands. Then placing his hat with great deliberation on the hall table, he drew off his gloves, waved us before him, and took his seat at the dining-room table.

Fitz and I, now thoroughly alarmed, and quite prepared for the worst, stood on each side.

The colonel dropped his hand into his inside pocket and drew forth three letters.

"Gentlemen, you see befo' you a man on the verge of one of the great crises of his life. You heard, Fitz, of what occurred in my office this mornin'? You know how brutally I was assaulted, and how entirely without provocation on my part? I am a Caarter, suh, and a gentleman. No man can throw discredit on an enterprise bearin' my name without bein' answerable to me." And the colonel opened one of the letters and read as follows:

51 BEDFORD PLACE.
Tuesday.

P. A. KLUTCHEM.

Sir: You took occasion this morning, in the presence of a number of my friends, to make use of certain offensive remarks reflecting upon a great commercial enterprise to which I have lent my name. This was accompanied by a familiarity as coarse as it was unwarranted. The laws of hospitality, which your own lack of good breeding violated, forbade my having you ejected from my office on the spot.

I now demand that satisfaction to which I am entitled, and I herewith inform you that I am ready at an hour's notice to meet you at any point outside the city most convenient to yourself.

Immediately upon your reply my friend Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick will wait upon you and arrange the details. I name Major Thos. C. Yancey of Virginia as my second in the field.

I have the honor to remain
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE FAIRFAX CARTER,
Late Colonel C. S. A.

"Suffering Moses!" cried out Fitz. "You are not going to send that?"

"It is sent, my dear Fitz. Mailed from my office this afternoon. This is a copy."

Fitz sank into a chair with both hands to his head.

"My object in sendin' for you both," the colonel continued, "was to be fully prepared should my antagonist select some early hour in the mornin'. In that case, Fitz, I shall have to rely on you alone, as Major Yancey cannot reach here until the followin' day. That was why a prudent doctor might be necessary at once."

Fitz's only reply was to thump his own head, as if the situation was too overpowering for words.

The colonel, with the same deliberation, opened the second letter. It was addressed to Judge Kerfoot, informing him of the nature of the "crisis," and notifying him of his (the colonel's) intention to appoint him sole executor of his estate should fate provide that vacancy.

The third was a telegram to Major Yancey summoning him at once "to duty on the field in an affair of honor."

"I am aware, Fitz, that some secrecy must be preserved in an affair of this kind Nawth—quite diffe'ent from our own county, and—"

"Secrecy! Secrecy! With that bellowing Klutchem? Don't you know that that idiot will have it all over the Street by nine o'clock to-morrow unless he is ass enough to get scared, get out a warrant, and clap you into the Tombs before breakfast? O Colonel! How could you do a thing like this without letting us know?"

The colonel never changed a muscle in his face. He was courteous, even patient with Fitz, now really alarmed over the consequences of what he considered a most stupendous piece of folly. He could not, he said, sit in judgment on other gentlemen. If Fitz felt that way, it was doubtless due to his education. As for himself, he must follow the traditions of his ancestors.

"But at all events, my friends, my dear friends,"—and he extended both hands,—"we must not let this affair spoil our ap'tites. Nothin' can now occur until the mornin', and we have ample time befo' daylight to make our preparations. Major, kindly touch the bell. Thank you! Chad, serve the soup."

So short a time elapsed between the sound of the bell and the thrusting in of Chad's head that it was quite evident the darky had been listening on the outside.

If, however, that worthy guardian of the honor and dignity of the Carter family was at all disturbed by what he had heard, there was nothing in his face to indicate it. On the contrary, every wrinkle was twisted into curls and curves of hilarity. He even went so far during dinner as to correct his master in so slight a detail as to where Captain Loynes was hit in the famous duel between the colonel's father and that distinguished Virginian.

"Are you shore, Chad, it was in the leg?"

"Yes, sah, vehy sho. You don't reckel member, Colonel; but I had Marsa John's coat, an' I wrop it round Cap'in Loynes when he was caahied to his caahiage. Yes, sah, just above de knee. Marsa John picked him de fust shot."

"I remember now. Yes, you are right. The captain always walked a little lame."

"But, gentlemen,"—still with great dignity, but yet with an air as if he desired to relieve our minds from any anxiety so far as he was concerned,—"by far the most interesting affair of honor of my time was the one in which I met Major Howard, a prominent member of the Fairfax County bar. Some words in the heat of debate led to a blow, and the next mornin' the handkerchief was dropped at the edge of a wood near the cote-house just as the sun rose over the hill. As I fired, the light blinded me, and my ball passed through his left arm. I escaped with a hole in my sleeve."

"Living yet?" said Fitz.

"Certainly, suh, and one of the fo'most lawyers of our State. Vehy good friend of mine. Saw him on'y the week befo' I left home."

When dinner was served I could detect no falling off in the colonel's appetite. With the exception of a certain nervous expectance, intensified when there was a rap at the front door, followed by a certain consequent disappointment when Chad announced the return of a pair of shoes — out to be half-soled — instead of the long-delayed reply from the offending broker, he was as calm and collected as ever.

It was only when he took from his table drawer some sheets of foolscap, spread the nib of a quill pen on his thumb nail, and beckoned Fitz to his side, that I noticed any difference even in his voice.

"You know, Fitz, that my hand is not so steady as it was, and if I should fall there are some things that must be attended to. Sit here and write these memoranda at my dictation."

Fitz drew nearer and bent his ear in attention.

"I, George Fairfax Caarter of Caarter Hall, Caartersville, Virginia, bein' of sound mind —"

The pen scratched away.

"Everything down but the sound mind," said Fitz; "but go on."

"Do hereby," continued the colonel.

"What 's all this for — another challenge?" said Fitz, looking up.

"No, Fitz,"—the colonel did not like his tone,—"but a few partin' instructions which will answer in place of a more formally drawn will."

Fitz scratched on until the preamble was finished and the unencumbered half of Carter Hall had been bequeathed to "my ever valued aunt Ann Carter, spinster," and he had reached a new paragraph beginning with, "All bonds, stocks, and shares, whether founders', preferred, or common, of the corporation known as the Cartersville and Warrentown Air Line Railroad, particularly the sum of 25,000 shares of said company subscribed for by the undersigned, I hereby bequeath," when Fitz stopped and laid down his pen.

"You can't leave that stock. Not issued yet."

"I know it, Fitz; but I have pledged my word to take it, and so far as I am concerned it is mine."

Fitz looked over his glasses at me and completed the sentence by which this also became "the exclusive property of Ann Carter, spinster." Then followed a clause giving his clothes to Chad, his seal and chain to Fitz, and his fowling piece to me. When the document was finished the colonel signed it in a bold, round hand, and attested it by a burning puddle of red wax into which he plunged the old family seal. Fitz and I duly witnessed it, and then the colonel, with the air of a man whose mind had been suddenly relieved of some great pressure, locked the important document in his drawer and handed the key to Fitz.

The change now in the colonel's manner was quite in keeping with the expression of his face. All his severe dignity, all the excess of responsibility and apparent studied calmness, were gone. He even became buoyant enough to light a pipe.

Presently he gave a little start as if suddenly remembering something until that moment overlooked, then he lighted a candle, and mounted the stairs to his bedroom. In a few minutes he returned, carrying in both hands a mysterious-looking box. This he placed with great care on the table, and proceeded to unlock with a miniature key attached to a bunch which he invariably carried in his trousers pocket.

It was a square box made of mahogany, bound at each corner with brass, and bearing in the center of the top a lozenge-shaped silver tablet engraved with the Carter coat of arms, the letters "G. F. C." being beneath.

The colonel raised the lid and uncovered the weapons that had defended the honor of the Carter family for two generations. They were the old-fashioned single-barrel kind, with butts like those of the pirates in a play, and they lay in a bed of faded red velvet surrounded by ramrods, bullet-molds, a green pill-box labeled "G. D. Gun Caps," some scraps of wash leather, together with a copper powder-flask and a spoonful of bullets. The nipples were protected by little patches cut from an old kid glove.

The colonel showed with great pride a dent on one side of the barrel where a ball had glanced, saving some ancestor's life; then he rang the bell for Chad, and consigned the case to that hilarious darky very much as the knight of a castle would place his trusty blade in the hands of his chief armorer.

"Want a tech o' ile in dese baals, Colonel," said Chad, examining them critically. "Got to keep dere moufs clean if you want dese dogs to bark right"; and he bore away the battery, followed by the colonel, who went down into the kitchen to see if the fire was hot enough to cast a few extra bullets.

Fitz and I, being more concerned about devising some method to prevent the consequences of the colonel's rash act than in increasing the facilities for bloodshed, remained where we were and discussed the possible outcome of the situation.

We had about agreed that should Klutchem demand protection of the police, and the colonel be hauled up for violating the law of the State, I should go bail and Fitz employ the lawyer, when we were startled by a sound like the snap of a percussion-cap, followed by loud talking in the front yard.

First came a voice in a commanding tone: "Stand where you are! Drop yo' hand!"

Then Chad's "Don't shoot yit, Colonel."

Fitz and I started for the front door on a run, threw it open, and ran against Chad standing on the top step with his back to the door. Over his head he held the stub of a candle flickering in the night wind. This he moved up and down in obedience to certain mysterious sounds which came rumbling out of the tunnel. Beside him on the stone step lay the brass-cornered mahogany dueling case with both weapons gone.

The only other light visible was the glowing eye of the tall tower.

"Where 's the colonel?" we both asked in a breath.

Chad kept the light aloft with one hand like an ebony Statue of Liberty, and pointed straight ahead into the tunnel with the other.

"Mo' to the left," came the voice.

Chad swayed the candle towards the broken-down fence, and sent his magnified shadow scurrying up the measly wall and half way over to the next house.

"So! Now steady."

The darky stood like the Sphinx, the light streaming atop of the tall candlestick, and then he said from out one side of his mouth, "Spec' you gemmen better squat; she 's gwine to bite."

Fitz peered into the tunnel, caught the gleam of a pistol held in a shadowy hand, made a clear leap and landed out of range among the broken flower-pots. I sprang behind the hydrant, and at the same instant another cap snapped.

"Ah, gentlemen," said the voice emerging from the tunnel. "Had I been quite sure of myself I should have sent for you. I used to snuff a candle at fo'ty yards, and but that my powder is a little old I could do it ag'in."

(To be continued.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

FIREFLIES.

AS o'er the face of Evening fair
A shade of twilight came,
Lost sunbeams, tangled in her hair,
Fell into drops of flame.

Charles Henry Lüders.

[*BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*]

SISTER DOLOROSA.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN,

Author of "The White Cowl," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," etc.

IV.

SISTER DOLOROSA was returning from her visit to old Martha on the following afternoon. When she awoke that morning she resolutely put away all thought of what had happened the evening before. She prayed oftener than usual that day. She went about all duties with unwonted fervor. When she set out in the afternoon, and reached the spot in the fields where the meeting had taken place, it was inevitable that a nature sensitive and secluded like hers should be visited by some question touching who he was and whither he had gone; for it did not even occur to her that he would ever cross her path again. Soon she reached old Martha's; and then — a crippled toad with a subtile tongue had squatted for an hour at the ear of Eve, and Eve, beguiled, had listened. And now she was again returning across the fields homeward. Homeward?

Early that afternoon Helm had walked across the country to the station, some two miles off, to change his dress, with the view of going to the convent the next day. As he came back he followed the course which he had taken the day before, and this brought him into the same footpath across the fields.

Thus they met the second time. When she saw him, had she been a bird, with one sudden bound she would have beaten the air down beneath her frightened wings and darted high over his head straight to the convent. But his step grew slower and his look expectant. When they were a few yards apart he stepped out of the path into the low, gray weeds of the field, and seemed ready to pause; but she had instinctively drawn her veil close, and was passing on. Then he spoke quickly.

"I beg your pardon, but are strangers allowed to visit the convent?"

There was no mistaking the courtesy of the tone. But she did not lift her face towards him. She merely paused, though seeming to shrink away. He saw the fingers of one hand lace themselves around the cross. Then a moment later, in a voice very low and gentle, she replied, "The Mother Superior is glad to receive visitors at the convent," and, bowing, moved away.

He stood watching her with a quick flush of disappointment. Her voice, even more than her garb, had at once waved off all human approach. In his mind he had crossed the distance from himself to her so often that he had forgotten the actual abyss of sacred separation. Very thoughtfully he turned at last and took his way along the footpath — so thoughtfully, that he walked more slowly in his direction than she in hers.

As he was leaving the farmhouse the next day to go to the convent Ezra joined him, merely saying that he was going also. The old man had few thoughts; but with that shrewd secretiveness which is sometimes found in the dull mind he kept his counsels to himself. Their walk was finished in silence, and soon the convent stood before them.

Through a clear sky the wan light fell upon it as lifeless as though sent from a dead sun. The air hung motionless. The birds were gone. Not a sound fell upon the strained ear. Not a living thing relieved the eye. And yet within what tragedies and conflicts, what wounds and thorns of womanhood! Here, then, she lived and struggled and soared. An unearthly quietude came over him as he walked up the long avenue of elms, painfully jarred on by the noise of Ezra's shuffling feet among the dry leaves. Joyous life, as dear to him, had retired to infinite remoteness; and over him, like a preternatural chill in the faint sunlight, crept the horror of this death in life. Strangely enough he felt at one and the same time a repugnance to his own nature of flesh and a triumphant delight in the possession of bodily health, liberty, — the liberty of the world, — and a mind unfettered by tradition.

A few feet from the entrance an aged nun stepped from behind a hedgerow of shrubbery and confronted them.

"Will you state your business?" she said coldly, glancing at Helm and fixing her eyes on Ezra, who for reply merely nodded to Helm.

"I am a stranger in this part of the country, and heard that I would be allowed to visit the convent."

"Are you a Catholic?"

"No; I am a Protestant."

"Are you acquainted with any of the young ladies in the convent?"

"I am not."

She looked him through and through. He met her scrutiny with frank unconsciousness.

"Will you come in? I will take your name to the Mother Superior."

They followed her into a small reception room, and sat for a long time waiting. Then an inner door opened, and another aged nun, sweet-faced and gentle, entered and greeted them pleasantly, recognizing Ezra as an acquaintance.

"Another Sister will be sent to accompany us," she said, and sat down to wait, talking naturally the while to the old man. Then the door opened again, and the heart of Helm beat violently: there was no mistaking the form, the grace. She crossed to the Sister, and spoke in an undertone.

"Sister Generose is engaged. Mother sent me in her place, Sister." Then she greeted Ezra and bowed to Helm, lifting to him an instant, but without recognition, her tremulous eyes. Her face had the whiteness of alabaster.

"We will go to the church first," said the Sister, addressing Helm, who placed himself beside her, the others following.

When they entered the church he moved slowly around the walls, trying to listen to his guide and to fix his thoughts upon the pictures and the architecture. Soon he became aware that Ezra had joined them, and as soon as pretext offered he looked back. In a pew near the door through which they had entered he could just see the kneeling form and bowed head of Sister Dolorosa. There she remained while they made the circuit of the building, and not until they were quitting it did she rise and again place herself by the side of Ezra. Was it her last prayer before her temptation?

They walked across the grounds towards the old-fashioned flower garden of the convent. The Sister opened the little latticed gate, and the others passed in. The temptation was to begin in the very spot where Love had long been wandering amid dumb companions.

"Ezra!" called the aged Sister, pausing just inside the gate and looking down at some recently dug bulbs, "has Martha taken up her tender bulbs? The frost will soon be falling." The old man sometimes helped at the convent in garden work.

"Who is this young man?" she inquired carelessly a few moments later.

But Ezra was one of those persons who cherish a faint dislike of all present company. Moreover, he knew the good Sister's love of news. So he began to resist her with the more pleasure that he could at least struggle to evade her questions.

"I don't know," he replied, with a mysterious shake of the head.

"Come this way," she said beguilingly, turning aside into another walk, "and look at the chrysanthemums. How did you happen to meet him?"

When Sister Dolorosa and Helm found themselves walking slowly side by side down the garden path — this being what he most had hoped for and she most had feared — there fell upon each a momentary silence of preparation. Speak she must; if only in speaking she might not err. Speak he could; if only in speaking he might draw from her more knowledge of her life, and in some becoming way cause her to perceive his interest.

Then she, as his guide, keeping her face turned towards the border of flowers, but sometimes lifting it shyly to his, began with great sweetness and a little hurriedly, as if fearing to pause:

"The garden is not pretty now. It is full of flowers, but only a few are blooming. These are daffodils. They bloomed in March, long ago. And here were spring beauties. They grow wild, and do not last long. The Mother Superior wished some cultivated in the garden, but they are better if let alone to grow wild. And here are violets, which come in April. And here is Adam and Eve, and tulips. They are gay flowers, and bloom together for company. You can see Adam and Eve a long way off, and they look better at a distance. These were the white lilies, but one of the Sisters died, and we made a cross. That was in June. Jump-up-Johnnies were planted in this bed, but they did not do well. It has been a bad year. A storm blew the hollyhocks down, and there were canker-worms in the roses. That is the way with the flowers: they fail one year, and they succeed the next. They would never fail if they were let alone. It is pleasant to see them all starting out in the spring to be perfect each in its own way. It is pleasant to water them and to help. But some will be perfect, and some will be imperfect, and no one can alter that. They are like the children in the school; only the flowers would all be perfect if they had their way, and the children would all be wrong if they had theirs — the poor, good children! This is touch-me-not. Perhaps you have never heard of any such flower. And there, next to it, is love-lies-bleeding. We have not much of that; only this one little plant." And she bent over and stroked it.

His whole heart melted under the white radiance of her innocence. He had thought her older; now his feeling took the form of the purest delight in some exquisite child nature. And, therefore, feeling thus towards her, and seeing the poor, dead garden with only com-

mon flowers, which nevertheless she separately loved oblivious of their commonness, he said with sudden warmth, holding her eyes with his:

"I wish you could see my mother's garden and the flowers that bloom in it." And as he spoke there came to him a vision of her as she might look in a certain secluded corner of it, where ran a trellised walk; overclambering roses pale-golden, full-blown or budding, and bent with dew; the May sun all golden in the heavens; far and near birds singing and soaring in ecstasy; the air lulling the sense with perfume, quickening the blood with freshness; and there, within that frame of roses, her head bare and shining, her funereal garb forever laid aside for one that matched the loveliest hue of living nature around, a flower at her throat, flowers in her hand, sadness gone from her face, there the pure and radiant incarnation of a too-happy world, this exquisite child-nature, advancing towards him with eyes of love.

Having formed this picture, he could not afterward destroy it; and as they resumed their walk he began very simply to describe his mother's garden, she listening closely because of her love for flowers, which had become companions to her, and merely saying dreamily, half to herself and with guarded courtesy half to him, "It must be beautiful."

"THE Mother Superior intends to make the garden larger next year, and to have fine flowers in it, Ezra. It has been a prosperous year in the school, and there will be money to spare. This row of lilacs is to be dug up, and the fence set back so as to take in the onion patch over there. When does he expect to go away?" The aged Sister had not made rapid progress.

"I have not heard him say," replied the old man.

"Perhaps Martha has heard him say."

Ezra only struck the toe of his stout boot with his staff.

"The Mother Superior will want *you* to dig up the lilacs, Ezra. You can do it better than any one else."

The old man shook his head threateningly at the bushes. "I can settle them," he said.

"Better than any one else. Has Martha heard him say when he is going away?"

"To-morrow," he replied, conceding something in return for the lilacs.

"THESE are the chrysanthemums. They are white, but some are perfect and some are imperfect, you see. Those that are perfect are the ones to feel proud of, but the others are the ones to love."

"If all were perfect, would you no longer love them?" he said gently, thinking how perfect she was and how easy it would be to love her.

"If all were perfect, I could love all alike, because none would need to be loved more than others."

"And when the flowers in the garden are dead, what do you find to love then?" he asked, laughing a little and trying to follow her mood.

"It would not be fair to forget them because they are dead. But they are not dead; they go away for a season, and it would not be fair to forget them because they have gone away." All this she said simply and seriously as though her conscience were dealing with human virtues and duties.

"And are you satisfied to love things that are not present?" he asked, looking at her with sudden earnestness.

"THE Mother Superior will wish him to take away a favorable impression of the convent," said the Sister. "Young ladies are sometimes sent to us from that region." And now, having gotten from Ezra the information she desired and turned their steps towards the others, she looked at Helm with greater interest.

"Should you like to go upon the observatory?" she meekly asked, pointing to the top of the adjacent building. "From there you can see how far the convent lands extend. Besides, it is the only point that commands a view of the whole country."

The scene of the temptation was to be transferred to the pinnacle of the temple.

"Is it not asking too much of you to climb so far for my pleasure?"

"It is our mission to climb," she replied wearily; "and if our strength fails, we rest by the way."

Of herself she spoke literally; for when they came to the topmost story of the building, from which the observatory was reached by a short flight of steps, she sank into a seat placed near on purpose.

"Will you go above, Sister?" she said feebly. "I will wait here."

All the way up, also, the old man had been shaking his head with a stupid look of alarm and muttering his disapproval.

"There is a high railing, Ezra," she now said to him. "You could not fall." But he refused to go farther; he suffered from vertigo.

The young pair went up alone.

For miles in all directions the landscape lay shimmering in the autumnal sunlight — a poor, rough, homely land, with a few farmhouses of the plainest kind. Briefly she traced for him the boundary of the convent domain. And

then he, thinking proudly of his own region, now lying heavy in varied autumnal ripeness and teeming with noble, gentle animal life; with rolling pastures as green as May under great trees of crimson and gold; with flashing streams, and placid sheets of water, and great secluded homesteads — he, in turn, briefly described it; and she, loving the sensuous beauty of the world, listened more dreamily, merely repeating over and over, half to herself, and with more guarded courtesy half to him, "It must be very beautiful."

But whether she suddenly felt that she had yielded herself too far to the influence of his words and wished to counteract this, or whether she was aroused to offset his description by another of unlike interest, scarcely had he finished when she pointed towards a long stretch of woodland that lay like a mere wavering band of brown upon the western horizon.

"It was through those woods," she said, her voice trembling slightly, "that the procession of Trappists marched behind the cross when they fled to this country from France. Beyond that range of hills is the home of the Silent Brotherhood. In this direction," she continued, pointing southward, "is the creek which used to be so deep in winter that the priests had to swim it as they walked from one distant mission to another in the wilderness, holding above the waves the crucifix and the sacrament. Under that tree down there the Father who founded this convent built with his own hands the cabin that was the first church, and hewed out of logs the first altar. It was from those trees that the first nuns got the dyes for their vestments. On the floor of that cabin they sometimes slept in midwinter with no other covering than an armful of straw. Those were heroic days."

If she had indeed felt some secret need to recover herself by reciting the heroisms of local history, she seemed to have succeeded. Her face kindled with emotion; and as he watched it he forgot even her creed in this revelation of her nature, which touched in him also something serious and exalted. But as she ceased he asked with peculiar interest:

"Are there any Kentuckians among the Trappist Fathers?"

"No," she replied, after a momentary silence, and in a voice lowered to great sadness. "There was one a few years ago. His death was a great blow to the Fathers. They had hoped that he might some day become the head of the order in Kentucky. He was called Father Palemon."

For another moment nothing was said. They were standing side by side, looking towards that quarter of the horizon which she had pointed out as the site of the abbey. Then he spoke meditatively, as though his mind had gone back unawares to some idea that was very dear to him:

"No, this does not seem much like Kentucky; but, after all, every landscape is essentially the same to me if there are homes in it. Poor as this country is, still it is all history; it is human life. Here are all the eternal ties and relations. Here are all the eternal needs and duties; everything that keeps the world young and the heart at peace. Here is the unchanging expression of our common destiny, as creatures who must share all things, and bear all things, and be bound together in life and death."

"Sister!" called up the nun waiting below, "is not the wind blowing? Will you not take cold?"

"The wind is not blowing, Sister, but I am coming."

They turned their faces outward upon the landscape once more. Across it wound the little footpath towards the farmhouse in the distance. By a common impulse their eyes rested upon the place of their first meeting. He pointed to it.

"I shall never forget that spot," he said impulsively.

"Nor I!"

Her words were not spoken. They were not uttered within. As unexpectedly and silently as in the remotest profound of the heavens at midnight some palest little star is loosened from its orbit, shoots a brief span, and disappears, this confession of hers traced its course across the depths of her secret consciousness; but, having made it to herself, she kept her eyes veiled, and did not look at him again that day.

"I think you have now seen all that could be of any interest," the aged Sister said doubtfully when they stood in the yard below.

"The place is very interesting to me," he answered, looking around that he might discover some way of prolonging his visit.

"The graveyard, Sister. We might go there." The barely audible words were Sister Dolorosa's. The scene of the temptation was to be transferred for the third time.

They walked some distance down a sloping hillside, and stepped softly within the sacred inclosure. A graveyard of nuns! O Mother Earth, all-bearing, passion-hearted mother! Thou that sendest love one for another into all thy children, from the least to the greatest, as thou givest them life! Thou that livest by their loves and their myriad plightings of troth and myriad marriages! With what inconsolable sorrow must thou receive back upon thy bosom the chaste dust of lorn virgins, whose bosoms thou didst mold for a lover's arms and a babe's

slumbers! As marble vestals of the ancient world, buried and lost, they lie, chiseled into a fixed attitude of prayer through all the silent centuries.

The aspect and spirit of the place: the simple graves placed side by side like those of the nameless poor or of soldiers fallen in an unfriendly land; the rude wooden cross at the head of each, bearing the sacred name of her who was dust below; the once chirruping nests of birds here and there in the grass above the songless lips; the sad desolation of this unfinished end — all were the last thing needed to wring the heart of Helm with dumb pity and an ungovernable anguish of rebellion. This, then, was to be her portion. His whole nature cried aloud against it. All his ideas of human life, civilization, his age, his country, his State, rose up in protest. He did not heed the words of the Sister beside him. His thoughts were with Sister Dolorosa, who followed with Ezra in a silence which she had but once broken since her last words to him. He could have caught her up and escaped back with her into the liberty of life, into the happiness of the world.

Unable to endure the place longer, he himself led the way out. At the gate the Sister fell behind with Ezra.

"He seems deeply impressed by his visit," she said in an undertone, "and should bear with him a good account of the convent. Note what he says, Ezra. The order wants friends in Kentucky, where it was born and has flourished"; and looking at Sister Dolorosa and Helm, who were a short distance in front, she added to herself:

"In her, more than in any other one of us, he will behold the perfect spiritual type of the convent. By her he will be made to feel the power of the order to consecrate women, in America, in Kentucky, to the service of the everlasting Church."

Meantime, Sister Dolorosa and Helm walked side by side in a silence that neither could break. He was thinking of her as a woman of Kentucky — of his own generation — and trying to understand the motive that had led her to consecrate herself to such a life. His own ideal of duty was so different.

"I have never thought," he said at length, in a voice lowered so as to reach her ear alone — "I have never thought that my life would not be full of happiness. I have never supposed I could help being happy if I did my duty."

She made no reply, and again they walked on in silence and drew near the convent building. There was so much that he wished to say, but scarcely one of his thoughts that he dared utter. At length he said, with irrepressible feeling:

"I wish your life did not seem to me so sad. I wish, when I go away to-morrow, that I could carry away, with all my thoughts of this place, the thought that you are happy. As long as I remember it I wish I could remember you as being happy."

"You have no right to remember me at all," she said quickly, speaking for the nun and betraying the woman.

"But I cannot help it," he said.

"Remember me, then, not as desiring to be happy, but as living to become blessed."

This she said, breaking the long silence which had followed upon his too eager exclamation. Her voice had become hushed into unison with her meek and patient words. And then she paused, and, turning, waited for the Sister to come up beside them. Nor did she even speak to him again, merely bowing without lifting her eyes when, a little later, he thanked them and took his leave.

In silence he and the old man returned to the farmhouse, for his thoughts were all with her. In the garden she had seemed to him almost as a child, talking artlessly of her sympathies and ties with mute playthings; then on the heights she had suddenly revealed herself as the youthful transcendent devotee; and finally, amid the scenes of death, she had appeared a woman too quickly aged and too early touched with resignation. He did not know that the effect of convent life is to force certain faculties into maturity, while others are repressed into unalterable unripeness; so that in such instances as Sister Dolorosa's the whole nature resembles some long, sloping mountain side, with an upper zone of ever-lingering snow for childhood, below this a green vernal belt for maidenhood, and near the foot fierce summer heats and summer storms for womanhood. All at once his plan of joining his friends the next day wavered in his mind for reasons that he could hardly have named.

And Sister Dolorosa — what of her when the day was over? Standing that night in a whitewashed, cell-like room, she took off the heavy black veil and hood which shrouded her head from all human vision, and then unfastening at waist and throat the heavier black vestment of the order, allowed it to slip to the floor, revealing a white under-habit of the utmost simplicity of design. It was like the magical transformation of a sorrow-shrouded woman back into the shape of her own earliest maidenhood.

Her hair, of the palest gold, would, if unshorn, have covered her figure in a soft, thick golden cloud; but shorn, it lay about her neck and ears in large, lustrous waves that left defined the contour of her beautiful head, and gave

to it the aërial charm that belongs to the joyousness of youth. Her whole figure was relaxed into a posture slightly drooping; her bare arms, as white as the necks of swans, hung in forgotten grace at her sides; her eyes, large, dark, poetic, and spiritual, were bent upon the floor, so that the lashes left their shadows on her cheeks, while the delicate, overcircling brows were arched high with melancholy. As the nun's funereal robes had slipped from her person had her mind slipped back into the past, that she stood thus, all the pure oval of her sensitive face stilled to an expression of brooding pensiveness? On the urn which held the ashes of her heart had some legend of happy shapes summoned her fondly to return? — some garden? some radiant playfellow of childhood summers, already dim but never to grow dimmer?

Sighing deeply, she stepped across the dark circle on the floor which was the boundary of her womanhood. As she did so her eyes rested on a small table where lay a rich veil of white that she had long been embroidering for a shrine of the Virgin. Slowly, still absently, she walked to it, and, taking it up, threw it over her head, so that the soft fabric enveloped her head and neck and fell in misty folds about her person; she thinking all the while only of the shrine; she looking down on this side and on that, and wishing all the while only to judge how well this design and that design, patiently and prayerfully wrought out, might adorn the image of the Divine Mother in the church of the convent.

But happening to be standing quite close to the white wall of the room with the lamp behind her, when she raised her eyes she caught sight of her shadow, and with a low cry clasped her hands, and for an instant, breathless, surveyed it. No mirrors are allowed in the convent. Since entering it Sister Dolorosa had not seen a reflection of herself, except perhaps her shadow in the sun or her face in a troubled basin of water. Now, with one overwhelming flood of womanly self-consciousness, she bent forward, noting the outline of her uncovered head, of her bared neck and shoulders and arms. Did this accidental adorning of herself in the veil of a bride, after she had laid aside the veil of the Church, typify her complete relapse of nature? And was this the lonely marriage-moment of her innocent heart?

For a moment, trembling, not before the image on the wall, but before that vivid mirror which memory and fancy set before every woman when no real mirror is nigh, she indulged her self-surrender to thoughts that covered her, on face and neck, with a rosy cloud more maidenly than the white mist of the veil. Then, as if awakened by some lightning stroke of conscience, with fearful fingers she lifted off the veil, extinguished the lamp, and, groping her way on tiptoe to the bedside, stood beside it, afraid to lie down, afraid to pray, her eyes wide open in the darkness.

V.

SLEEP gathers up all the soft threads of passion that have been spun by us during the day, and weaves them into a tapestry of dreams on which we see the history of our own characters. We awake to find our wills more inextricably caught in the tissues of their own past; we stir, and discover that we are the heirs to our dead selves of yesterday, with a larger inheritance of transmitted purpose.

When Gordon awoke the next morning among his first thoughts was the idea of going on to join his friends that day, and this thought now caused him unexpected depression. Had he been older, he might have accepted this unwillingness to go away as the best reason for leaving instantly; but, young, and habitually self-indulgent towards his desires when they were not connected with vice, he did not trouble himself with any forecast of consequence.

"You ought not to go away to-day," the old housewife said to him in the morning, wishing to detain him through love of his company. "To-morrow will be Sunday, and you ought to go to vespers and hear Sister Dolorosa sing. There is not such another voice in any convent in Kentucky."

"I will stay," he replied quickly; and the next afternoon he was seated in the rear of the convent church, surrounded by rural Catholic worshipers who had assembled from the neighborhood. The entire front of the nave on one side was filled with the black-veiled Sisters of the order; that on the other with the white-veiled novices — two far-journeying companies of consecrated souls who reminded him in the most solemn way how remote, how inaccessible, was that young pilgrim among them of whom for a long time now he had been solely thinking. With these two companies of sacrificial souls before him he understood her character in a new light.

He beheld her much as a brave, beautiful boy volunteer, who, suddenly waving a bright, last adieu to gay companions in some gay-streeted town, from motives of the loftiest, mistaken heroism, takes his place in the rear of passing soldiery, marching to a martyr-like death; who, from the rear, glowing with a too impetuous ardor, makes his way from rank to rank ever towards the front; and who, at last, bearing the heavy arms and wearing the

battle-stained uniform of a veteran, steps forward to the van at the commander's side and sets his fresh, pure face undaunted towards destruction. As he thought of her thus, deeper forces stirred within his nature than had ever been aroused by any other woman. In comparison every other one that he had known became for the moment commonplace, human life as he was used to it gross and uninspiring, and his own ideal of duty a dwarfish mixture of selfishness and luxurious triviality. Impulsive in his recognition of nobleness of nature wherever he perceived it, for this sublime devotedness of purpose he began to feel the emotion which of all that ever visit the human heart is at once the most humbling, the most uplifting, and the most enthralling — the hero-worship of a strong man for a fragile woman.

The service began. As it went on he noticed here and there among those near him such evidences of restlessness as betray in a seated throng high-wrought expectancy of some pleasure too long deferred. But at last these were succeeded by a breathless hush, as from the concealed organ-loft above a low, minor prelude was heard, groping and striving nearer and nearer towards the concealed motive, as a little wave creeps farther and farther along a melancholy shore. Suddenly, beautiful and clear, more tender than love, more sorrowful than death, there floated out upon the still air of the church the cry of a woman's soul that has offended, and that, shrinking from every prayer of speech, pours forth its more intense, inarticulate, and poor suffering need through the diviner faculty of song.

At the sound every ear was strained to listen. Hitherto the wont had been to hear that voice bear aloft the common petition as calmly as the incense rose past the altar to the roof; but now it quivered over troubled depths of feeling, it rose freighted with the burden of self-accusal. Still higher and higher it rose, borne triumphantly upward by love and aspiration, until all the powers of the singer's frame seemed spending themselves in one superhuman effort of the soul to make its prayer understood to the Divine forgiveness. Then, all at once, at the highest note, as a bird soaring towards the sun has its wings broken by a shot from below, it too broke, faltered, and there was a silence. But only for a moment: another voice, poor and cold, promptly finished the song; the service ended; the people poured out of the church.

When Gordon came out there were a few groups standing near the door talking; others were already moving homeward across the grounds. Not far off he observed a lusty young countryman, with a frank, winning face, who appeared to be waiting, while he held a child that had laid its bright head against his tanned, athletic neck. Gordon approached him, and said with forced calmness:

"Do you know what was the matter in the church?"

"My wife has gone to see," he replied warmly. "Wait; she 'll be here in a minute. Here she is now."

The comely, Sunday-dressed young wife came up and took the child, who held out its arms, fondly smiling.

"She must have fainted. She had n't been well, and they did n't want her to sing to-day; but she begged to sing, and broke down." Saying this, the young mother kissed her child, and slipping one hand into the great brown hand of her husband, which closed upon it, turned away with them across the lawn homeward.

When Sister Dolorosa, who had passed a sleepless, prayerless night, stood in the organ-loft and looked across the church at the scene of the Passion; at the shrine of the Virgin; when she looked down at the white throng of novices; upon the dark throng of the Sisters, the common prayer of all of whom was to be borne upward by her voice, there came upon her like a burying wave a consciousness of how changed she was since she had stood there last. Thus at the moment when Gordon, sitting below, reverently set her far above him, as one looks up to a statue whose feet are above the level of his head, she, thinking of what she had been and had now become, seemed to herself as though fallen from a white pedestal to the miry earth. But when, to a nature like hers, absolute loyalty to a sinless standard of character is the only law of happiness itself, every lapse into transgression is followed by an act of passionate self-chastisement and by a more passionate outburst of love for the wronged ideal; and therefore scarce had she begun to sing, and in music to lift up the prayer she had denied herself in words, before the powers of her body succumbed, as the strings of an instrument snap under too strenuous a touch of the musician.

Gordon walked out of the grounds beside the rustic young husband and wife, who plainly were lovers still.

"The Sister who sang has a beautiful voice," he said.

"None of them can sing like her," replied the wife. "I love her better than any of the others."

"I tin sing!" cried the little girl, looking at Gordon resentfully, as though he had denied her that accomplishment.

"But you 'll never sing in a convent, missy," cried the father, snatching her from her mother. "You 'll sing for some man till

he marries you as your mother did me. I was going to join the Trappist monks, but my wife said I was too good a sweetheart to spoil, and she had made up her mind to have me herself," he added, looking at Gordon with a laugh.

"I 'd have been a Sister long ago if you had n't begged and begged me not," was the reply, with the coquettish toss of a pretty head.

"I doin' be Tap monk," cried the little girl, looking at Gordon still more assertively, but joining in the laugh that followed with a scream of delight at the wisdom of her decision.

Their paths here diverged, and Gordon walked slowly on alone, but not without turning to watch the retreating figures of the simple group, his meeting with whom at such a moment formed an episode in the history of that passion under the influence of which he was now rapidly passing. For as he had sat in the church his nature, which was always generous in its responsiveness, had lent itself wholly to the solicitations of the service; and for a time the stillness, the paintings portraying the Divine sorrow, the slow procession of nameless women, the tapers, the incense, the hoary antiquity of the ceremonial, had carried him into a little known region of religious feeling. But from this he had been sharply recalled by the suggestion of a veiled personal tragedy close at hand in that unfinished song. His mood again became one of vast pity for her; and issuing from the church with this feeling, there, near the very entrance, he had come upon a rustic picture of husband, wife, and child, with a sharpness of transition that had seemed all but like the return of his spirit back into its own world of throbbing flesh and blood. There to him was the poetry and the religion of life — the linked hands of lovers; the twining arms of childhood; health and joyousness; and a quiet walk over familiar fields in the evening air from peaceful church to peaceful home. And so, thinking of this as he walked on alone and thinking also of her, the two thoughts blent, and her image stood always before him in the pathway of his own ideal future.

The history of the next several days may soon be told. He wrote to his friends the day following, stating that there was no game in the neighborhood, and that he had given up the idea of joining them and would return home. He took the letter to the station, and waited for the train to pass southward, watching it rush away with a subtle pleasure at being left on the platform, as though all bridges were now burned behind him. Then he returned to the farm-house, where Ezra met him with that look of stupid alarm which was natural to him whenever his few thoughts were agitated by a new situation of affairs.

Word had come from the convent that he was wanted there for several days to move a fence and make changes in the garden, and, proud of the charge, he wished to go; but certain autumnal work in his own orchard and garden claimed his time, and hence the trouble. But Gordon, who henceforth had no reason for tarrying with the old couple, threw himself eagerly upon this opportunity to do so, and offered his aid in despatching the tasks. So that thus a few days passed during which he unconsciously made his way as far as any one had ever done into the tortuous nature of the old man, who began to regard him with blind trustfulness.

But they were restless, serious days. One after another passed, and he heard nothing of Sister Dolorosa. He asked himself whether she were ill, whether her visits to old Martha had been made to cease; and he shrank from the thought of bearing away into his life the haunting pain of such uncertainty. But some inner change constrained him no longer to call her name. As he sat with the old couple at night the housewife renewed her talks with him, speaking sometimes of the convent and of Sister Dolorosa, the cessation of whose visits plainly gave her secret concern; but he listened in silence, preferring the privacy of his own thoughts. Sometimes, under feint of hunting, he would take his gun in the afternoon and stroll out over the country; but always the presence of the convent made itself felt over the landscape, dominating it, solitary and impregnable, like a fortress. It began to draw his eyes with a species of fascination. He chafed against its assertion of barriers, and could have wished that his own will might somehow be brought into conflict with it. It appeared to watch him; to have an eye at every window; to see in him a lurking danger. At other times, borne to him across the darkening fields would come the sweet vesper bell, and in imagination he would see her entering the church amid the long procession of novices and nuns, her hands folded across her breast, her face full of the soft glories of the lights that streamed in through the pictured windows. Over all the details of her life more and more fondly he lingered.

And thus, although at first he had been interested in her wholly upon general grounds, out of these and out of his quick sympathy and his great pity, believing her secretly unhappy, and by thinking always of her, and watching for her, and walking often beside her in his dreams, with the folly of the young,

with the romantic ardor of his race, and as part of the never-ending blind tragedy of the world, he came at last to feel for her, among all women, that passionate pain of yearning to know which is to know the sadness of loving.

Sleepless one night, he left the house after the old couple were asleep. The moon was shining, and unconsciously following the bent of his thoughts, he took the footpath that led across the fields. He passed the spot where he had first met her, and absorbed in recollection of the scene, he walked on until before him the convent towered high in light and shadow. He had reached the entrance to the long avenue of elms. He traversed it, turned aside into the garden, and, following with many pauses around its borders, lived over again the day when she had led him through it. The mere sense of his greater physical nearness to her enthralled him. All her words came back: "These are daffodils. They bloomed in March, long ago. . . . And here are violets, which come in April." After awhile, leaving the garden, he walked across the lawn to the church and sat upon the steps, trying to look calmly at this whole episode in his life, and to summon resolution to bring it to an end. He dwelt particularly upon the hopelessness of his passion; he made himself believe that if he could but learn that she were not ill and suffering — if he could but see her once more, and be very sure — he would go away, as every dictate of reason urged.

Across the lawn stood the convent building. There caught his eye the faint glimmer of a light through a half-opened window, and while he looked he saw two of the nuns moving about within. Was some one dying? Was this light the taper of the dead? He tried to throw off a sudden weight of gloomy apprehension, and resolutely got up and walked away; but his purpose was formed not to leave until he had intelligence of her.

One afternoon, a few days later, happening to come to an elevated point of the landscape, he saw her figure moving across the fields in the distance below him. Between the convent and the farm-house, in one of the fields, there is a circular, basin-like depression; and it was here, hidden from all distant observation, with only the azure of the heavens above them, that their meeting took place.

On the day when she had been his guide he had told her that he was going away on the morrow, and as she walked along now it might have been seen that she thought herself safe from all intrusion. Her eyes were bent on the dust of the pathway. One hand was passing bead by bead upward along her rosary. Her veil was pushed back, so that between its black border and the glistening whiteness of her forehead there ran, like a rippling band of gold, the exposed edges of her shining hair. In the other hand she bore a large cluster of chrysanthemums, whose snow-white petals and green leaves formed a strong contrast to the crimson symbol that they partly framed against her sable bosom.

He had come up close before the noise of his feet in the stubble drew her attention. Then she turned and saw him. But certain instincts of self-preservation act in women with lightning quickness. She did not recognize him, or give him time to recognize her. She merely turned again and walked onward at the same pace. But the chrysanthemums were trembling with the beating of her heart, and her eyes had in them that listening look with which one awaits the oncoming of danger from behind.

But he had stopped. His nature was simple and trustful, and he had expected to renew his acquaintanceship at the point where it had ceased. When therefore she thus reminded him, as indeed she must, that there was no acquaintanceship between them, and that she regarded herself as much alone as though he were nowhere in sight, all his feelings were arrested as if frozen by her coldness. Still, it was for this chance that he had waited all these days. Another would not come, and whatever he wished to say to her must be said now. A sensitiveness wholly novel to his nature held him back, but a moment more and he was walking beside her.

"I hope I do not intrude so very far," he said in a tone of apology, but also of wounded self-respect.

It was a difficult choice thus left to her. She could not say "Yes" without seeming unpardonably rude; she could not say "No" without seeming to invite his further presence. She walked on for a moment, and then, pausing, turned towards him.

"Is there anything that you wished to ask me in regard to the convent?" This she said in the sweetest tone of apologetic courtesy, as though in having thought only of herself at first she had neglected some larger duty.

If he had feared that he would see traces of physical suffering on her face, he was mistaken. She had forgotten to draw her veil close, and the sunlight fell upon its loveliness. Never had she been to him half so beautiful. Whatever the expression her eyes had worn before he had come up, in them now rested only inscrutable calmness.

"There is one thing I have wished very much to know," he answered slowly, his eyes resting on hers. "I was at the church of the convent last Sunday and heard you sing. They said you were not well. I have hoped every

day to hear that you were better. I have not cared to go away until I knew this."

Scarcely had he begun when a flush dyed her face, her eyes fell, and she stood betrayed by the self-consciousness of what her own thoughts had that day been. One hand absently tore to pieces the blooms of the chrysanthemums, so that the petals fell down over her dark habit like snowflakes. But when he finished, she lifted her eyes again.

"I am well now, thank you," she said; and the first smile that he had ever seen came forth from her soul to her face. But what a smile! It wrung his heart more than the sight of her tears could have done.

"Then I shall hope to hear you sing again to-morrow," he said quickly, for she seemed on the point of moving away.

"I shall not sing to-morrow," she replied a little hurriedly, with averted face, and again she started. But he walked beside her.

"In that case I have still to thank you for the pleasure I have had. I imagine that one would never do wrong if he could hear you sing whenever he is tempted," he said, looking sidewise at her with a quiet, tentative smile.

"It is not my voice," she replied more hurriedly. "It is the music of the service. Do not thank me. Thank God."

"I have heard the service before. It was your voice that touched me."

She drew her veil about her face and walked on in silence.

"But I have no wish to say anything against your religion," he continued, his voice deepening and trembling. "If it has such power over the natures of women, if it lifts them to such ideals of duty, if it develops in them such characters, that merely to look into their faces, to be near them, to hear their voices, is to make a man think of a better world, I do not know why I should say anything against it."

How often, without meaning it, our words are like a flight of arrows into another's heart. What he said but reminded her of her unfaithfulness. And therefore while she all the time revolved how with perfect gentleness she might ask him to allow her to continue her way alone, she did what she could: she spoke reverently, though all but inaudibly, in behalf of her order.

"Our vows are perfect and divine. If they ever seem less, it is the fault of those of us who dishonor them."

The acute self-reproach in her tone at once changed his mood.

"On the other hand, I have also asked myself this question: Is it the creed that makes the nature of women so beautiful, or is it the nature of women that gives the beauty to the creed? Is it not so with any other idea that women espouse? with any other cause that they undertake? Is it not so with anything that they spend their hearts upon, toil for, and sacrifice themselves for? Do I see any beauty in your vows except such as your life gives to them? I can believe it. I can believe that if you had never taken those vows your life would still be beautiful. I can believe that you could change them for others and find yourself more nearly the woman that you strive to be—that you were meant to be!" He spoke in the subdued voice with which one takes leave of some hope that brightens while it disappears.

"I must ask you," she said, pausing—"I must ask you to allow me to continue my walk alone"; and her voice quivered.

He paused, too, and stood looking into her eyes in silence with the thought that he should never see her again. The color had died out of his face.

"I can never forgive your vows," he said, speaking very slowly and making an effort to appear unmoved. "I can never forgive your vows that they make it a sin for me to speak to you. I can never forgive them that they put between us a gulf that I cannot pass. Remember, I owe you a great deal. I owe you higher ideas of a woman's nature and clearer resolutions regarding my own life. Your vows perhaps make it even a sin that I should tell you this. But by what right? By what right am I forbidden to say that I shall remember you always, and that I shall carry away with me into my life—"

"Will you force me to turn back?" she asked in greater agitation; and though he could not see her face, he saw her tears fall upon her hands.

"No," he answered sadly; "I shall not force you to turn back. I know that I have intruded. But it seemed that I could not go away without seeing you again, to be quite sure that you were well. And when I saw you, it seemed impossible also not to speak of other things. Of course all this must seem strange to you — stranger perhaps than I may imagine, since we look at human relationships so differently. Of course my life in this world can be of no interest to you. You cannot, therefore, understand why yours should have any interest for me. Still, I hope you can forgive me," he added abruptly, turning his face away as it flushed and his voice faltered.

She lifted her eyes quickly, although they were dim. "Do not ask me to forgive anything. There is nothing to be forgiven. It is I who must ask — only leave me!"

"Will you say good-bye to me?" And he held out his hand.

She drew backward, and as though to turn

away; but, overborne by emotion, he stepped forward, gently took her hand from the rosary, and held it a moment in both his own.

"Good-bye! But, despite the cruel barriers that they have raised between us, I shall always —"

She foresaw what was coming. She had not withdrawn her hand. But at this point she dropped the flowers that were in her other hand, laid it on her breast so that the longest finger pointed towards the symbol of the transfixed heart, and looked quickly at him with indescribable warning and distress. Then he released her, and she turned back towards the convent.

"Mother," she said with a frightened face when she reached it, "I did not go to old Martha's. Some one was hunting in the fields, and I came back. Do not send me again, Mother, unless one of the Sisters goes with me." And with this half-truth on her lips and full remorse for it in her heart, she passed into that deepening imperfection of nature which for the most of us makes up the inner world of reality.

Gordon wrote to her that night. He had not foreseen his confession. It had been drawn from him under the influences of the moment; but since it was made, a sense of honor would not have allowed him to stop there even had feeling carried him no further. Moreover, some hope had been born in him at the moment of separation, since she had not rebuked him, but only reminded him of her vows.

His letter was full of the confidence and enthusiasm of youth, and its contents may be understood by their likeness to all others. He unfolded the plan of his life — the life which he was asking her to share. He dwelt upon its possibilities, he pointed out the field of its aspirations. But he kept his letter for some days, unable to conceive a way by which it might be sent to its destination. At length the chance came in the simplest of all disguises.

Ezra was starting one morning to the convent for the work to be done there. As he was leaving the room, old Martha called to him. She sat by the hearthstone, with her head tied up in red flannel and her large, watery face flushed with pain, and pointed towards a basket of apples on the window-sill.

"Take them to Sister Dolorosa, Ezra," she said. "Mind that you see *her*, and give them to her with your own hands. And ask her why she has n't been to see me, and when she is coming." On this point her mind seemed more and more troubled. "But what 's the use of asking *you* to find out for me?" she added, flashing out at him with heroic anger.

The old man stood in the middle of the room, dry and gnarled, his small eyes kindling into a dull rage at a taunt made in the presence of a guest whose good opinion he desired. But he took the apples in silence and left the room.

As Gordon followed him beyond the garden, noting how his mind was absorbed in petty anger, a simple resolution came to him.

"Ezra," he said, handing him the letter, "when you give the Sister the apples, deliver this. And we do not talk about business, you know, Ezra."

The old man took the letter and put it furtively into his pocket, with a backward shake of his head towards the house.

"Whatever risks I may have to run from other quarters, he will never tell *her*," Gordon said to himself.

When Ezra returned in the evening he was absorbed, and Gordon noted with relief that he was also unsuspicious. He walked some distance to meet the old man the next two days and his suspense became almost unendurable, but he asked no questions. The third day Ezra drew from his pocket a letter, which he delivered, merely saying:

"The Sister told me to give you this."

Gordon soon turned aside across the fields, and having reached a point screened from observation he opened the letter and read as follows:

I have received your letter. I have read it. But how could I listen to your proposal without becoming false to my vows? And if you knew that I had proved false to what I held most dear and binding, how could you ever believe that I would be true to anything else? Ah, no! Should you unite yourself in an ideal life to one who for your sake had been faithless to the ideal of womanhood which she still regarded as supreme, you would soon withdraw from her the very love that she had sacrificed even her hopes of heaven to enjoy.

But it seems possible that in writing to me you believe my vows no longer precious to my heart and sacred to my conscience. You are wrong. They are more dear to me at this moment than ever before, because at this moment, as never before, they give me a mournful admonition of my failure to exhibit to the world in my own life the beauty of their ineffable holiness. For had there not been something within me to lead you on — had I shown to you the sinless nature which it is their office to create — you would never have felt towards me as you do. You would no more have thought of loving me than of loving an angel of God.

The least of all the reparation I can make for my offense is to tell you that in offering me your love you offer me the cup of sacred humiliation, and that I thank you for reminding me of my duty, while I drain it to the dregs.

After long deliberation I have written to tell you this; and if it be allowed me to make one request, I would entreat that you will never lay this sin of mine to the charge of my religion and my order.

We shall never meet again. Although I may not listen to your proposal, it is allowed me to love

you as one of the works of God. And since there are exalted women in the world who do not consecrate themselves to the Church, I shall pray that you may find one of these to walk by your side through life. I shall pray that she may be worthy of you; and perhaps you will teach her sometimes to pray for one who will always need her prayers.

I only know that God orders our lives according to his goodness. My feet he set in one path of duty, yours in another, and he had separated us forever long before he allowed us to meet. If, therefore, having thus separated us, he yet brought us together only that we should thus know each other and then be parted, I cannot believe that there was not in it some needed lesson for us both. At least, if he will deign to hear the ceaseless, fervent petition of one so erring, he will not leave you unhappy on account of that love for me which in this world it will never be allowed me to return. Farewell!

The first part of this letter awakened in Gordon keen remorse and a faltering of purpose, but the latter filled him with a joy that for the time excluded every other feeling.

"She loves me!" he exclaimed; and, as though registering a vow, he added aloud, "And nothing — God help me! — nothing shall keep us apart."

Walking to a point of the landscape that commanded a view of the convent, he remained there while the twilight fell, revolving how he was to surmount the remaining barriers between them, for these now seemed hardly more than cobwebs to be brushed aside by his hand; and often, meanwhile, he looked towards the convent as one might look longingly towards some forbidden shrine which the coming night would enable him to approach.

(To be continued.)

James Lane Allen.

IN MAIDEN MEDITATION.

I want a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one.

MISS ROSMARY sat gazing at the famous Jean François Millet. Her aunt, who, as all the world knows, is the sole relative of the heiress and reigning beauty, had bought the picture at the last sale, and only within a day or two had it been sent home and hung in the gallery of the great house, that grim pile stretching so many precious feet along the Avenue, which the famous Mr. Rosmary had left to his only child.

Miss Rosmary's thoughts ran in mingled revery. She was at half angry, half contentious, odds with the world just now, and it was not strange to her that the unfortunate painter had been left to creep through a sad life to a dismal grave. But, after all, would he have been happier in another existence? Even if his peasants — those sad, powerful, poetic creatures — should step from their frames into the ducal palaces and the mansions of millionaires that now gave so many of them harborage, would they not find all about them trivial, unsatisfactory, provoking? The existences of those about them might bring wonder to the brain and a shadow of fear to the hearts of such simple-fibered, little-gifted, meager-lived folk as the broad-natured villager of Barbizon had painted — still would such lives not appear to them contemptible? And then Miss Rosmary tapped a petulant foot upon the polished floor. But Miss Rosmary — and she quite understood herself — was not by any means dissatisfied with this sublunary globe. Nor was humanity as a whole, or in imagined instances, at all out of the way to her. The trouble was with the world which is implied when the word is used in a restricted sense — the world which is, after all, the true world to each of us; the universe of our daily round, of our friends and of our enemies, of our loves and of our hates, of our hopes and of our fears, of our deeds and of our misdeeds. Her life, it seemed to her, was vapid, void, although to all others it appeared to be as full and as finely accented an existence as was possible to a young woman in the very flush of the restless, feverish society of this our America towards the last of the hurrying years of this rapid-footed century — a society she thought shallow, imitative, wholly unoriginal; forgetting that the ingenious ages that have accomplished so much have only been able to discover a very few ways in which people may amuse themselves. But Miss Rosmary scarcely ran into such an analysis as she sat and looked at the picture so filled with the pathos of patient, common existence. Perhaps it had an unperceived appeal to her, for the foot committed a little stamp, — it might be self-condemnatory, it might be self-assertive, — and then Miss Rosmary arose and walked across the room. She paused before a Meissonier. What truth of drawing, what real breadth, what spirit in the few square inches of the picture! What a gentleman of the gallant time! How quick would have been his foot along the gay paths of adventure, how ready the sword at his side if the zest of hazard led to the point of danger! Both

pictures added to her discontent with all about her; with the real sameness of the things to which her most modern and modish life confined her; with the sameness of the people who in the contentment of their unmeaningness perplexed her. Was there nothing but capricious punctilio and artificial ritual; was there not something down in the press of the common world where the dust half hid the conflict; might not lives be found there, strong, inspiring, effectual lives that would justify creation? And in the shadowy and tenuous haze of her dissatisfaction there was a well-defined nucleus of denser discontent — discontent with things happening in almost regular recurrence to herself. Coequal womankind of course did not please her,— she had only one friend who perfectly understood her and whom she perfectly understood,— but mankind, masculine mankind!

An aggressively, negatively unobjectionable young man, without a merit or a prospect, had offered her his very gentlemanly looking hand and something he called his heart, at about two that morning. Really the thing was getting to be of too frequent occurrence. There were so many of them, so much alike, with their pale faces, their trained accents, their consummate dress, their routine lives, their routine topics — their clubs, their races, their hunting, and themselves. Of course she detected slight differences in them,— there are differences in the dress-coated, white-waistcoated, full-dressed swallows that sit along the telegraph wire, ignorant of the tidings of the world flowing at their feet,— for they did not all talk to her about the same things, although they did in much the same manner and in much the same tone. Here, one favored her with languid pessimistic doubts; there, one drawled complacent negations, as if such things as establishing a race in unhappiness or depopulating the heavens were easily within the day's work of either. Some were ill of many things; they had caught esthetic ailments of which they never would be cured unless beauty were out of fashion; they suffered from complicated sentimental afflictions from which their recovery was only too certain. And there were those who employed language in accounts of exploits across the fences of neighboring counties, and the annotators of the gossip of the day — the latter perhaps the best worth hearing after all, she sometimes thought, for they were always so much more simple and natural.

She knew that in most girls there is something left over from childhood that leads them to take delight in terrifying themselves, in imagination, with the exact-coated entities they see so often and of whom they know so little, as in younger years they took delight in frightening themselves with the terrors of a jack-in-the-box. They like to feel the same thrill when, with unperceived glance, they see these wonderful beings gazing from out mysterious inaccessibility through a club window, that they experienced when taken to some circus they saw the animals in their cages. But in the lives of such as those who surrounded her Miss Rosmary found no more to excite her imagination than she might in the course of a letter sent through the post-office. What chance was there, then, for such as he who had so kindly taken his negative in the De Jones's conservatory at 2 A. M.? Does any one suppose that a girl falls in love with a mere man? There is no such real difference between two fairly presentable masculine creatures as there is between either of them and the being a young girl's imagination makes of one and not of the other, if it is in the one to arouse imagination and give it wing. Miss Rosmary had lost or mislaid not a little of her temper as she was driven home the night before. The wheels ground heavily on the pavement; all but one or two of the overworked echoes of the Avenue had taken themselves off to their tenement houses; just past her aunt, half asleep and leaning her head against the side of the carriage, she caught glimpses of the grouped and scattered stars in unobstructed space. Was not the world wider than the "precincts of a billet-doux"? Were there not men somewhere; men who were strong to do things and did them; men whose failures even would awaken interest; men whose successes would excite exultant pride? How without such as these would the world have advanced so far; how would great discoveries have been made, and great fortunes; how brave deeds done and great books written? Had she seen any in the last hours, any in that atmosphere heavy with the odors of flowers, astir in flow and pulsation, as music swelled or softened, murmurous and eddying in the undertones and ripples of talk and laughter — had she seen any who would take the enlisting shilling from Effort, Fame's sergeant and orderly?

And then she laughed at herself.

Of what was she thinking? Her thoughts ran back to a being of younger fancy, of more unformed dream — a Ruy-Blas-Hernani sort of creature, daring, resolute, sometimes arbitrary, but always commanding, bearing down doubt with scant ceremony, wooing with humility shown only to herself, carrying her away almost forcefully if need be, but always with that best gentleness, the gentleness of the strong. And, after all, was her present hero less spectacular, less dramatic? Or had the drama, its laws, its tone, only changed? Was she as absurd now as then? She was sure she was not. There was romance in the world

since there were endurance, and effort, and the glad spirit of adventure; and where there was romance there were men and women such as those of whom she dreamed, for — her argument ran in such circle — without such men and women there would be no romance.

"The morning's mail, Miss Rosmary," said a servant, entering.

She took half a dozen letters from the man, hastily looked them over, selected two as worthy of earliest attention, and as she opened the first letter she hummed, almost sang, three lines from the song of the Blind Beggar "in a silken cloak," from the old ballad.

> When first our king his fame did advance,
> And sought his title in delicate France,
> In many places great perils past he—

and then she read:

"— BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

"DEAREST MILLICENT: I know I am your only and your half-desperate friend. Yesterday was my birthday — twenty-two. But I think a girl's life should be counted double; I always think of summer as one year and winter as another. Twenty-two! I am forty-four if I am a day. No one here can give me satisfactory sympathy, as no one can understand my troubles. But you — you know me, and you know how much a very modern girl has against her in having so much for her. You recognize our emancipation; you appreciate the embarrassment of our freedom — our freedom without guiding precedent. You know that we have thrust upon us new knowledge, new opportunities; that we must think, decide, act; that as well as old duties to others, we have new duties — to ourselves. You know all these things,— none better than you,— and you will understand me when I say that I am suffering from one of my not unusual attacks of acute conscientiousness, aggravated this time and with peculiar symptoms.

"You have heard a good deal about me. I did not like your last letter because it did not tell me what; and you know that I would tell you everything if there only could be everything to tell. And — well — very well — if you 'll let me do it in my own way.

"You know my exacting nature. You know with what antagonism I stand against the world if it does not continually give me its superlatives, its quintessences; and — they want me to marry a man who is not a particle of a paragon. I am living in what in our old Latin grammar — I never studied an English or a French one, and I am not sure if it is the same in those — I think was called the first person singular of the pluperfect subjunctive. 'I might, could, would, or should have loved.' I might have loved had Providence seen fit to give me a humble spirit, a meek, unquestioning heart; I could have loved if I had ever met a master for my irreverent nature; I would have loved undoubtedly in spite of all, if I had been — my own grandmother, if I had not been filled with imperative intellectual needs, with positive artificial wants, trained to criticize, analyze, and dissect myself until I am incapable of a natural, spontaneous, blundering, unquestioning impulse; I should have loved, yes,— I should indeed have loved, and no one knows it better than myself,— I should have loved if I desired the usual happiness of a usual world. But I never have, and I fear I never shall. They want me to love, but what can I do if I can't? Change the man and try another? I have done this at times, and my failures have been pitiable. My future sits before me grinning like an old hag. I shall grow sharper, more cynical with the passing seasons, until I become the fright of the callow, and, with my unimpressionable, knowing old heart, the terror of the mature. But am I to blame? You and I know that I am not.

"It is a vast theme that I have just started — that I am not my own grandmother. I look at Copley's picture of her in her youth — did I send you my last photograph? There 's a contrast. She 's ahead of me in prettiness, I fear; but I think of her as I saw her in her old age, and I know that I could give her, were she here, subjects, questions, suggestions that would frighten her into wakefulness. I cannot be satisfied with the things that satisfied her. I may be vain of my invaluable sex, but it is plain to me that, in what we are, as in our requirements, we have advanced as far beyond our foremothers as our masculine complements have fallen behind their forefathers. Would to-day's men fight for a principle? Some did twenty and more years ago; but I dance with none such now. To lead a cotillion is their most desperate deed; would they lead a forlorn hope, or even a hope not forlorn?

"You know that it has for some time been the desire of my amiable family to see me safely married. They attempt concealment with such extraordinary care that I know precisely what they try to hide, and I resent their uncomplimentary fear that my money exposes me to many grievous dangers — dangers such as they evidently do not apprehend from my charms. Every model, every fairly eligible man,— and they are not particular about years,— has been paraded before my undazzled eyes. Until lately such attacks upon my peace of heart have been desultory, unsystematic; but for the last few months the family efforts have been constant, concentrated, thoroughly purposeful. One individual has been chosen out

of all the world to make me supremely happy, and he, fortunate or unfortunate, is on all occasions, natural or forced, thrust into my society and bepraised beyond all patience. Of course you think that I must detest him. But I do not; I almost a little more than endure him. Our respective and respected families have long been intimate,— indeed, in colonial times I think there was some intermarriage and that he is a kind of far-away cousin of mine,— but I really have known but little of him. He was abroad with his father during the three years before he entered Harvard, and then for four years I was away myself. He returned only a few months ago from a trip around the world in his yacht. He is perfectly typical and perfectly commonplace. He leads a life of half-busy, half-idle leisure; he drives one of the most accurately equipped coaches in the country; he has one of the finest old homes in the city and one of the finest new houses in Newport; his name hangs prominent upon a main branch of that stiffly drawn production, a colonial genealogical tree; he is a perfect multitude of such merits; but to me he possesses only one — that he does not seem to care to please me, for the traits of the man of my vision are neither nautical, equine, vehicular, architectural, nor historical.

"And this is the man that they want me to marry. Through life you and I have been fed, so to speak, on the whitest, closest-winnowed wheat; we have read the best books; we have heard the best music; we have seen the best pictures; no great statue gives the world the charm subtler than all color, the charm of pure line and complete form, that we have not seen; that polished conglomerate which you think you so detest, the curiously grained and veined thing they call society, we have known at its best the world over; all that we have gained or garnered has been attempered by a faith the keynote of which is vicarious suffering, the agony of divine sacrifice. These, all these, are the fruits of effort. And is a woman, a woman to whom a shock to taste is severer than physical pain, to fall in love, to be dragged into love of something masculine without a hand's motion towards worthy attainment — of an idler who does not earn his place so well as we do ours? I will have no bankrupt to existence, no man who does not pay the world his debt. I — please do not laugh — I remember that last autumn at Lenox you told me that I dreamed of a marvel — a combination of Count d'Orsay, Shelley, and James Nasmyth. Perhaps, but I see what I see.

"It will all come to nothing. He does not really care for me; I, not at all for him — not enough even to care that he does not care for me. I would tell you, of course, if there were danger — or hope — or anything, but there is not, nor will there ever be.

"I could write a great deal about two or three new actual engagements here, but I believe you want to hear what I want you to hear — about myself from myself. I have told you but little after all; really nothing you did not know or suspect. It will be a long time, Millicent, I fear,— we are pottery or such inductile and tenacious clay,— before either of us has more to tell the other.

"Incessantly yours,

"JANET.

"P. S.— I forgot to say I refused him two weeks ago."

Miss Rosmary did not lay the letter down; she sat with eyes upon it as she held it in uplifted hand.

Miss Rosmary, who had never seen him, could see as plainly as if he were visibly before her the man to whom they wished to marry her friend. She thought that she knew the kind perfectly — a useless creature, solicitous about his dress but ignorant of a manner; whose groom broke his horses for him; who would not have dared sail his own yacht; who was indifferent as to what the world thought of his brains but was proud of the fame of his millions; who would rather be a guest at Sandringham than master of the White House. What could such a man as this Gerald Massie — the gossips had given her the name — do? And what could the others like him, that she knew so well, do that would be worth the doing? She did not demand much; she was very reasonable, she assured herself. She only asked that a man should be strong, forceful; that he should have done something, or proved to her his capability for doing something, to awaken her respect or excite her sympathy. But among those she knew or was likely to know!

Miss Rosmary opened her second letter in quick impatience.

"ELECTRA, MONTANA.

"MY DEAR MILLICENT: Of course you are surprised to receive a letter from me written from this place; but here I am, and here I shall be detained for several days. I am here, and — don't skip — you will learn why in the climax of my letter.

"Several things not common to a club man — a tame man of the city's wilderness — have happened to me since I saw you last; things I can tell you worth the telling, and which could best be told in some twilight when the lingering dinner has just died in its glory, but which I will nevertheless attempt to tell you now, so anxious am I that you should know them, and so sure am I that they will interest you. If I was a wise man I would not do

it, for I shall only be giving you an opportunity to say 'I told you so'; but when I am enthusiastic I am never wise, and I am enthusiastic now.

"I suppose that they have been selling violets for a long time on the corners of Fifth Avenue, and that even the watering-carts are out. They are having out here what they call spring; it is to me rather the disturbed end of a vicious winter dying slowly, and like a stage villain torn into agonies by an aroused conscience. It has been cold; great storms have been frequent; the earth has been deluged, and every stream is swollen.

"I know that you never read the newspapers, unless it is to see that you have been at a place where you never thought of going, or were engaged to a man who had never been presented to you; but even if you did read them, so insignificant a fact as what happened to an express train in the far Northwest, carrying a hundred and thirty-nine passengers,— among whom was the amiable and fairly appreciated writer of these lines,— would make but small show in the condensation of the Associated Press despatches, and would not be likely to attract your attention.

"The railroad from Electra to Cartonsville runs through great, almost uninhabited barrens, and at Black's Ford crosses the river. It is a wild, desolate country all around; some convulsion of nature has torn out the channel in which the stream runs between high, broken, and rocky banks. Day before yesterday the inhabitants of Black's Ford, fifty in number, perhaps, noticed that the water was rising rapidly. My informant, an engineer's rod man, left there to see that the bridge is kept clear and the signal light at the end properly shown — my informant, whose account of what was said I follow quite closely, tells me that nothing like it had ever been known there before.

"The gray clouds broke raggedly at sunset, a fierce, yellow light blazing through every rift; the wind rose, and so prevailed that men with difficulty kept their feet; children were caught up by any one near and carried home. When the night shut down but few were gathered at the small store, the only place of the kind at Black's Ford — my informant among the rest. All except one belonged to the settlement — a stranger, a young man who had been driven over from a neighboring ranch, and who evidently awaited the arrival of a train. He said nothing; and though curious eyes were turned on him, even the garrulous storekeeper forbore putting him to the question.

"It was not wholly dark outside; there was no moon, but the stars shone brightly, and it seemed not far away between the driven, goaded clouds. The wind gathered even more strength; space seemed filled with its sound. It roared between the river banks; it shuddered through the framework of the bridge; at the corners of the buildings strips seemed torn from it upon their edges. Its shrill whistle was like the sound of ripping silk; along the barren uplands ran noises as of knives whetted upon unwet stone.

"The door of the store was thrown suddenly open and a man shouted:

"'Come out here, all of you! We 're afraid the bridge will go.'

"Even as he stood in the doorway his voice could hardly be heard above the uproar outside.

"All sprang to their feet; the greater number hastened to the not distant river bank. The black outlines of the great bridge stood, here, clearly defined against the sky; there, lost against the massed, hurrying clouds.

"'She 'll go,' said one, 'sure.'

"'She must,' assented another. 'She can't stand it long.'

"'See, see!' cried a third; 'how the water climbs up the abutments.'

"As the mantle of the Tishbite divided the waters, so the sheeted wind seemed to drive before it flood upon flood.

"Suddenly the storekeeper spoke.

"'When 's that train due?' he shouted.

"'In an hour,' was the answer from all sides.

"'If it don't hold up for that time the train 's gone,' said the storekeeper, solemnly.

"Almost as he spoke, with such tremor as may come before dissolution, with groaning outcry, with the sharp crack of iron torn apart, with gathering roar, the massive structure bent, broke, and fell with slow, final crash into the raging river. From the abutments hung iron rods torn from their fastenings, twisted, contorted, threatening as vipers knit around some fateful head.

"'The train 's lost!' said some one above the low murmur that was almost a wail.

"None dissented; none spoke. The river seemed roaring, growling for its prey; the rocks on the bank were thrust out like fangs through the foam.

"'Is there no way to give warning?' asked the stranger, speaking for the first time.

"'How 'd you do it?' demanded the storekeeper, in the tension of the moment turning angrily upon him.

"'Is there no other way of getting across?' asked the other, quietly.

"'None.'

"'No signal to be given?'

"'No,' said the station-master. 'They 'll drive right into the river unless there 's a light shown half a mile up the track.'

"'Who 's to do it?' asked the stranger.

"'It can't be done.'

"'Can't we swim the river?'

"The station-master glanced down the bank and laughed in half derision.

"'Do you think any man could get through that?' he asked sneeringly.

"'A man might try.'

"'Who?'

"'I, for one,' answered the stranger.

"'It 's death,' said some one.

"'Bring me that light yonder,' continued the stranger in a quick, commanding tone, 'and hang another in its place.'

"No one stirred.

"'Do you hear me?' he shouted, as he threw off his coat. 'Bring me that light.'

"After hesitating a moment, suspicious of being sent on a fool's errand, so little likely did it seem that any one would have such hardihood, one of the men ran towards the post where shone a small lamp with a red light.

"The stranger tightened the belt about his waist, walked to the water's edge, and stood waiting for the lamp.

"'Give me matches,' he said.

"Some were handed to him.

"'And an oil-skin coat.'

"Several were offered; he grasped the nearest and with quick, strong hand cut from it two pieces. He wrapped one hastily around the matches and thrust the parcel into the bosom of his shirt; the other he wound around the lamp after blowing out the light.

"Having made his hasty preparations, he stood for an instant gazing at the stream; then suddenly he cast off his shoes, stepped into the river, struck out, and in a moment was lost to sight in the darkness.

"'By ——!' but the storekeeper suppressed his oath — 'when souls are saved he 'll be sure of his salvation, I don't care what else he 's done or has n't.'

"As if the unuttered but understood oath gave solemnity to what was said, one of the men, in low, determined voice, cried 'Amen.'"

MISS ROSMARY'S hand caught the letter tighter; her eyes shone with excited light. In a moment she read on.

"As a crowd lining a race-track when the horses sweep to the winning post, so all stood rigid and silent along the shore, with craning necks and eager eyes; stood and saw nothing, heard nothing but the wind and the rushing water; stood so lost in strained attention that time was really the nothing that it is.

"'He 's stopped her or we 'd have seen her headlight before this,' said one.

"'She 's often late,' answered another.

"None disputed this.

"'Perhaps we could n't see her lights over here this weather,' said the first as the rain began to fall in torrents.

"'I tell you we could,' said the storekeeper. 'A man 's a fool who 'd think he could n't.'

"None spoke; all knew that the angry tone of the last speaker was a protest against losing hope. They all stood now grouped together, grouped as are frightened cattle. But they were gathered in more than fear; they stood in awe, in silence, as men stand around a closing grave.

"OUR train came to a stop with a suddenness that brought every passenger to his feet. I looked hastily out of the window. The darkness was piled against the pane like black marble in a quarry; the wind shrieked around the train as a maniac might, finding some strange obstruction in the path of his escape. I hastened forward with the others. I leaned from the platform of the first car and looked and listened. Just in front of the train I could see moving lights.

"'He has fainted,' were the first words I made out.

"'What has happened?' I asked the conductor, who had been forward, as he came rapidly along.

"'The bridge below 's been carried away, and if that young man had n't come from God knows where with his light, we 'd all have been in the river with the train on top of us. Is any one of you a doctor?'

"You know about my year or two at Bellevue; perhaps I could aid, and I hastened down the track. They had lifted him off the rails and lamps were held over him as he lay. His eyes were closed; he was senseless, but his jaws were set in relentless resolve. We carried him to the forward car. The train was backed seven miles to this place, and here I am.

"The young man is still too weak to give any account of himself. I am acting as his nurse, and am writing in the room next to the one in which he lies. I certainly shall not leave my patient for a day or two.

"And now you will remember what you have always said; will remember our many contentions; remember your repeated assertions that one must go far to find a man among men — that among none whom you saw could a man be found: and you will remember too with what serene confidence I have repeated to you that the great Duke said, 'The dandies fought well at Waterloo.'

"I will let you know immediately what I am going to do when I have finally decided.

I do not like to leave this young man. He has done a fine thing and I am going to see him through. I am old enough to know better, but I don't.

"Sincerely your friend and guardian,
"JAMES GILCHRIST."

Miss Rosmary dropped the letter and sat silent. She looked about her. What pretenses the pictures were — what mere pretenses, and the world in which she lived. Miss Rosmary started to her feet with flushed cheeks. Why could she not know men like that? Poor fellow, she thought, if she could only see him; could even help to care for him. How stupidly the letter was written. Nothing at all —

"A telegram, Miss Rosmary," said the servant, entering hastily.

Miss Rosmary tore open the yellow envelop. The despatch was from Chicago, and ran:

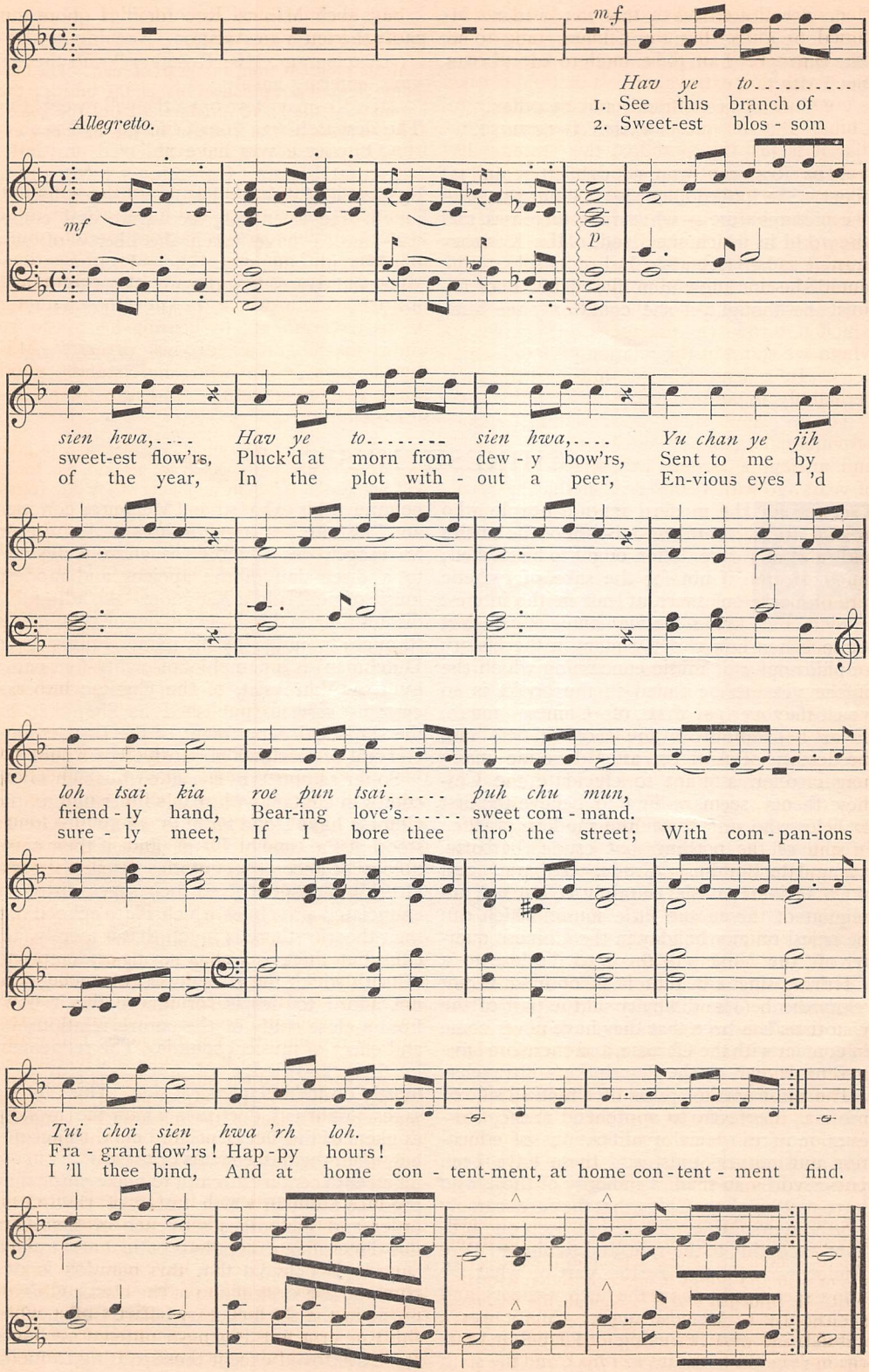
"Of course you have received my letter written at Electra. Our rescuer turns out to be Gerald Massie of Boston, visiting a friend's ranch. He is entirely recovered, and comes with me. I have taken the liberty of asking him up the river, where I suppose your aunt and yourself soon go. Wonderful, is it not? JAMES GILCHRIST."

George A. Hibbard.

CHINESE MUSIC.

THE musical art of a people who represent one-fifth of the earth's population ought to be studied; if not for the sake of esthetic pleasure, at least in the interest of scientific knowledge. Yet there is scarcely a department in the history or philosophy of music concerning which the information to be found in the books is so unsatisfactory as that of Chinese music. Even a historian of the thoroughness and profundity of Ambros, after devoting many pages to an attempt to elucidate the Chinese theory, seems willing to believe the first traveler who sets down the modern practice of the art as nothing but crude, barbaric, unregulated noise. Crude, barbaric, and noisy Chinese music certainly is, but not unregulated. Even the little music which can be heard on any holiday in the Chinese quarter of New York will serve to disclose to a discriminating ear that it is nothing if not methodical. The difficulty on the part of the historians has been that they have never come in contact with the Chinese, and therefore have had to depend on the descriptions of travelers and missionaries touching the practical side of the art. Correctly to apprehend music, however, requires special qualifications of education and natural gifts, and these have been possessed by so small a minority of those who have written about China that they are scarcely worth enumerating. There has been one brilliant exception to the rule, and to him, to Père Amiot, we owe the greater part of what we know specifically about the history, theory, and philosophy of Chinese music. Amiot was a Jesuit missionary in Peking for forty-four years (from 1750 till his death in 1794), and the sixth volume of his exhaustive "Mémoires concernant l'histoire, les sciences, les arts, les mœurs, les usages, des Chinois" is entirely devoted to a discussion of the ancient and modern music of the Middle Kingdom. An admirable disquisition on the subject in our own language (though, to judge by his name, written by a Dutchman) is a pamphlet of eighty-four pages by J. A. Van Aalst, of the Chinese imperial customs service, published at Shanghai by the statistical department of the Inspectorate General of Customs about five years ago.

So far as concerns the side on which music comes in contact with man's inner nature, the Chinese have stood for ages where the Greeks stood at the time of Plato; and, if their chronology be accepted, centuries before the great Greek philosopher lived their sages distinctly enunciated principles which Plato echoed. In their theories there is much that is merely fanciful, but there is also a strong undercurrent of truth which the estheticians of to-day cannot afford to despise or ignore, for it flows from a close study of the nature, relationship, and effect of musical sounds. The refinement in their knowledge of music, however, is mostly on its metaphysical side. The Chinese sages published doctrines which the modern thinkers of the Occident are bound to accept; but when the descendants of these sages in the nineteenth century attempt to make music they produce a din in which traces of rhythmical order and melodious sequence of tones are not discernible except by a patient and trained ear. It is possible that this paradox is due partly to the destruction of the classic Chinese music in the third century before Christ, when the Emperor She Huang-ti ordered all books to be destroyed except those relating to medi-


mf
Hav ye to.....
1. See this branch of
2. Sweet-est blos - som
Allegretto.
mf
p
sien hwa,.... Hav ye to..... sien hwa,.... Yu chan ye jih
sweet-est flow'rs, Pluck'd at morn from dew - y bow'rs, Sent to me by
of the year, In the plot with - out a peer, En-vious eyes I 'd
loh tsai kia roe pun tsai..... puh chu mun,
friend - ly hand, Bear-ing love's..... sweet com - mand.
sure - ly meet, If I bore thee thro' the street; With com - pan-ions
Tui choi sien hwa 'rh loh.
Fra - grant flow'rs! Hap - py hours!
I 'll thee bind, And at home con - tent-ment, at home con - tent - ment find.

cine, agriculture, and divination; but I am inclined to think that the Chinese talk about the degeneracy of their modern art is of a piece with that extravagant estimation of what is gone which is common enough outside of China. But this question aside, it seems to me that it is just this paradox, this strange discrepancy between what it ought to be and is, between its philosophy and its practice, between the harmony of its literature and the discord of its instruments, that makes Chinese music a most fascinating and profitable study. But it is fascinating and profitable not so much for its own sake as for the sake of the light which it throws on the music of peoples to whom we stand in the relation of intellectual heirs. In a sense Chinese music is the proverbial fly in amber.

To my mind there is something almost providential in the circumstance that so vast and ancient a people was seized thousands of years ago with a conservatism that has done a service for the modern investigator similar in kind to that performed by the dry climate and sand of Egypt. The service is similar but much greater. China to-day shows us a picture of marvelous antiquity, not dead and embalmed, but living. Its language represents the speech of humanity's childhood. Its ideographic texts, still holding fantastic suggestions of the yet more primitive hieroglyphs from which they were evolved, represent a stage in the art less removed from picture-writing than the demotic texts of Egypt. Where modifications or reforms of any sort reveal themselves they do not seem really to have penetrated far below the surface of the huge antique life. In spite of the teachings of Laotseu, Confucius, and the Buddhist priests, the religious heart of China to-day is that of primitive man. The religion of the Great Pure Kingdom is still the artless religion of ghosts, the ancestral family cult, the worship of the dead.

Having such a beautiful case of arrested development before us, why should we not utilize what it teaches to the understanding of other antique arts that left us no monuments for present study?

The most ancient poets of China speak of music as the "echo of wisdom"; the "manifestation of the laws of heaven"; the "mistress and mother of virtue." In the "Book of Rites" you may read:

> Music is the expression of the union of earth and heaven. With music and ceremonies nothing in the empire is difficult. Music acts upon the inner nature of man and brings it into connection with the spirit. Its principal end is to regulate the passions. It teaches fathers and children, princes and subjects, husbands and wives, their reciprocal duties, and the sage finds in music the rules of his conduct.

Says the "Musical Recorder" (I quote this passage from Van Aalst):

> Music proceeds from the heart of man. The harmony of the heart produces that of the breath; the harmony of the breath produces that of the voice; and the voice is the emblem of the harmony existing between heaven and earth.

According to the doctrines of the school of Confucius, ceremonies and music are the most prompt and efficacious factors for reforming manners and making the state prosperous. Mencius says, "By viewing the ceremonial ordinances of a prince we know the character of his government; by hearing his music we know the character of his virtues." Matuan-li says, "He who understands good music is fit to govern." And now for a Chinese definition:

> Music is a language which enables man to give expression to his emotions. If we are sad, our tones will betray the fact. In moments of joy our voices sound out high and clear and our words flow rapidly. In anger our speech is powerful and threatening; in fear and reverential timidity, gentle and modest; in love, without rudeness. In brief, every passion has its peculiar mode of expression, and good music must provide the just tones for it; for each tone must answer to its nature and make itself apprehended. Tones are the words of the musical language; modulations, the phrases. Voice, instrument, and dance unite to form that to which expression is to be given.

Here is a definition on which it would be difficult to improve, and taken in connection with a decree of the Emperor Chun (B. C. 2300), it might be said to be as good a foundation as is needed for Wagner's system of lyrico-dramatic composition. In this decree occur these words:

> Teach the children of the great that through thy care they may become just, mild, and wise; firm, without severity; upholding the dignity and pride of their station without vanity or assumption. Express these doctrines in poems, that they may be sung to appropriate melodies accompanied by the music of instruments. Let the music follow the sense of the words; let it be simple and ingenuous, for vain, empty, and effeminate music is to be condemned. Music is the expression of the soul's emotion; if the soul of the musician be virtuous, his music will be full of nobility and will unite the souls of men with the spirits of heaven.

A little familiarity with the Greek classics will disclose parallels in plenty to doctrines like these concerning the purpose of music. The Chinese, like the Greeks, have made the regulation of music an affair of the state, and their poets seem to be held to as strict an accountability as ever were the poet-musicians of Hellas for a truthful exposition of the moral,

THE "GUIDING MARCH."

Andantino.

Slow. *f* *stacc. e secco.*

dim. *poco a poco.* *dim.*

Fine.

pp *ff*

A WEDDING MARCH.

Moderato. (scherzando.)

p coro. *Ped.*

stacc. e ben marcato.

p *f* *f*

p *f* *ff*

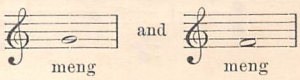
political, and religious views held by the state. The Chinese definition of music which I have quoted, and all the other utterances of the sages, point to an early recognition of the scientific fact that music is intimately related to the emotional nature of man, and is, indeed, in a very significant degree its voice. When Herbert Spencer says that "variations of voice are the physiological results of variations of feeling," he only repeats in scientific language what the Chinese philosopher said poetically many centuries ago.

Like the Greek the Chinaman refuses to divorce music from poetry. The Greek dramatist was the prototype of Richard Wagner; he insisted on the most intimate union between words and music. One phase of this union is explained by the fact that the Greek drama was religious in its essence. The most proper medium of religious worship was of course that which, like religion itself, sprang directly from the emotional part of man. It is obvious that such an employment of music would exert a restrictive influence upon the religious chant that would operate as the most potent and enduring of conservators. As to the operation of the law of conservation in Chinese music I have something to say later. Now I wish to call attention to the fact that the Chinese drama is to-day in principle a lyric drama — as much so as the Greek tragedy was. The moments of intense feeling are accentuated, not merely by accompanying music, as in our melodrama, but by the actor breaking out into song. The crudeness and impotency of the song in our ears has nothing to do with the argument. It is a matter of heredity in taste.

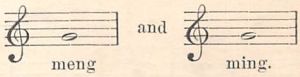
But there is in China not only an intimate association between music and poetical speech, but also between music and speech generally. The Chinese being a monosyllabic language, it depends to a great extent upon musical intonation to convey meaning. If you listen to the conversation of your Chinese laundrymen you will discover that their ordinary speech is almost as musical as the *recitativo secco* of the Italian opera. Many words in the Chinese language take from three to six different meanings according to intonation. These intonations, as Dr. S. Wells Williams forcibly urges, have "nothing to do either with accents or emphasis." They are distinctly musical, and it is much to be regretted that Dr. Williams was unable, for obvious want of the musical talent, to study them from a musical point of view, as it is all but impossible to convey a clear understanding of their nature by description. There seem to be many variations, but generally there are four of these intonations, or *shing*, named and defined as follows: 1, *ping shing*, or "even tone"; 2, *shang shing*, or "rising tone"; 3, *k'eu shing*, or "declining tone"; and 4, *juh shing*, or "entering tone." The Chinese have a "memory ruse" to help them to an understanding of these tones, which in English is said to run as follows:

The even tone — its path is neither high nor low;
The rising tone — it loudly calls, 't is vehement, ardent, strong;
The declining tone — is clear, distinct, its dull, low path is long;
The entering tone — short, snatched, abrupt, is quickly treasured up.

So habituated are the Chinese to the tonal distinctions made by the *shing* that Dr. Williams says they will quicker recognize a difference of a tone in the pitch of a word than such a vowel change as from short *e* to short *i*, the consonants remaining the same. That is to say, a Chinaman marks a difference between



more readily than between



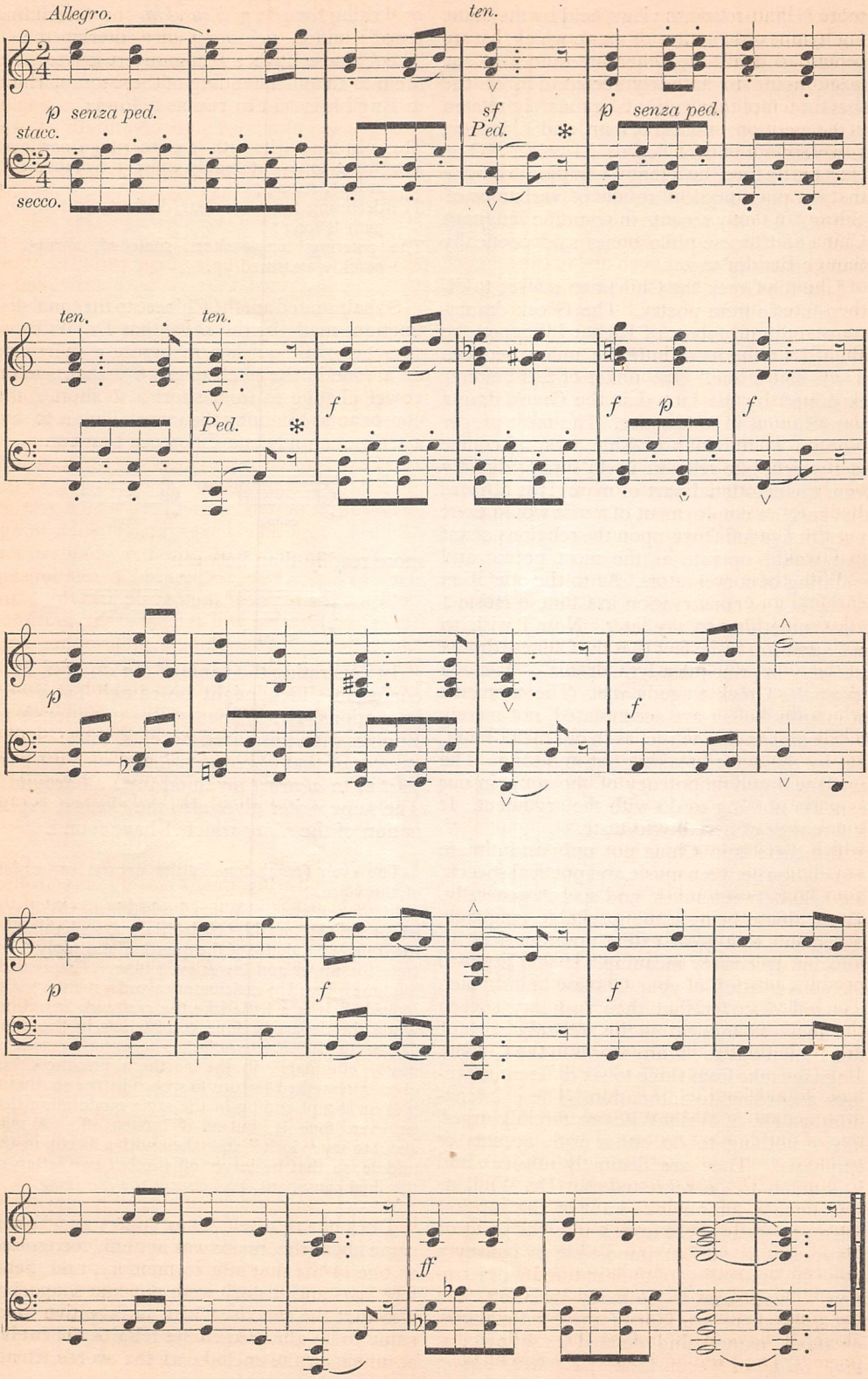
In illustrating the value of the *shing* and the confusion which might be caused by wrong intonations, Dr. Williams uses a sentence in English with misplaced accents, thus: "The *present* of that *object* occasioned such a *transport* as to *abstract* my mind from all around." The same writer gives also the clearest explanation of the *shing* which I have found.

The even (*ping*) tone is the natural expression of the voice.

In the sentence, "When I asked him, 'Will you let me see it?' he said, 'No! I'll do no such thing,'" the different cadence of the question and reply illustrate the upper and lower even tone. The ascending tone is heard in exclamatory words, such as "Ah, indeed!" It is a little like the *crescendo* in music, while the departing tone corresponds in the same degree to the *diminuendo*. The entering tone is nearly eliminated in the northern provinces, but gives a remarked feature to speech in the southern. It is an abrupt ending in the same modulation that an even tone is, but as if broken off. A man about to say "lock" and taken with a hiccup in the middle, so that he leaves off the last two letters or the final consonant, pronounces the *juh shing*.

Does not this help us to understand how it came about that music was not only recognized as one of the first aids to memory, and therefore laws and history were put into songs, but also that the sanctity which in primitive times came to be attached to the religious chant lay as much in the melody as the words, if not

BALLAD: "WANG TA-NING."



more? Plato found the Egyptian priests chanting hymns of so venerable an antiquity that the belief had grown up that they were the compositions of Isis. Other writers have contended that the temple chant of the Egyptians consisted of a repetition in a certain order of the seven vowel sounds of the language. If this is true, or even partly true, the inference would seem to be that it was a superstitious belief in the supposed efficacy of those sounds which preserved them. China affords us an instance by analogy. Although Buddhism has been one of the religions of China for two thousand years, and many of the sacred books of the Buddhists have been translated into Chinese, yet the liturgy of the Buddhist monks in China remains in Sanskrit. They spend hours chanting passages in Sanskrit, transliterated into Chinese characters, of the meaning of which they are absolutely ignorant. There are instances of the operation of the same restrictive law in the West. The newly converted Saxons before the time of Bede, for instance, were in the habit of reciting the Lord's Prayer as nearly as they could in Greek.

With these instances before us I think we can find an explanation of another of the paradoxes in Chinese music — the strange fact that with a theoretical system which gives them all of the tones which the Occidental system possesses, they stubbornly adhere to a scale from which the fourth and seventh are eliminated. Their practical scale is that called pentatonic. It is a singular fact that this is the scale of many of the oldest Scotch and Irish melodies. It is perhaps the most widely distributed of all tonal systems, as it is the most melodious; which circumstance, I fancy, goes as far as anything can to explain its prevalence. Try your fingers on the black keys of a pianoforte; given measure and rhythm you may wander about as aimlessly as you please, and so long as you stick to the black keys you will produce tunes that are agreeable to the ear. The ballad on page 450 will show the effect of the pentatonic scale in the melody; in the added harmony the tabooed intervals occur. It is the most graceful Chinese tune that I have found, and as "Occidentalized" in the arrangement would not sound out of place in one of our concert rooms. The Chinese seem to have a very arbitrary way of fitting words to music. The voice frequently drops out before the end of a musical phrase, and enters quite as unexpectedly, while the melody flows on in the orchestra with endless repetitions, relieved occasionally by half a dozen bars in which all the melody instruments cease and the gongs, cymbals, drums, and castanets play alone. I have paraphrased the words of the poem ("The Jasmine Flower"; see Williams's "Middle Kingdom"), and in the first stanza have retained the quaint effect described.

Several centuries before the Christian era what is called the "circle of fifths" in European music was mentioned in China as a matter of ancient knowledge. Naturally it was also discovered by the Chinese that the fourth and seventh of the fundamental scale would have to be taken into consideration if new scales were to be evolved by the process of treating the fifth as a keynote. But they persisted in denying independent value to these two notes. Prince Tsay-yu once provoked a controversy by admitting the fourth and seventh to their rights in the scale. "Without these two semitones," he wrote, "there can be no real music"; to which his opponents retorted, "To force these two semitones into the scale is like adding a sixth finger to the hand." To understand how such an argument can have force it is only necessary to look into the fantastic symbolism and the theory of the mystical properties of numbers, which rest on Chinese music like a nightmare. Such things are obvious relics of primitive civilizations. The Pythagoreans recognized a relationship between the tones of their scale and the planets, wherefore we still talk of "the music of the spheres." The Chinese philosopher goes much farther; he conceives each tone as a being, and fixes its attributes and forces it into his scheme of symbols with a nonchalance that is simply bewildering to the Occidental mind. Here is the ancient system with definitions and symbols as they may be found in a dictionary published by the Emperor Kang-hi A. D. 1680:

F *Kung,* "The Emperor," fundamental note of the scale; full of dignity and nobility; it symbolizes the planet Saturn, the middle (as a point of the compass), the stomach, earth, yellow, sweet.

G *Tschang,* "The Minister"; severe; symbol of Venus, the west, the lungs, metal, white, autumn.

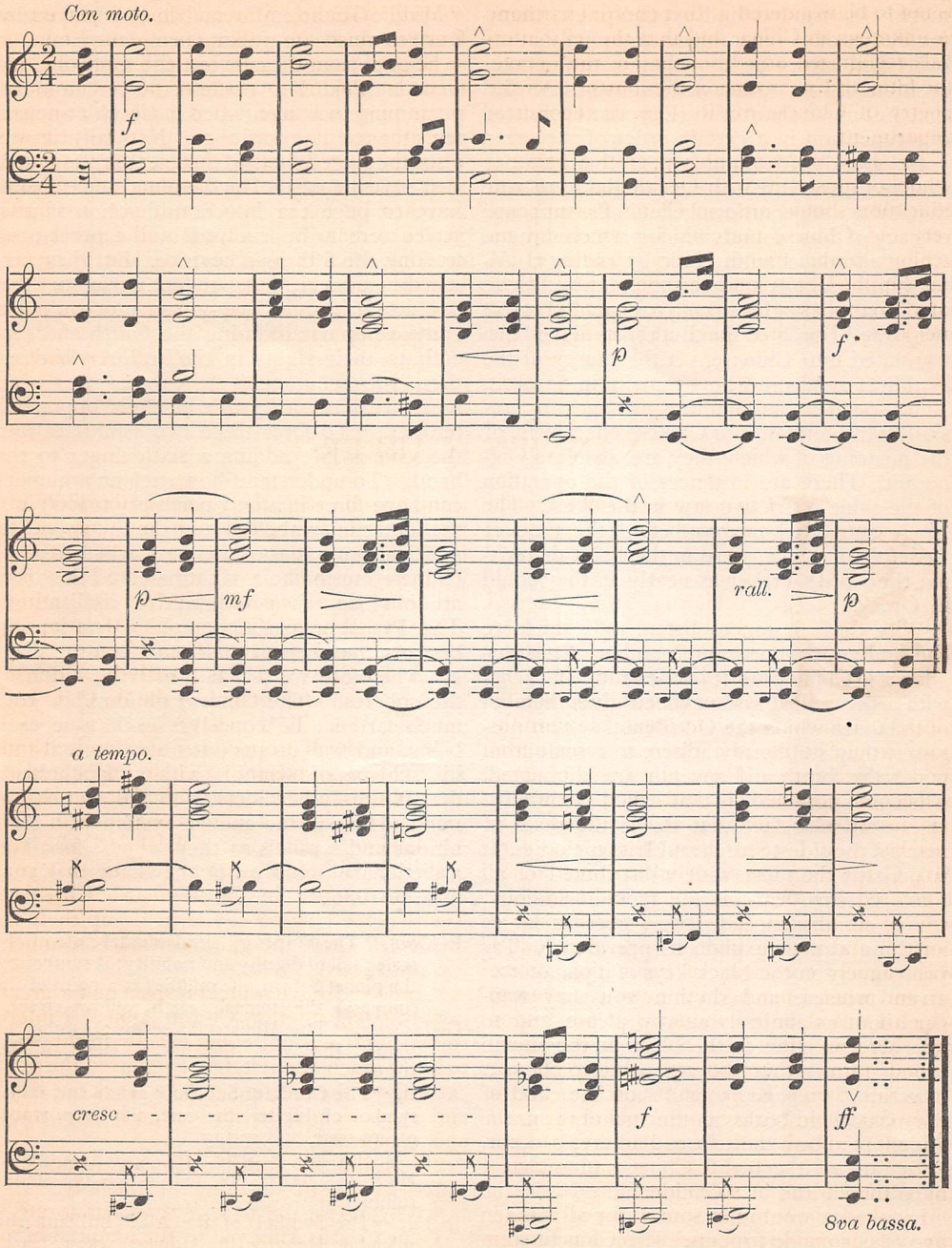
A *Kio,* "The Obedient Subject," gentle and mild; symbol of Jupiter, the east, the liver, wood, green, sour, and spring.

C *Tsche,* "Affairs of State," quick and energetic; Mars, the heart, fire, red, bitter, the south, summer.

D *Yu,* "The Symbol of the All," brilliant and splendid; Mercury, the kidneys, water, black, salty, north, and winter.

This is only the beginning of the symbolism in Chinese music. The twelve *lü* or semitones in their theoretical system correspond to the twelve moons, or months, of the year. The keynote of each scale is looked upon as a man; the fifth as a woman; together they generate all the other tones. Six of the twelve semitones are male and perfect; six are female

A FUNERAL MARCH.



and imperfect. The tones are of eight kinds, because they are produced by the eight natural sonorous substances recognized by the Chinese, viz.: tanned hide, stone, metal, burnt clay, wood, bamboo, twisted silk, and the calabash. If a little thought is given to the influence of a system that forces sex and such fantastic attributes upon each tone, and requires all things to be correlated in symbolism, it will not seem so strange that the Chinese have adhered to a pentatonic scale. Five is the most pervasive number in Chinese philosophy. The elements are five; planets, five; points of the compass, five; tastes, five; household gods, five; colors, five; viscera, five; constant virtues, five; ranks of nobility, five; and there are, I suppose, scores of other fives that I have never heard of.

With so many clogs hanging to each tone it

is not to be wondered at that chordal harmony is unknown in China, and that the only intervals recognized as consonant are the octave, the fifth, and its inversion the fourth. All the poetry of Chinese music is in its theoretical department.

To show what might happen if a national school of musicians with Occidental ideas and education should arise in China, I print some very old Chinese marches for which my ingenious young friend, Henry Holden Huss, has supplied grotesque harmonies, well calculated to emphasize the primitive character of the melodies. The first, page 452, upper, is the *Taoyin*, "Guiding March," which is played by fourteen musicians walking before the Emperor as he goes from the gate to the temple of Confucius at Peking to perform the ceremony of worshiping that sage. It is a piece of ancient ritual music. The dots above the notes indicate when the drummers and castanet players sound their instruments. The wedding and funeral marches, page 452, lower, and 456, are those played ordinarily in nuptial and funeral processions, when they are shrieked out by metal-belled clarinets that are a terror to the Occidental hearer. The composition on page 454 is a popular ballad.

H. E. Krehbiel.

NANNIE'S CAREER.

IT is now a year since I made my last visit to Tennessee, and I had then been away four years.

During the interval Strathboro' had gone over to the New South! I was surprised, and, it must be confessed, not wholly pleased. I had always supposed that Strathboro' would be the last place to come under modern influences. There is no chance for it to become commercial, and since the war it has droned along like a town in a dream. On this last visit I spent most of my time with Mrs. Caldwell, a cousin of my mother. When I entered her dear, big, dingy old house, by way of its absurd, majestic, wooden-pillared portico, and passed into its wide, dim hall, I was vaguely conscious of innovation in the air, and when I reached the guest-chamber, to which I was at once conducted, it burst upon me: here was the New South in the unexpected form of beribboned tidies, bits of draperies, things Kensington stitched, and a fancy crocheted rug lay on the foot of the great old canopied bedstead. I was glad they had not gotten rid of the bedstead; it had satisfied my earliest ideas of splendor.

I looked about me in sorrow, for all this array of fashionable fripperies seemed as foreign and out of place in Strathboro' as it would be on a Mexican hacienda.

"I see, Adeline, you are noticing my new things," said Mrs. Caldwell. "I suppose you see such a great deal handsomer in New York; but when I was on to the meeting of the W. C. T. U. in Minneapolis I saw how pretty Northern women made their houses, and ours looked so bare when I came back that I had Nannie learn some such work. I can't do anything myself except the French embroidery we learned at boarding-school in my day, and it is n't the kind that 's the style now. It is a great improvement, is n't it? — brightens the old house up. Your Aunt Evelina has prettier things than I have; she went on to Minneapolis too. She was a delegate, from Boontown."

"A delegate?" I was greatly bewildered.

"Yes, from their branch of the W. C. T. U."

"The W. C. T. U. what?"

Mrs. Caldwell dropped her one hundred and seventy-five pounds into a chair, and stared at me, wounded amazement painted on her handsome, middle-aged, aquiline countenance.

"Adeline," she said. "Adeline," she repeated, "you don't mean to tell me that you have no interest in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union? — you living up there in the North where the glorious work is so much less obstructed."

"Indeed I have a great respect and a great deal of latent interest, Cousin Anne," I interrupted. "It has not come exactly in my way to know much about it, but I reported the proceedings of the meeting in New York one day, and they seemed to me curiously important and significant."

"You did n't join?" Cousin Anne still stared at me in touching melancholy.

"Why, no; it did n't exactly occur to me."

I saw Cousin Anne put by the temptation to lecture me immediately as if it had been a palpable thing visibly pushed; she did it with a sigh, and then devoted herself to her hospitalities, as one who had long recognized that she lived in the midst of a stiff-necked and froward generation. It was marvelous to see how these Strathboro' women — an important minority of them, that is — loved this organization. It was everything of important occupation, of wide interest, of expanded life, to them. Prejudices

of section, of sex, of society, went down before it. It was represented by women who could not be ignored or ostracized, and who banded themselves together for a sacred cause; and as they would do unheard-of things, old codes must needs burst to fragments, and the unheard-of be permitted. The men in their relation to the movement it was a joy to contemplate — there was something so primally and helplessly masculine and chivalrous in the big sheepish way most of them stood back, and lifted never a hand to stop proceedings such as all their lives they had declared, and believed themselves sincere in declaring, they would sooner die than permit.

I found my position in Strathboro' changed; hitherto, the fact that I was the daughter of my father and mother had caused the unknown mysteries of a New York newspaper woman's life to be graciously forgiven me and considerately overlooked, but now everywhere there was a new and vivid interest in what I may sum up as Advanced Womanhood, and advanced womanhood, alas! I was considered to represent. Our present concern with all this lies in the fact that Cousin Anne's eighteen-year-old daughter, the most domestic, conservative, well-ordered little creature I ever saw, was predestined by her mother to join the ranks of advanced womanhood, and I was expected to assist at the sacrifice.

During my stay with them Cousin Anne was visited by her sister, Mrs. Framley.

Mrs. Framley was generally spoken of as "a character," and she enjoyed living up to her reputation. Her own children were all sons, and she always tacitly assumed the absence of daughters to be a proof of her own superior good sense; but naturally this state of things gave her the greater freedom of opinion as to how less admirable people should manage theirs. The second day after she came she opened up the subject of Nannie.

"Anne," said she, pinning the shirt she was making by hand to her knee, and stitching energetically, "why has n't Nannie got some beaux? I 've never seen a sign of a young man about the place. What is the matter? She is pretty enough."

Cousin Anne was writing at a little table, attending to business for the W. C. T. U. She did not answer for a moment; then she said, a little stiffly: "St' Ellen" (abbreviated form of Sister Ellen), "I don't intend Nannie to waste her time on beaux; she 's got enough to do attending to her studies. I 'm having her keep them up; I have not let her come out yet."

"Come out! m-m-m. You and I never did come out, Anne; but when we were girls we managed to have a mighty good time, and first or last half the young men in the county were courting us. If there is anything better worth a girl's while than that, I 've never heard of it."

"I propose that Nannie shall find things better worth the while of a rational being in such a world as this," Cousin Anne replied.

"I never heard before that Nannie or any other girl of eighteen was a rational being. I pity her if she is. Do you mean her to be an old maid?"

Cousin Anne sealed an envelop with elaborate care. This was an essentially uncomfortable question: every inbred prejudice and many native sentiments rose up within her against the suggestion; and yet every instinct of expression, of moral dignity, of ambition, tied her to the course she had vaguely blocked out, and it was certainly not a part of that program that Nannie should marry soon; and how was it to be supposed that the strange, triumphant, world-manipulating creature Nannie was to become could ever be accommodated within the matrimonial harbor? Something like this in chaotic, dim form distressed her mind, but she stuck on a stamp with decision, and finally said:

"I don't know whether or not she will ever marry, St' Ellen, but at least she shall have my help to become a noble woman, helping the world onward."

"A noble woman! O Lord! I 'm a noble woman, Anne; only you 'd never see it, just because I 've got common sense. Well, well! Yankee notions down here must be a mighty sight worse than they are at home, for somehow or another they do seem to keep on marrying up there, and the girls have some little frolic, to judge by what I hear, before they go into the business of turning the world upside down. Are you going to make a preacher, or a W. C. T. U. lecturer, out of Nannie? She 's got such a gift of gab she 'd do for either one."

Dear Cousin Anne's Roman features were touched with an infantine grief, and the tears came to her fine eyes as she said, "I did n't think you 'd ever make fun of Nannie, St' Ellen; I thought you admired her being so quiet."

"So I do, so I do, Anne," said the softened sister; "but that 's the very reason I don't like to see her spoiled and kept out of her natural amusements. What are you going to do with her anyhow, right away, next thing?"

Cousin Anne resumed her air of dignified firmness, and replied that Nannie was going North with me for the winter.

"What are you going to do with her when you get her up there, Adeline?"

"Cousin Anne thinks she will have a good chance to look about her and choose some work or profession to devote herself to."

"Upon my word!" Cousin Ellen abandoned the shirt, and dropped her hands into her lap. "Why, the child 's got enough to live on, and I reckon that 's all she asks."

Just then Nannie, looking very young and pink and pretty in her white frock, came to the door.

The mother gave her sister a warning glance.

"I won't do any harm," was the direct reply. "Come in here, Nannie child; you don't think your old aunt will bite, do you?"

The girl put her hand into the one outstretched to her with the manner of a good child.

"So you are going off to Yankeeland, are you? and get to be a strong-minded woman, like Adeline here?" Nannie smiled sweetly upon me.

"What are you going to do up there, honey?"

"Mamma thinks I 'll know better when I get there," said Nannie, a faint shade crossing her face.

"Go fetch me a drink, in the big gourd; that 's a dear. Well, Anne," she continued, when the girl was out of hearing, "you and Nannie are about as precious a pair of babes in the woods as ever I saw. But, after all, Adeline 's not as big a fool as she looks, and I reckon you won't do anything worse for the time being than waste money and spoil Nannie's fun; I don't believe Adeline's friends — the men all seem to be fifty or older — will be very lively for her. And I should think," she added maliciously, "you 'd be afraid they would undermine her principles; there don't seem to be many W. C. T. U. people among 'em." But Cousin Anne had talked all this over with me, and had settled her course.

I wrote to my friend Amy Milman, a young painter who shared my little flat, to engage a certain bedroom from our neighbors in the front apartments, and I came on North with Nannie.

Amy, who knew something of the state of the case, met her with maternal graciousness, and then took me aside, closed a door upon us, and asked what in the world I intended to do with her.

"I don't intend to do anything," I declared; "I am simply the tool of circumstances. Probably she will stay here awhile, and go home all comfortably enough and take up the life that suits her there."

"No, she won't," stated Amy, with solemn emphasis. "We are aiding — *you* are, that is — and abetting in unfitting one human creature for life. She won't belong anywhere after she 's tried an independent existence here awhile. She 'll be neither fowl, fish, nor flesh."

"Well," I pleaded, "don't try to wake up my conscience about it all, Amy dear; it can do nothing but distress me. I said all I could to Cousin Anne. I wanted this visit to be regarded as just an outing, a lark; but no, the child has been loaded down with the obligation to find a life-work. And by that her mother means what she calls a career, something at once dazzling and —"

"What did her mother say when you talked with her?"

"Say? Why, asked how I should like to marry and live in Strathboro' all my life myself; and told me that Nannie is very literary in her tastes, more so than any girl in her class, and that one of her essays had been published in the Strathboro' what d' you call it weekly, and that she loved to see a woman eager to help on her sisters, and —"

"Stop! Do you think she 's got a bit of talent for anything in the world?"

"Not an atom, that I can discover, except — what is it James says? — the talent for being the nicest of little girls."

"Maybe if she has not a bit it won't be so bad. Don't worry, anyhow, you poor girl. Go bring her into the sitting-room and we 'll have some tea, and I 'll give you some newspaper stuff."

Alas! poor Nannie had never drunk tea in her life, and I think the very sight of us engaged in such a curious rite increased her homesickness. She was, of course, terribly homesick, everything — our little rooms, our way of life, our talk, the very outlook from the windows — was all so crushingly strange. She was benumbed for weeks, and her one comfort, her mother's letters, were after all but a sorry comfort, for they bristled with questions as to the progress of her ambitions for the future. Poor Nannie! I think at last she began to realize what an awful thing it is to be asked to make a career offhand, as it were. It was worse than Miss Haversham's demand that her little visitor should play. But Nannie was a self-contained little soul, and at last escaped from her worst throes, and began to come into relation with the life around her without having unbosomed herself to anybody. She came down with me to the office of the "Appeal" several times, and sat hours in that grimy sanctum, very proper as to attitudes and very natty as to dress, but she voiced no impressions, and gave utterance to no opinions as to her fitness for journalism. I was bound to be grateful for that. She also spent hours in Amy's studio, and I thought it would be much better for her to go in for painting than for writing.

"Why?" demanded Amy, argumentatively, defensively.

"Oh, it will give her time," I said. "There is a regular way of studying it. No one expects to succeed in that at once. Her disappoint-

ments and mortifications will reach her so much more slowly. She could even spend a lifetime, under favorable circumstances, puttering away at it, and not be much the wiser as to her unfitness."

But she said nothing as to taking up painting. Cousin Anne wrote to me to ask if it was not time she was concentrating herself, if her life-work had not yet disclosed itself. I pleaded for time for her.

Nannie was too honest to play at a vocation; she evidently took her position with fearful seriousness.

It took me seriously. It was beginning to weigh upon me like a nightmare, when one evening brought at least the relief of fresh developments. Carlton Darby, a painter whom Amy professionally adored, and who took an interest in her and her work, came in to spend an hour with us. I, too, had a great liking for Carlton Darby, both professionally and personally. He was a big, simple, quiet creature, who never seemed to have discovered the fact of his own existence, though he had a delightfully fresh eye for the existence of a good many other things.

Nannie was brought in, of course, and listened with her usual perfect decorum to his and Amy's interchange about backgrounds and foregrounds and color motives and modern feeling. He handed her a cup of tea — she had learned to sip that beverage by this time — and he shook hands with her when he went away, but he did not seem to have really seen her, a fact that is little credit to those powers of observation I have remarked upon. Nannie's perceptions were the better subject for praise this time. As I toasted myself over our one open fire after Amy had gone to bed, Nannie came and sat down by me. After gazing long into the sinking coals she broke the silence by saying:

"Mr. Darby is a great painter, is n't he?"

"He 's a mighty good one anyhow," I answered. It always seemed natural to talk Tennessee to Nannie.

"Does he take pupils?" she asked.

"Dear me, I 'm afraid not. However, I don't know but he might. Do you want to study with him?"

"It seems as if I must be making up my mind, does n't it, Cousin Adeline? Mamma thinks I 'm wasting the winter, and she counts on it so. I think I 'd like to paint better than anything I know of. Mr. Darby makes it so interesting when he talks about it, does n't he? He made me feel like I understood, though it 's all mixed up in my mind now. Do you think I could ever paint any, Cousin Adeline? I was such a good scholar at school, except in arithmetic and algebra: you would n't need them in painting, would you? But up here I don't seem as bright as mamma used to think I was."

The gentle little mouth looked dangerously tremulous, and I hastened to steady it with a kiss, and to declare that we 'd see at once if she could not have lessons from Carlton Darby.

At least that was better than having her plunged into medicine, which was Cousin Anne's latest suggestion. I went to see Mr. Darby the next day. Amy was so inhumanly full of her sense of the sacredness of paint that I knew she would be no effective ally, so I went alone to the pleasant old workshop studio. The painter, in his shirt-sleeves, opened the door. He gave me a chair in silence, gravely put on his coat as if he were performing some sacred rite, and then sat down on a three-legged stool in front of me.

"How are you, and how is Miss Milman?" he asked, after a moment's delay, when I did not, as usual, find a way to open the conversation myself.

"I wish you 'd ask about the other member of our household," I exclaimed. "It would give me a chance to begin what I have to say!"

"The other mem — oh, the little Tennessee girl. Yes, I remember her now."

"Do you think you remember her well enough to be ready to take her as a pupil?"

"A pupil? — in painting." The accent was not reassuring. "Now Miss Addington, you know — hold on, though, I don't know. There is a girl here, Miss Rosamond Giles — do you know her? She 's got talent, the real thing. She 's wanting to study with me, and her people won't let her unless I have a class. Your little girl would make a class, don't you think? I 'd like to teach Miss Giles; I think I could do a good deal for her. She 's done some quite stunning little things already. Your — what 's her name? — Miss Caldwell could come along and learn what she could. What is she taking it up for? Oh, well, I don't suppose it will do her any special harm. Send her along. I 'll find out when Miss Giles can come. Her mother said she 'd consent if I had some other pupils, and I guess one will do."

"Do you think Darby is at all in love with Rosamond Giles?" I asked Amy when I got home. "He seemed quite filled with enthusiasm about teaching her. He never thought of Nannie except as a means to that end."

"Miss Giles is a mighty gifted young painter, worse luck to her!" murmured Amy, as she went on making dabs at the canvas before her, and dividing scowling stares between it and her "arrangement" at the other end of the room.

Owing to Mr. Darby's special interest in Miss Giles, Nannie had the privilege of going to the studio every day. She spent three hours

there, and the heavenly bodies were not more prompt and constant in their movements than was she.

I did not suppose Mr. Darby and Miss Giles cared to be disturbed by a visitor, and was glad enough to find a reason for dismissing Nannie in her would-be professional capacity from my mind. So, as Cousin Anne was satisfied, and the child seemed contented, I bothered not a whit as to what she was doing. I supposed it was nothing; but in that supposition I stupidly failed to take account of those powers of self-defense with which naturalists tell us every creature is, in some fashion, endowed.

About ten weeks after the lessons began there was a rap at my door late one night, and Nannie came in, looking uncommonly blooming and softly bright.

"I have something to tell you, Cousin Adeline," she said, stopping in the center of the room, with her proper little hands clasped together before her belt, and her gentle eyes fixed mysteriously upon mine.

And, if you please, her news was that she was engaged to be married to Carlton Darby.

How ardently I embraced her, with what respect I gazed at her; I felt a sense of gratitude to things in general.

How well the old solution still served, after all. What a loosening was here of the hard knots which the march of civilization, the evolution of society, and a misguided parent had been tying for those patient small fingers.

Conversation with Nannie was impossible: she was mute and deaf, absorbed in her own emotions; so I tucked her away in her bed—she was staring out into space with shining, unseeing eyes when I turned out the gas—and betook myself to Amy.

Not to have patronized the enthusiasm that waked her from her first nap would have been more than human.

"My dear girl," she began, "do I hear *you* talking as if marriage were a convenience? One would think you had just gotten the eldest of seven plain daughters off your hands. And you always think so much about your social problems: this is not an answer, it is just an accident."

Then dropping this affectation of a coldness no woman ever felt at such news, she broke forth:

"But how do you suppose it came about? He certainly has not courted her here; I never gave him the chance—the few times he has come. I did n't suppose he cared to speak to her. When he comes to see you to-morrow I 'd claim it as my right to know all the details, if I were you. He 'll think that is customary if you tell him so; I know he will. But what are you going to say to Mrs. Caldwell? How about your stewardship? This is n't advanced womanhood."

I replied that at least Nannie had taken highly independent modern ground in conducting her matrimonial alliance; her mother would have to take that as her contribution to the cause of universal emancipation.

I did not derive much information from my interview with Mr. Darby. He sat in our little parlor, looking ridiculously large and radiant and quiet, and seemed to find all talk superfluous. He was as finely unapologetic as possible, but he did ask me in the undertone of an aside if he ought not to write to Mrs. Caldwell. Mrs. Caldwell gave no trouble. She took a somewhat grieved, reproachful tone for a time; but Mr. Darby was an eligible man, so far as Strathboro' standards could be applied to him, and the inherent delight of seeing a daughter happily married really overflooded all the superficial ambitions of her later years, and even, I doubt not, cheered her under the affliction of Mrs. Framley's satisfaction in the turn of events. She did write to Nannie and to me that at least in thus marrying a painter Nannie would be enabled to continue her study of art; but Nannie said to me, with that complete conclusiveness that even the veriest mouse of a woman assumes in such situations:

"Mr. Darby does not wish me to try to paint if I don't want to, and I don't think I do. He wants to paint me, and he says a sympathetic model is half a painter's battle, and I would rather help him that way."

Meanwhile Amy, roused to an exceptional and praiseworthy interest in contemporaneous human life, had speedily visited Miss Giles for the express purpose of hearing what she could of Nannie's courtship. Miss Giles could tell her very little; but this ignorance was in itself highly interesting, for she was just recovering from a four weeks' illness, of which, if you will believe me, the Machiavellian Nannie had told us never a word.

Viola Roseboro'.

HEART LONGING.

OH, come to me once more! for all in all
To me thou art—
The flower, the summer fountain, to recall
Joy to my heart.

Give me one hour beside thee as of yore,
And when 't is flown,
With strength renewed will I go forth once more
To be alone.

Constantina E. Brooks.

AT THE TOWN FARM.

ALTHOUGH it was not Sunday, but Saturday, I was none the less

. . . . drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;

but our walk savored not at all of romance, for I was a small child, and Sally was our spinster help.

I gloried exceedingly in my bonnet, though it was a burdensome decoration, requiring frequent pulls to keep it from settling heavily on my shoulders. It was a "drawn bonnet" of pink silk, an elaborate structure of much cording and many rattans, garnished with "uncut velvet," and graced with an ample cape and a pair of swan's-down "tabs." It was made by our village milliner, whose style of trimming was of a stiffness which, according to rustic comment, suggested the wrappings of a sore finger. Friend Hopkins was a consistent "member of Society." Though she earned her modest living as a dressmaker and milliner to the "world's people," her fit and finish were in subtle accord with the straitest principles of the sect; for they were of a sort to make the renunciation of pomps and vanities no very painful sacrifice.

Sally was keeping "Seven Day" holy by wearing her best bonnet and shawl, the former a cumbrous pile, thatched, as it were, with straw, and bedecked with ragged bunches of very frankly artificial flowers, mixed with a judicious proportion of stiff bright green grasses; the latter, a more seasonable article, was a heavy wrap from the mills of our own valley; while she wore her white yarn mittens instead of the blue mixed ones of ordinary use. The sun, which on our coast often shines kindly even in mid-December, had withdrawn his countenance from us within the last few hours, and a raw northeast wind was blowing. Our destination was a neighbor's house, where we were to spend the day, after our little walk of two miles and a half. We passed through the village, or, more exactly, we stopped at the village store of an errand. My recollections of this intellectual center persistently bring before me sundry rows of glass jars ranged on shelves and sparsely filled with sticks of candy colored a fervid red; while on the counter stood a large pitcher of coarse brown earthenware, always generously brimming with water of a sub-tepid temperature; and I suspect that my infantile consciousness was pretty evenly divided between these two equally attractive objects. But nothing so caught my notice this morning as the appearance of the stranger who hurried past us on the road leading out of the village. Sally read him off at once as a seafaring man just home from a good cruise; and with the gleam of African gold in his earrings, and the indefinable air of adventure that hung about him like foreign spicery, he answered very acceptably to my idea of Blackbeard the pirate.

We made our way across the fields, Sally soberly plodding over the frozen ground; I jumping ecstatically at the brittle joy of each new discovery of some freshly silvered patch of thin ice that glassed the tiny hollows among the tussocks of the pasture. There was a wild, champagny exhilaration in the tinkling ring of each newly shattered crystalline mirror, and I rejoiced in the invitations of the tempting "break-ins," as country children call them, until I rushed upon one that beguiled me into a very gloomy profound of mud.

"Cat's foot, young one!" exclaimed Sally, with an expletive of no great appositeness to my drenched and undainty condition, meanwhile extricating me with no gentle hand; "I might knowed if there was ary a bog-hole betwixt Cubit's Hill and Ponder Zeke's Corners you 'd go and slump into it. Wa'n't there no sink-dreen to your pa's, that you must come so fur to get muddied up?" she bitterly demanded. "Look a' them pantalets, now," cried Sally, in rising wrath, to which I supplied an echo of vociferous sobbing, "put on spandy clean this mornin', I vow and declare! Uh done crying now," she ordered, adding, with swift generalship, "and come right over to the town farm. Mebby Miss Beech 'll let me wash and dry for ye; she loves so to accommodate."

Seeking the hospitalities of the town farm dwelling was no new experience to me, and I came to recognize it afterwards as once a place of condition, stately with a row of Lombardy poplars, in which frequent gaps now showed, and enduring with its solid prop of a vast chimney. But it had fallen into the same estate as its occasional inmates of gentle birth, and access was easy by its rudely fenced borders up the windy hill to the old farmhouse, gray-toned as a hornet's nest, but hiving only the harmless drones of our village swarm. I had made acquaintance with the "beasts and

all cattle, worms and feathered fowls" of its barn-yard, and I had also been an awed spectator of the glories of the best room, and will still make myself sufficiently at home in it to say, in no guarded terms, that I have never, even in dreams, seen a more wildly improbable wealth of vegetation than rioted over its walls. Festoons of yellow cabbages balanced to big bunches of blue roses, and all the fruits of an agricultural fair, blushing with every impossible hue, joined in the maddening dance. The paper was one of those that may be assigned to a certain period in the evolution of provincial taste to be known as Early Decorated. Its marvels filled my untutored mind with a savage admiration that I stoutly withheld from the specimens of that succeeding period which might be styled Late Glacial, being marked by the use of cold blue-gray papers, with high white lights, in frigid affectation of the tone of hard-finished walls. Further embellishments of life were such as the keeper of the farm had bought for a song at some auction sale of the effects of his unfortunate guests. The three-decker "what-not" of those days, loaded with a motley cargo of the native bric-à-brac, mixed with bits of barbaric beadwork from Niagara and mounted fragments of the Charter Oak, made the chief figure. In every village parlor the same clumsy craft, as it seemed, bore down upon you with the identical freight of which you had just made an invoice in your last visit. The central ornament of the room was a table coldly bare except for an elaborate mat of much bunchy Berlin wool and many gilt beads. From this frivolous setting rose the solemn lighthouse tower of an astral lamp, very brassy in foundation, very cumbrously enriched with globe and shade in superstructure, and very forbidding of aspect if regarded as anything but an imposing edifice.

Not for us, on this occasion, were the chilly splendors of the best room. Faint-hearted and forlorn (I speak at least for myself), we presented ourselves at the kitchen entrance, where we were met first by the overgrown cade-lamb, which, from the door-stone where he had been lying, bleated with a serious, watch-dog air, then, reverting to his untaught manner, playfully butted at us. Next we received the welcome of the goodly Mrs. Beech, whose very horn comb reflected benevolence as she espied my wretched plight.

"Bless us and save us!" was the pious formula which she deliberately pronounced, while Sally twitched me by the sleeve, with the vigorous protest:

"Stand where ye be, can't ye, young one, and don't go a-dripstonin' all over Miss Beech's clean floor!"

"Never mind, Sally, nev-er mind," consoled my hostess, while I stood dissolved in my muddy bath, salt tears and sweat of shame mingling on my cheeks; "the little gal's nigh about drownded, and scared to death besides. There, there, sissy," she soothed, while she lent a kind hand in aid of Sally's impatient ministrations; "I guess you 'm no worse scared than what I was time I went down the pond. I've lived alongside the pond all my days," she soliloquized, "and I never went on to the water but once in my life, when I was n't more 'n sixteen year old, and brother 'Lisha he teased me to go off with him just to sail a piece, and then he up and went clean down to the breach, and scared me so 't he said I hung on to them timbers till I squoze the sap out 'n 'em. Makes me trimble now to call to mind what a fear-nought 'Lisha was," she pensively meditated.

"Maria Anna Hadleigh," Sally addressed me with cold emphasis, "you climb up on to that bandy-legged table so 't I can see where you be, and you set still there and be thankful you 'll get some dry duds on ye to rights."

"Hey, little gal!" cheerily demanded my host, who arrived upon the scene with much stamping and beating of chilled feet and hands, "what you be'n up to? Gettin' out tug, hey?" he added, as his slow glance traveled to my muddy shoes.

"Hush, father!" remonstrated Mrs. Beech, as with an incorrigible jester, while Sally affably commented upon the whirling eddies of dry leaves and spirals of dust that swept by the closing door.

"Kind of a dry northeaster, ain't it, Mr. Beech?" she questioned.

"Ye-es," assented that authority, rather automatically; then rising to rhetoric, he continued, with bold personification, "sort of a he northeaster, I call it; it don't bring forth nothin'," and forthwith disappeared into the outer kitchen.

"Well, and how be you gettin' along this winter, Miss Beech?" queried Sally, mindful of the civilities due from guests.

"Well," returned our hostess, with a sigh that spoke of care, "it makes me shake in my shoes to think of that Lib Dow and her three young ones comin' on the town, as father says they be; but howsomever— Bread, how do *you* prosper?" she genially queried into the recesses of the brick oven, before dropping into the rush-bottomed rocker and adjusting her knitting-sheath—"but I guess I 'll have to say, as Old Lady Penneek preached it to the old squire's wife when she went down to Penneek's to hide away from the coast-guard because they wa'n't very pleasant-spoken to Tory folks. Old Lady Penneek had folks in

Newport that belonged to the Sons of Libbuty, and says she to her gals, 'Do, Lyddy, tell Polly to tell Dilly to tell squire's wife to put her trust in the Lord'; and I guess I shall have to put my trust in the Lord." Arriving at this desperate conclusion, with another portentous sigh, heaved from the billowy amplitudes of her person, she called resignedly to her husband, who was busy in the next room, where the inmates were feebly pottering at the monotonous work of dipping candles.

"Let her come in now, father; might 's well. Se' down, Cuddy; and, nef you want to," she invited, "set right down and smoke your pipe," beckoning to a tremulous black crone with monkey features and a shock of whitening wool.

Fascinated by the regular succession of Cuddy's puffs, accompanied by sundry recurrent mutterings, I was suddenly aware of an uncertain grasp that feebly dealt with my shoulder, while a gaunt, livid face bent closely over mine.

"Let the little gal be, Nabby," ordered Mrs. Beech. "She won't harm ye a mite, Maria Anna; it 's only Crazy Nab," she explained, reassuringly. "She 's only a-lookin' everywhere for her little gal, that her folks has kep' to home. Go in t' other room, Nabby," she directed; and the furtive, gliding creature, with a spaniel-like air, crept to the open door, and hung wistfully on the threshold, gazing at me with an eye that quickly grew dim and vacant; then, tidying her rough hair and smoothing her tattered gown, she began to sing wildly.

"There, Nabby, that 'll do, now," interrupted Mrs. Beech; "you 've sung her off to sleep, and now you go lay her down in the cradle"; and Nabby disappeared with a delighted alacrity.

"She 's real peaceable to-day, ain't she?" commented Sally.

"Lor', yes!" replied her guardian, "she 's so good to-day you mought tie her up in knots; but there is times when she has her tantrums. There 's that bound boy that 's come on the town this fall; he 's a terrible make-game, and he plagues the poor critter shameful. But Nabby don't aggravate me so much by half as Old Maid Sary Jenkins doos. There she goes now," as a tall, lean figure appeared in the yard and began a peacocking march by the window, fussing with a draggled train and pulling at a battered "flat," an expansive straw structure governed by a bridle that held it down over her face and gave to the arrangement the engaging air of a *yashmak*. A malicious sort of head-gear, it was capable of heightening the mere simper of adolescence into the grin of idiocy, and of imparting to the mature wearer the expression of a senile Bo-peep.

"Love-cracked, wa'n't she?" Sally sententiously queried.

"Well, I do' know," returned Mrs. Beech, with an exasperated air. "If she wa'n't a natural-born fool, she 's every bit and grain as redic'lous as one. When she took a notion to Tommy Reed, and he sort of shabbed her off (she wa'n't very fanciful, I expect), she went kind of shackled in her wits. I s'pose she always was kinder wantin'. I can't make her do no work. It 's more work to stand over her than 't is to do it yourself. She just sets up chamber and mopes. Last winter there come a spell when the sleighs was a-flyin' pretty spry, an' Old Maid Sary she sot up there by the winder as you mought be a-settin' now, a-sithin' and a-groanin', and a-writin' of her poetry. She always goes to writin' some kind of mournful poetry when she 's clear down. Well, along in the arternoon she brung me them lines she writ:

> The bells they do jingle,
> But still I am single!

"'Sary Jenkins,' I told her, 'I 'm ashamed on ye!' for the' is times when I go right on talkin' to her just as if she could sense things. 'If that 's all you got to complain of, there 's plenty would be for changin' of places with ye.'" Mrs. Beech gave the quotation from herself with a fresh outburst of the disgustful scorn that had been provoked by the sentimental vagaries of her guest. "'You 'm got a roof over ye, and clo'es to kiver ye and to sleep under, and victuals enough to eat, if you be single, and that 's more than some double folks has got, if they ain't on the town. If you ain't got no very near relations, there 's some that 's real good to ye' (her cousin Hannah Ann come to see her on'y the week afore, and fetched her an old noospaper and a raw quince), 'and if you 'd be'n married a dozen times you mought 'a' come out o' the little end o' the horn just the same. The more love the worse luck, says I; look a' Billy and Dolly now.'"

"Well, Billy he 's gone," interrupted Sally, with satisfaction. "Had a kind of a fit, I expect, wa'n't it?"

It must be the insatiate demand in the rustic breast for the sensational that precludes the idea of disease or departure, in young or aged citizens, undiversified by "fits."

"Yes, Billy he 's gone, and Dolly — why, Sally Crandall! — what, ain't you heard? Yes, Dolly went out like the snuff of a candle. The fun'l would 'a' be'n to-day, and young Elder Jakeways he was a-comin' over, but now it 's put off till to-morrow. Father he 's dug a real nice grave out in the pasture. I kind o' thought

one grave for both on 'em was just about right. They was the fondest old folks that ever lived."

"Was it old Billy and Dolly Rogers that come to live here?" I struck in, greatly interested.

"Yes, deary, bless your heart and soul alive!" fervently responded Mrs. Beech, recognizing a sympathetic listener, while Sally, with due regard to the solemnities of the recital, contented herself with but a moderate sniff of chastened scorn, while observing that "of all the foolish matches betwixt foolish folks, that was the greatest she ever see — pity us if it wa'n't!"

The two venerable shades had moved before me almost as vaguely in life as in death, though Sally had taken me once and again to their crazy dwelling. I suppose that if eons had rolled over their ancient heads they could not have seemed farther removed from me. I remember Billy as an emotional reader of some waif of a newspaper, nodding with delighted emphasis at every sentence. Dolly was rheumatic, and I sat gazing with a child's horrid curiosity at her poor lame foot, which was swathed to an enormous size. She nursed it upon a ponderous cushion, which might have been rheumatic too, it looked so swollen and unhealthy. I am afraid that kind old ladies cannot measure the unkempt savagery that disgraces the imagination of their ruthless young guests.

The couple were always known as Billy and Dolly, never receiving, even in their old age, or from their youngest friends, the saving titles of uncle and aunt, which village courtesy usually bestows upon its wards. Their perpetual childhood was tacitly recognized in every demonstration of neighborly regard. They had persisted in the romantic temper that had inspired their witless love-match fifty years before. All they ever made out of it was the love, as their prudent friends commented, without a suspicion that possibly they might have found that love was enough.

"The house was anymost ready to drop down over their heads," related Mrs. Beech, "and the Council did n't get them out on it none too quick. I felt real queer to see them walk into that there door, for they was always real nice folks, and never used to rough-scuff, like some o' the lot the' is here. They always was respected, though they never was forcible, and made such a poor fight on it, gettin' married as they did, for Dolly wa'n't no deeper than the well, and Billy was sort o' queer, and used to go ridin' an old ox down to the stores. 'T made folks say he was a little off; but anyway, if 't was my last breath, I should say they was the thankfulest-minded, lovin'est old folks ever you see. Don't you know, they was always just that way; when anybody took them anythin' he would speak up so kind o' hearty, 'Never can be thankful enough for all favors,' and look to-wards Dolly to see what she 'd say. Them dear old souls! I loved to do for 'em."

"They named their girl Thankful, I 've heard tell," observed Sally.

"Yes. Well, she was took away from the evil to come, though mebby if she had lived her pa and ma could 'a' be'n takin' their comfort. When folks is old, and never was very powerful to work, and gettin' feebler every day, and nothin' comin' in, why, if the' ain't no childun, the' ain' nothin' *but* the town farm; and Jonathan never was nothin' but a torment to them. He never was fit to carry his father's old shoes after him. Billy always was an innocent, good kind o' man, and did the best he knowed how, and when that Jonathan run off to sea I said to my husband, says I, 'Father, I don't see why such good, pious folks should be visited with a reprobate son'; for he was a vessel of wrath, if ever there was one. Well, I suppose it 's all right they should be took away."

"Blessed release, *I* should say," chimed in Sally, chafing under any other view, and with an animation that only such references aroused in her. Was Sally a veritable Death incarnate, stalking abroad in a thinly disguised grimness? Certain it is that nothing whetted her appetite and spurred her cravings like news of mortality. Let the stroke light where it might, she justified it eagerly and gloated over it exultantly.

"I went to put an extry comforter over them one night," continued Mrs. Beech, "and I see Dolly had got somethin' all hugged up to her, and what under the canopy but an old rag baby! 'Gimme that old thing, Dolly,' says I; 'I 'll put it away for ye.' And I coaxed her to leave go on it; but Billy spoke out, sort o' gruff, 'Let her be,' says he; and he give me to understand that when Dolly begun to have them queer spells nothin' would do but she must get out that old rag, that she fixed up for her girl; and she 'd talk to it, and cry over it, and doze off with it on her arm, and dream 't was her little live baby that 's dead and buried down to the old Quaker meetin'-house yard, 'most thutty year ago, I guess. Queer her mind run so on that teenty-tawnty gal, for when she did n't have them turns 't was Jonty that she and old Billy was forever a-talkin' about. You 'd 'a' thought, now, to hear them go on so innocent, that Jonty must be second mate by this time. They 'd set up there so chipper, and the folks all round a-listenin' like everythin' (for they thought all the world on 'em); and a-tellin' how Jonty 'd be home afore long, and a-go-

in' over the letters they 'd had (and them was precious few, I guess); for they always believed he 'd come home some day, like the prodigal, and nobody could bear to say no to it — must had a heart harder than rock dunder if they could. That old sailor that 's be'n here quite a spell — Cap'n, they call him; that old lame feller — he 'll swear like a pirate oftentimes, but you 'd oughter seen him cudunkin' with Billy, perlite as Lucifer, and layin' out when Jonty would get back, and listenin' just as pious when Dolly raised a hymn tune of a Sabbath. They 'd all be still as a mouse in the cheese, for all they ain't much of meetin'-folks that comes here, as a gin'ral thing. Billy used to sing with her. I 've heard tell 't was his singin' that Dolly took to first along, for you know her folks was better off than what his was. Well, 't was kind of a new thing to our folks here to have such doin's, and they wa'n't none so heathenish but what they sensed it; and when Billy got up there, with his long white beard, so sort o' clean and nice, and Dolly with her best cap on, and a real sweet look to her face, the folks would all be as good as pie. I told the young elder I 'd always heard Billy and Dolly was fools, but I b'lieved they was missionaries. 'Sister Beech,' says he, 'the world would say they might be both.' Yes, they was all fond on 'em, and they 'll miss 'em — say, did n't you hear old Cuddy groan just now? Never knew her to groan afore when she had her 'backy. Sally, don't you wonder where Jonty Rogers is now? Hunduds o' miles away on the ocean, I s'pose, if he ain't down to the bottom of it. If I could see him I 'd let him know what I thought of him pretty quick — that poor old man that 's dead and laid out in the next room, with nothin' to leave behind him but such a son as that: but they never said a word, and you 'd thought he was the most devotedest. I kep' takin' notice Billy got weaker day arter day, till he was just a-totterin' round, tryin' to save steps for Dolly and keep her up, for his mind was set on their goin' together. 'Don't want to live no longer than Dolly doos': he hung to that as stout as could be, and I 've heard tell he 'd said so ever since they was man and wife; and Dolly she 'd bring it out with a kind of a quaver to her voice, 'Sha'n't be here long when Billy 's gone.' It was solemn to hear 'em. You know how sudden he went off with the lung fever; but he roused up afore he died, and says to Dolly, 'When Jonty comes': but he never got no furder, for he dozed off then, and never spoke ag'in. Dolly had one o' them spells come on, and did n't seem to take no notice,— we thought she did n't,— but after awhile she begun to whisper to herself, and, 't was queer, she never called him by name once, but always, 'My dear husband!' then she 'd say, under her breath, 'Gone! Gone!' And she 'd go all over the house lookin' everywhere, and sayin' them words over and over, sca'ce above a whisper. It was real pitiful; she acted as if she 'd got lost, and nobody could get to her. She did n't notice nothin' but just our old cade-lamb; he was real fond o' Billy, and he 'd come round Dolly, and it seemed, somehow, as if them two cre'tur's knowed more 'n we could tell 'em. I put Dolly to bed last night like a baby, and this mornin' she 'd never opened her eyes, but passed away as easy as any babe. Don't you want to see them, Sally — and bring the little gal too."

Sally accepted the invitation, and we entered the chill room where the old couple were laid. I was lifted up to gaze at the still, white, sleeping faces. Very calm and gentle they looked, and as if some peaceful presence smoothed their brows; yet a strange awe stole over me.

"Do they go to sleep all the time?" I asked, uneasily, for this was my first sight of death.

"'Sh!" signaled Sally; and I stopped, not to waken the sleepers.

"Don't you know no better than that, little gal?" mildly instructed Mrs. Beech. "They 'm gone to heaven."

Thus suddenly confronted with spiritual mystery, I was led from the room, silenced and quelled, but inwardly nursing an obstinate skepticism.

"Come, Maria Anna, come!" bustled Sally. "Time we was on the move."

But we lingered as Mr. Beech appeared, announcing, with a curious air of perturbation, that a strange man was coming up the driftway.

"Him? Why, I seen him afore," commented Sally, unimpressionably. "I seen him this forenoon travelin' out on the west road to-wards Abram's Plains."

We had just left the house as he paused before Mr. Beech, mechanically tendering a rude salute, which our host met with an unresponsive stare.

"I footed it out to the old place," spoke the stranger, with hesitation; "but it was pretty nigh gone. Part of the old chimbly was down, and some sheep had took shelter in the keepin'-room. It — it — come on to me all to once so — I reckoned I 'd got here long afore this, but wind and weather was dead ag'inst us the latter eend o' the v'y'ge. I see a little girl playin' round there, and she told me the old folks was — here." He brought the word out huskily. "Mr. Beech, where be they? I come ashore to do for them the best I can."

"Yes, Jonathan Rogers," stammered Mr. Beech, grasping his hand with an agitated heartiness; "they expected you all along; yes, Jonathan."

The smart of an honest pity lent a curious awkwardness to Mr. Beech's attitude, as he stood divided between hospitality and apprehension.

The stranger shrank slightly from the cold wind, and shivered again, as if with a deeper chill.

"I want to see the old folks; I want my mother!" he stammered bruskly, with an eagerness that struggled pitifully with shame.

There was a silence, which I interrupted.

"You can see the old folks," I announced, planting myself before him. "I saw them just now, in the front room. They 've lain down and covered up their faces to go bye-byes, but Mrs. Beech says they 've gone to heaven," I ended, debatingly.

Mrs. Beech, with a smothered cry, hid her face in her apron, and rocked her body back and forth. The sailor started, and made an uncertain step. Mr. Beech caught him, and drew him within, and Sally and I followed him with our eyes as the keeper opened the door of the silent room for him and closed it after him.

Esther Bernon Carpenter.

CALIFORNIANA.

A California Lion and a Pirate.

[THE lady Maria Antonia Pico, who afterwards became the mother of General Manuel Castro and Don Juan B. Castro, was born in Monterey, in 1802. She told to her children and grandchildren the following story of the arrival of the privateer Bouchard, who frightened all the Spanish settlers in 1818. The story is given here exactly as taken by me from the lips of an old Spanish woman in Castroville, who had often heard it related by Mrs. Castro, the mother of the general.— CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.]

It was about the middle of November, 1818, and I was sixteen years of age. A vessel brought the report to Monterey that a whole fleet of pirates were coming. Every one, in great fright, commenced to move and hide the most valuable things. Carts were used to carry them to the ranches. My father was not at home, but my mother and I packed many articles in rawhide bags, to send them twelve miles inland to the *cañada prieta*, or black ravine. My brother, sister, and myself went with the carts; mother was to come next day, with a servant. Night came on before we fairly started, and it began to rain, for it was late in the year, and the first frosts were in the deeper cañons. As we went on the rain grew worse; the oxen wanted to turn about because of the rain in their faces, but we three children pushed on to carry out our mother's orders. About midnight we reached a large, broken oak tree where our mother had told us to camp. We let the oxen loose to graze, and crawled under the cart, wet to the skin.

My little sister was afraid of bears in the chaparral. I tried to comfort her, but she would not listen; she was sure we would be eaten up, and at last her persistence frightened my little brother till he cried out. In an hour or so they went to sleep beside me, but I lay awake and wished that my father and the men-servants had been at home. They were all in the hills, gathering up the cattle. Though I had been over the road many times, it had never before seemed at all dangerous. While I was thinking of these things a wild, strange noise was heard approaching, and one of our oxen, running through the thicket, fell over the tongue of the cart, rose, ran a little way off, and again fell, with a scream. I knew that something must have attacked the animals; I believed it was a big bear. We heard the other ox rushing into a gulch, and we all three sat up and said our prayers to the saints, to be delivered from *El Feroz*, which was the name the hunters had given to a very large and dangerous grizzly that was known to roam about this cañon of the broken oak. I did not remember it until we had camped there, or indeed until the oxen made such an uproar, but now I was very sure it was nothing but *El Feroz*.

The morning was dawning when this happened, and in a few minutes I could see a hundred feet down the cañon. An indistinct form began to be revealed here, and I hushed the children to watch and listen. There, as we soon saw, was a large California lion, or puma, pulling the meat from one of our oxen. Then I hoped that mother, and José, the peon, might soon come along the trail. José, who carried a gun, and was a brave man, would kill the wild animal, but we could see no one to help us. I whispered to the others to lie still, because we had no place to hide in, nor was it any use to try to climb a tree, for the California lion will climb like a cat. So we saw the lion finish his meal on our ox. It grew very light, near sunrise, before he took any notice of us, where we sat under the ox-cart. As soon as he saw us he walked up very close, with a curious, wondering expression on his face, and went all about the cart, looking us over, and making a purring sound. We sat close and had our arms about one another, but we did not say a word. He then came up so close that I felt his breath on me, and finally he put his nose against my ankle. I had no stockings on, only home-made shoes, and his nose felt very strange, and made me expect to be eaten up at once. But I thought it best to lie still, and not cry out. After what seemed a long time, the lion went back and lay down by the dead ox, about a hundred feet distant, keeping his eyes on us most of the time. He sometimes walked around the ox; then he went off a little way to a spring; then he came back and walked around the cart. At last he lay down again by the ox, shut his eyes, and seemed

asleep. The sun was now high, and we were very hungry and thirsty, but when we moved a little to rest our limbs the lion opened his eyes and looked very bad.

We lay there under the cart all the morning, and until about the middle of the afternoon, and the lion lay under the shade of a tree, watched us, ate some more beef, and went to the spring as often as he chose. Then about three o'clock mother and José, the peon, came down from the coast way, and when they were on the ridge they could look into the cañon and see the whole situation at a glance — the lion, the dead ox, the cart, and the three of us huddled together under it. José ran forward and fired two shots, wounding the lion, but he got away in the rocks.

Since one of our oxen was dead, and the other had escaped, we hid our goods as best we could in the bushes. Then mother told me, as we made a camp, that she had forgotten a family book, with writing of her father's in it. It was on a shelf in the house, and she wanted to ride back to obtain it. I told her that I was not afraid to go; so, after we had our meal, I mounted her horse, and galloped off for Monterey. After a little time I heard a cannon shot, then another, and then a great many. I thought that now the pirates had come, and would perhaps land, and burn the town and our house; so I rode faster. At last I reached the *lomita* near the Plaza de Doña Brigida, and there were boats and men on the beach. Some of the houses were on fire, and that seemed dreadful. I turned a little and rode across the ridge, and down a cañon to our own house, which was about a mile from the beach, and I ran in and found the old book where mother said, and wrapped it in a piece of calfskin to tie behind the saddle. But when I went out of the door I saw my horse running off, frightened at the noise of the firing.

It was very hard to know what to do. There was no other horse at the house — all had been turned loose. I ran over a little hill to the next ranch house, but all the people had gone. Then the firing stopped, and pretty soon I heard a band of music, and the next minute a man dashed by on horseback and shouted to me that Ignacio Vallejo was a prisoner and that all the people had fled. I determined to catch a horse somehow, but just as I was planning how it might be done two men came out of the bushes and spoke to me. They were armed strangers, and very wild, so I fell on my knees and prayed them to do me no harm. One of them asked me my name, and why I was there; so I told him and showed the book, but I did not reveal the course to our other ranch. He laughed and said I was a good girl, and he sent his man to catch my horse. Then he dismounted while I still knelt there by the doorway of the deserted *adobe*, hardly believing my own eyes, and he came up to me and kissed me on the forehead and called me Señorita, which frightened me very much. Then the man came up with my horse, and I looked at the leader of the two, and asked what he was going to do with me?

He looked at me and swore a great oath. "My girl," he said, "you are more brave than some of your people were on the beach when we landed. You shall go back." He put me on my horse, and kissed my hand, and said, "Ride fast; there are others of Bouchard's men who would not treat you so well." I thanked him briefly, and he added as he let go the bridle that his name was Pedro Condré, and that he already had two wives on board his ship, or he would have taken me there. This last saying made me ride in great terror and with frightful speed down the gulches and up the hills. When I reached mother's camp I was crying, and so terribly excited that I could not say anything but "Hasten, hasten!" We left all our things hidden in the bushes, and went on to the Salinas. We met many families of fugitives. For nearly two weeks we lived in huts near the river, but early in December the frightened people began to move back to Monterey.

The padres had the floors and walls of all the houses sprinkled with holy water before any one would live there again. At Christmas time the good padre called me out before the congregation and gave me a gold cross because of what he called my courage with the lion and with the pirate. It does not seem to me that I was very brave, for I only took things as they happened, but I was very much pleased with the cross and the words of praise.

[After the narrative of the late

Maria Antonia Castro.]

A Carnival Ball at Monterey in 1829.[1]

THE first carnival ball that I ever attended took place near Monterey about 1829, when I was Señorita Brigida Cañes. I do not remember my age at the time, but I think I was about eighteen. I was invited by a friend in Monterey to visit her, as she had arranged to give a carnival ball, as was the custom of the country. I left my home with the usual attendants at about eleven o'clock the day before, for our ranch was many miles distant. We met numbers of persons going to the party, all on horseback, and full of gaiety and youthfulness such as only a race that lives outdoors in such a climate as California, and without cares or troubles, can show. The pranks of the gentlemen were so numerous and so amusing that it makes me laugh now to think of them. Every one could ride perfectly, and could pick up a leaf or a flower from the ground as he galloped past. Good riding was expected as a matter of course. On this occasion they all had red, black, and green paint (for the most part colored earths, powdered), and *cascarones* (egg-shells filled with finely cut gold and silver paper), and vials of different colored liquids, all harmless. It was the great sport to ride against each other, each endeavoring to stain his opponent's face while himself escaping. As we neared Monterey the carnival spirit grew wilder, and the ladies' dresses and faces suffered, but we all took it in good part.

On our arrival at the ranch near Monterey where the festivities took place we found every one already dancing. The assembled guests, rushing to us, lifted us from our horses and led us in, smearing our faces with more paint and breaking cascarones on our heads with much laughter, while we defended ourselves in the same manner. It was my first experience of so wild a scene, and the red, green, and black paint on my face made me uglier than a Yuma Indian. But as long as others were in as bad a case, I could not complain.

A few minutes later a Mexican colonel came in and was immediately surrounded by ten or twelve ladies,

[1] See "The Cascarone Ball," by Mary Hallock Foote, in THE CENTURY for August, 1879 (Old Series).— EDITOR.

and in a moment his face, cravat, and vest looked like a rainbow. There was a severe struggle between his politeness and his dignity; but he remembered the old adage, yielded to the inevitable, allowed himself to be carried by the whimsical current, and played his part in the grotesque farce. I also had a little courage, and I went up and cracked a cascarone on the young officer's head, but he was so busy rubbing the paint from his face that my faint-hearted attack passed unnoticed.

Next came the old alcalde of Monterey, a very stiff and dignified man. The first one to attempt to meddle with him was the governor's secretary, who was so awkward that he hurt the alcalde's face, and they retired to the courtyard of the ranch-house. This frightened the hostess, who feared a quarrel, and she went out at once. Of course their warm words stopped immediately and they came in together, but the old alcalde kept his face and dignity unchanged the rest of the night and no one lifted a cascarone against him.

The next arrival was a beautiful lady, almost a stranger to us all, but known in Monterey as "La Española," because she had recently come from Spain. She came to me, and in a very sweet voice asked me to uncork a cologne bottle that she carried in her hands, which I in my simplicity did. Then every one laughed as she sprinkled me from head to foot with the contents. She came in an elegant ball dress, but in a moment the roses and lilies of her beautiful face and neck were hidden under red, black, and green paint laid on heavily. She broke many cascarones, and she also had two bottles, one of cologne for the ladies, and one of scented ammonia for the gentlemen who were most conspicuous in the assault. At last she made her prayer, "*por el amor de Dios*," and every one ceased, with gracious bows and smiles, leaving her to put on her dancing slippers.

All this was in the afternoon. Then we washed our hands and faces and sat down to a banquet in the old adobe. After that came more dancing. The annual carnival ball was a great feature of the social life of the times, and often lasted all night. The wild revel of the earlier part of the ball was succeeded by the most courtly behavior.

Brigida Briones.

A Spanish Girl's Journey from Monterey to Los Angeles.

EARLY in the winter of 1829 my father, who had long expected an appointment under the governor, received a letter from Los Angeles saying that his papers were in the hands of the authorities there, and would only be delivered in person. He decided to take my mother and myself with him and go overland, without waiting for the yearly vessel from Yerba Buena which would soon be due at Monterey, where we were staying. It was nearly Christmas when we began the journey. Word was sent ahead by a man on horseback to some of the smaller ranches at which we meant to stop, so that we were expected. A young American who had reached the coast with letters from the city of Mexico heard of our plans, and came to my father to ask if he might travel with us to Los Angeles, which was easily arranged. He did not know a word of Spanish, and I have often laughed at some of his experiences on the road, owing to his ignorance of our ways and speech. At one house the señora gave him some fruit, whereupon he handed her two reals, which she let fall on the floor in surprise, while the old don, her husband, fell upon his knees and said in Spanish, "Give us no money, no money at all; everything is free in a gentleman's house!" A young lady who was present exclaimed in great scorn, "*Los Engleses pagar por todos!*" ("The English pay for everything.") I afterward told the American what they had said, and explained the matter as well as I could, but he thought it a foolish thing that no one, not even servants, would take money for services. We several times met grown people, and heads of families, who had never heard any language except Spanish, and who did not know, in fact, that any other language existed. They were really afraid of our American, and once I was asked if there were any other people like him.

Our route took us up the Salinas Valley and over the mountains to the coast valleys and the Missions. At San Miguel we found everything prepared for a jubilee over the prosperous year. The men walked about and fired off their carbines and home-made fireworks, while the padres' servant swung a burning oaken brand in the air, and lighted a few rockets. Inside the church the Indian choir was singing. We saw it all, until about ten o'clock that night; then the alcalde of the village came with fresh horses, and we went on, as it was very pleasant traveling.

The young American picked up some words in Spanish; he could say "*Gracios*," "*Si, señor*," and a few other phrases. One day we passed a very ugly Indian woman, and he asked me how to ask her how old she was. Out of mischief I whispered, "*Yo te amor*," which he said at once, and she, poor creature, immediately rose from her seat on the ground and replied, "*Gracios, Señor, pero soy indio*" ("but I am an Indian"), which gave us sport till long after. The next day our companion gave me a lesson in English by way of revenge. It was the day before Christmas, and we had reached San Buenaventura. It was a holiday for every one. After mass all the men and boys assembled on horseback in front of the church, with the padre and the alcalde at their head. They rode about in circles like a circus, fired guns, beat drums, and shouted. I thought it was very fine, and by signs I asked my American friend how he liked it, and he answered, "Dam-fools!" with such energy that I supposed they were words of praise. Indeed, I used the bad words as very proper English for a year or two, until I learned better, when I was of course much mortified.

When near Los Angeles we had the nearest approach to an adventure of our whole journey. We spent the night at a ranch-house. As I was the young lady of the party, the hostess gave up her own private room to me. At the end of it was an alcove with a window, and in front of the window stood a shrine, with wax figures of the holy Virgin and the child Christ. Before them were vases, and fresh wild-flowers from the hills — the golden poppies, the first blue "baby eyes," and the white "star-flowers," that bloom at Christmas time.

To judge from appearances the only shrine to which our host was devoted was the cockpit, for the courtyard of the adobe was fairly lined with rows of the "blooded birds" so popular at that time with many wealthy rancheros, each one tied to a stake by his leg, and being trained for the battlefield. The young American, who, like many other foreigners, took up with our bad customs more easily than with our good ones, was

greatly delighted when he saw the rows of fighting cocks in the yard. He offered to buy one, but the owner thought them too precious to sell. At last, by signs, he wagered a dollar on the homeliest of the lot. The host, accepting the wager, released his favorite. Instead of fighting, the two birds went through the window into the room I had occupied, and that with such force that there was a crash, and a mixture of feathers, wax saints, and flowers on the floor. Our host turned pale, and rushed in to disentangle his pets, while the American jumped up and down on a porch, shouting, "*Bueno! bueno!*" The birds were now fighting in earnest, but the host separated them, gave them to a servant, mounted the saddled horse which always stood ready, day or night, and, with a faint "*Adios*" to me, disappeared. He knew what he was about, as events proved, for the rage of his wife when she saw the broken shrine was something terrible. The moment she came on the scene she cried out, "Where is he?" and going into the inner courtyard she began to release the game-cocks, which hastened to hide in the nearest shelter. The next morning, when we took our departure, the master of the house had not yet returned, and the mistress was endeavoring to restore the shrine.

Amalia Sibrian.

A Glimpse of Domestic Life in 1827.

THE ladies of Monterey in 1827 were rarely seen in the street, except very early in the morning on their way to church. We used to go there attended by our servants, who carried small mats for us to kneel upon, as there were no seats. A tasteful little rug was considered an indispensable part of our belongings, and every young lady embroidered her own. The church floors were cold, hard, and damp, and even the poorer classes managed to use mats of some kind, usually of tule woven by the Indians.

The dress worn in the mornings at church was not very becoming; the *rebozo* and the petticoat being black, always of cheap stuff, and made up in much the same way. All classes wore the same; the padres told us that we must never forget that all ranks of men and women were equal in the presence of the Creator, and so at the morning service it was the custom to wear no finery whatever. One mass was celebrated before sunrise, for those whose duties compelled them to be at work early; later masses took place every hour of the morning. Every woman in Monterey went daily to church, but the men were content to go once a week.

For home wear and for company we had many expensive dresses, some of silk, or of velvet, others of laces, often of our own making, which were much liked. In some families were imported laces that were very old and valuable. The rivalry between beauties of high rank was as great as it could be in any country, and much of it turned upon attire, so that those who had small means often underwent many privations in order to equal the splendor of the rich.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs for a generation in Mexico and in all the provinces, and the great difficulty of obtaining teachers, most of the girls of the time had scanty educations. Some of my playmates could speak English well, and quite a number knew something of French. One of the gallants of the time said that "dancing, music, religion, and amiability" were the orthodox occupations of the ladies of Alta California. Visitors from other countries have said many charming things about the manners, good health, and comeliness of these ladies, but it is hardly right for any of us to praise ourselves. The ladies of the province were born and educated here; here they lived and died, in complete ignorance of the world outside. We were in many ways like grown-up children.

Our servants were faithful, agreeable, and easy to manage. They often slept on mats on the earthen floor, or, in the summer time, in the courtyards. When they waited on us at meals we often let them hold conversations with us, and laugh without restraint. As we used to say, a good servant knew when to be silent and when to put in his *cuchara* (or spoon).

Brigida Briones.

A Letter from General Sutter.

THE following letter from General Sutter to Governor Alvarado has been furnished us for publication by the kindness of the family of the latter. It gives a glimpse of the relation of the two men in 1841. The "body of American farmers" referred to were evidently the party whose experiences General Bidwell has narrated in the November CENTURY, the "young man" being "Jimmy" John.

A su Excelencia Señor Don Juan Bauptistta Alvarado, Gobernador Constitutional de las dos Californias, en Monterey.

EXCELLENT SIR! Allow me to write you this time in English, because I like not to make mistakes in an expression.

I have the honour to send you with this an Act, of a comitted Crime on this place; please give me your Orders what I have to do with the Delinquent which is keept as a Prisoner here.

Delinquent Henry Bee was put in Irons, but his friends bound themselves for 1000 Dollars Security, when I would take the irons from him, in which their Wishes I consented.

John Wilson, Black Jack, is well known as at life he was a bad Character, which may be something in Bee's favour.

Waiting for your Orders, I shall keep the Delinquent in Prison.

The Trapping party from the Columbia River will be here in about 8 Days, under Command of Mr. Ermatinger, I am also waiting for one of my friends a German Gentleman with the same party, I believe he travels for his pleasure.

A strong body of American farmers are coming here; a young Man of the party got lost from the party since 10 Days, nearly starved to death and on foot, he don't know which Direction the party took, I believe the will come about the Direction of the Pueblo.

I was also informed that an other Company is coming stronger than this under Mr. Fanum [Farnum].

Some very curious Rapports came to me, which made me first a little afraid, but after two hours I get over the fit.

I remain, Excellent Sir!
Very Respectfully
Your
Most Obedient Servant,
J. A. SUTTER.

NUEVA HELVETIA, November 4 de 1841.

P. S.—In a short time I will have a Secretary who is able to write Spanish.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

How to Develop American Sentiment among Immigrants.

WHATEVER individual opinion may be on the policy of restricting immigration, or however public sentiment concerning this question may shift, there can be no difference about the desirability and the necessity of making good Americans of those already here or certain to come. That the country still makes demand for strong, healthy men and women is not open to doubt, and it is almost equally clear that the supply must come, now as ever, from the countries of Europe.

It is important, therefore, to consider the conditions that surround the humble people of other lands — "who are seeking to convert obstacle into opportunity, and wrest achievement from difficulty"— who find here their place and their work. They are not criminals, or suspects, or paupers, or anarchists, or socialists, or disorganizers. They have no intention of joining the ranks of the so-called "dangerous classes." They are simply plain people brought up in the fear of God, and with a desire and a necessity to earn an honest living by their labor.

They learn in due time that here, with universal suffrage, residence means citizenship. They attach themselves to one of our great political parties, moved thereto, as others are, by association, interest, or opinion. They may not know much about the complicated institutions under which they must live; but they are teachable, willing, and anxious to learn. In the case of adults, their schooldays are over; so that they cannot by this means be fused into our life, with its new customs, manners, and ideas. They were born to conditions greatly different from those in the home of their adoption. They come from countries where the distinctions of classes are sharp, and where the requirements of standing armies impose burdens which have no existence here. But it must not be forgotten that while the latter are burdens, they also insure a discipline not to be acquired from our customary modes of life.

Among our foreign-born population there is no characteristic stronger than the desire to become real American citizens. From their earliest days here the majority of them manifest this. In many cases they want to pass as Americans, not as foreigners, and there is less of a desire to associate only with their compatriots than is charged to them. But in all this they are confronted with serious difficulties. Their fortunes must of necessity be cast for a time with their own countrymen, from whom they learn whatever they can of their new environment. They are desirous of becoming active in our politics, not merely as office-seekers or office-holders,—although they furnish their full quota of these, — but as interested persons, anxious to contribute to the proper settlement of great and important questions. It is in this that they need help, as, indeed, do thousands of our native-born citizens.

It is pertinent to inquire what we are doing for these people. How are we training them for their new duties? To whom do we turn them over without so much as a thought? What is the school in which they must learn what they can about our system of government, and who are their teachers? As a rule, being a humble people, they find themselves forced into tenement or crowded residence districts. From the time they declare an intention to become citizens they are courted by politicians. In many cases they get their training from demagogues, who themselves are without any clear or just ideas of our political system. They may make their way into the political clubs or organizations to be found in all large cities. Often their countrymen who have preceded them, many of them with personal ends to serve by the control of votes or the assumption to control them, lead them hither and thither. The man who supposes that any considerable proportion of these hard-working immigrants would, of their own motion, procure illegal naturalizations, or practise other frauds upon the suffrage, does not understand their character and purposes. They are ignorantly led into wrong-doing by reckless schemers.

Without direction many of these people fall into the hands of labor agitators, few of whom are both intelligent and disinterested. Many of them are designing men, some are demagogues, and still more are themselves ignorant of American principles and institutions, crude in their ideas of political economy, and solicitous mostly for the promotion of personal ends. Even these men need instruction, and many of them, if compelled day by day to meet arguments supplied to their now helpless followers by such agencies as those proposed, would soon become ashamed, and themselves become pupils instead of assuming to be teachers or leaders.

The statement is made from time to time that we are admitting great masses of socialists. The number is exaggerated, and more importance is attached to the utterances of these than they deserve. It must be admitted, however, that some of them know just enough to be dangerous. But they are permitted to go among their fellows, to inoculate them with whatever doctrines they choose, and there is nothing to oppose them. Nobody has furnished their hearers with arguments, or taken steps to teach them that in America, where conditions are fairly equal, no necessity exists for the violent agitation of these questions. But train bright young men among these immigrants to know what their duties are, teach them their rights, put at their disposal arguments with which to meet the specious assertions of self-styled and talkative leaders, and the much-vaunted dangers of socialism would disappear.

It is time to inquire what citizen or organization of citizens, with unselfish and patriotic motives, meets these new citizens and carries into their humble homes some knowledge of their new environments, political, industrial, and social. Is there any society, either in the large cities or in the sparsely settled communities where they find homes, which tries to teach them what

the Constitution of the United States is, or the history of the country in which they are to pass their lives? [1]

The question must have a negative answer. They are left without the protection and knowledge such persons could give them. As a rule, they are given over to that inexorable law of supply and demand which makes no terms and knows no mercy. There are organizations in almost every city to defend, without cost, humble working men and women from imposition on the part of their employers. These do much good. But is there any reason why the mental needs of these people should not have similar aids? Why should not these men be taught what it really means to be an American citizen? This work is made the more easy because of the tendency of immigrants towards cities. Even this is only a natural drift, because it is there that association and opportunity are to be found; it is there also that the bad elements of humanity abound; it is there that temptations multiply, and it is there that the people subjected to them need help.

But who gives it? In what schools or lecture-rooms do these young men find teachers? There are plenty of charitable institutions, there are almshouses almost without number, and every kind of asylum for the unfortunate. These, however, profess only to alleviate physical suffering or promote bodily comfort. There is no reason why good people in every community should not associate with the purpose of giving aid to the people who need it so much. Few of these future citizens know anything about the elementary principles of our republican system; they know almost nothing of federal, state, or local government, and still less of the distinctions between them. They soon learn something of the language,— the child's power to make known wants,— but their knowledge of its literature is scanty. The most promising among them do not acquire much, the dull little or nothing; but with guidance and instruction, with the helping word and the kindly aid to be given by unselfish men and women, these courageous young persons, already here and certain to be made or marred as American citizens, will learn what they most need. They will find that bad and costly government may come as the result of their want of knowledge, and that they themselves must in the end bear more than their share of burdens, ignorantly or corruptly imposed. They will find that they have it in their power to promote honest politics and good government; that they have obligations as well as rights.

The churches do much, but they need help. These people are poor and ignorant, and are subject to every earthly temptation, so that the churches and the clergy find their task more and more difficult. In order to supplement the work of existing agencies, night schools and lectures, designed primarily for the instruction of foreign-born citizens, might be instituted in every large city in which these elements find a refuge. Young men and women of leisure and cultivation would thus find employment of a kind befitting their character and training, and would in this way be able to make some return to government and society for the benefits they themselves have enjoyed; while the good they would do to aspiring citizens — to the men who in the future will have in their hands the weal or the woe of their country — would be inestimable. The work to be done has only the slightest reference to the three R's or their infinite variations. These must be left to individual effort and to the schools. What is needed is the teaching of the fundamentals of American life.

As it is, too much is left for the children and grandchildren of foreign-born citizens. There is a notion that our duties begin with them. But as most immigrants are still young men when they come here, the importance of doing something with them and for them, and of doing it at once, ought to be recognized. It is these men who must perform most of the manual labor. They are to vote taxes up or to vote them down, and they ought to be taught how to do either with knowledge. It is quite as important that they should know these as that poor children should be carried into the country in summer, or provided with coals in winter. Every kind of philanthropic work is organized and carried out, while the important one of teaching genuine Americanism to millions of honest though simple-minded people is mainly left to chance. We thank God that no man in a great city need go hungry, while, without pang or question, we consign future citizens to the tender mercies of ignorant, reckless, or corrupt political managers.

Such work can be organized and carried on without asking the public for great sums of money. The movement must have a beginning, and it must be humble. But that it will grow, be appreciated by both pupils and teachers, and increase the intelligence and usefulness of all concerned in it, cannot be questioned. In due time it would develop in other directions. When experiments prove that one class of these new people is willing to accept instruction in its duties as citizens, and that young men and women can be found for giving such instruction, it will not be long before applications would be made for teaching in cooking, and other practical subjects, for the benefit of the women among these immigrants.

The organizers of religious and intellectual movements often forget that there is much unused talent in our cities; that there are thousands of young persons who have been trained in schools and in books, but that, being so trained, they have not been able to find employment for their talents and energies. They are waiting only for invitation and leadership, and there is no channel into which their work might better be turned than that suggested in this paper.

There is a tendency on the part of a good many people to belittle what is termed politics. The reason for this is not difficult of discovery. Many of the methods employed in "practical" politics are bad and disheartening. The men who use them are not agreeable either in person or in perspective. But, next to the bread and butter employment, politics is, to the ordinary citizen, really the most important consideration. The protection of life and property, the imposition of taxes, the relations of the State to individuals and industry, the duties of individuals and industries to the State — the importance of all these cannot be overestimated. It is these things that the foreigner who has come to America to pass the remainder of his life needs to know. The better teachers he has in genuine Americanism the better it will be, not only for him, but for the country, and the sooner he will master enough of

[1] Since this was written we learn of an important movement among a single class of immigrants, of which more anon.

the essentials necessary to enable him to cast a manhood vote in the full and true meaning of that term.

There need be no fear that such efforts will not be welcomed by the persons to be benefited by them. Personal interest, pride, and necessity will unite in drawing to such schools or institutions the best and most promising of these new citizens. Not only is this true, but in due time the most efficient teachers and the most liberal contributors will be found among the beneficiaries themselves. It is a work that must appeal to many intelligent and philanthropic people, and one which, once started, will be carried on by its own momentum.

Ballot Reform as an Educator.

ADVOCATES for the extension of the right of suffrage have always claimed for it that it exerts an educating influence. In England, where the ballot has been extended from one class to another by clear and well-defined gradations, the contention is correct; but this process has made necessary the enactment of stringent laws against the abuse of the right thus conferred. They are the growth of necessity. In the gradual but almost indefinite enlargement of the suffrage there was developed a large number of voters who, though they had little interest politically in the result of an election, and less knowledge of the principles upon which it was to be settled, had really a personal interest in disposing of their votes for money or its equivalent.

It is clear that the mere right to vote — nowhere deemed a natural one and everywhere restricted — does not carry with it such sense of responsibility as to fit all men who have it for an intelligent use of it. As interests became more direct and personal, as political issues became more important or more complex, and as bad men and bad methods gained the ascendancy, even the right to vote, by those upon whom it had been conferred, was itself subjected to limitation. It may in truth be said that, while bribery is not confined to the most ignorant of the voting population, the majority of corruptible voters is found among them. This rendered inevitable the adoption of methods which should restrict the power of these men to do harm, and for this the secret ballot has been found an efficient instrument.

But the advantages of the secret ballot, first successfully applied in Australia, are not limited to this view. It is showing itself a most efficient educator; not in the generally accepted sense that the man who has the right to vote will learn, as the result of it and for his own interest, to cast that vote intelligently, but as an active ally of our school system. Under the old methods of voting not only was corruption possible, but ignorant men were led to do the behests of bosses or managers without the expenditure of money. This served such men even more effectually than direct bribery. It cost nothing, and it was effective, for the reason that the man who will vote with such ox-like patience and fidelity can be depended upon with more confidence than the one who is bribed.

In a remarkably short time after the beginning of the agitation the Australian ballot has been adopted in some form in a number of States. Under this system the first necessity was a degree of intelligence on the part of the voter. The law provides for assistance to illiterate voters; but it is this confession of ignorance that hurts the man who has to make it. He may not be ashamed to be ignorant, but he is ashamed to have it known. That he cannot read or write may not seriously affect his own opinion of himself, so long as the knowledge of it is confined to his own family; but when he must confess it before an election board composed of his neighbors, the reproach becomes a sting. In the same manner the voter next in grade above the illiterate, the man who can barely read and write, does not like to run the risk of losing his vote, and with it the power to help himself or his friends, because he does not know how to prepare his ballot.

As a result of this feeling, a direct consequence of the enactment of these laws, schools have been established in almost every community in those States which have adopted the new system. In these schools or classes voters of the lower degrees of intelligence have assembled themselves, anxious to learn something of the new system. Even political clubs and organizations under the sway of the most insolent bosses have been led by the instinct of self-preservation to adopt the same policy.

Thus, as the first result of this agitation, the spectacle has been witnessed of some real attention to the prime requisites in a voter. Instead of blind acquiescence in the dictates of managers, or the action of nominating conventions, the voter shows his interest in what concerns him and the public most directly in the matter of voting, as well as the one important consideration — his fitness for casting this vote with intelligence and reason. In some of the States of the South negroes of mature years, whom the public schools have never been able to reach, have devoted themselves with energy to the task of learning to read and write. In the North it has not, as a rule, been necessary to carry on the work in such an elementary way. But thousands of electors have found it desirable to get instruction in voting. This has not been limited to partizan tickets or to candidates, but has comprehended those things hitherto neglected, the essentials of intelligent voting. That this instruction has been given by political organizations under the rule of bosses does not argue that these voters, when once instructed, will continue to vote just as such organizations or managers may direct.

As in the matter of bribery, there is no assurance that when a pupil has once learned this lesson he will not also have learned another — that his vote is his own; that, being left alone in the voting booth "with God and his lead-pencil" he can fearlessly vote his own sentiments.

Complaint has long been made that while education is so universal and so costly it has not borne fruit in politics. More and more the influence of the public school has waned, and that of vote manipulators waxed strong. Under the new impulse created by necessity the ballot bids fair to become an efficient ally of the public school. With a secret ballot some may be disfranchised temporarily; in the end its results are sure to be helpful to better politics, as well as to general intelligence and to personal independence.

This phase of the agitation should not be overlooked, and the friends of the reform may well put this forward as an additional argument in those States where the secret ballot has not yet been adopted.

The Decline of Superannuation.

THE readiness of Vermont to give another term in the United States Senate to a man who had already completed his eightieth year is a striking evidence of what may be styled the decline of superannuation. Justin S. Morrill was born in 1810, and yet, when a legislature was to be chosen in 1890 which would elect a senator, the only question as to its action hinged upon the willingness of this octogenarian to accept a fresh commission from his commonwealth. The fact that Mr. Morrill is the first man in our history to be held eligible to such service when past eighty makes his case especially noteworthy, but in truth it only emphasizes a long-growing tendency, which has wrought nothing short of a revolution in the popular feeling regarding old age.

No fallacy is more firmly fixed in the public mind than that which represents the establishment of our government as the work of old men. The delusion is imbibed in childhood, and is unconsciously cultivated by the text-books used in school. The "fathers of the Republic" are depicted in all the histories with wigs, queues, and other accessories of dress that apparently betoken age, and the pupil naturally concludes that they must have been old when the nation was born. In point of fact, they were an uncommonly young set of men. George Washington, senior in age as well as in authority and influence, was but 43 when the Revolution broke out, and 57 when he became first President; Thomas Jefferson, only 33 when he wrote the Declaration of Independence; Alexander Hamilton, but 32 when he became Secretary of the Treasury; James Madison, only 23 when he was made member of a Virginia committee of safety, and 36 when he was Hamilton's great collaborator in the production of that political classic "The Federalist."

Nor were the leaders in the great enterprise exceptional in this matter of age. Forty names were signed to the Constitution of the United States on the 17th of September, 1787. Leaving out of account four whose birthdays are not given by the books of reference, only five of the remaining thirty-six had reached the age of 60; twenty of the number were less than 45 years old; and twelve were under 40, among the latter being one (Hamilton) of 30, another of 29, a third of 28, and a fourth who lacked some months of 27 when the convention met. The average age of all the members did not quite reach 45 years. The most important committee to which the instrument was referred for final revision consisted of five members, four of whom were between 30 and 36 years of age, the fifth and least prominent being 60.

As the men who framed the Constitution were for the most part not advanced in years, so was its interpretation intrusted to a bench with a strong bent towards youth. John Jay, the first Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, was but 43, and James Iredell, one of his associates, only 39. Bushrod Washington, appointed by Adams in 1798, was but 36, and William Johnson, an appointee of Jefferson's in 1804, only 32. This last was also the age of Joseph Story when Madison in 1811 made him an associate of Johnson. Nor were such men strangers to the bench when made members of the highest tribunal at these comparatively early ages. Jay had been Chief-Justice of New York at 31; Iredell, judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina when only 27; and Johnson, judge of the South Carolina Court of Common Pleas at the same age.

Comparatively early ages, we have just said. But the expression is only correct when the matter is regarded from the standpoint of to-day. A hundred years ago youth and old age were terms which meant very different things. When the people of the new nation began considering who should be its chief magistrate, Washington was only 56 years of age, and yet he considered the "advanced season of life" which he had reached a just bar to further employment in the public service. "Unwilling in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties" — so he wrote when leaving Mount Vernon to take the oath of office in the spring of 1789.

The hardships of the Revolutionary War had, of course, left their mark upon Washington, and doubtless had something to do with making him feel an old man while he was still in his fifties. But he expressed only the common judgment of his contemporaries when, as in another letter written before he became President, he regarded "the increasing infirmities of nature" at his "time of life" as disqualifying a man of his years for activity, or at least justifying him in seeking retirement. In the case of the judiciary, indeed, this opinion had sometimes found expression in law, the constitution of New York, adopted in 1777, having provided that no man could be a judge beyond the age of 60, on the ground of his presumable inability for good work on the bench after that age. The popular attitude regarding age which Washington reflected continued during the following generation. It is true that the reverence for the heroes of the Revolution kept many of them in the public service late in life, but the average age at which men were made representatives, senators, and judges still continued remarkably low. David Stone was elected senator from North Carolina in 1801, while in his thirty-first year; Thomas Worthington from Ohio in 1803, when just past 30; and Henry Clay took his seat from Kentucky in 1806, nearly four months before he had reached the constitutional limit of 30, nobody being sufficiently impressed by his youthfulness to take the trouble of looking up his birthday and his eligibility to a seat.

Lincoln's career furnishes a curious proof of the survival of this feeling, especially in the newer States of the Union, down to the middle of the present century. If Lincoln had lived he would now be only a year the senior of Senator Morrill, and yet more than forty years ago he wrote himself down as already an old man. His partner, William H. Herndon, had sent him a letter in 1848, while he was a member of Congress, complaining that the old men in their county were unwilling to let the young ones have any opportunity to distinguish themselves. In his reply Lincoln referred to the subject of the letter as exceedingly painful, declared his conviction that there was some mistake in this impression as to the motives of the old men, and then said:

> I suppose I am now one of the old men, and I declare on my veracity, which I think is good with you, that nothing could afford me more satisfaction than to learn that you and others of my young friends at home were doing

battle in the contest, and endearing themselves to the people and taking a stand far above any I have ever been able to reach in their admiration. I cannot conceive that other old men feel differently. Of course I cannot demonstrate what I say; but I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back.

There is abundant evidence that Lincoln only expressed the popular impression in thus placing himself among "the old men" of Illinois when he was but 39 years of age. It is matter of record that when Ninian Edwards was a candidate for governor of that State in 1826, being then only 51 years old, he considered it necessary to answer a charge that he was too old for the place, and to urge, in extenuation of his admitted lack of youth, that there are some old things, like old whisky, old bacon, and old friends, which are not without their merits.

Contrast with such a state of popular feeling the situation at the present day. More than half of the constitutional convention of 1787 were men who had not reached the age of 45, while there are only seven men who are not past 45 among the eighty-eight members of the United States Senate to-day, and four of these come from the younger States of the West, where there are fewer old men than in the East, Maine and Vermont having, according to the census returns of age, more than six times as many males past the age of 60 proportionally as Colorado and the Dakotas. No less than thirty-seven of the eighty-eight Senators, or nearly half of all, are past 60, and nine of them beyond 70, as three others will be within a few months. Mr. Morrill has a colleague from Ohio who, like him, was born in 1810; two who were born in 1816, and three in 1818. Three of these have, like him, sought and obtained reëlections after they were past 70. The average age of all the Senators falls only about a year short of 60. In the Supreme Court the change has been equally remarkable. Since Pierce's day but one man has been placed upon this bench who had not passed the age of 45, while of the twelve appointees during the past two decades no less than four were more than 60 when they took their seats. Of the eight judges left after Mr. Miller's death one is 70 years old, one is 74, and one is 77.

These changes imply and represent a change in public sentiment regarding what constitutes old age which is, as has been said, nothing less than revolutionary. The man of 39 who should to-day speak of himself as an old man would be laughed at. A few months ago a college presidency was offered to a man of 42, and he was universally described by the press as "a young man," "a man in his early prime." Victor Hugo's dictum that "40 is the old age of youth" is already losing its point; and his companion assertion that "50 is the youth of old age" is also becoming an anachronism. When one is accounted still young after he has turned 40 it seems absurd to begin calling him old at 50, nor need he be superannuated at 70. The example of the senior justices on the Supreme bench is most significant in this respect. The law authorizes a member of this court who has served 10 years to retire upon a full pay pension when he reaches 70, but for several years Justices Bradley and Field have declined to avail themselves of this privilege, as did the late Justice Miller during the last four years of his life. They have felt the capacity to do their work, and they preferred work to idleness for the same pay. And the country has been disposed to commend their decision. People can see no good reason why a judge whose store of knowledge and experience was never before so large should be laid upon the shelf arbitrarily when he reaches a certain age, as Chancellor Kent in 1823 was forced from the bench by the New York constitution because he was 60, although possessed of such physical and mental vigor that he afterwards produced his still famous "Commentaries on American Law." Having removed the temptation of senility to cling to office simply for its needed salary, to which the judges of State courts where there were no judicial pensions have sometimes yielded, the nation enjoys seeing its highest bench adorned by veterans whose fitness for service keeps pace with their years.

The fundamental cause of this change is a physical one — the fact that the average length of human life has been much extended during the past century. True of all highly civilized lands, this is particularly true of a young country like ours. The pioneer period in any community must necessarily be hard and wearing, consuming vitality fast and hastening unduly the approach of old age. A man who has undergone such an experience may easily bear enough traces of it to be accounted old at 50, while another man of a constitution naturally no more robust may find people hardly associating the idea of age with him at 60 or 65. Wider knowledge of the laws of health, better methods of living, have added many years to the period of normal activity, and pushed forward by as many years the time of necessary retirement.

Along with the physical change which defers the oncoming of old age there has been a mental change in the popular estimation of old age when it has arrived. The savage's contempt for this period of life has yielded under modern civilization to a growing respect. Men are less disposed than they once were to thrust aside as out of date those who have come down from a former generation. There is greater recognition than formerly of the value of experience, and the ripened wisdom borne by well-spent years is more highly prized. The change may be observed in every other sphere of life, no less than on the Supreme bench of the nation. It is a change every way to be commended, in the interest of society as well as of the individual. Enforced retirement while one is yet capable of good work has embittered the closing years of a host of active-minded men, and lost the community much excellent service; the decline of superannuation is therefore a most healthy sign of the times.

A Service to American Literature.

THE publication of the last of the eleven volumes of the "Library of American Literature from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time" is an event which should be noted not merely by the literary world in its narrow and professional sense, but by all who read books and are interested in the intellectual progress of the country. Many among those who have followed the volumes as they have successively appeared, now that the very last has been issued, in which the "Library" is fully analyzed, indexed, revised, and supplemented by its editors[1] — many, we say, must now

[1] A valuable addition to the final volume is a series of biographies of all the authors represented, prepared by Mr. Stedman's son, Mr. Arthur Stedman.

feel that they had not fully appreciated the labor and intelligence involved in the undertaking, even if they had already been struck by the range, catholicity, and typical value of the selections. The editors do not make too high a claim when they say that in progressing with the "Library" they realized, after awhile, that they had builded better than they knew; that their "National Gallery was presenting a rare conspectus of American life — yes, of American history, in all departments of imagination, action, and opinion."

The work that the editors have here performed is unprecedented in its field, and one the like of which will probably not be seen again in our day. Such copyrights as have been placed at their disposal have never been surrendered with such liberality to a literary enterprise of similar nature, the authors and publishers represented doubtless feeling an unusual interest in a series of selections prepared by such highly competent hands.

In surveying this record of American literature, with its gallery of engraved portraits, it has been a great pleasure to us to remark — at a time when we have been celebrating THE CENTURY MAGAZINE'S twentieth anniversary — that this periodical has been so closely connected with the remarkable development of our native literature during the past two decades. The readers of the Stedman-Hutchinson Library will find therein specimens of the literature as well as the "counterfeit presentments" of many men and women who have won public recognition in the pages of THE CENTURY. We are sorry to say that owing to editorial modesty they will miss examples of the fine and rare poetic genius of the junior editor of the "Library," as well as of the vigorous and illuminating prose and the clear, high, and accomplished verse of Mr. Stedman, one of THE CENTURY'S first and foremost contributors. The consolation for the loss of such extracts is in the knowledge that unusual and original talents have gone to the editing of the "Library"— and, as to that matter, any subscriber thereto can easily supplement in the directions named the present full and otherwise thoroughly representative collection.

Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson have done American literature, American history, and American patriotism a great and lasting service.

New York as a Historic Town.

IN the city of New York, as in the other great cities of the world, a large proportion of the population consists of men who have come to it late in life mainly because it is the metropolis of the country. Not having been born here, not being bound to the city by the ties of youthful acquaintance, these new-comers are often lacking not only in a proper civic pride, but even in a fair knowledge of the history of the town wherein they have chosen to dwell. They do not understand the forces which have been at work in the past to make the community what it is in the present. In New York, for instance, they do not know why the marble City Hall has a brown-stone back — that monument to the short-sightedness of its builders, who did not believe that the town would ever spread farther up the island. They are often alarmed by symptoms which seem to them strange and new, unaware that some of these things are not newly portentous since they have existed almost unchanged from the days when New York was New Amsterdam.

To set forth the story of the city of New York, of its founding and of its growth, of its struggles and of its success; to do this with a knowledge of the details of the past, and with an appreciation of the difficulties of the present; to tell the tale briefly, briskly, vividly — this is not only to write a good book, it is to do a good deed. And this is what Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has done in the volume he has just written for the series of "Historic Towns," edited by Professor Freeman.

For writing a history of New York City Mr. Roosevelt is exceptionally well qualified. A native New Yorker of the old Dutch stock, he has taken part in the public life of the city ever since he arrived at man's estate, and he has done yeoman service for the cause of good government. He has had a personal acquaintance with the practical part of politics, likely to be as useful to a historian as Gibbon declared that his brief service in the militia had been to him when he came to describe the evolutions of the Roman legionaries. Mr. Roosevelt's earlier literary labors have also stood him in good stead. His "Naval History of the War of 1812" helped him to understand the mercantile development of New York; his biography of "Gouverneur Morris" made him an authority on noted New Yorkers of the Revolution; and his "Winning of the West" gave him a sympathy with the pioneer, the settler, and the wandering trader, more akin in condition and not unlike in character to those who founded New York, and by whose efforts it gained its first growth.

Mr. Roosevelt is a master of vigorous narrative, with the faculty of telling a tale briskly, and of setting a figure before us firm on its feet. After reading his pages we know Peter Stuyvesant better, and Jacob Leisler; we understand George Clinton and Aaron Burr, as we see them presented amid the conditions which cause them and which they helped to create; and more recently we recognize in the etched outlines of the shabby figures of Fernando Wood and of William M. Tweed the result of conditions still existing and of causes still in operation.

For us who now see in New York a French quarter and an Italian quarter, a Chinese quarter and a negro quarter, and who know how small a part of the whole these four quarters are, it is well to be reminded that even when grim old Peter Stuyvesant ruled the city the population was very mixed — the Dutch being most numerous, then the English (from New England and from old England alike), then the French Huguenots, and the Walloons and Germans, and men of so many other stocks that sixteen languages and dialects were spoken on this island of Manhattan. At the head of affairs were good men and true; but deep down below there was danger then as now. Mr. Roosevelt tells us that imported bond-servants escaped to New York from New England and Virginia and found congenial associates from half the countries of Europe, "while even beneath their squalid ranks lay the herd of brutalized black slaves. It may be questioned whether seventeenth-century New Amsterdam did not include quite as large a proportion of undesirable inhabitants as nineteenth-century New York."

Even in the early days the lines of political cleavage were determined rather by caste than by race: social distinctions were more potent than differences of speech.

Perhaps this was due in part to the fact that no nationality was put at a disadvantage. It is now more than two hundred years since New York, "in line with that policy of extreme liberality toward all foreign-born citizens" which it has always followed, "conferred full rights of citizenship upon all white foreigners who should take the oath of allegiance." This special act was to benefit the Huguenots, then being expelled from France by tens of thousands; and the accession of a Dutch king to the English throne was yet another force working in favor of the fusion of races in this city — a fusion which "follows but does not precede," so Mr. Roosevelt tells us, "their adoption of a common tongue." To those who look with fear at the enormous influx of foreigners of late years it is encouraging to be told, as Mr. Roosevelt in effect tells us more than once, that probably there has been no time when those whose parents were born in New York have formed a majority of the population, and certainly there has been no time when the bulk of the citizens were of English blood. In public life the two chief men of the city in the last century were of non-English stock — Hamilton of Scotch and Creole descent, and Jay of Huguenot and Holland. So in this century the men most prominent in affairs were Astor, a German, and Vanderbilt, a Dutchman.

Despite this admixture, there has been no lack of patriotism here, no unwillingness to take the initiative. It was New York that called the first council of the colonies in 1690, it was in New York that the Stamp Act Congress met in 1765, and it was in New York that the first blood of the Revolution was spilt — for the Liberty Pole fight of 1770 took place six weeks before the Boston Massacre. It was New York that issued the call for the Continental Congress; it was in New York that "The Federalist" was published; and when trouble came again at last under the rule of the Constitution which "The Federalist" had explained and made possible, it was a New York regiment of militia which was one of the first to reach Washington.

Peace hath more victories than war, and of these quieter triumphs New York has had her share. Many men had sought to propel boats by steam; it was a citizen of New York who showed the way. Many men had tried to send messages by electricity; it was a citizen of New York who devised the best means to this end. And later the city of Fulton and of Morse was chosen for his home by Ericsson, the inventor of the screw steamship, who here added during a long life to the list of his important inventions, including the *Monitor*. In 1820, when Sydney Smith asked "Who reads an American book?" there had been written here but two books which any American need read now; these are "The Federalist" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York" — and both were written in New York. Irving was the first American author to be accepted in England, and another New Yorker, who soon followed him into literature, James Fenimore Cooper, was the first American author to be accepted throughout Europe.

It is well to be reminded of these things. A pride in the past helps us to take heart for the work of the present. The condition of the city is improving in many ways. There is, for instance, no ruffian in public life to-day as brutal as Isaiah Rynders; there are fewer riots, and these are sooner controlled; and it is not in New York now that the successor of Bill Poole would be honored with a public funeral. Notwithstanding some grievous set-backs, the city is slowly and surely advancing, though still scandalously behind many other large cities of the world in the art of self-government.

Protection for the Red Cross.

THE objects of the Red Cross International Association are not so well understood in this country as its merits warrant. The popular knowledge extends but little further than an understanding that the Red Cross is the badge of a humane institution which does relief work in war abroad and in calamities at home, such as the Johnstown disaster and the Mississippi floods. In reality the society is a far-reaching organization, ramifying through all the civilized nations of the world, except perhaps two or three, banding them together in the effort to make war less horrible and sudden calamities less disastrous. It originated in Switzerland, and its emblem, for the protection of which in this country a bill is now before Congress, is the flag of the Alpine republic with the colors reversed. The organization took the name of the symbol, and both became known as the universal sign of war relief among the armies of the civilized world. By the terms of the Geneva treaty, under the regulations of which the society has been internationally organized, there is now no other military hospital flag, and all hospital supplies, all attendants at a field or military hospital, must bear it as a sign of neutrality. It renders sacred from molestation every person or thing wearing or bearing it. It relates to the preservation of life on the greatest scale, and in the direst necessities known to mankind. Can any sign be higher or more sacred? Can mankind afford that it be trifled with by the mercenary and unscrupulous?

Yet this is what is being done, not only in our country but in all others, for everywhere governments are finding it necessary to protect from the spirit of commercialism a symbol sacred to the cause of humanity, in order that its fair fame may not be used, as it is being used, to advance the sale of cigars, washboards, whisky, and medicines. Under its protection serious frauds have been perpetrated. When the hearts of the people have been stirred by the knowledge of some great calamity, irresponsible persons have set up a so-called Red Cross Agency and have collected moneys for their own use, of which the true Red Cross has never had a cent. Such tricks defraud the people at a time when their generosity is not only most open-handed but most needed.

The organization was originally designed for service in war, but by a clause inserted in its constitution by Miss Barton, president of the American Red Cross Association, its forces have been brought to bear in times of elemental as well as human warfare. This provision has become known abroad as the "American amendment," and has been officially adopted by the other nations who are parties to the treaty.

The work which has fallen to the American association in the last eight years makes a somewhat startling record. The Red Cross has done what it found to do on twelve fields of national disasters, including one

fire, four floods, three cyclones, one epidemic, one famine, one earthquake, and one pestilence. It has attended two international conferences abroad as representative of the United States Government, and it is most noteworthy that it has neither received nor asked aid in any form from the government, not even the cost of arranging the treaty.

What it now asks in justice to the people, as well as for our credit with other nations, is official protection for the name and insignia adopted by the treaty, to the extent of making a false use of either a penal offense, punishable by fine, or imprisonment, or confiscation of the goods on which it appears. Within the last eighteen months a successful effort has been made to do this in nearly all other countries, each nation having found abundant proof of the necessity for this step within its own borders.[1] The resolutions of recent international conferences, the official action of other governments, and the direction of the committee of Geneva, have rendered it incumbent on the American association to take similar action.

The bill also seeks to incorporate the National association under the charter of the United States, since international regulation requires that there should be one national organization, and one alone, in each country, through which the Geneva committee may communicate with each government. The bill asks less rather than more power than that already possessed by the present association. The insignia and the institution belong to the government, and not to any society whatsoever, and the bill only proposes that the government through its officers shall take care of its own and prevent the unwarrantable intrusion of mercenary enterprises.

[1] The Emperor of Japan and the King of Belgium have accepted the active presidencies of national associations, in order to uphold the organization with all the authority of their respective governments.

OPEN LETTERS.

A World-Literature.

THE other day I happened to drop into a small book-store here in Europe, and to my great surprise found there some numbers of THE CENTURY. Among others was that for April, 1890, in which I discovered the article on "World-Literature" as a basis of literary training. The article seemed to me so well said and so opportune withal, that I at once felt impelled to write you of my pleasure in reading it.

It is a very noticeable fact that the science of philology, great as have been its advances in this century, has less and less made itself felt upon literature. In the United States there is not, I believe, a single powerful writer who knows anything about philology — or, to put it better, there is not a single philologian who is a powerful writer. And this is the case the world over. One can think of men who have become intellectual forces in the modern world because of their knowledge of biology, of chemistry, of history, of political economy, of philosophy; but of no one (with the apparent exception of Renan) who has become so by his knowledge of philology. Indeed, it is a curious fact that modern philology, which now rejects as unscientific everything savoring of the belles-lettres, owes its own original impulse to literature, and not to its own inherent force. Thus the founder of Romance philology, Diez, was a devotee of Byron, and did his first literary work as a translator of Byron's verse. Thus the founders of Germanic philology were in the first place men under the influence of Goethe and his friends, and in the second place the Romanticists. To these men, laboring primarily because of a *literary* impulse, we really owe the foundation of modern philology. But now this same philology affects to cast off literature, and one finds at every turn invectives against what the German philologists love to call the *Belletristen*. Every day, that is, philology becomes more and more separated from literature — that is, from life. It has already ceased to have any real influence upon the opinions of mankind.

We cannot hope, then, that philology will give us in education material for the formation of writers. It has now fallen into the hands of men who have ends of their own, apart from the intellectual needs or desires of the world at large. They criticize according to their own standards, and he who ventures to work apart from those standards finds himself overwhelmed with ridicule and abuse. There is no way, then, but to cut loose from them, leave them to follow their own course, and for one's own part simply to use what of their results has practical value.

But whither shall we turn for that new conception of knowledge, that new adaptation of science to life, to the needs of men in general, which may fairly be expected to yield some fruit in practice? It seems to me that this article indicates with precision the direction we have to take. The first necessity is return to life, which philology has abandoned. To return to life is to turn to literature as the expression of life, to search in literature for the conceptions which have proved themselves really vital, and to study the expression given to these conceptions, wherever they have assumed final and adequate form. It is to follow in peoples the growth of perceptions needing expression, and to endeavor to make out that *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, which in life, in literature, in religion, constitutes the catholic faith. It is to study that parallelism which Wordsworth remarked between true literature and life, that mysterious power that the forms of art possess of working in harmony with the eternal forces of the universe, so that, apparently, men cannot help adopting as their own, in the long run, all that is both founded on fact and adequately expressed in literature. In short, it is to study literary expression, intellectual impulses, artistic and spiritual movements, as all having fundamental laws, intelligible to man if only they can be properly set forth.

MADRID, SPAIN. *M.*

I WISH to call Mr. Higginson's attention to a course of study given in 1888 and 1889 at the University of Michigan by Mr. C. M. Gayley, then assistant professor of English. It was designated in the calendar as a course in literary criticism, and, with Aristotle's Poetics as a basis, dealt with the laws of the great divisions of literature, and with the application of these laws to the great examples of epic, tragedy, etc., in all times and in all languages.

The class met twice a week, once for an hour's lecture on the philosophical basis of literary criticism, and again for a two-hour session, one-half of which was occupied by essays, and the other half by general discussions on the points brought out in the essays and additional points presented by members of the class. The heavier subjects usually required two evenings, sometimes more — one for the discussion of laws, and one or more for their application. On one of these latter evenings Mr. Higginson might have seen his idea of a collegiate course of study in a world-literature approximately realized. Certain particular examples were always assigned, but the work was by no means confined to these, as the course was given for advanced students who had read widely. Although a good proportion of the class was familiar with the masterpieces of literature in their original settings, the course, being literary and not philological, was open to those who knew them chiefly through translations.

As will be seen, these are the broadest of outlines. Other topics, such as the lyric and the novel, were considered, and throughout there was no lack of minute dividing and subdividing, of building of theories, of hotly contested argument; and in a class of twenty or thereabouts the illustrations were perhaps only too apt to range from Dan to Beersheba.

Isabella M. Andrews.

Who was the First Woman Graduate?

IN an article on "The First Female College" (the Georgia Female College), in THE CENTURY for May, 1890, Mr. H. S. Edwards states that he has been unable to obtain the name of any woman who graduated at Oberlin in 1838. Correspondents inform us, however, that the information may be found in the Oberlin College triennial catalogue, which gives the name of Miss Zeruiah Porter (afterwards Mrs. Weed) as the graduate of 1838, and therefore the first graduate of an American female college. Miss Porter graduated in the so-called literary course, which did not include Greek. In 1841 Miss Mary Hosford, Miss Elizabeth S. Prall, and Miss Mary C. Rudd took the full classical degree of A. B. at Oberlin.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Jay-bird's Friday.

(There is a superstition among the old negroes of the South that the jay-birds are pledged to carry wood to his Satanic Majesty every Friday, and that they never fail to fulfil the obligation.)

DE sun he look out frough de wood,
All on Friday mornin',
Den he kiver up he face wid er big gray hood,
All on Friday mornin';
De lark she riz up f'om de dew,
All on Friday mornin',
But de jay-bird he got work ter do,
All on Friday mornin':
Don' you hear dat blue jay call,
Don' you hear de dead sticks fall?—
He totin' down firewood fur we all,
All on Friday mornin'.

De sap-sucker work wid he ax an' pick,
All on Friday mornin',
But oh! dat jay-bird make me sick,
All on Friday mornin';
De mawkin'-bird don' sing so sweet,
All on Friday mornin',
An' dey hain't no shuffle in dese ole feet,
All on Friday mornin':
Don' you hear dat blue jay call,
Don' you hear de dead sticks fall?—
He totin' down firewood fur we all,
All on Friday mornin'.

De pattridge call, but I hain't gwine come,
All on Friday mornin',
An' de bull-frog know he kin beat he drum,
All on Friday mornin'.
Oh! de jay-bird he play all de week,
Twel come Friday mornin',
Den he work lack er worfless, lazy sneak,
All on Friday mornin':
Don' you hear dat blue jay call,
Don' you hear de dead sticks fall?—
He totin' down firewood fur we all,
All on Friday mornin'.

He kerhootin' wid de debil es shore 's you born,
All on Friday mornin',
Fur he selled hisse'f fur er year er corn,
On er Friday mornin';
He work lack he s'archin' fur er bag er gole,
All on Friday mornin',
But he totin' down wood ter de debil's hole,
All on Friday mornin'.
Don' you hear dat blue jay call,
Don' you hear de dead sticks fall?—
He totin' down firewood fur we all,
All on Friday mornin'.

Um! dat fire gwine be mighty hot,
Come some Friday mornin'.
And de debil put de sinners in one big pot,
Come some Friday mornin'.
Den he laugh w'en she full, an' den he gwine grin,
All on Friday mornin',
Fur he gwine jes drap dat blue jay in,
All on Friday mornin'.
Don' you hear dat blue jay call,
Don' you hear de dead sticks fall?—
He totin' down firewood fur we all,
All on Friday mornin'.

Don' you hear dat jay-bird?—Dar!
Dis am Friday mornin'.
Oh! hit jes kinder creep up frough de ha'r,
All on Friday mornin'.
W'en he hear de jay-bird call,
W'en he hear de dead sticks fall,
Hit make de darky solemn, hit make 'im mighty small,
Ever' Friday mornin'.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

Uncle William's Picture.

UNCLE WILLIAM, last July,
Had his picture took.
"Have it done, of course," says I,
"Jes the way you look!"
(All dressed up, he was, fer the
Barbecue and jubilee
The Old Settlers helt.) So he—
Last he had it took.

Lide she 'd coaxed and begged and plead,
Sence her mother went;
But he 'd cough and shake his head
At all argyment;
Mebby clear his throat and say,
"What 's *my* likeness 'mount to, hey,
Now, with mother gone away
From us, like she went?"

But we 'd projick'd round, tell we
Got it figgered down
How we 'd git him, Lide and me,
Drivin' into town;
Bragged how well he looked, and fleshed
Up around the face, and freshed
With the morning air; and breshed
His coat-collar down.

All so providential! Why,
Now he 's dead and gone,
Picture 'pears so lifelike I
Want to start him on
Them old tales he ust to tell,
And old talks, so sociable,
And old songs he sung so well
'Fore his voice was gone!

Face is *sad* to *Lide*, and they 's
Sorrow in the eyes—
Kisses it sometimes, and lays
It away and cries:
I smooth down her hair, and 'low
He is happy, anyhow,
Bein' there with mother now—
Smile and wipe my eyes.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Twin Guests.

THE other day a chubby boy,
With wings and blinded eyes,
Came clamoring at my door, and I,
To rid me of his cries,
At last said, "Love, you may come in";
When, with dismay at heart,
I saw the rascal enter with
Almost his counterpart—
Except that while Love smiled, this one
Did mournfully complain.
"Where'er I go," the blind boy said,
"Goes my twin brother Pain."
They quickly drove calm Friendship out,
And what with tears and smiles
I can do naught but comfort Pain
And watch Love's pretty wiles.
And though sometimes in weariness
I wish them far away,
Again so sweet the torments are
I plead with them to stay.

Virginia Bioren Harrison.

On Looking into an Old Album.

THEY say 't was beyond comprehension
That I could be loath to propose;
So stately reserved when she chose,
But bending to love like a rose:
They say she 'd have welcomed the mention
Of marriage — who knows?

They say she had many a lover
In gems and immaculate dress;
Silk stockings and ruffles, no less
Than a peer of the realm would possess:
Why she favored me none could discover—
Nor I, I confess!

They say I kept missing my chances;
She married for money and died;
Her husband now sleeps by her side,
And I?—men drift with the tide—
Her granddaughter merrily dances
To-night as my bride!

Charles Knowles Bolton.

After Dinner.

FRAMED in our old veranda-chair,—
The sea-side air and sunset braving,—
She seems a picture, still and fair,
Her fan of feathers scarcely waving.
Dressed all in crimson; from the slip
Of airy gauze that crowns her tresses
To that neat slipper's satin tip—
Her stockings always match her dresses.

So sweet she looks, one half believes
She must be some Venetian lady
Come back to life, with hanging sleeves,
From marble palace, grim and shady.
Some people think she is a dunce,
And some find fault with her complexion
You do not see these faults at once,
But only after long reflection.

And near her bends the man of law.
Heavy his brow with mystic learning;
His fingers trifle with a straw,
His eyes are dark, and sad, and burning.
Perhaps he speaks a tender word,
Or fragment of some old love-ballad;
But this is all I overheard—
"The proper way to make a salad . . ."

Annie Glenny Wilson.

Dame Gossip's Wedding.

"HAVE you heard the news? Dame Gossip is wed,"
One evil spirit to another said.
"Tell me about it," the listener cried;
And, in reply, said the friend of the bride:
"She wore Mrs. Envy's garment of green,
And the smile of Malice, that you have seen;
The bridesmaids were Misses Liar and Hate;
No best man was present, sad to state.
Who is the groom? Who else can it be
But Gossip's true love, Sir Devil, he
Whom she 's revered all the days of her life.
All hail to Satan, and Gossip his wife!"

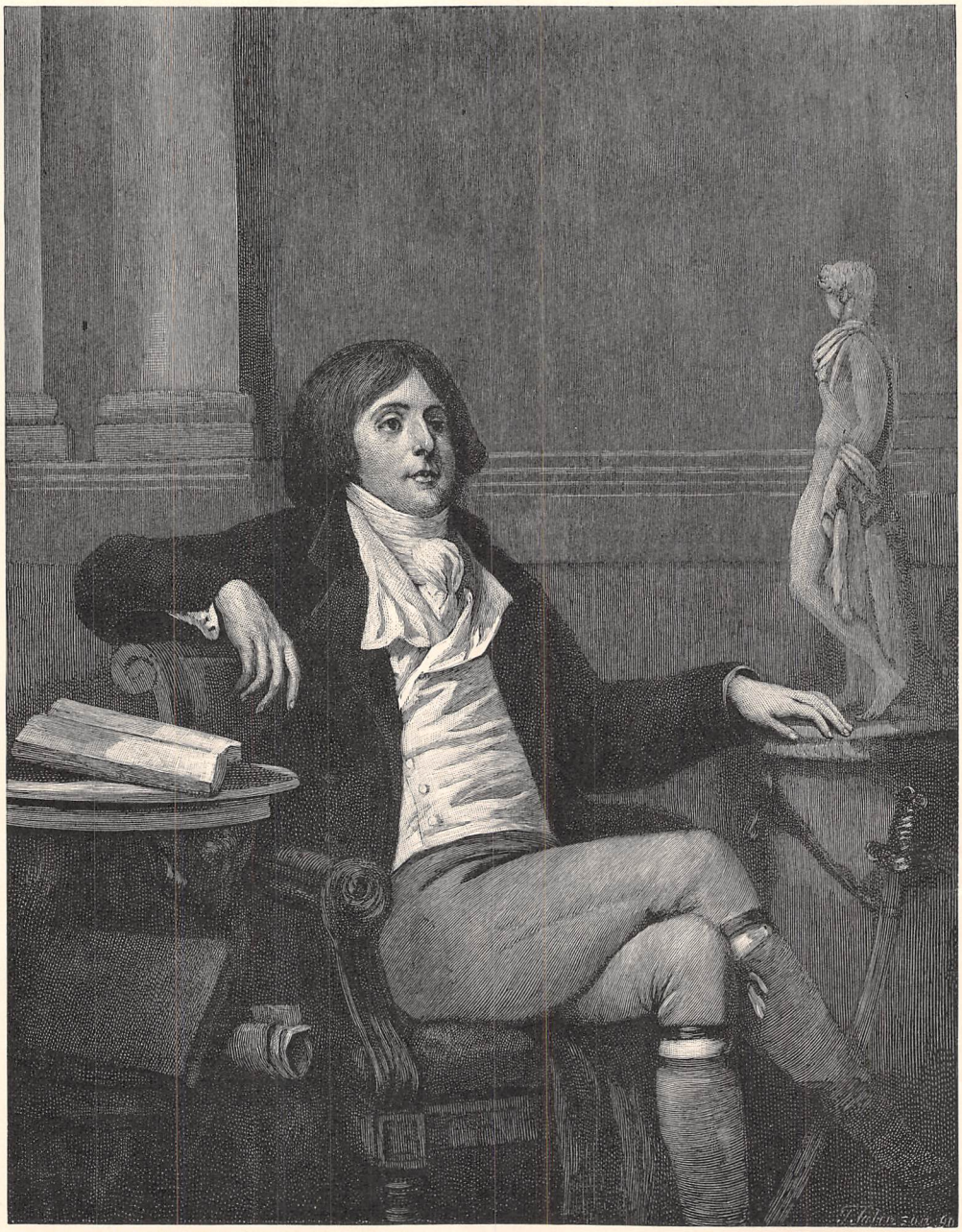
Maurice Perkins.

Phyllis.

LAST week Phyllis gave me the key to her heart,
With a glance that was trusting and gay.
But alas! when in triumph I tried it, I found
She had changed the lock the next day.

Alice Anable Graves.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



FROM A PAINTING BY GREUZE, IN POSSESSION OF M. CHAIX D'EST-ANGE. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ch. mau. talleyrand.

TALLEYRAND.

MIDWINTER NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. FEBRUARY, 1891. No. 4.

THE GEORGIA CRACKER IN THE COTTON MILLS.

FLUNG as if by chance beside a red clay road that winds between snake fences, a settlement appears. Rows of loosely built, weather-stained frame houses, all of the same ugly pattern and buttressed by clumsy chimneys, are set close to the highway. No porch, no doorstep even, admits to these barrack-like quarters; only an unhewn log or a convenient stone. To the occupants suspicion, fear, and robbery are unknown, for board shutters stretched swagging back leave the paneless windows great gaping squares. Hospitably widespread doors reveal interiors original and fantastic enough for a Teniers or a Frère to paint. The big, sooty fireplace is decked with an old-time crane and pots and kettles, or with a stove in the last stages of rust and decrepitude. A shackling bed, tricked out in gaudy patchwork, a few defunct "split-bottom" chairs, a rickety table, and a jumble of battered crockery keep company with the collapsed bellows and fat pine knots by the hearth. The unplastered walls are tattooed with broken mirrors, strips of bacon, bunches of turkey feathers, strings of red peppers, and gourds, green, yellow, and brown. The bare floors are begrimed with the tread of animals; and the muddy outline of splayed toes of all shapes and sizes betoken inmates unused to shoes and stockings. The back door looks upon an old-fashioned moss-covered well with its long pole and a bucket at the end hung high in air. Yard there is none, nor plant, nor paling, nor outhouse, in the whole community. On the nearest limbs a few patched garments flap ghostlike in the breeze. Forest trees shade the black-lichened roof, and the dogwood, azalea, and laurel riot on the hillside. Surmounting this crest is a little squat, frame building that only irredeemable ugliness proclaims to be a church. The path that leads to it is almost untrodden.

Over the scene broods the stillness of virgin woods. The peacefulness that flees from busy marts inwraps the smokeless chimneys and silent hearths. It is a deserted village. The homes are but the shells of human presence. Not even the ticking of a clock answers the lonely cricket in the mantel. The wood fire is half burned out, the embers dead; a simple breakfast has been partly consumed; great hollows formed by recent occupation punctuate the unmade feather beds. What sprite, what fiend, has snatched up the inmates in the midst of work and hurry? What mysterious power suspended in a moment all the functions of life, and swept away its representatives?

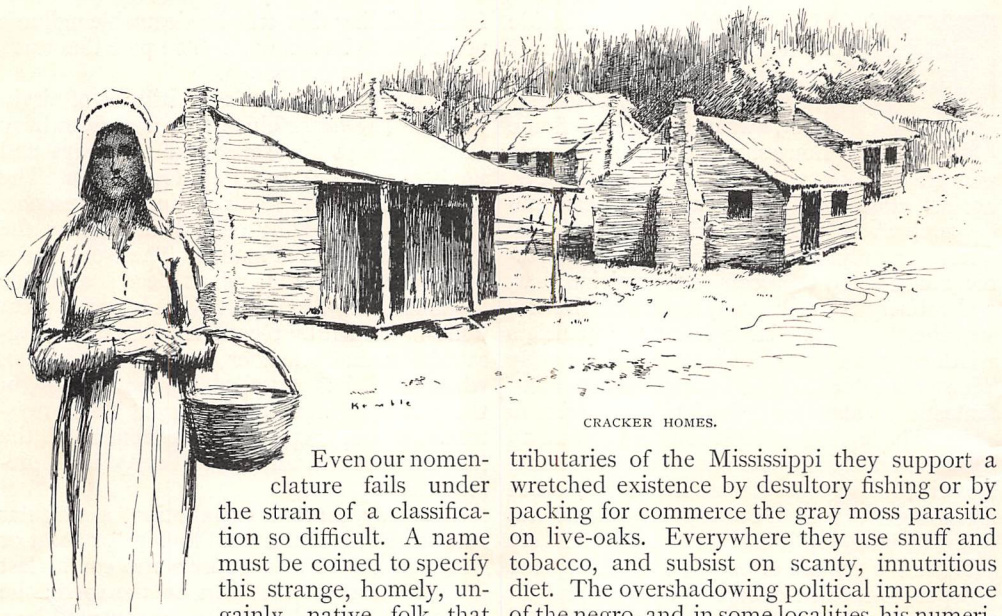
A steady, throbbing pulsation, a singular persistent whir not caused by bird or beast or wind, unnoticed at first, frets the ear at last into consciousness. A turn in the road; the swish, splash of falling waters is accented by a stronger pulse-beat, and around a farther bend comes into view an ancient wheel, wheezy and dilapidated, picturesquely dipping into a turbid stream and scattering rainbows of dazzling yellow drops. A low, straggling brick mill gives forth the sound of flying spindles and the measured jar of many looms.

Herein are gathered the missing denizens of the settlement, of both sexes and of all ages and conditions. Grandsires feebly totter about the cotton-house; grandams, mothers, sons, and daughters tend the whirling machinery; while children too young to work play along the walls under the maternal eye. Of one class only there is lack. Has war in the land claimed all the able-bodied male adults

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

who should father these little ones? Another turn in the road betrays that the absence of the men is due to no holy patriotic fire. Grouped about the single store of the village, lounging, whittling sticks, and sunning their big, lazy frames, sit a score of stalwart masculine figures, while their offspring and their womankind toil in the dusty mill.

The race that tends the spindles of the cotton-growing States is altogether unique. To describe it, geographical boundaries must be effaced and national peculiarities ignored; for the blood of the followers of Cavaliers in Maryland, noblemen in Virginia, Swiss and palatines in North Carolina, and Huguenots in the Palmetto State blends with that of the impecunious gentlemen brought by Oglethorpe to Georgia, and everywhere crops out in one quaint, baffling, original, unchangeable type. Even our nomenclature fails under the strain of a classification so difficult. A name must be coined to specify this strange, homely, ungainly, native folk that delve in tobacco, cotton, and corn, distil whisky in the mountains, and spin or weave in villages and towns. "Crackers" in every mood and tense past, present, and future they are; "crackers" in dialect, feature, coloring, dress, manner, doings, and characteristics. In their native habitat the term is not a reproach but a scientific distinction, expressing undisguisable, stubborn, ineradicable qualities, which isolate that large portion of the community whom the epithet embraces — hundreds of thousands of non-slaveholding whites in antebellum days and their present descendants. This unpromising element now belongs less to the higher civilization of the South and counts for less in her councils than did their forefathers of a century ago, who, as destitute and perhaps illiterate colonists, marked with helpless uneasiness the gradual growth in the new home of an aristocracy founded on the possession of land, negroes, or education. The crackers of our time are an impressive example of race degeneration caused partly by climate, partly by caste prejudices due to the institution of slavery. Though sprung from the vigorous Scotch-Irish stock so firmly rooted on the Atlantic slope, they have lapsed into laziness, ignorance, and oddity. The Georgians in the wire-grass region choose as dainties chalk, starch, and the gum from the pines whose turpentine they collect for barter; in the mountains of Virginia the natives eat clay; in the Carolinas they are wild, unkempt ginseng hunters; in Tennessee they are often desperadoes, cunning and treacherous, murdering their foe from ambush. Along the Gulf and the tributaries of the Mississippi they support a wretched existence by desultory fishing or by packing for commerce the gray moss parasitic on live-oaks. Everywhere they use snuff and tobacco, and subsist on scanty, innutritious diet. The overshadowing political importance of the negro, and, in some localities, his numerical superiority, help on the deterioration of the poor whites, though they form a large fourth of the white population of each cotton State. Alien to the educated classes because of a thousand subtle discordances that stir ancient yet vital caste prejudice, the crackers are at the same time hated by the colored man. Thus, crushed between the upper and the nether millstones of popular scorn, the victims of reactionary ethics, their condition in the New South is often deplorable.



CRACKER HOMES.

Rarely intermarrying with the gentry, breeding in for generations, the cracker grows more sharply defined by selection and is less plastic to civilization than any other race in America. What these inhabitants were before the war they remained after the war and are now, the

AROUND THE GROCERY.

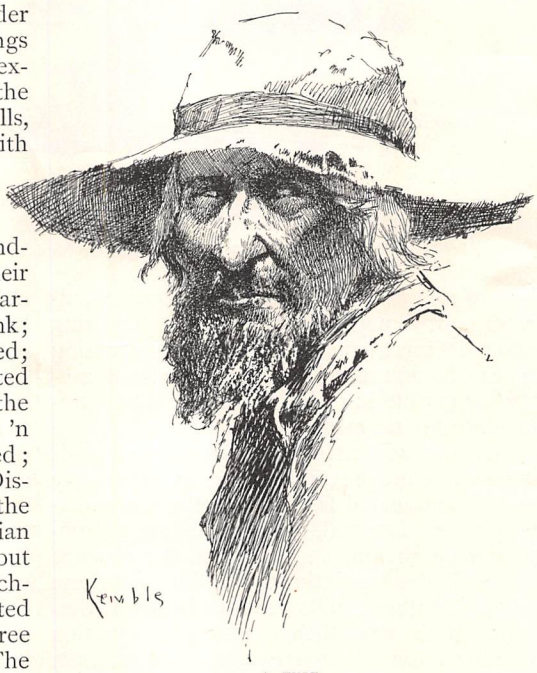
butt of ridicule, shiftless and inconsequent, always poor though always working. To bring into relief this marked, interesting, and amusing type no background is so effective as the Southern factory life, in which the native white proletariate figures exclusively.

In country districts, where primitive methods of manufacture prevail, the machinery is heavy and of antiquated fashion and the remuneration poor. Located, however, in the cotton-producing region, and where in the absence of prohibitive legislation the working hours are longer, Southern mills have a distinct advantage. It is nevertheless an open question whether these advantages are not more than neutralized by the inefficiency of the native white operatives. No colored people are employed in textile industries. The labor market of the producer is limited to the cotton fields and farms of the country. Unable to choose whom he would have, the employer takes whom he can get; and the laborer, fully aware of his value, shows an independence that would nowhere else be tolerated. The genial climate enables him to intrench himself in his castle,—some log cabin of a single room in the midst of a corn patch,—and so long as a quart of meal, a slice of bacon, and a plug of tobacco remain, the overseer implores in vain and the whirl of the spindle ceases. Every adult and child available for work being employed in the village factory, the recalcitrant remains master of the situation. The most indispensable members of the industrial corps desert on the slightest pretext; the fitful attendance being aptly characterized by a weaver who had "tuk two or three spells uv comin' to the mill." Even in the Southern cities, where the expansion of manufacturing has been most striking, and where the recently erected mills vie in finish, equipment, and management with the finest establishments at the North, the labor supply is not abundant. The operatives are lodged to some extent in houses belonging to the corporations, and which are conducted less as a source of revenue than to allure workers. In

improved factory settlements all the sanitary and moral advantages of distinct family life are secured, though about the older mills still linger ancient brick or frame tenements wherein the evils of crowding and indiscriminate association are rampant.

To the occupants as a class moral distinctions are unknown, the limits of *meum et tuum* undefined. Whole families huddle together irrespective of sex or relationship. They have land but no gardens, pasturage but no stock. Wasting their earnings on gewgaws, drink, and indigestible foods, they are unhealthy and inefficient. Despite a favorable climate, a bountiful mother earth, the mortality among the poor whites is shockingly high. Enthusiasts sometimes seek to better the environment and so to effect some good, but they soon become disgusted with their beneficiaries and outraged by their utter incorrigibleness. One clever, original manufacturer for five years devoted head, heart, and purse to ameliorate the condition of his operatives — the worst class in the community. They had no homes; he bought and built houses, which fell to pieces through neglect, or were burned up in drunken orgies. When their dwellings were again repaired the crackers felt out of place in a setting of order and neatness, and "jes ter make things sorter homelike," as was afterwards naïvely explained, they kicked out the panels of the doors, smashed the windows, riddled the walls, and cut up the floor for kindling wood. With driftwood for fuel lying almost at their gates, if they have a gate, rather than walk to and from the fence, if they have a fence, the proletarian inhabitants prefer to destroy their landlord's property. An attempt to utilize their horticultural instincts was unavailing. The gardens were fenced, the tenants burned the plank; the plats were plowed, not a seed was planted; and when, undiscouraged, the employer planted the gardens himself, the people turned in the hogs with the comment, "Bacon 's better 'n garden sass any day." Schools were opened; not a child could be enticed therein. Dismayed by the appalling mortality among the race, our reformer engaged his own physician to visit the mill daily for free consultation, but the operatives were suspicious and unapproachable. When cash payments were substituted for the "order system," the usual monthly spree was multiplied into a weekly carouse. The proprietor endeavored to put natives into positions of trust, and spent thousands of dollars in educating for special duties men who proved hopelessly incompetent. He encouraged the churches to open missions among his employees, whereat families earning in the mill from $50 to $100 a month quit work entirely and subsisted on charity. An effort to lessen the fatigue of women and girls standing twelve hours a day at machinery, by introducing stools for them to sit on, occasioned a small insurrection. The seats were broken up and tossed out of the windows, and the women issued a manifesto declaring that "None er 'em thar new-fangled contrapshuns shain't er-come er-knockin' agin our shanks." So bitter an experience extinguished all hope of softening these hard natures, and the manufacturer, though he speaks of them with a mist in his eyes, "lets the poor devils alone."

The irredeemable workers, however, had been newly broken in the factory system. In older manufacturing communities long and persistent experiments have made impression on the habits of the native, and some sense of personal responsibility has been developed. One agent especially has become closely identified with his operatives, and the success of his reforms proves that the poor white is not always incorrigible. Some corporations by paying interest on deposits encourage saving and the ownership of homes; and despite squalor and seeming poverty many factory workers possess a bank account. That but a small proportion own



A TYPE.

their homes is not exclusively due to improvidence; for wherever "company tenements" are so good as to make it to the advantage of the operative to rent them, the individual has no inducement to become a householder. This fact partly explains why few property owners were encountered in the Augusta

TYPES.

If there is ground enough to grow a few vegetables the responsibility of cultivating it becomes a pretext that often deprives a household of the earnings of its head. Men habitually abandon work on pretense of "makin' er gardin." A little girl, who with her sister's help supported a family of six, when asked why her father did not assist, excused him on the plea, "Dad does our gard'nin'"—the garden being a plat ten by twelve.

Wages in the Georgia mills seem low when judged by Northern standards; yet when the cost of living and the surroundings and the efficiency of the operatives are taken into account, pay is relatively as high as where a more complex civilization has created artificial wants. The interdependence in the South between corporation and employees is rare in New England factory villages. The names, residence, circumstances, needs, failings, or virtues are here well known to the officials; in time of trouble or suspension of work money is freely advanced, and by an unwritten code of human feeling long illness or other disability often brings the regular weekly pay. Not only are relations more friendly and intimate than at the North, but there is conspicuous freedom from the spirit of drive and despotism. Even New England superintendents and overseers in these Southern mills soon glide into the prevailing *laissez-faire* or else leave in despair, though admitting that the cracker might be trained to the highest efficiency.

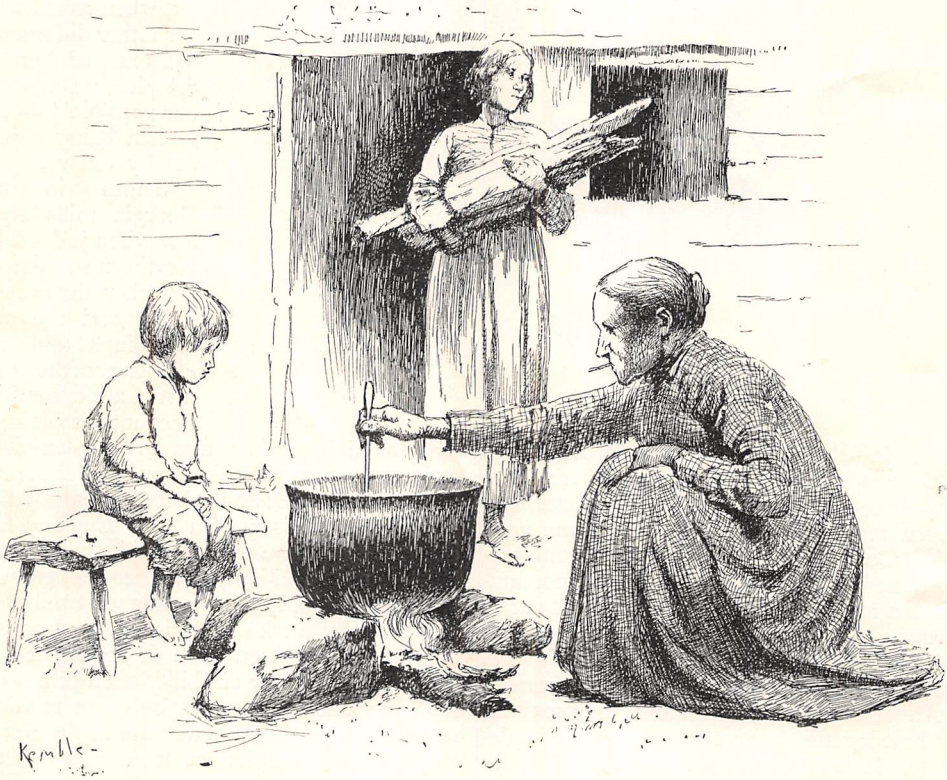
mills. In Athens a number of the workers live on their own domain; and in Columbus, of seventy-three employees personally questioned, eleven reported that taxes on a home were paid. Cotton manufacturing being comparatively new in Atlanta, the industrial community is a mosaic of elements from distant parts: diversity of occupations appeals strongly to the fickle disposition of the crackers, so that the mills are a less steady source of revenue.

About country establishments the provision for housing the wage-earners is often inadequate. It is at serious risk to life and health that the operatives in remote settlements are forced to lodge in rotting, neglected habitations, even though they be rent free. The choicest of these rickety abodes was described by a girl whose only home it had been for fourteen years: "I reckin hit 'll set up thar a right smart while yit, but hit 's pow'ful cold en leaky." Even where better quarters are obtainable the cracker prefers some great shackling structure impossible to heat or to humanize, because, forsooth, as one occupant alleged, "here we has a dinin'-hall." Wont to flock to the suburbs of a city, just beyond tax limit, they herd, dirty and disorderly, in filth and semi-idleness in leaky hovels without other furniture than the barest necessaries.

The country mills are archaic in their management, and in the habits of the operatives. Not a clock or watch is owned in the settlement. Life is regulated by the sun and the factory bell, which rings for rising, breakfast, and work. The hours of labor vary from seventy to seventy-two a week. The workers were "borned in the country," and seldom visit even the neighboring town. In complete isolation, dead monotony, and dense, undisturbed ignorance, their

toilsome lives run out. Now and then a strolling minister enlivens the little barnlike church on the hilltop, where also an intermittent Sunday-school furnishes the only religious instruction; of secular there is none. All purchases are made on the order system at the "company's store"; and though it is not compulsory for the operatives to deal there, distance from market constitutes compulsion, and the buyer is at a disadvantage from the absence of competition and the loss of the educational comparison of values and management of his own funds. The wages of each member of the household swell the common gains, and women often work a lifetime without touching a cent of their pay. One forlorn old maid lamented: "I hain't seed er dollar sence Confed money gave out. Hit 'u'd be good fur sore eyes ter see er genewine dollar." Like so many machines the unsophisticated creatures drudge on, never questioning the prices paid. Such security or indifference is possible but in two conditions of industrial society — entire ignorance, or unshaken trust in the rectitude of employers: both of these conditions obtain here. As the cracker neither adds nor multiplies, it is only by being refused further credit he is made to realize that his supplies depend upon his own efforts, and do not fall manna-like from the heaven of the proprietor's generosity.

The genius for evading labor is most marked in the men. Like Indians in their disdain of household work, they refuse to chop wood or bring water, and often subsist entirely upon the earnings of meek wives or fond daughters, whose excuses for this shameless vagabondism are both pathetic and exasperating. One young wife claims that her stalwart husband has "been er-cuttin' wood"; yet when closely questioned she is obliged to admit his worthlessness: "Fur mos' two years now he hain't er-binner." The father of two little children in the mill does no work at all "'cep'in' hit 's haulin' light wood." A straggling potato row, a scant corn patch on the hillside, an attenuated cow, a few chickens, one pig, and woods full of pine knots for fires bound the Georgia countryman's earthly aspirations except as to clothing, tobacco, and whisky, which his spouse's wages supply. She it is who must feed the poultry and milk the cow. His lordship descends to no duties so menial.



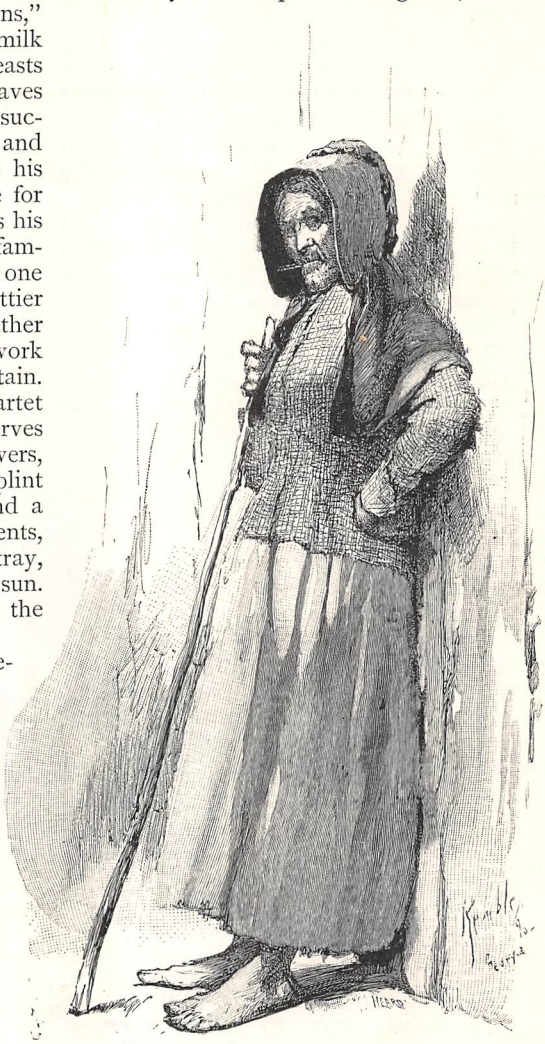
COOKING IN THE YARD.

The daily life being so simple, the expenditures of the cracker are proportionally small. A weaver by ten months' work earned $140,

supported herself and an invalid sister, and laid by $40 in a year. Transplanted to the city, the mode of life of the poor white is not more sumptuous. Bacon, corn-pone, "greens," molasses, and coffee are the regimen, with milk occasionally, and, in "hog-killin'" time, feasts of spare-rib and sausage. The corn that waves over Georgia fields furnishes in various succulent forms the staple diet of the native, and transmitted into other elements supplies his bacon and whisky, while the stalks serve for fuel. At corn-shuckings the cracker courts his sweetheart. Of these identical shucks the family bed is made; and shake it or knead it as one will, the hard stalks only bristle in knottier ridges. Or he reposes on three or four feather beds piled one upon another, a patchwork quilt being spread over the squshy mountain. Into another like suffocating heap a quartet of bairns is tumbled. The kitchen often serves as bedroom for the family. A chest of drawers, a bald, decrepit hair trunk, a mirror and splint chairs, a table, a few cracked dishes, and a gourd complete the household equipments, while outside the cabin hangs the biscuit tray, and a few peaches or apples dry in the sun. Not uncommonly the cooking is done in the yard in a big pot or over glowing coals.

When money flows in steadily the wage-earners buy the best cuts of meat and are liberal consumers of expensive early vegetables and fruit. The dispensers of charity for a church, more trustful than prudent, gave a mill family professing to be in dire need orders on a grocer for a certain amount weekly, and were astounded to find that for the meat and meal indicated the tradesman was persuaded to substitute fruit, nuts, and raisins. At every door children squat around a tin plate of syrup, dipping in it big hunks of corn-pone and smearing their yellow faces more widely with each mouthful. The sweet "pertatur" roasted in the ashes is always ready — a great advantage where the housewife "bees tired" from her birth. In the cracker's kitchen lard is the universal solvent. The tyrant of his home, the key to his habits, the blazon of his civilization, is the frying-pan.

A niggard as to eatables, a spendthrift as to furniture, in personal habiliments the poor white strikes a golden mean. The usual attire of the women is all unbleached cotton or a neat check or gingham, the serviceable product of their own looms. The style of dress has not altered a seam in thirty years. A peculiar lankiness characterizes the plain, round skirts, accented by the spare, angular form. Overskirts are rare innovations, regarded with envious heart-burnings, the cause of many grotesque adaptations of costume, and indulged in chiefly by the young and giddy. These additions to the toilet are usually of cheap worsted goods, intense



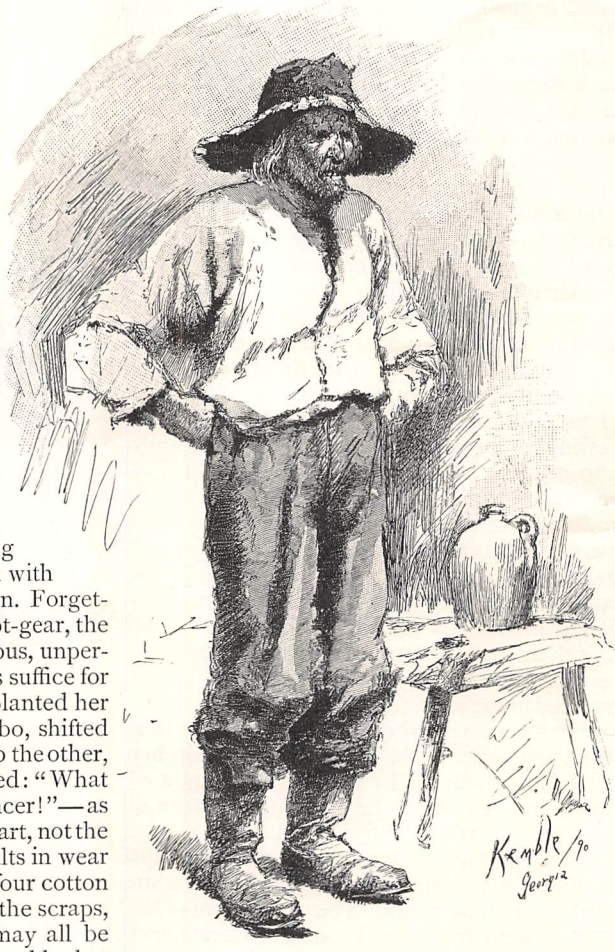
A CRACKER WOMAN.

green, or brilliant saffron, surmounting a cotton gown, the whole array made more incongruous by that homeliest head-gear, the slat sun-bonnet, universal badge of the female cracker. From the end of the tunnel formed by the uncompromising pasteboard slats a shrewd, hard, yellow, cadaverous face peers out. When the covering is removed, the scant hair is revealed caught straight back from the brow and skewered into an untidy knot. Occasionally one of the plainest old souls, seized with desire for modern finery, after protracted "tradin'" and haggling becomes possessed of a fashionable bonnet, gay with yellow or pink flowers and cheap lace, which is donned with her best cotton robe and brogans. The inborn taste for

color breaks out in flaring ribbons, variegated handkerchiefs, and startling vivid raiment visible miles away, ill-made, ill-fitting, of cheap texture, and loaded with tawdry trimmings, from which the eye turns with relief to the antiquated, unassuming, lanky figures innocent of corset or bustle, swathed in straight skirts and bodice bulging at the shoulders.

The men wear baggy jeans trousers, often home-made, strapped up almost under the armpits, or else without suspenders and dragging about the hips. The shirt is of unbleached homespun without collar or cuffs. A low battered, soft felt hat, or a third-hand beaver, completes the costume, except when for grandeur a vest is added. The favorite occupation of the men is to spit, stare, and whittle sticks. In the mills the boys are dressed in trousers a world too big, father's or grandfather's lopped off at the knees and all in tatters. Girls are clad in cotton gowns through whose rifts the skin is visible, and few have ever disported even a cast-off hat or an outgrown wool dress. Shoes and stockings, though a luxury, are possessed by all except the most miserable and abandoned of the women. They are, however, put away "for Sunday," and so carefully economized that the simple owners walk barefooted four or five miles to church or camp-meeting with the precious articles wrapped in a handkerchief. Within sight of their goal they sit down in a bend of the snake fence, dust off their tired feet, and, donning the prized hosiery and shoes, march with pride into the assembled congregation. Forgetting the infrequency of the use of foot-gear, the writer expressed surprise to a vigorous, unperverted cracker that one pair of shoes suffice for a year. The tawny giantess firmly planted her big bare feet, stuck her arms akimbo, shifted the quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and with dramatic indignation retorted: "What does yer take me fur? I hain't no daincer!"—as if only devotion to the terpsichorean art, not the ordinary process of locomotion, results in wear and tear of shoe leather. Three or four cotton gowns, as many "bunnits" made of the scraps, a little homespun for underwear, may all be bought for six dollars, and with a blanket shawl for winter the wardrobe is complete. Sewing and laundering are more costly. The traditional prejudice against the washtub ruled the mind of a limp, tattered creature who earned scarcely enough to keep soul and body together. "You do your own washing?" was innocently demanded. "Is I a nigger?" quoth she, witheringly.

Dressy young girls devote $20 to $100 a year to their attire, selected without judgment and rarely useful or presentable. The hard-earned funds are wasted on trumpery, pinchbeck jewelry, cotton lace, coarse high-tinted flowers, satin shoes for the dusty highways, and costumes of indescribable hues. It is pathetic to see this ignorant groping for beauty in their hard and colorless lives. In lieu of pretty homes and bright possessions the women make themselves a walking rainbow. Lacking in the crude, impulsive cracker nature is that sense of proportion, that fine instinct for harmony, which dominates the European peasant dress, subordinating color and ornament both to the individual wearer and to the fitness of things. In the South an unsuitable or grotesque fashion rules the hour; and these half-developed creatures being imitative, not



A RACE PROBLEM.

HEADS OF MILL WOMEN.

artistic, and constantly reaching out for warmth, glow, richness, their tropic fire bursts forth in chromatic symphonies which stand them instead of music, poetry, and art.

The inevitable hardships everywhere so disastrous to the workers in textile fabrics fail to account for the feeble constitutions and wrecked health of so many of these Southern toilers. Other causes are manifestly active. The malaria lurking about water-courses ravages the mills on the streams and invades the houses of the employees, usually close to the bank. Drainage is neglected and epidemics stalk relentless. The use of snuff is a withering curse. Hardened *habitués* smoke and chew tobacco, and dip snuff and "lip" the powder. The weed is applied with a softened twig dipped into the snuff and rubbed on the teeth. All down the alleys of the factories are women and little girls with the inevitable stick in their mouth; it is their companion also in the street and at social gatherings, and scarcely laid aside for meals or sleep. The invariable signs, a carrot-like cuticle, livid lips, black-rimmed eyes, flabby, morbid flesh, proclaim the victim of the poison. Excessive indulgence in this stimulant often creates the desire for a stronger, and among the older women drunkenness is not uncommon. Indeed snuff-dippers might be mistaken for inebriates, having the ashy, rickety, depraved aspect that follows a long debauch.

The weak constitutions and frightful appearance as well as the various maladies of the factory operatives are further confirmed by the early age at which work in the mills is begun. For want of legal interference the child is sacrificed either to the dire need or to the avarice, selfishness, and lazy neglect of its parents, and is harnessed to the treadmill as soon as misrepresentations to the overseer will effect that end. When five and six years old the juveniles follow the mothers to the mills, where they are incarcerated till premature old age and helplessness bring about their dismissal. This early decay, this sudden failure of the powers, descends like a devastating stroke. Unmarried women of thirty are wrinkled, bent, and haggard. Mothers who, despite maternal cares, ought to look as fresh as their daughters, seem to carry the weight of a century on their bowed backs. Twenty years of vitality sapped by summer heat, eaten out by ague, stolen by dyspeptic miseries! Sickly faces, stooping shoulders, shriveled flesh, suggest that normal girlhood never existed, that youth had never rounded out the lanky figure, nor glowed the sallow cheek. A slouching gait; a drooping chest, lacking muscular power to expand; a dull, heavy eye; yellow, blotched complexion; dead-looking hair; stained lips, destitute of color and revealing broken teeth — these are the dower of girlhood in the mills. Take a little maid whose face is buried in her sunbonnet, and who, when asked her age, responds, "I 'm er-gwine on ten." Push back her bonnet, hoping to find the personification of that grace, vigor, and joy which some demon has stamped out of the saturnine faces of the elders. A sad spectacle reveals itself. Out of a shock of unkempt hair look glassy eyes ringed with black circles reaching far down her yellow cheeks. Her nose is pinched, the features aborted, the yellow lips furrowed with snuff stains. The skin is ghastly, cadaverous, the flesh flabby, the frame weak and loose-jointed. The dirty legs and feet are bare. A tattered cotton slip clings to the formless limbs.

"When do you go to school, my child?"

"Hain't never been thar," the waif responds when shyness has yielded to cajoleries.

"Never at school! Can't you read?"

"No, 'm; but Lizy kin."

"Who is Lizy?"

"Me 'n' Lizy 's sisters."

"Where is your father?"

"Him done dade."

"And your mother?"

A backward motion of the thumb to the mill is the only response.

"What is your name?"

A jumble of mysterious sounds, which, after many repetitions, are understood to signify "Georgy Alybamy Missippy Kicklighter."

"What do you do all day, Georgy?"

"Wuks." The same backward turn of the thumb.

"How long have you been working?"

"Ev'ry sence I was mighty nigh er kitten."

Importuned to state at what age the delights of kittenhood ceased and toil began, she vouchsafes:

"Seven year."

"What do you do in the mill?"

"Pieces ainds." Then, with sudden recollection, "But I hain't been nowhar 'cep'n' in mill he'pen' maw sence I was five year ole."

"And were you never put at school?"

"Teacher done sont fur us, but me 'n' Lizy nary one did n't git thar, fur hit broke."

"You look sallow. Does anything ail you?"

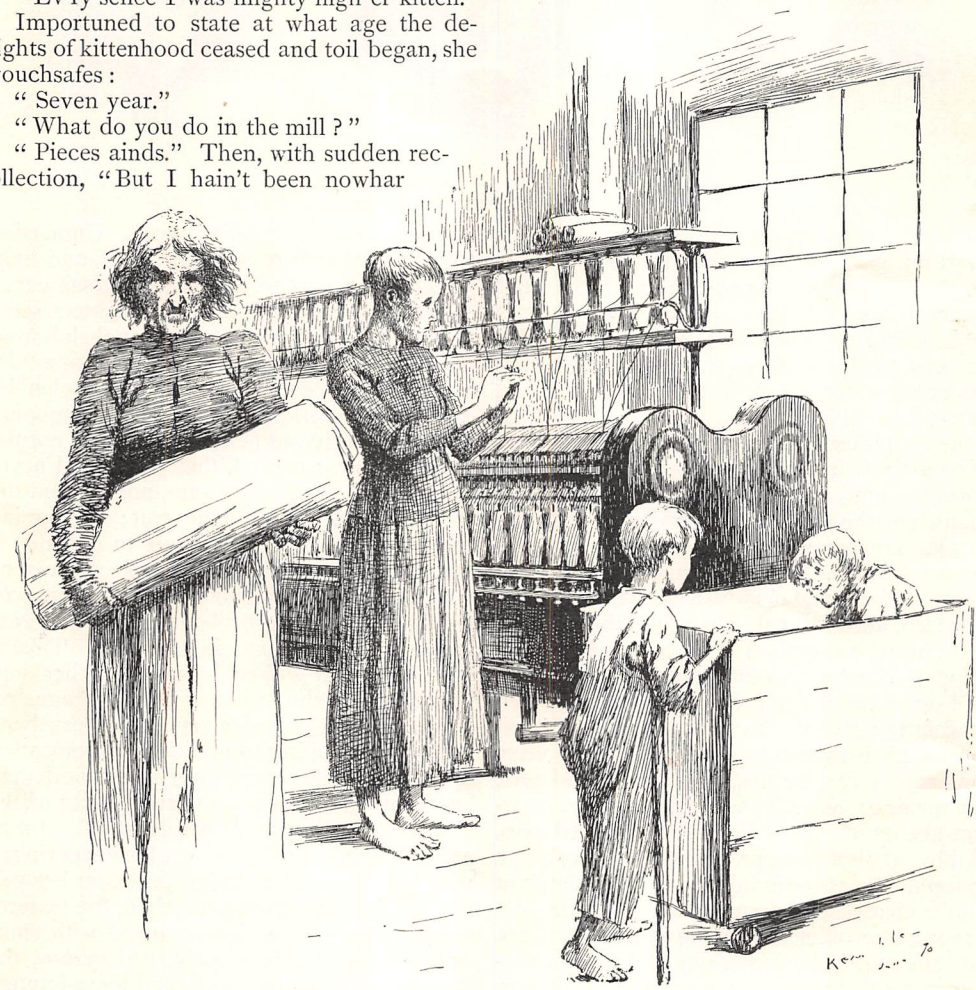
"I be pow'ful weak."

"What does the doctor give you?"

"Don' give me nothin'. Maw, she gimme groun' pease. She 'low them 's better 'n doctor's truck fur agy."

This is the product of three generations of mill workers, the grandmother, mother, and child drudging side by side. None of them could read or write, none had ever been four miles from their shanty and the factory. "Lizy" was the freak of nature, the meteoric genius of the family, having learned her letters at Sunday-school.

With increasing years came increasing woes. A widow of fifty-three who has spun since she was seven scorns the medical gentry. "I bees hardened ter dust. Ef I bees sick, I jes trots ter mill an' wuks it offen me. Hain't no time ter be foolin' 'long er doctors. Got my little business ter ten' ter. But I hain't so kinder peart as I uster was."



IN THE MILL.

The crackers are a "whining set," and valetudinarianism is popular. To be robust and hearty savors of bucolic vulgarity; to be "alers gruntin'" approaches the languid delicacy so admired in "rich folks," and occult maladies are a gage of respectability. Allowing for these idiosyncrasies, however, twenty-eight per cent. of the cotton operatives are seriously out of

health. Not invalids are they to be called, convalescents, supernumeraries, or elegant idlers, but women and children baptized in suffering and sacrifice, who stand eleven and twelve hours six days in the week tending complex machinery, or walking miles up and down long frames in a steaming atmosphere where ordinary unsodden human flesh becomes limp and helpless. For the sake of dear dependents the will forces the weary muscles to act and knits the relaxed nerves. Surely, fatally, the joy dies out of the eyes of childhood, girlhood is but a flickering shadow, and maturity an enforced decrepitude, a lingering old age, a quenching of the fires of life before they half burn.

Though the public are indifferent, mill officials as a rule oppose child labor as utilized in the South, and often a wholesale dismissal takes place, quickened by protests of labor unions; but under various pretexts the gnome-like toilers creep back, especially into the country and suburban mills because of the scarcity of hands. A most potent factor in this abuse is that the fathers will not work and the little ones must. Year after year bills to prevent the employment of children under ten and twelve are defeated in the legislature, less from objection to the measure than from criminal indifference and because a time clause has been added reducing the hours of labor; and this curtailment, the manufacturers feel, would be disastrous to their interests. Meanwhile, without palliation or excuse, the murder of the innocents goes on. "Mary Belle Surrelle Jones," a wizened midget of eight, whose father is dead, began work in the factory at five years old. She went to school a little, but does not know her letters, and uses unlimited quantities of snuff. Let a loquacious scrap of nine years tell her own story.

"I wur eight yur ole come er Chewsdy when maw drawed my fus pay. Don' have money much offen; maw she gimme er quarter laist buthday. Maw 's hur in er mill, en paw 's hur, en Sailly she he'ps maw spool 'ca'se she hain't big 'nough ter piece ainds. Sailly she 's six, en maw hain't got nary one ter leave her wid, so she bring her ter mill. No, 'm, I hain't got no book-learnin'. Yais, 'm, I dips. Overseer t' other mill he says, 'Calline, dip snuff,' says he; ''ca'se, ef yer don't, blue dye 'll pizen yer.'"

The adult operatives in the older manufactories cannot assign a date at which their apprenticeship began, remembering only that they were "pow'ful young." Girls from fifteen to twenty-five recollect no other playground than the country factories, having been brought there in their mothers' arms in the early dawn and taken home again under the stars; they have been reared amid machinery, their cradle often a box of bobbins, their coverlet the hanks of yarn. Here, robbed of sunlight and air, smothered in dust and poisonous exhalations, babies from one to five years are entombed; and the precious hours of infancy, passed without love or care, merge into weary drudgery as soon as the young limbs can be bound to the wheels of toil.

Demoralized by a lifetime of travail amid insanitary conditions, underfed, and badly housed, without education, incentives, or ideals, the limited mental development of the cracker is scarcely a reproach to him. Though ignorant, he is rarely stupid. His native shrewdness and sturdy common sense save him from imposition, make him quick to see an advantage. Reading character with intelligent intuition, if circumlocution fails he surprises by direct attack; baffled here, wheedling, or sheer persistence, or the "poor mouth" he puts up, makes his plea quite irresistible. His isolation from current events is absolute, his want of general information fathomless. Few of the older operatives know how old they are. Their age is referred to as a tangible or inflammable possession. "Maw tuk hit away," or "Hit burned up when the house was set afire." Many poor souls being unable to count or add, the confusion of statement is often startling. In 1887 a haggard sexagenarian persisted that she was "jes thirty en nary day over," when she has a son twenty-two and her husband was killed in the war. "How old are you?" usually elicited a comical look of uncertainty. "Now yer got me," was the constant rejoinder. Of three hundred and twenty-eight women and girls fifty-six were unable to state even approximately where they or their parents first saw the light. A variety of leading questions gained no decisive clue, though all presumably were native Georgians. Twenty-seven more were so doubtful that accurate data were unobtainable, and others "reckined" and "disremembered" too much for statistical purposes. "In the country," meaning not in a city, might signify any State; and answers recorded as definite were really only partial, affording hints interpreted by the statistician. Concerning localities, dates, and lapse of time the same untrustworthiness is universal. The only seasons in the vocabulary are "cotton-hoein'," "horg-killin'," or "'tween craps." Such homely phrases indicate an intimacy with the processes of nature neither critical nor poetic. Imagining every stranger a "Yankee," they are offish and suspicious till reassured, for sectional animosities still smolder. The President, according to their befuddled creed, is at the focus of all roads, and to enter that august presence is regarded as beatification. Despite this awe, the crackers feel quite neighborly towards the distant magnate of the White House, and at parting often graciously remark, "Tell the President howdy fur me."

Impoverished by the civil war, oppressed by a relatively enormous burden of taxation, Georgia has yet made since 1872 prodigious strides in her common schools. However progressive the educational system in certain cities, in the villages and country the public school organization is defective and appallingly inadequate to the needs of future mothers and citizens. The "ambulatory schools," holding but two months' session, have only lately been abolished. Appropriations have recently sufficed for a school term of ninety days in the year, and since 1888 a larger fund has been voted. In each subdistrict, if the population warrants, one or more teachers, often incompetent, are certified; but in sparsely settled localities no schools exist. In the absence of compulsion pupils are frequently not forthcoming, and attendance at the best is phenomenally uncertain, lasting one week or one month as home conditions or untoward dispositions dictate. Large numbers of poor, illiterate white children never enter a schoolroom. Parents, insensible to the advantages of education, make no attempt to have their children attend school, and generation after generation remains untaught. In proximity to cities where good public schools are maintained nine months of the year the outlook is more favorable, but even here the privileges of enlightenment are unavailable for the poor crackers, whose wretched little cabins being built beyond suburban limits and the tax collector's arm, their offspring are debarred municipal tuition.

To an utter indifference to letters as much as to these preventable obstacles is due the woful intellectual starvation of the present generation of Anglo-Saxons in the South. The heading, "Working Women in Cities," printed in big capitals, was submitted as a test to a brawny lass of twenty-four. Her mind ran on a recent religious revival, for in good faith she spelt out the words, "Work now for Jesus." A spinster of thirty-three apologized for breaking down on a more difficult test line offered. "Kin pernounce almos' ary word; but some, cain't speak 'em plain," she averred deprecatingly. An emaciated shadow of nineteen cannot read, and knows nothing but the factory routine. When questioned as to the occupation of her father, an able-bodied vagrant, who spends the earnings of his daughters, filial affection inciting her to invent some authentic employment, she drawled out: "My paw?

A CRACKER FIREPLACE.

Waal, paw — paw does our traidin'." Hear the ring of honest independence, admire the pluck of this girl of twenty who manages words of one syllable: "Tuk up readin' uv my own haid uv er night. Maw 's had two husbins, both on 'em killed. 'Pears like Godlemighty did n't want nary one uv us ter have none. Maw she sets an' knits. Sis an' me was both down at onct six weeks. Man we traides wid he trusted us, an' we paid ev'ry doggone red cent — ef we did n't, yer may eat me."

Of 330 white women and children tested, from eight to seventy years old, 56, or 17 per cent., read words of four or five syllables, some fluently, some hesitatingly; these could also write. Seventy, or 21 per cent., read headings of two syllables with varied degrees of ease from readiness to slow spelling, and all this class could at least write their names. One hundred and four, or 31½ per cent., read monosyllabic sentences, but in most cases stumblingly and with infinite pains. None of this group could write at all, or even spell their own name unless the appellation was very simple. Practically they were wholly illiterate, their knowledge of letters being inferior to that of primary pupils. The remaining 100, or 30 per cent., embracing children, girls, and adults, did not know the alphabet and were in benighted ignorance. Applying the Massachusetts grading, 61½ per cent. of the Georgia cotton operatives neither read nor write. Had other country mills been investigated the percentage of illiterates would have been far higher. Some years ago in a newly opened Atlanta factory, with a large contingent of rural workers, occasion arose for the eighty women in the spinning room to sign their names. Only two could do so; these were two colored girls employed as sweepers.

WASHING.

Peculiarly interesting, as disproving even a suspicion of racial limitations of intellect, are the fifty-six females who compassed five-syllabled words and who are fair scribes. Such information as they have acquired was wrested at excessive personal cost under adverse circumstances. By the light of pine knots and sputtering tallow candles the mill workers have conned the primer after standing twelve hours in the factory and straining over machinery till every muscle ached. With no help they picked out the letters of their own name or of Bible words as the minister read, and then with a hint or two have mastered the hieroglyphics. Sunday-school teachers have instructed others. Some have spent their tired evenings at the mill school, supported in their weariness by hopes and aspirations the hardest destiny could not quell.

Though the second group of seventy-six might interpret easy portions of Holy Writ or of newspapers, such severe intellectual athletics are seldom attempted. Save a rare copy of the Scriptures, neither books nor journals are found in the cracker's possession. Free libraries being, so to speak, non-existent in the South, a priggish sort of Sunday-school narrative is the chief literature of the industrial population. Their imagination is captivated by sensuous pictures of a future state, and the Bible powerfully appeals to their emotional and susceptible minds by its inexhaustible stories of war and heroism, its stirring appeals, fiery denunciations, and magnificent promises. Both entertainment and spiritual comfort distil from its well-thumbed pages, and its principles sometimes inspire a piety almost saintly.

The nearly and the quite illiterate comprise all grades of character and manners. Even among confirmed snuff devotees, however, illiteracy is not always synonymous with unworthiness or vulgarity. Rather is it often a misfortune, sealing a beautiful nature from higher possibilities. The normal Georgia cracker under all her nicotine stains overflows in simplicity and unperverted goodness. The dust of the mill makes a halo about lovely, unselfish lives.

Roughness of speech and manners covers a gentle, loyal heart and unswerving integrity. Even the depraved hide their swagger and debauchery from the gaze of innocence, and smite wrong-doing in the young with instinctive wrath and prophetic abhorrence. Dissoluteness of life and speech are rather an excrescence than a vital disease.

Early marriages are more frequent than among populations less mercurial, more conservative, and slower to mature. As a corollary of hasty and ill-advised unions, desertion often ensues. The instability of the conjugal bond and the indifference with which marriage is often regarded are evidenced by the boasting of many matrons as to the ease with which they have rid themselves of objectionable partners and taken others more to their fancy. Divorce is deemed a disgrace; but the legality of a second so-called marriage is rarely questioned, nor are the contractors ostracized.

Religious feeling is usually fervid, and in these untaught natures is tinged with superstitious fears; church-going is to their barren life a consecrated service. To thousands of children the mission Sunday-schools afford the only instruction, religious or secular, often neutralized by irregular attendance. Too abjectly poor to mingle with pew-holding congregations, the cracker drifts to the chapels and country meeting-houses where pulpits are filled by itinerants or local preachers. The piety of these peripatetic ministers is in some cases extremely questionable. Exhorting on Sunday, "peddling about" during the week, they live in flagrant idleness among their flocks, to whom denial of hospitality to a pastor is a cardinal sin. The shrewd poor whites are quick

A STROLLING PREACHER.

to miss the odor of sanctity; but being impenetrable to the idea that intellectual labor can have the same value as manual, or indeed be considered work at all, they regard even industrious, pious clergymen as idlers in the vineyard, with whom their hard-got gains must not be shared. The inimical spirit towards the local minister originates less in irreverence than in instinctive sense of justice. Mingled with contrition for neglect of religious duty is a righteous revolt against imposition. One delicious specimen of the cracker genus was outspoken in her ire.

"What church I goes ter? I be Baptis', Methody, an' Pres'teun. But I never drapped a nickel in meetin' sence I was borned. Preachers is ez able fur ter wuk ez I is, en they mus' scuffle roun' fur theyse'ves en they ladies ez I does. I loves ter see 'em wuk. All ary preacher gits outen this chile he kin put in his eye."

The denomination specially favored by the natives cannot be named, because, in a truly catholic spirit, they "goes ter all churches, fust one, then t' other." A Baptist declines water except unpolluted, for "the mud" quenches her pious inclinations. The single lady who was scandalized at the inference that she was a "daincer" lives with her sister and brother-in-law, and thus describes her home: "Sis she goes 'head in ther fambly. I cain't read nary bit. Wages hain't er sukkumstaince—like eatin' soup with er knittin'-needle. But I kin wash ez well ez any nigger—my maw learnt me ter love ter wuk. I 'm er shoutin' Methody, but hain't got nary rig fitten ter w'ar ter meetin'. Afeerd I 'll be grinned at. I 'm putty tol'bly homely, but I hates ter be grinned at."

The nomenclature of this uncanny folk is curious and significant. Nancy and Polly are not scorned or transformed as in finical circles. Masculine baptismal titles are numerous, Johnny Smith being not a tow-headed, freckle-faced urchin, but a spinster of uncertain age. Infantile nicknames cling to adults, and old hags are still Babe and Honey. The goddesses are represented by Juno and Vesta, the fruits by Orange and Piny; Savannah and Atlanta, Georgia and Alabama, sleep side by side, and occasionally one puny offshoot is crushed beneath the names of several States. Arcenia Calcedonia is not a heroine of romance or the incarnation of patriotism. She is a squat, ashy-faced, sandy-haired body whose forebears for four generations have "grubbed fur er livin'" in the red hills and gullies of Georgia. Though hard living, dyspepsia, and toil have blotted out almost all beauty among the women, the ugly brown chrysalis of girlhood sometimes frees a glorious being: a refined face and a queenly carriage suggest the strayed aristocrat or the princess in disguise until plebeian lineage is betrayed by the cracker drawl.

That the poor whites may appropriate Coleridge's beatitude, "Blessed is he who has found his work," their stanchest defender does not claim. Said a candid wife of her better half:

"Why, bless yer heart, honey, my ole man 'll let a purp eat the grub offen his plate 'ca'se he 's too darned lazy ter holler 'Git!'"

The women are moody and capricious, alternating between spasms of exertion and long collapses. The utmost ingenuity is practised in dispensing with articles to save the trouble of getting new ones or mending the old, all utensils that frugal people repair vanishing into the limbo of a shed reserved for "plunder." The mothers being immured in the factories, family life is a travesty. The faculty for adornment, for beautifying their belongings, is a missing sense. The bareness of their unlovely abodes is more abject than the direst poverty can excuse. One artistic susceptibility is paramount — music is both a passion and a spell. Their dirge-like funeral wails, religious songs, and ecstatic camp-meeting choruses are maintained at a white heat of exaltation.

The mill operatives display a propensity for roving that has trickled down in some hereditary channel from their restless Anglo-Saxon forefathers. Their cohesiveness being proverbial, one vagrant nature keeps a whole family moving. Improvident and imperturbable, the easy-going philosophy of the lazy is, "Cain't wuk fur two days' victuals in one"; or the rather skulking faith of the pious, "The Lord will provide." The rapid advance of the South in material prosperity has shaken the proletariate out of serene complacence in ancestral poverty and personal indolence. They bestir themselves and save until they are domiciled beneath their own roof. The forces that turn the cracker to economy and money-getting were subtly analyzed by a wise old weaver.

"'Fo' the war, honey, them 'ristocrats had all the plaintations, en houses, en fine doin's. Po' white folks was n't nowhar. We was glaid ter run er loom, en buy er pint uv 'lasses en live offen rich man's corn. Now, ev'ry cuss with er yaller steer is er-gittin' rich. Even them niggers, bless yer soul, is er-buyin' uv er house. White folks cain't let them niggers be er lead mule. We 's 'bleeged ter git up en git."

Unrefined often in thought as in life, their similes offensive to ears polite, their manners unpolished, a strain of the barbaric pervades their uncouth ethics. Women sometimes curse and brawl. Ribaldry, however, is not the outcome of depraved instincts, but of a silly sensationalism, a bravado to win notoriety, an affectation more than a trait. Neither in countenance nor in demeanor is there brutality or

degradation. Among their guileless rustic castes, under the vulgarity of the worst natures abide a gracious cordiality, an originality, and a freshness, that lift them above the smirch of ordinary disreputable vice. Their figures, drawn from life itself, are apt, although not over-delicate. Their very coarseness of expression is picturesque, and even their immorality is so incongruous that it is not without humor. In bearing the crackers are not surly and forbidding, but friendly and naïve; not brazen or dogmatic, but shy and deprecating; not dull and hidebound, but alert and responsive; not subtle or introversive; not overreaching and selfish, but full of sympathy and gentle tact. Their shrewdness, loyalty, quaint simplicity, frank, open-mouthed wonder, their transparent mentality and unexpected moral obliquities, make a fascinating study.

The vernacular, while possessing similarities to the negro dialect, has qualities that never merge into the African lingo. Widely different from the rich, loud, sonorous tones of the darky is the nasal twang of the thin, piping voices. Even laughter is an attenuated cackle, not a vigorous expiration. Peculiarities of diction succumb to education or association, but sometimes the vicious idioms and emphasis survive through generations, or reappear in the midst of culture to betray ancestry that could not spell. The dialect has interesting analogies with Anglo-Saxon roots, as though by lingual atavism the tongue leaped back to the ancient forms of speech.

Along the trend of the Alleghanies and following the rivers of their water-shed this race, certainly of colonial origin, has persisted and yet remains distinct in pronunciation and characteristics. Into Tennessee, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Missouri the type has been transplanted, and reigns clear-cut and rigid, borrowing few traits from environment, yet marking every other nationality with its unmistakable brand. Not the shallowest optimist, the most ardent apologist for the present social order, can be content with the benighted and unprogressive attitude of the poor whites, when out of this seemingly unpromising material education, mental, moral, and physical, might evolve the highest order of humanity. Even elementary teaching would produce the most dexterous operatives the world has ever seen, fitted by their light, airy physique, their deftness, and their intelligence for nice and complex industrial evolutions. An educated conscience and judgment, together with moral, mental, and manual training, must first be wedded to natural aptitudes. Until wise factory legislation is enforced, and the spiritual needs of man are also considered, until the lever of the common school is applied directly to the individual and the mass, all remedial agencies will find the human stratum stubbornly impervious and resistant.

Neither the strongest in outline nor the raciest in humor is the embodiment of native character here depicted. The mountaineers remain more unperverted by conventions and less pliable to civilization. A higher ethical interest, however, attaches to the mill workers because of their value as an element in the industrial problem; because their social conditions are fast rooted with the existing economic system, and their future is bound up with our industrial development. The cracker of the factories is the twin-sister of the heroine of fiction, clothed with flesh and blood; the pathos and tragedy of her life are real.

Clare de Graffenried.

A DEAD WORLD.

OFT when I gaze on the clear moon's full round,
Reveries amid my spirit form and float
Of how unaltering in her orb remote
One icy annihilation broods profound.
Yet radiant life may there have thriven renowned,
With intellectual aims of noblest note,
With patriots, heroes, men who ruled or wrote,
With progress widening to thought's utmost bound.

But now, poor moon, wan shadow of your past pride,
You bear a look like some pale, glorious flower's
When treacherous autumn wakes with poignant breath,
Forever lifting, while slow centuries glide,
Above this live and populous earth of ours,
Your silence, pallor and apathy of death!

Edgar Fawcett.

EMMY.

"I DON'T see how you can stand this awful wind."

"Oh, you get used to it. After you 'd lived here forty year, an' seen ev'rythin' slantendicular in the wind the whole 'durin' time, you 'd get so you would n't think much about it. You 'd feel slantendicular yourself."

"I do b'lieve you have grown kind of sideways, Lucy Ann. Don't you think she has, Emmeline?"

Mrs. Elkins asked the question of her sister, Mrs. Emmeline Cares. Mrs. Cares kept her fair, large face intent upon her sewing. "I 've said she had, time an' time again; but you ain't paid no attention to it," she replied, scarcely opening her fine lips.

"Well, I dunno but you have," Mrs. Elkins said apologetically; "but I ain't realized it till just now. Can't you stand up straighter, Lucy Ann? You had n't ought to get to loppin' over so."

Mrs. Sands stood at the kitchen table rolling out biscuits for tea. She smiled the shrewdly reflective smile of a philosopher. "Well, mebbe I had n't ought to," said she; "but I dunno as it makes much difference. I ain't so young as I was once, an' mebbe if I don't lay out any extry strength in holdin' of myself up straight I 'll last the longer for 't."

"I should think you 'd have a little more regard for your own looks," said Mrs. Cares in a calm, indignant voice. She took strong, even stitches in her white seam.

"Land! I dunno as I 'd know myself if I met myself out a-walkin' on the bluff," returned Mrs. Sands; "I don't think five minutes a day about how I look."

"If you jest tried to think of it, an' stood up straight, an' did n't allow yourself to lean over so, it would n't take long," said Mrs. Elkins.

"If folks won't listen to what folks say, an' don't have no regard to how they look, there ain't no use talkin'. I 'll give it up," said Mrs. Cares.

Mrs. Sands said no more; she put the pans of biscuit into the oven with a sober air. Her two sisters sat sewing with their nice, voluminous black skirts gathered carefully up from contact with the kitchen floor. They had followed Mrs. Sands into the kitchen when she went out to prepare tea. They came from a town ten miles inland, and were spending the day with her. Their horse and buggy were out in the shed behind the house. The two visiting sisters were trussed up tightly in their fine black gowns, there were gleams of jet upon their high bosoms, there were nice ruffles in their necks and sleeves, their faded light hair was arranged in snugly braided little coronals, and their front locks were crimped.

Mrs. Sands, beside them, showed plainly the marks of the sea upon her; since she had been exposed to the buffetings of its strong salt winds she had changed as much as the coast. Her complexion had been similar to her sisters', fair, although not blonde; now all the fresh tints were gone out of it, and it could well assimilate with the grays and browns of the rocks and seaweeds down on the shore. She was tall and lean, and leaned sideways, as her sister claimed; she wore a loose, limp, brown dress, and her hair had a rough stringiness over her temples.

After she had put the biscuits into the stove oven she sat down for a minute. She could not fry the fish until Emmy returned; she had gone down to the store after some salt pork. The kitchen had a small, dark interior; it was plastered, and the plaster and unpainted woodwork were brown with smoke. All the color in the room was in a row of tomatoes ripening on the window-sill. The one window looked upon a stretch of wind-swept yard. The edge of the bluff and the sea were upon the other side of the house. The wind was from landward: it beat upon the house in great gusts; now and then a window rattled. The visiting sisters sewed: Mrs. Elkins was using red worsted in some fancy work; Mrs. Cares took nice stitches in some fine white cloth and embroidery. Her daughter was getting ready to be married, and she was doing some needlework for her.

Mrs. Sands kept her eyes fixed upon the work of her sister Mrs. Cares; finally she spoke. "I s'pose you an' Susy have got about all you want to do, with her sewin'?" she said.

"I guess we have," Mrs. Cares assented; "all we can spring to. Susy 's about wore out."

"It 's a good deal of a strain on a girl, gettin' ready to be married. I dunno how Emmy 'd stand it." Mrs. Sands fixed her sober eyes upon the wild sky visible through the window, the corners of her thin mouth curved in a sly smile, but her sisters did not notice it.

Mrs. Cares shook out her work, and took

a dainty stitch with a jerk. "I ruther guess it 's a strain."

"I guess it would come pretty hard on Emmy."

"It ain't the sewin' alone, neither. She 's up pretty late two nights a week, too, an' that tells on her."

"Yes; I dunno of anythin' that tells on anybody's looks quicker than bein' up late nights. Emmy 's been up considerable late along back, an' I can see that she shows it."

"Don't you think this is handsome edging on this skirt?" inquired Mrs. Cares.

"Yes, it is real handsome. How much do you get for Susy's skirts, Emmeline? I s'pose I 've got to buy some for Emmy before long, most likely."

"Three yards."

"Well, that 's about what I thought. Emmy 's got to have some new skirts, I s'pose, by an' by."

"Susy 's havin' six made," said Mrs. Cares with subdued loftiness, "an' they is all trimmed to death. I tell her it 's kind of silly."

"Let me see, how much of that gray cashmere did you say you got for Susy's dress? I s'pose Emmy 'll be wantin' one by an' by."

"I b'lieve I got twelve yards."

"I s'pose Emmy 'd take about the same."

"I guess she would. Susy's is most done."

"It 's one of the handsomest dresses for a bride to come out in that I ever see," Mrs. Elkins chimed in enthusiastically.

Mrs. Sands took her eyes from the window. She turned them towards her sisters, a dark blush crept over her face, her smile dispersed.

"I don't s'pose you 've heard about Emmy," said she.

The sisters stared at her. "Why, no," said Mrs. Cares. "What is it about her?"

"Well — I — expect she 's got — somebody waitin' on her."

"Why, you don't say so, Lucy Ann!" cried Mrs. Elkins.

"Well, I must say I never thought Emmy 'd get anybody," said Mrs. Cares. "Not that she ain't a real good girl, but she ain't never seemed to me like one that would get married. Who is it, Lucy Ann?"

"He 's a real likely young man. He owns a boat; got in yesterday. I s'pose he 'll be up to-night."

"Got anythin' laid by?"

"I should n't wonder if he had. He 's done pretty well, they say, an' he 's stiddy as a clock."

"What 's his name?" Mrs. Cares asked the question with a frown between her eyes. Mrs. Elkins bent forward, smiling curiously.

"Jim Parsons."

"One of Sam Parsons's boys?"

"Yes; the others are dead, you know. He 's all the one left of the family. He sold the house last year; now he boards over to Capen's."

"How much did he sell the house for?"

"About nine hundred."

"I s'pose he 's got that laid up."

"I rather guess he has."

"Well, that 'll set 'em up housekeepin'. When are they goin' to be married?"

Mrs. Sands's face twitched a little. "Well, I dunno," she said. "I dunno as they 've got quite so fur as that yet."

"Then it ain't settled?"

"Well, no — I guess not. I guess they ain't quite settled it betwixt 'em yet."

Mrs. Cares's eyes, fastened upon her sister's, grew sharper. "How long has he been comin' here?"

"Well, I dunno. He 's been away a spell now. He come here awhile before he went."

"Three months?"

"No, I guess it was n't — hardly three."

"Two?"

"No; I guess not quite."

"Well, he must have been comin' a month if he 's been courtin' at all — if he meant anythin' serious."

"Well, I dunno but 't was about a month in all; he 's been comin' an' goin' with his boat. It 's kinder hard to reckon," said Mrs. Sands, feebly.

"Has he ever took her anywhere?"

"He took her ridin' over to Denbury."

"More 'n once?"

Mrs. Sands shook her head.

"Has he give her anythin'?"

"No — not as I know of. He 's brought mack'ral an' perch in sev'ral times."

"Well," said Mrs. Cares, "you take my advice, Lucy Ann, an' don't you be too sure. You can't tell about these young fellers. They 're more 'n likely not to mean anythin', an' Emmy 's a real good girl; but she ain't one of the kind that young fellers take to, I should n't think. Who 's comin'?"

"Emmy," said Mrs. Sands, with an attempt at dignity.

The door opened then, and Emmy entered. She had a brown paper parcel, and she handed it at once to her mother.

"Here 's the pork, mother," said she.

"I 'd like to know where you have been all this time."

"I had to wait. I could n't help it. The store was full of folks."

Emmy was not as tall as her mother; she was very thin, and there was a little stoop in her slight shoulders. Her young face looked darkly and gravely from under her wind-beaten hat; a draggled plume trailed over the brim, two loops of ribbon stood up grotesquely.

"Do look at Emmy's hat!" said Mrs. Elkins, laughing.

"It 's all blown to pieces in this wind," remarked Mrs. Sands. She was slicing the pork.

Emmy removed her hat soberly, and straightened the plume and the ribbon. She had a complexion like her mother's, and the winds had beaten all the brightness out of it. Her blue eyes looked as strange in her sallow face as blue violets would have looked in sand. She had tried to curl her front hair, but the wind had taken out all the curls, and the straight locks hung over her temples. She wore a cheap, blue gingham dress; she and her mother had tried to fashion it after the style of some of the cottagers' costumes. There were plaitings and drapery, but it was poor and homely, and beginning to fade.

Emmy's aunts surveyed her sharply; finally Mrs. Elkins spoke with a titter: "Well, Emmy, is he comin' up to-night?"

Emmy gave a great start. She looked scared and pitiful, but she answered rather shortly, "I don't know of anybody that 's comin'." Then she went quickly into the sitting-room. Presently her mother followed, and found her smoothing her hair before the looking-glass.

Mrs. Sands walked around, and looked at her with a kind of sharp tenderness. "What is it?" she asked; "what 's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'."

"Yes, there is, too. You need n't tell me. I saw the minute you come in somethin' had come across you. What is it?"

"Nothin' has come across me. I wish you would n't act so silly, mother."

"Did you see anything of him?" Mrs. Sands's voice dropped to a whisper. Emmy nodded as if she were forced to.

"Where —"

"In the road. Don't, mother!"

"Walkin'?"

"No."

"Ridin'?"

"Yes."

"Anybody with him?"

"Flora Marsh."

Mrs. Sands stood looking at Emmy. "He 'd ought to be ashamed of himself," said she. "Don't you mind nothin' about it, Emmy. He ain't worth it."

Emmy strained back her straggling front hair and pinned it tightly; her full forehead showed, and her face, no longer shaded by the straying locks, had a severe cast.

"I don't know why he ain't worth it," said she. "I don't know why he 'd ought to be ashamed of himself goin' to ride with Flora Marsh. I can't hold a candle to her."

"Well, I should think after the way he 's been comin' here —"

"He ain't been here long. He ain't never asked me to have him. He ain't beholden to go with me if he don't want to."

"Emmy Sands, ain't he set up with you?"

"That don't make it out he 's got to marry me."

"Well, you can stick up for him if you want to. I ruther guess —"

"Somebody 's comin'," said Emmy; and Mrs. Cares opened the door.

"The pork 's burnin'," said she, "an' I guess you 'll have to turn it over, Lucy Ann; I 'm afraid of its spatterin' on my dress if I try it. What 's the matter?"

"Nothin'," answered Mrs. Sands; and she went out and turned the pork and fried the fish. Emmy set the table; her aunts questioned her about her "beau," but got little satisfaction.

"I ain't got any beau," she said; and that was all she would say.

Pretty soon her father came, a large man lumbering wearily across the yard with a wheelbarrow load of potatoes. He was a small farmer. He had a nervous face although it was so fleshy, and he looked at his wife and Emmy with an anxious frown between his eyes. He did not say much to his sisters-in-law: he had been as cordial to them as he was able at noon; company disturbed him.

As soon as he could he beckoned his wife into the sitting-room. "Come in here a minute, Lucy Ann," said he. When he had shut the door he looked at her impressively. "What do ye think I see?" he whispered mysteriously; "young Parsons out ridin' with the Marsh girl."

Mrs. Sands held the knife with which she turned the fish. "I know it," said she, impatiently. "Emmy see 'em."

"She did n't!"

"Yes; she met 'em when she was comin' home from the store. I 've got to go an' turn the fish; I can smell 'em burnin' now."

"Did she act as if she minded it much?"

"I could n't see as she did. She acted kind of touchy. I can't stan' here, or them fish will be burnt to a cinder. You 'd better get you out a clean pocket-handkerchief before you come to the table."

Supper, with its company-fare of fried fish, hot biscuits, and a frosted cake, was quite late. The guests had to take their leave directly afterward, as they had a long drive. Mr. Sands brought the horse and buggy around, and Mrs. Sands got out her sisters' bonnets and wraps. She watched them as they put on their little flower-topped bonnets and adjusted their lace veils over their crimps. She had not had a bonnet so fine for years, but she felt no envy. She seldom looked in the glass, and never except to see if she were tidy. The sea had seemed to cultivate a certain objectiveness in her since she had

lived near it. It was as if the relative smallness of her personality beside the infinite had come home to her.

When the sisters were in the buggy they walked the horse across the yard to the road, and Mrs. Sands walked at the side, talking. When she reached the road Mrs. Cares, who was driving, reined in the horse. A young man and woman were passing in a buggy.

"Who 's that?" called Mrs. Elkins, after they had passed.

Mrs. Cares turned sharply on her sister: "Ain't that Jim Parsons?"

"Yes, I ruther think 't was him."

"Who was that with him?"

"I guess 't was the Marsh girl."

Mrs. Cares tightened the reins. "Well," said she, "I guess you 'll find out there 's somethin' in what I told you, Lucy Ann. It ain't best to be too sure. Well, mebbe she 'll find somebody else, now that the ice is broke. Good-by."

Mrs. Sands stood beside a great wild rose bush and watched her sisters drive down the wood. The twilight was coming fast, but the full moon was rising, and it would be light in spite of the clouds, so there would be no difficulty about the two women driving home.

Mrs. Sands returned to the house, the sweep of the wind strong at her back. Emmy was washing the dishes. "Ain't you goin' to change your dress?" asked her mother.

"No, I guess not."

"Had n't you better? We might have somebody in, an' that don't look hardly fit."

"I guess we sha'n't have anybody in."

"Well, it ain't best to be too sure."

Emmy said nothing more. She kept on washing and wiping the tea-things. The corners of her mouth dropped, but nerve and resolution were in the motion of her elbows. After the dishes were put away she sat down with some sewing. Her mother sat opposite with her knitting-work. Mrs. Sands knitted fast, pursing her lips tightly and wrinkling her forehead. She and Emmy scarcely spoke during the evening. At nine o'clock there was a step at the door, and a sudden red flamed over Emmy's face; her mother started. "There, I told you to change your dress," she whispered. But the door opened and it was only Isaac Sands. He stepped in cautiously, looked anxiously around the room, and then sat down.

"Well, how are you gettin' along?" he said.

"Pretty well," replied Emmy.

"Anybody been in?" he inquired in a casual voice.

Mrs. Sands shook her head. Pretty soon Emmy laid aside her work and went upstairs to bed in her plain little room. After she was in bed she lay listening to the murmur of her parents' voices in the room below. She knew they were talking about her. She felt intense shame that they should be discussing her love matters. It seemed sometimes to this little soul, setting forth for the first time out of her harbor of youth, as if the friendly watchers on the pier caused her more discomfort than the roughness of the voyage. It seemed to Emmy that her parents talked all night; she was not conscious of any cessation.

When she went down in the morning her mother looked sharply at her. "You don't look as if you 'd slept a wink; great hollers under your eyes," said she.

"I 've slept enough," replied Emmy.

That morning she went about as usual helping her mother; she was always very quiet. When her father came home at noon he had the news that Jim Parsons was going to stay in town a week. Whether Emmy watched or not, her father and mother watched every day for her recreant lover to come, but he did not. He was seen walking and riding with the other girl. Isaac kept a sharp watch upon him, then came home and reported to his wife. They said little about it to Emmy. Emmy, meek and small and quiet, had little dignity about her, but there was a certain reserve which produced the same effect. Her parents were somewhat shy of imposing upon it.

In the mean time Jim Parsons, a young fellow with eyes as blue and bold as the sea, with a rough, hard grace in his sinewy figure, and a rude, merry way, had troubled himself about Emmy more than people knew. Once or twice he had met her on the bluff, his brown face had blushed darkly, and he had stammered forth some greeting. But Emmy had looked quite soberly and calmly at him and returned his greeting, and he had said to himself that she did not care. If he had been charged with offense he would have believed in his own freedom from guilt; left to himself he was not quite sure, and disliked to meet Emmy on the bluff. He was a strange person to have thought twice of Emmy Sands, but she had had her attraction for him, and she had it now. Many a night Jim Parsons was upon the verge of forsaking his new love and returning to his old, but the beauty and the imperious ways of the new one held him. If Flora Marsh had not been in the village within sight and hearing, Emmy would at any time have regained her lover. Simple and uncritical as she was, she had an intuition of the fact herself.

"It 's because Flora came in his way, and she 's pretty; if he were only away from her he would n't think so much more of her," she used to think to herself when she sat sewing so busily and nobody could tell that she was thinking at all. Emmy had even discovered how Jim's first deflection came about. When

he came in from his cruise Flora and some other girls had been down at the landing. There had been joking, and she had as good as asked him in her way, whose prettiness disguised its boldness, to take her to ride. Thus it had gone on.

Jim was to leave on a Thursday, sailing over to Rockland for some stores and a part of his crew, then off the next morning on his fishing cruise. The night before Emmy said to herself, "This is the last night she 'll have him."

On Thursday all the sky was red at sunset, the northeast wind blew, and the sea looked beaten flat beneath it; outside the surf it had a metallic calmness. Gulls were flying over a long rock that jutted out into the water a little distance down the coast. Isaac Sands, out early bringing a pail of water over the bluff from a neighbor's well, stopped and looked out to sea.

"Guess we 're goin' to have a gale," he remarked when he entered the house. Emmy, helping her mother get breakfast, thought to herself that Jim was going out that afternoon. All that morning she watched the sky. There was a strange, wild glow in it, and the wind increased. There were patches of ghastly green light, like rafts on the sea. At noon when Isaac came home to dinner he had the weather gossip from the store where he had been.

"They say down to Capen's," he reported, "that there 's goin' to be the biggest blow of the season. Old Cap'n Lawrence says he ain't never see it look much worse in this part of the world. If he was in the West Indies, he says, he 'd be certain there 'd be a hurricane. They say Jim Parsons 's goin' over to Rockland this afternoon anyhow, an' they think he 's crazy to do it. He ain't got no sense to start out a day like this, nor his crew neither. They 're all young fellers as careless as he is. Three on 'em 's over to Rockland anyhow. I guess if the rest had any folks here, there 'd be a time about their startin'."

"Well, I don't want nobody to get drownded," said Mrs. Sands, "but I must say I would n't care if Jim Parsons got pretty well scared."

"I guess there ain't much scare in him; he 's a crazy-headed young feller," responded Isaac, grimly.

Emmy said nothing. She did not eat much dinner. Afterward she watched the sky again. Her mother kept watching her with a severe and impatient air. "Emmy Sands, what ails you this afternoon?" she said once, harshly.

"Nothin'," replied Emmy. Then she sewed faster.

About five o'clock her father came in. "Jim Parsons ain't gone yet, an' if he goes to-night he an' his crew will go to the bottom before they ever get to Rockland," said he. "'T ain't far there, but it 's one of the roughest little cruises on the coast. He 'd ought to have gone in the daytime if he was goin' at all. He 's gone to carry that Marsh girl out to ride, and he ain't got home yet. It 'll be dark as a pocket before he gets started. Old Cap'n Lawrence says he 's been out in about as rough water as anybody, but he 'd be hanged if he 'd sail that boat over to Rockland to-night. An' there won't none of them other fellers say nothin'; they 're hangin' round waitin', an' they look as uneasy as fish out of water, but they ain't goin' to hang back. Young Blake he 's the oldest on 'em, an' he ain't over twenty-five. I guess if they had any folks here they would n't start out; but they ain't."

"If Jim Parsons don't know no better than to start out to-night he 'd ought to be taken up," said Mrs. Sands. "If he wants to go get drownded himself I dunno as anybody 'd care much, but when it comes to drowndin' other folks it 's a different thing."

"They 're all a crazy set," said Isaac. He was not working that afternoon, he was too nervous with the approaching storm. He went back and forth between the house and the store on ostensible errands, but in reality for the gratification of his restless spirit. Pretty soon he arose again. "Well, I s'pose I 've got to go down to Capen's again," said he. "I forgot to ask him if he wanted any of them turnips."

After her father had gone Emmy went too, slipping out the front way; her mother was in the kitchen. She pulled her hat down over her ears to keep it on, and went down the little footpath over the crest of the bluff. She had not put on any shawl or sack; her meager little figure, wavering in the blast, stood out darkly against the wild sky. Everything on the bluff looked gigantic in the wind, which seemed to widen and lengthen everything. The fringe of coarse grass on the edge of the bluff looked like a weedy forest. Emmy passed by the row of summer cottages all shut up and deserted now; and the great festoons of spiders' webs on the piazza, oscillating in the wind, held spiders which looked like tropical ones. Emmy went on. There were some sails in the harbor. There was one in the west which she eyed intently. Anchored opposite it lay a dory; there were some men on the beach near it. Jim was not among them. Emmy, swaying in the wind, stood on the bluff behind them and made sure of that. She turned and ran back along the bluff. She passed her own house and went on to the store. The rough weather had driven the row of lounging men inside. There was scarcely a clear space between the visitors perched upon boxes and barrels and propped against coun-

ters and walls. Emmy's father was sitting on a barrel. She pushed up to him. "Is he goin' to-night, father?" she whispered.

He stared at her. "What?"

"Is he goin' to-night?"

"Who goin'—Jim?"

"Yes."

"Course he 's goin'. He 's just come in, an' gone upstairs to pack his things."

Nobody had overheard Emmy's and her father's whispered conversation, but one of the men took it up. It was the topic of the day, coming uppermost in intervals like waves.

"I would n't give that for his chances," he exclaimed. "That boat will go to the bottom with all on board afore they heave in sight of Rockland."

Then a chorus arose like the crying of a flock of ominous birds.

Emmy hurried out of the store without another word. Her father called after her, but she did not hear him. She ran along the bluff again. The sun was low in a red glare of sky and ragged violet and orange clouds. The sky and clouds appeared as close to the sea as the coast; it was as if the sun was passing to some infernal shore. Emmy went nearly to her own house, then she struck across lots to the highway. She hurried down the road until she came to the house where Flora Marsh lived. It was a fine house for this little coast village. It had green blinds, and a bay window at one side. Emmy knocked at the front door, and Flora opened it.

"Why, hullo, Emmy!" said she. Then she stood staring at her. There was a soft pink glow all over Flora's delicate blonde face that showed she had just been out in the wind. She was prettily dressed.

"Can't you stop his goin'?" Emmy said in a quick, dry voice.

"What?"

"Can't you stop his goin'?"

"I don't know what you mean, Emmy Sands." Flora's manner was at once pert and confused.

"Can't you stop Jim Parsons's goin' out to-night?"

"Stop his going?"

"Yes; can't you? They say it 's awful dangerous. There 's a terrible gale comin'. He 'll be drowned."

"Oh, I guess there won't be much of a gale. He says it 's safe enough."

"It ain't. They all say it ain't. He 's terrible careless. He 'll be drowned. Can't you stop him?"

Flora looked at her; her sweet, full brows contracted. The wind blew so that the girls could hardly stand against it; their very words seemed to be tossed about passing from one to the other. "Come in a minute," said Flora; "we can't talk here."

"There ain't any time to lose."

"It won't take any longer in the house than it will here. Somebody 'll hear us if we talk here, we have to holler so."

Emmy followed Flora into the house, into the parlor. Flora shut the door. "I wish you 'd tell me now what you mean — what you want me to do?" said she.

"Stop his goin' out to-night."

"How can I stop him, I 'd like to know?"

"Go down to the shore where his dory is, and when he comes ask him not to go."

Flora hesitated. She fingered a tidy on the back of a chair. "To tell the truth," said she, "I 've told him once I did n't think he ought to go; but it did n't do any good. You can't keep him back an inch if you tell him it ain't safe. He ain't afraid of anything. If I ask him to stay because it 's dangerous to go it 'll just make him all the fiercer for going."

"I know that. Don't ask him not to go because it 's dangerous."

"How shall I ask him then, I 'd like to know?"

"Tell him you want him to come up and see you to-night."

Flora looked at Emmy. She drew a long breath. "I don't know what to make of you, Emmy Sands."

"He 'll be gone if — you don't go quick," Emmy almost gasped.

"Emmy Sands, how you act! I ain't engaged to him. I can't make him stay any more 'n you can."

"Yes, you can; he likes you. Oh, go quick!"

"Why don't you go yourself and ask him not to go?"

"I ain't no reason to."

There came an odd look into Flora's face. "Look here," said she; "do you know what you 're doing? I ain't engaged to him. Jim Parsons is an awful flirt. He 's going off to be gone quite awhile. Maybe when he comes back he 'll come to see you again. I 've bid him good-by, and we ain't engaged. It would be a good deal safer for you if you let him go. There, I like him well enough, but I 'm going to tell you the truth about it, anyhow. It would be a good deal safer for you if he did n't come to see me again before he goes. You know what I mean."

Emmy threw her head back; her voice rang out sharply. "What do you suppose I care about that?" said she. "Do you suppose I 'm comin' here because I want to marry him? Do you suppose, if he wants you and you want him, I 'd lift my finger to get him back? Get him back — there ain't any gettin' him back;

THE CREST OF THE BLUFF.

he ain't never said he thought of marryin' me. Marryin'! What 's marryin'? It ain't marryin'; it 's life an' death that 's to be thought of! What difference do you suppose it makes to me who he marries, if he ain't drowned in that awful sea to-night? Why don't you go if you care anythin' about him? What are you stoppin' for? He 'll be gone before you get there."

"You are the strangest girl I ever saw," said Flora.

She went out into the entry and put on her hat and jacket. Emmy opened the outer door and stood waiting. "I don't imagine it 'll do any good," Flora said when she came out.

The two girls hurried across to the bluff. Emmy kept looking at Flora. "Tuck up your hair a little under your hat; it 's comin' down," she said once as they ran along.

When they reached the bluff Emmy turned towards her own house.

"You 're going home?" said Flora.

Emmy nodded.

"Well, I 'll do the best I can. If I get him, I 'll come up the other steps and go by your house. You watch."

Flora sank from sight directly, going down some steps over the face of the bluff, and Emmy went home. It was time to get supper, but she stole upstairs to her own room and sat down at the window that overlooked the sea. The breakers gleamed out in the dusk like white fire. It was not long before two figures, a man and a woman, passed below her window. The woman uplifted her face and looked at the house.

Mrs. Sands called at the foot of the stairs: "Emmy, where be you? Supper 's all ready."

"I 'm comin'," answered Emmy. She went down into the lamp-lighted room, and her father and mother looked at her, then at each other. She appeared almost pretty. There was quite a red flush on her sallow cheeks, and her eyes shone like blue stars.

After supper Isaac Sands went down to the store again. Emmy and her mother sat by the kitchen fire and sewed. The gale increased; they could hear the breakers on this side of the house with all the windows closed. "I ruther guess Jim Parsons will wish he 'd staid on shore," remarked Mrs. Sands. "Well, if folks will be so headstrong and foolhardy, they 've got to take the consequences." There was a grim satisfaction in her tone.

Emmy said nothing.

When Isaac came home he was dripping with rain. "It 's an awful night," he burst forth when he opened the door. "Guess it 's lucky Jim Parsons did n't go out."

"Did n't he go?" asked Mrs. Sands.

"No. Young Blake was down to Capen's; he said Jim backed out. The Marsh girl come down an' talked to him, an' he guessed she persuaded him not to go. Guessed it would have been his last cruise if he had."

"Served him right if it had been," said Mrs. Sands, severely.

Emmy lighted her lamp and went to bed.

That night the gale was terrific; the rain, driven before it, rattled upon the windows like bullets. The house rocked like a tree. Nobody could sleep much. In the morning it rained still, the spray from the ocean dashed over the footpath on the bluff, the front windows were obscured by a salt mist. Jim Parsons with all his recklessness could not put out to sea that day. It was three days before he could go. Then the sun shone, the sea was calmer, although still laboring with the old swell of the storm, and he went out in the afternoon, steering down the coast to Rockland.

The day after he went Emmy met Flora Marsh on the bluff. She was going by with only a greeting, but Flora stopped her.

"He did stay; you knew, did n't you?" said she.

Emmy nodded. "Yes; I saw you go by with him."

Flora stood before her as if wanting to say something. She blushed and looked confused. Emmy made a motion to pass her.

"I guess he 'd run considerable risk if he had gone that night," Flora remarked flutteringly.

"He 'd been lost if he had," returned Emmy. Then she passed on. Flora stood aside for her. Suddenly Emmy turned. "You did n't say anythin' to him about me, did you?" said she.

"No, I did n't."

"You won't, will you?"

"No, I won't."

Then the two girls went their ways. It was not long before the news of Flora Marsh's engagement to Jim Parsons was all over the village.

Emmy's father and mother heard it, but they said nothing about it to her; they wondered if she knew. It was said that the couple were to be married when Jim returned from his cruise.

If Emmy knew it, it did not apparently affect her at all. She kept faithfully on in her homely little course. She was interested in all that she had been; there was no indication that any sharp, unsatisfied, new taste had dulled the old ones. Her mother felt quite easy about her, although her pride and indignation rallied whenever she thought of Jim Parsons. When he returned from his cruise, and the wedding was appointed the week after, she was unable not to speak of it to Emmy. The day but one before the wedding she began suddenly in a harsh voice, "I s'pose you 've heard the news."

"Yes, I heard it," replied Emmy.

"Well, I hope he 'll stick to his wife."

"I don't see why he should n't."

"Don't see why he should n't after the way he treated you?"

Emmy faced her mother. "Mother, once for all, he did n't treat me bad. I guess I know more about it than you do. There ain't any reason for you to say such things about him."

"Well, if you want to stick up for him, you can. I 'm sure it ain't nothin' to me who he marries, if it ain't to you. If you don't feel bad, I 'm sure I don't."

"I don't."

"Well, I 'm glad of it," said her mother.

It was just after dinner. Emmy went to the door to shake the tablecloth and saw her aunts driving into the yard. They had come to make a visit; they were going to spend the night, and drive home the next morning.

The aunts had not been seated very long before the subject of the wedding was opened. Flora Marsh had been to their town to buy her wedding clothes, the dressmaker there had made her dress, and they had seen it. They knew all about the matter, how it was to be only a family wedding, and how Jim and Flora were going to Boston. Emmy sat and listened quite calmly. Once, when she had gone out of the room for a minute, Mrs. Elkins turned to her sister.

"I forgot he used to go with her once," she whispered. "She don't mind hearin' it, does she?"

"Land, no," replied Mrs. Sands. "She did n't care nothin' about him. Emmy ain't one of the kind to set her heart much on any feller. I 'm thankful enough she did n't have him. He ain't got no stability, an' never will have. He would n't have made no kind of a husband for her."

The morning of the wedding the Sands family arose early. The aunts wished to start for home in good season. The sun was only a little way above the horizon when Emmy opened her window and looked out. It was a beautiful morning. Over in the east the sun stood; behind him lay what looked like a golden land of glory. The sea was calm, the ripples in the forward path of the sun shone like sapphires and rubies and emeralds.

Emmy's small, plain face looked upon it all from her window. Her cheeks were dull and blue with the chilly air; there was no reflection of the splendid morning in her face. But beneath it, in the heart of this simple, humble young woman of the seaboard, with a monotone of life behind her and one stretching before; was love of the kind, in the world of eternity, that is better than marriage.

Mary E. Wilkins.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

THE MIRROR.

FROM A PAINTING BY D. M. BUNKER.

(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

PENELOPE'S SWAINS.

N the breakfast-room of the Misses Berkeley in old Belhaven town, Virginia, you might, before the war, have beheld daily a pleasant spectacle.

As soon as the last relay of batter-cakes had been carried out by Trip, it was Miss Penelope Berkeley's custom to call in a black woman bearing upon a tray a cedar piggin hooped with brass and full of boiling water, a mop, a bit of soap, and some fair towels of linen crash. Into this tub the old lady would first dip her tea-pot, sugar-dish, and cream-jug of oval-shaped colonial silver; after them, in regular routine, cups and saucers, spoons and forks. Transferred from their steaming bath to Gay's dainty finger-tips, the various articles were dried and in pristine luster reniched in a corner cupboard. Not for the world would Gay have let fall one of those family treasures. Her care for them was that of the Guards in the Tower of London for the regalia of the Crown.

One beautiful May day, when the custard honeysuckle had sent a flower inside the sash of the breakfast-room window to woo Gay into the garden, it was made evident by sundry tokens that something had stirred the spinster household from its normal calm. Trip, the kitchen Mercury, in a clean check pinafore, his head bristling with twigs of plaited wool, displayed a continual grin and a pair of wildly goggling eyes. Dennis, the purblind butler, shuffling around the table, with snow-white jacket and long linen apron, wore an air of gratified hospitality, tempered only by the memory of Trip's shortcomings (Trip, his great-grandson, in training for house service, was the thorn in Dennis's side), and Susan, the housemaid, had tied her kerchief with coquettish consciousness about her head. Upon the forsaken table, awaiting Miss Penelope's regenerating touch, was not a portion but all of the Berkeley tea-service (even the urn with a pineapple on top, reserved for special tea-parties), and also the "Nantgarrow" cups and saucers, with brier-roses and trefoils, that saw daylight only behind glass, except as a mark of honor to cherished guests.

Gay, divided between her anxiety to see china and silver back in safety on the shelves, a physical excitement inspired by delicious weather, and a keen feminine relish for a sentimental situation, was in high feather. An old lover, a has-been suitor, who had sighed in vain and ridden away to come back after many years—a widower, no doubt hoping to be consoled—here, under the same roof with his first love—Gay an eye-witness to the progress of events—what an enchanting combination! True, it had been something of a drawback to see the Reverend Dr. Fountain accept from Aunt Penelope's own hand three cups of coffee and a glass of milk in quick succession. He had also partaken more heartily of rice-cakes, waffles, rolls, light bread, batter-bread, cold ham, roe herrings, radishes, and broiled tomatoes than accorded with Gay's theory of allegiance to past or present. She could not help wondering if the late lamented Mrs. Fountain had been what was called in Belhaven a "good provider."

And now that the meal was over, Dr. Fountain had retired with Aunt Finetta into the paneled parlor looking out across the garden and river to the red clay hills of Maryland. The door had closed behind them. Aunt Finetta, who invariably sat here in the family room reading her newspaper until the things were washed and put away and Penelope was ready to go to market! How funny it had been to hear the old lady say, with majestic courtesy:

"We will adjourn temporarily to the drawing-room, Dr. Fountain, if you please, leaving to my sister the care of our few domestic duties."

Was this, Gay wondered, a blind to give the doctor an opportunity to declare his enduring passion for Aunt Penelope, and to receive her elder sister's blessing on his hopes. For Gay had often heard the Belhaven gossip about the Misses Berkeley; how young Fountain, as a prospective clergyman, had been Miss Finetta's choice for her sister, and how Aunt Penelope had obstinately preferred that rattle-brained Daisy Garnett. Fountain, ordained a priest and called to a distant parish, had married and flourished, acquired a good-sized family, had now lost his wife, and was talked of as on the way to become a bishop. When it was announced that he would certainly be present at the annual convention of the Church, that year falling to Belhaven's lot, Aunt Finetta had forthwith invited their friend of olden days to be one of the two guests assumed as her share of town hospitality towards the clergy. This, to Gay's active mind, was a suspicious circumstance. She tried, but without success, to adjust to it some of the situations in the novels of Mme. d'Arblay or Miss Porter, dear to her

through many readings in the hall window-seat up-stairs. Mme. d'Arblay had no elderly hero with a large purple face, a beard shaven save to adorn his chin, an oratorical style of general conversation, and a habit of blowing his nose with a resounding blast. Gay's idea of a lover was that he should use his handkerchief only to mop beads of anguish from his brow when unsuccessful in his suit.

IN THE HALL WINDOW-SEAT.

In the sixteen-year-old judgment of a head stuffed with old songs, old sayings, old love tales, and young whims, there was quite as much incongruity with romance in the appearance of her aunt's other admirer of langsyne. Major David Garnett, yclept by his fellow-townsmen "Daisy," had been a famous Belhaven buck in the days when birthnight balls still held their vogue. How often had Gay seen the pink satin frock, with its umbrella-gores and leg-o'-mutton sleeves, in which Aunt Penelope, at fourteen, had danced down the middle of a reel with Daisy, to wind up a Twenty-second-of-February ball at Gadsby's tavern.

"I was slighter then, my love," Miss Pen would say, when Gay's reverent fingers measured the width and depth of the corsage. "I remember so well this was new just when stooping had been declared out of fashion for the genteel. Dear mama made us wear a piece of Russian sheeting under the bust, with shoulder-straps, and brother Billy laughed and said no fine lady but would now be seen bridling up in company; and so it was. We wore

our hair smooth and glossy, like a satin cap, and on top two or three bows of hair with feathers and roses. Mrs. Betsey Thompson, who 'd been a widow just one year,—she that was afterwards Mrs. Colonel Steptoe of the Eastern Shore,—appeared that night in a high black crape puff with silver spangles and black feathers on her head, a frock of blue Italian muslin, and a black spencer; this she was pleased to call second mourning! The Misses Delaney were the belles; they wore white lute-strings with gold spangles and gold cords, and green velvet leaves sewed all round the tail—poor Billy was so attentive to the elder. Sally Delaney married a Tucker and died before my dear brother—where was I, child?"

"At the ball, Auntie, dancing the reel with Major Daisy. Tell me some more about the ball."

"There were seven hundred guests, my dear, and the supper was truly elegant. I walked in with Mr. Garnett. There was a monstrous cake in the middle of the table, ornamented with an equestrian statue of General Washington, the whole covered with sugar-candy in the form of a cone, on top of which was the American eagle. Then there were jellies and blanc-manges, oranges and nuts, all sorts of dressed dishes, ornamental cakes and sugar emblems, and the sweetest baskets made of macaroons and filled with kisses."

"Goodness me!" cried Gay.

"Yes, there was no scrimping in those days, I 'll promise you, though I *have* heard mama tell how the General used to laugh at some of the old Belhaven parties, calling them bread-and-butter balls. After the supper was eaten, the beaus scrambled for the sugar eagle on top of the cake, and Mr. Garnett got it and presented it to me."

"To think you were only fourteen, Aunt Pen, and I 'm not allowed to turn out yet."

"It was the custom of the day, my love."

"What became of the sugar eagle, Auntie?"

"It crumbled away the year Mr. Garnett went to the war in Mexico. I opened the box to look at it, and found it quite destroyed, and the very next week came news that he was wounded at Chapultepec."

Gay, who knew every word of the recital, always drew a long breath of awe-stricken satisfaction at this point.

There was no doubt that Miss Penelope, who could now speak of her old swain so calmly, had once wished to marry him. But Miss Berkeley, ruling her family with a rod of iron, would have none of David Garnett. He was a reckless young fellow, unfit to be trusted with the happiness of her sole surviving sister, the youngest of the flock. Pen was inclined to giddiness, and Daisy far too fond of frolicking, tippling, horses, cards, and dancing. One heard of him here, there, and everywhere in Maryland and Virginia, at "weddin's," fox-hunts, races, and barbecues. Worse than all, he had exchanged shots in an encounter near Bladensburg with a senator from South Carolina, with whom he had had the misfortune to differ on a question of State precedence. After this, Miss Berkeley—who, having once published a diatribe in pamphlet form against the appearance of certain of the Virginia clergy in the chancel without robes, was considered to have a scathing style in authorship—sat down and wrote to David, forbidding him the house. Then it was that Penelope was said to have bowed before the blast, and renounced the "understanding" between her lover and herself.

Gay could not reconcile these traditions of Major Daisy's *jeunesse orageuse* with the trig little lame gentleman wearing a seedy auburn scratch, his winter-apple face crisscrossed with wrinkles, who, as regularly as Saturday night came around, hung his hat on the spinsters' hall peg. Thanks to time, the softener of all asperities, Aunt Finetta defied David no longer. There was even a neighborly welcome for him in Princess Royal street, where the old Berkeley mansion reared its high-shouldered chimneys draped with English ivy and wistaria to the gaze of passers-by.

Gay, taking part sometimes with the major and her great-aunts in a four-handed game of cards, used to wonder could this be the gallant volunteer who, when left badly wounded by the tide of battle sweeping up the heights of Chapultepec, had lain hugging to his breast the flag he had snatched from the hand of its dead bearer, and cheering his comrades on to victory? The major, whose game leg was a souvenir of that occasion, had indeed long since settled down from the ways of his wild youth into a Belhaven landmark as steady and familiar as the town clock. He had "joined the church" and become a vestryman; he was the leader in "Mear" and "Federal Street" in a straggling choir of volunteers; was frequently called on to be a godfather; and as a pall-bearer was an assurance to survivors of the high respectability of the departed.

It was a common saying that no wedding could take place without "points" from Major Daisy. First to know of the engagement,—what time the bud of love had been pleased to break into unexampled flower,—he was the confidant of Jenny's pets and Jessamy's despair, and in due course brought the lovers in safety to the altar, gave away the bride, and was the first to salute her blushing cheek. At the wedding-feast who but he could be counted on to offer toasts, fill plate and glass for lonely

IN THE OLD MARKET.

wall-flowers, lead out touchy maiden aunts, joke with "the boys" who wore the willow for the bride, and keep the bridesmaids in a flutter with his compliments?

At christenings Major Daisy was great. He had a genius for discovering in the unformed features of the infant on exhibition the likeness of all others it was meet and right for that child to have. Was there in the family annals a distinguished dimple, or scowl, or squint desirable to perpetuate, he would espy and proclaim it to flattered parents.

At funerals, again, he might be seen, his hat borne down under a long black weeper, his hands lost in the wrinkles of undertaker's gloves, walking in the procession with a look of rooted gloom. Thus equipped, he inclined bystanders to believe in the great loss the community sustained in the death of old Aleck Appleby, who for twenty years had been soaking himself in whisky and disgracing all his kin.

In politics Major Daisy was an old-line Whig, contributing, over the signature of "Senex," many articles on the tariff and sub-

jects of kindred interest, to the columns of the "National Intelligencer" in Washington. He was, in theory, a deadly opponent of some of the incendiary teachings of Thomas Jefferson, and his modern idol was the Honorable Henry Clay. He was an enthusiastic freemason, frequenting the lodge of Washington in Cameron street; and as a citizen was second to none in the estimation of his townspeople, although not in active business, having inherited a wide old double house in which he lived alone, and sufficient patrimony for his small wants and large charities.

Ah, yes, it was years since Miss Penelope had folded away her love-dream, sprinkled with rue and pansies, like a garment of the beloved dead. And yet little Gay's sharp eyes were not mistaken in seeing upon her faded cheek a faint warmth when the major stepped in on Saturdays to offer her revenge at cards, or chess, or backgammon. He brought her a pink rosebud once, plucked in the yard while waiting for Dennis to hobble to the door, reminding her that she had always looked so well in pink. Next day Gay found Miss Penelope picking out the rosettes of lavender "love" ribbon in her evening cap and fumbling with some loops of rose color. But Miss Finetta's brusk entrance and demand to know what nonsense she was at, fussing with such colors at her age, made Miss Penelope hasten to put back the lavender, which had never since been changed.

Miss Penelope Berkeley was a fair, pretty old lady, with dimples and a double chin, her drab hair, once golden, worn in "sausages" on each temple. She had grown stout, but was still active on her feet, and was always sent for when trouble or sickness came to the household of her friends. She was not learned or very accomplished. Her representation of The Flood, in cross-stitch worsted work, now hanging over the chamber mantelpiece, began and ended her achievements with the needle. She could sit down to the piano in the twilight and play pieces that gave delight to listening ears, and as a housekeeper her fame went far and wide. "She makes the best pickles of any woman I ever ate," was the comment of a rival, who would *not* yield to Miss Penelope the palm for preserves of watermelon rind carved to resemble Chinese ivories. She was generous to a fault, tender, forgiving. To carry to her one's sorrows was like lying down when tired on an oldtime feather bed. And she adored novels. Gay's taste for romance was omnivorous, hardly anything coming amiss to her, but Miss Penelope liked chiefly those many-volumed works including a traitor, a misunderstanding, two riven hearts, a dying heroine, and a lover on horseback arriving in time for the last sigh.

Aunt Finetta, on the contrary, was given to no melting at imaginary woes. She was a stern, hawk-eyed woman, utterly out of keeping with her fairy-tale appellation; and was many years older than her sister, whom she regarded as in some respects on a par with their orphan grandniece Gay. The only survivors of a large family born in this house, she, more than her sister, belonged to the bygones that possessed it. The old gray-white stucco pile, built by their Scotch grandfather soon after his arrival in the Virginia colony, had always been hand in glove with Virginia history. No room but kept its tradition of some personage renowned in the stirring days before and after the American Revolution. The epoch of Miss Finetta's first appearance at Belhaven routs and parties had been before the ebb-tide of Belhaven's prosperity. Her people had led the van of entertainments to strangers and townsfolk. Now all were gone—friends, parents, fortune. The house fairly echoed with haunting whispers of the past. Nothing remained but the old walls, the old furniture, some old servants, a genteel competence, sister Penelope, and Gay. By and by she would be carried out to take her place in the family vault, already crowded, under the cedars of the old town burial-ground.

Gay was not troubled by such thoughts. She only lamented the cutting off their right of way to the river, by a city street and buildings. Once the gentry who came to drink tea used to stroll down, between box walks and under bowers of jasmine, to see their own ships set sail for England. After that period came the bustle of growing commerce; but now the long wharf jutting into the river, and the dingy warehouses with the twinkling, broken panes of glass, had passed under a spell of silence and decay. Forlorn as was their present aspect, Gay loved to steal down and sit dangling her feet over the edge of the rotting docks, to dream and wonder why every exciting thing "had been." Time was when she, born a sailor's child, had longed to repeople these hushed spaces with the seafaring folk that had kept Belhaven town astir. She fed her imagination on the stories of their memorable doings on the deep when they sailed richly laden barks into pirate-haunted waters. Among many tales, her favorite, perhaps, was that of the merchantman homeward bound from London in 1792, chased and captured by the French frigate *Insurgente*, her crew and captain carried to Nantes, drawn up in a line in the prison yard, and every other man picked out for Madame Guillotine—the ones left escaping over the prison wall by means of their blankets cut into strips and knotted into a rope. Gay liked to think that those survivors had set

foot in safety upon the crumbling boards through which she now caught glimpses of green water lapping upon emerald-vested piles.

As she grew older the sea mania faded, and her ambition took another turn. She wanted to go out and shine in the great world. If her father, the lieutenant, had lived, Gay felt sure that her talents would have had wider scope. She was impatient of the calm routine, the church-going, the housekeeping, the traditions, the long, dull streets with their cobblestones set in grass, in which no inexplicable sound was ever heard. Oh, for some break in this monotony of peace!

Then Gay passed into a softer phase. She began to look oftener in the glass, to tie her rough locks under a ribbon top-knot, to speculate about love and lovers. That her own suitor should be tall, with night-black hair, a dome-like brow, and a hidden sorrow, was all she absolutely exacted of fate — the rest was immaterial. Failing a romance on her own account, she took the deeper interest in Aunt Penelope's. Even the purple-faced doctor offered a loophole of escape from the uneventfulness of life in old Belhaven.

"You may take Peggy and the basket and go to market for me, Gay," Aunt Penelope remarked, a little flurried. "You know what we need, and be sure Hodges sends us the right cut of the sturgeon. Dr. Fountain likes his sturgeon stuffed and baked."

Gay winced at the unsentimental sturgeon, but obeyed. Nothing she loved better than market-day and a little brief authority.

The clean streets around the market-place were crowded with country wagons from which the horses had been unhitched to feed at the back. Inside, under the old brick arches, was delicious shadow. Out in the open part of the square a picturesque medley of booths for the sale of fruit and flowers and vegetables was shaded by awnings from the May sun. All the country-side seemed to have rendered tribute in May flowers. Even the fish-stalls, with their shining spoils of the Potomac, and the prosaic butchers' stands, had each its nosegay of fresh mock-orange, lilac, snowball, and althea. The cries of imprisoned ducks and chickens rose above the soft chatter of the negro women, gay and emulous to sell their wares. Everybody was at leisure to be civil, and what elsewhere is the mosquito-note of business here subsided into the drone of honey-bees at harvest.

"If that is n't Major Daisy with old Jupiter!" exclaimed Miss Gay to her attendant.

"Major Daisy larfing round de wrong side o' he mouf to-day, I reckon," said Peggy, sapiently. "Law, honey, he 'sarves it, he suttinly do fo' lettin' ole Miss give him de mitten fo' Miss Pen. Shua 's you live dere 's to be a weddin' in de fambly, cos I done fotch it in coffee groun's an' in de keards."

"A wedding! Oh, Aunt Peggy!" cried Gay.

"You jus' wait, chile. 'Pears like husbands was a long time a-comin' to our house, but — (Look heah, you niggah! Ef you blocks up our way I 'll make a mashed persimmon o' you, mighty quick.) Ef on'y ole Miss don' go discommodatin' Providence by shettin' de do' in dis heah one's face —"

"But, Aunt Peggy," said Gay, who knew the terms upon which the termagant lived with her own meek little consort, Mars, "I thought you did n't approve of marrying."

"Laws, chile, who said I do? (None o' them tomarteses o' yourn, Miss Johnson. I 'm s'prised at you fo' offerin' 'em to my young miss.) Men is triflin', no 'count critters, honey; but I s'pose de good Lawd knowed wot he was arter when he 'lowed dat husbands was to be."

Gay, more affected than she chose to admit by Peggy's prophecy, for the old woman enjoyed great renown as a fortune-teller, felt quite a pang of sympathy for Major David when they came up with the little gentleman, who was purchasing some rather diminutive chops to put into the large basket the colored butler carried upon his arm.

"Good morning, Miss Gay. Hope I see you well, ma'am," he said, with a flourishing bow. "Caught the old bachelor buying his dinner, eh? Well, it 's like keeping house for a canary, so Jupiter thinks; but I 'm blessed if I know what to get when I 'm by myself. And how are the good ladies this morning? Was a little afraid Miss Pen would have a return of her earache after going out on the porch to see the new moon o' Saturday."

No word, no consciousness of the presence of the hated rival in the Berkeley house. Gay felt defrauded of a dramatic situation.

"You know we 've staying company," she said, with a little toss of the head. "A most agreeable and eminent divine. The Reverend Joshua Fountain, a friend, a very old friend, of my aunts."

"Fountain? You don't say so. Why, of course I know old Fountain. We were at school together; and the boys — because of a hearty appetite, you know, boys will give nicknames — they called him 'Gobbling Josh.' Ha! ha! I remember one day at our table — but it don't do to tell tales out of school. Why, of course — Josh married Miss Molly Patton, of Anne Arundel. I remember seeing the two Patton girls — Miss Molly was the little foxy one — at the Greenbrier White in — let me see — what year —"

But Gay, with great dignity, interrupted

him. "Dr. Fountain has been a widower for at least a year," she said; "and I think my aunts will be expecting me, as we 've got to go to convention presently—so good morning, Major Garnett."

She blamed herself afterwards for this severity. In books the discarded suitor always veils his real feeling by an assumption of indifference. She even pardoned, and determined to forget, the odious suggestion of "Gobbling Josh," although it returned to her mind more than once at the dinner-table that day, when the family, reënforced by a new arrival, another reverend appetite, sat down to enjoy the sturgeon, with a bountiful provision of Peggy's and Aunt Penelope's best culinary skill. Further to promote good fellowship, Aunt Finetta had invited in her next-door neighbors, the Misses Bassett, two dear little old ladies, whose establishment was ruled over by an Angora cat always spoken of as "he," and whose fear of burglars induced them to invest in a man's hat and stick kept prominently in view in their front hall.

The social supremacy of the clergy in Belhaven has long been a fact accepted with resignation by her citizens of secular employment. It used to be said by the disaffected lawyers, bankers, doctors, and merchants of the place that their women would give first chance to any theologue, even were he the downiest youngster from the famous school of divinity hard by the town; that for such were held in store the brightest smiles, the softest arm-chairs, the most buttery of muffins. Without accepting this slander, we may admit the discouragement to a young man who had requested the object of his hopes to be at home to him alone, at finding her with a seminarian, practising "Come Ye Disconsolate" at the melodeon. And we have heard of a Belhaven serenade received with enthusiasm by the maiden beneath whose window the darkness was aroused with the tune of "Mary to the Saviour's Tomb," performed as a solo on the French horn.

The only real dissipation Belhaven ever indulged in was a convention, and the week was very gay. Tripping over the newly washed bricks of the sidewalk, in the wake of ministerial coats, were seen ladies in neat prunella slippers, their white stockings crossed with black ribbons, their bonnets and mantillas looking as if just come out of silver paper and smelling of vanilla bean. They flocked to every sitting of the delegates, and in the intervals exchanged tea-parties and "dinings," at which each housewife was expected to try some new recipe. With their eyes devoutly fixed upon the expounding doctor in the pulpit, they would, during the services, be often torn by pangs as to whether Aunt Judy would know when to take that cake out of the oven, or whether she might not get "perjinkety," and over-spice the soup. This state of things was hard upon the doctrine, but comfortable for the divines.

Under such conditions Dr. Fountain, who had arrived in Belhaven wearing his bereavement upon his sleeve for all to see, cheered up amazingly. His allusions to the loved and lost, his sniffs at tributes to her worth, became less frequent. He waxed even playful in his heavy way. He made visits among his old acquaintances, drank tea and assumed Sir Oracle in many homes, but was steadfast in returning early to enjoy the society of the house in Princess Royal street. The Misses Bassett, who from their parlor window saw everything, declared that coming back to the scenes of his young life had made the doctor lose ten years of his age. He walked buoyantly, exchanged his broad-brimmed hat of black straw for a white one with a black band, and preached a sermon so full of hope for humanity and love for his fellow-men as to sound like the twittering of swallows from a chimney-top. When the Misses Bassett asked Miss Penelope if she did not find this discourse "most refreshing," Aunt Pen assented beamingly; though in truth the dear old lady had dozed off at "thirdly, my beloved brethren," not to awake till the benediction. Major Daisy, stalking up the aisle of the church after everybody else was seated, with the gloves usually carried in his hat still resting upon his wig, heard the sermon also, and said afterwards, with a quizzical smile, that "Josh was taking notice," he presumed. Dr. Fountain, who had come to spend a week, remained with the Berkeleys an entire fortnight, and afterwards took up his abode at the Mansion House, near by. It was understood by his congregation that he was traveling for his health.

And now little nothings, betokening which way the wind blew, began to multiply. He asked Aunt Penelope to play for him "My favorite air, the melody of Thomas Moore entitled:

> 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms
> Which I gaze on so fondly to-day.'"

He brought in a big bunch of hundred-leaf roses purchased in the market-place, and, after hovering uncertainly around Miss Penelope awhile, presented them to Gay. He talked a great deal of his home, and his dear girls, and of the fine watermelon crops in his part of the country. He presented "Doddridge's Sermons" to Miss Berkeley; Pope's "Essay on Man" to Miss Penelope; and to Gay a blue and gold volume of "Selected Poems of the Affections," at which she laughed, and of which she did not read ten lines. But as the intentions

of her future Uncle Joshua were good, she thanked him sweetly and redoubled her acts of hospitable kindness.

One night Peggy, accustomed to visit her Miss Penelope for purposes of gossip after the old lady had retired to bed, found that her time for calling was misplaced. Miss Penelope, in a voluminous white wrapper, starched and frilled, was still upon her knees engaged in devotions that Peggy from experience knew were likely to be protracted beyond the limit of her own waiting powers. Peggy therefore, in a strained and melancholy voice, observed:

"Miss Pen 's sayin' her pra'rs, ain't she? I jes wish she knowed Miss Fanny Bassett's axed for de loan o' a quart o' to-morrer mornin's milk for breakfas'."

"Let her have the milk, of course, Peggy," came in hollow tones from beneath Miss Penelope's night-coif; and then, to Peggy's disappointment, down went the head in devotion deeper than before. What was to be done? Peggy, well aware of the old lady's terror of a mouse, was not long at a loss. Taking a ball of wool from Miss Penelope's knitting-basket, she let it shoot across the floor to bring up against her mistress's protruding foot. With a shriek and a bound Miss Penelope sprang to her feet, nor did she rest until tucked up in bed, deceitful Peggy looking everywhere, but of course in vain, for the most deadly enemy of her lady's maiden peace.

"Look for it, Peggy. Kill it! The little wretch touched me. Oh, I can smell him still!"

"Dey worn't never nut'in' like de giniwine Berkeley nose for smellin' mice," said Peggy. "Da now, chile, I see him run into dat crack behin' de bureau, an' he 'll be too scart to come back dis away to-night. Miss Pen—! Shua 's you born dat gentleman o' yourn ain't gwine away from here 'thout co'tin' somebody. He 's suttinly sot on it."

"Nonsense, Peggy," said Miss Penelope.

"He is dat, shua! An' husbands ain't so plenty in dis house. Now, chile, I jes want to speak a word in season. Ole Miss ain't a gwine to las' forever, an' when she go, who 's to take care o' you 'n' Miss Gay?"

"The Lord will provide, Peggy."

"S'posin' he will, you 'd better hold on to your beau all de same. He ain't so purty as some, but he 's stiddy an' conformable-like, an' he 's got chillen to keep company wid Miss Gay."

"O Peggy, I 've thought of all that," said poor Miss Penelope. "Don't you suppose sister Finetta has been at me every day? I 'm sure I never saw her so possessed to take anybody's part."

"But you likes him jes one little teenchy bit, honey?" coaxed Peggy, guiltily conscious of a present in her pocket of a gold dollar bestowed by Dr. Fountain for encouragement received, when she had encountered the good gentleman walking up and down between her rows of cabbages, and, with the familiar wheedling of her race, had contrived to let him know that his presence in the house was not unacceptable.

"Wait till he asks me, Peggy," answered Miss Penelope, who, resolutely pulling the counterpane up to her chin, refused to say another word.

THE afternoon following this momentous interview Gay was in the garden tying up her clove-pinks, which persisted in hanging their heavy, luscious heads to mother earth. While thus employed a shadow fell across her sunshine, and, looking up, she beheld the tall, black-coated form and rubicund visage of their reverend visitor.

What followed has not circumstantially transpired. But the aunts, who were in the shady chamber napping over their books, were surprised and shocked at the sudden, impetuous entrance of Miss Gay, with a crimson face and an agitated manner.

"He 's a horrid, old, conceited thing, and I hope never to lay eyes on him again," she cried, dashing a lapful of carnations down upon the floor.

"Gay, I am astonished," remarked both of the ladies in duet. "Pray, child, whom do you mean?"

"Dr. Fountain," cried Gay, too furious to cry. "He thought I was *in love with him!* He said I 'd encouraged him to stay. And he said he 'd wrestled in prayer about me till he 'd determined to overlook my youth and take me to—be—his—*wife!*"

"My dear, you must be dreaming," said Aunt Penelope, gently. Aunt Finetta was too thunderstruck to speak.

"No, no; it 's perfectly, hatefully true. I despise him, but I despise myself still more. When I only meant to be kind to him because —be—cause—" Here Gay stopped, and choked.

"It 's my duty to inquire into this affair," said Miss Berkeley, moving majestically towards the door.

"Oh, you need n't!" said Gay. "He 's gone! He 's raging! When he had the impudence to take my hand in his old flabby one and squeeze it I just pinched him—pinched him awfully, and made him let me go."

Miss Berkeley stopped, undecided, with her hand upon the knob. Then turning to her sister, a pained look of inquiry came upon her face.

"Penelope?" she said.

"We all have been mistaken, sister," was the quick answer. "I was doing my best to please you; but — I 'm afraid — I feel relieved."

ONE year after these events Gay's heart's desire was realized. There came into the still Belhaven streets such a stir and marshaling of troops that the town was born again to be the war-post of the days of Washington. And when presently the boys in gray who had been rallied from Belhaven's homes marched out, the boys in blue marched in. Needless to say that, drawn from its rusty scabbard, the sword he had carried in Mexico was offered by Major Garnett to his Virginia. As colonel of a regiment of infantry he served at the two battles of Manassas, and for several campaigns was heard of wherever there was fighting for his corps. Then the eager, yearning friends shut up in Belhaven, and meeting in secret to pray for the armies of the South, learned that General Garnett had lost both an arm and a foot in battle, and was lying, not expected to survive, at a hospital in Richmond. For the first time in her life Gay saw a blue light of fixed determination burn in the placid orbs of Aunt Penelope. Overcoming all obstacles, and braving danger and distress, Miss Penelope Berkeley pushed through the lines and went to Richmond.

"Do you know me, David?" she asked, at the moment when it was believed his gallant soul was passing to its reward.

"Know you, Pen?" he answered. "Why, I must be in heaven."

"THERE is n't much of me left, ma'am," he remarked, in the course of a few weeks, to his devoted nurse; "but there 's a body to hold my heart, and a hand to put the ring upon your finger. Nothing should part us now, Pen. Come, say you 'll be Mistress Garnett."

"O David! As if I had n't loved you all my life," sighed Miss Penelope.

Gay's own romance came to her after General and Mrs. Garnett had gone back to live in the old house, whence Aunt Finetta had been gathered to her fathers. But long before this she had given to Major Daisy the enthusiastic homage of her heart. "Between Pen and Gay," the dear old boy used to say, "I 've more hands and feet and coddling than any one man, much less half a man, deserves."

The Reverend Joshua espoused a widow with six children, three farms, and a temper locally renowned. Old Peggy died firmly believing that her incantations, if not her diplomacy, had secured two husbands to the ancient house of Berkeley.

Constance Cary Harrison.

TO GEORGE B. BUTLER.

FULL many an artist, Butler, have I known
In golden days gone by, but none like thee;
For thou dost paint what no one else can see,
What should be seen, but hath not yet been shown —
Secrets whose meaning has forever flown,
Things doubtful once which now authentic be,
The selfhood which all children christen "me,"
And which discovered is by thee alone.
Whence is this marvelous craft wherein we find,
Thou by the pencil, I, my poorer pen,
What slumbers in the cradle of the heart,
Or suddenly is awakened in the mind?
Through Song at last have I deciphered men,
Man from the first thou hast discerned by Art.

R. H. Stoddard.

"The undersigned hereby agree to organize for the purpose of gaining and maintaining the independence of California".

THE BEAR FLAG PLATFORM, DRAFTED BY GENERAL BIDWELL. (FROM HIS MANUSCRIPT OF THE PRESENT ARTICLE.)

FRÉMONT IN THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA.[1]

BY JOHN BIDWELL (PIONEER OF '41).

IN the autumn of 1845 Frémont came on his second exploring expedition to California. This time he divided his party east of the Sierra Nevada and sent the greater portion to come in through a gap supposed to exist farther to the south, while he followed substantially what is now the emigrant road, or Truckee route, and came direct to Sutter's Fort with about eight or nine men. At that time I was in charge of Sutter's Fort and of Sutter's business, he being absent at the bay of San Francisco. Frémont camped on the American River about three miles above the fort. The first notice of his return to California was his sudden appearance, with Kit Carson, at the fort. He at once made known to me his wants, namely, sixteen mules, six pack-saddles, some flour and other provisions, and the use of a blacksmith's shop to shoe the mules, to enable him to go in haste to meet the others of his party. I told him precisely what could and could not be furnished — that we had no mules, but could let him have horses, and could make the pack-saddles; that he might have the use of a blacksmith's shop, but we were entirely out of coal. He became reticent, and, saying something in a low tone to Kit Carson, rose and left without saying good-day, and returned to his camp. As they mounted their horses to leave, Frémont was heard to say that I was unwilling to accommodate him, which greatly pained me; for, of course, we were always glad of the arrival of Americans, and especially of one in authority. Besides, I knew that Captain Sutter would do anything in his power for Frémont. So I took with me Dr. Gildea, a recent arrival from St. Louis, across the plains, and hastened to Frémont's camp and told him what had been reported to me. He stated, in a very formal manner, that he was the officer of one government and Sutter the officer of another; that difficulties existed between those governments; and hence his inference that I, representing Sutter, was not willing to accommodate him. He reminded me that on his first arrival here, in 1844, Sutter had sent out and in half an hour had brought him all the mules he wanted. I protested my willingness to do anything in my power, but was obliged to plead inability to do more than stated, telling him that in 1844 Sutter was in far better circumstances; that on that occasion a man (Peter Lassen) had just arrived with a hundred mules, of which Sutter had bought what Frémont needed. But he had not been able to pay for them, because Frémont's drafts had to go East before Sutter could realize on them the money which had been promised to Lassen. In a few days Sutter returned, but could not furnish anything more than I had offered. Then Frémont concluded to go down to the bay and get supplies. He went with his little party of eight or nine men, including Kit Carson, but without success; so he sent the men back to Sutter's Fort to go, as best they could, to find the main party. Meanwhile he himself had made his way to Monterey to see the American consul, Thomas O. Larkin. After several weeks Frémont and his entire party became united in the San Joaquin Valley.[2] While at

1 See the preceding papers by the present writer: "The First Emigrant Train to California" and "Life in California before the Gold Discovery," in THE CENTURY for November and December, 1890, respectively. — EDITOR.

2 His men in the mountains had suffered considerably. Frémont had given positive orders for them to wait at a certain gap or low divide till he should meet them with supplies, but the place could not be found. The men got out of provisions and bought from the Indians. The kind they most relished was a sort of brown meal, which was rich and spicy, and came so much into favor that they wanted no other. After a while the Indians became careless in the preparation of this wonderful meal, when it was discovered to be full of the broken wings and legs of grasshoppers! It was simply dried grasshoppers pounded into a meal. The men said it was rich and would stick to the mouth like gingerbread, and that they were becoming sleek and fat. But after the discovery they lost their appetites. How hard it is sometimes to overcome prejudice!

Monterey he had obtained permission from José Castro, the commandant-general, to winter in the San Joaquin Valley, away from the settlements, where the men would not be likely to annoy the people. He had in all in the exploring party about sixty well-armed men. He also had permission to extend his explorations in the spring as far south as the Colorado River.

Accordingly early in the spring (1846) Frémont started south with his party. When Castro gave him permission to explore towards the Colorado River he no doubt supposed he would go south or southeast from where he was camped in the San Joaquin Valley, and on through the Tejon Pass and the Mojave Desert; but, instead, Frémont with his sixty armed men started to go west and southwest through the most thickly settled parts of California, namely, the Santa Clara, Pajaro, and Salinas valleys. As he was approaching the last valley Castro sent an official order by an officer warning Frémont that he must leave, as his action was illegal. The order was delivered March 5. Frémont took possession of an eminence called Gavilan Peak, and continued to fortify himself for several days, perhaps a week or more, Castro meantime remaining in sight and evidently increasing his force day by day. Frémont, enraged against Castro, finally abandoned his position in the night of March 9, and, gaining the San Joaquin Valley, made his way rapidly northward up the Sacramento Valley and into Oregon, leaving Sutter's about March 24.

A little over four weeks after Frémont left I happened to be fishing four or five miles down the river, having then left Sutter's service with the view of trying to put up two or three hundred barrels of salmon, thinking the venture would be profitable. An officer of the United States, Lieutenant A. H. Gillespie, of the marines, bearing messages to the explorer, came up the river in a small boat and at once inquired about Frémont. I told him he had gone to Oregon. Said he: "I want to overhaul him. How far is it to the fort?" And receiving my reply, he pushed rapidly on. He overtook Frémont near the Oregon line. Frémont, still indignant against Castro, who had compelled him to abandon his explorations south, returned at once to California. It so happened that Castro had sent Lieutenant Arce to the north side of the bay of San Francisco to collect scattered Government horses. Arce had secured about one hundred and fifty and was taking them to the south side of the bay, *via* Sutter's Fort and the San Joaquin Valley. This was the only way to transfer cattle or horses from one side of the bay to the other, except at the Straits of Carquinez by the slow processes of swimming one at a time, or of taking one or two, tied by all four feet, in a small boat or launch. Arce, with the horses and seven or eight soldiers, arrived at Sutter's Fort, staid overnight as the guest of Sutter, and went on his way to the Cosumne River (about sixteen or eighteen miles) and camped for the night.

Frémont's hasty departure for Oregon and Gillespie's pursuit of him had been the occasion of many surmises. Frémont's sudden return excited increased curiosity. People flocked to his camp: some were settlers, some hunters; some were good men, and some about as rough specimens of humanity as it would be possible to find anywhere. Frémont, hearing that the horses were passing, sent a party of these promiscuous people and captured them. This of course was done before he had orders or any positive news that war had been declared. When Gillespie left the United States, as the bearer of a despatch to Larkin and Frémont and of letters to the latter, war had not been declared. The letters included one from Senator Benton, who had the confidence and knew the purposes of the Administration. As Gillespie had to make his way through Mexico, he committed the despatch and his orders to memory, destroyed them, and rewrote them on the vessel which took him, *via* the Sandwich Islands, to the coast of California. There had been no later arrival, and therefore no later despatches to Frémont were possible. Though Frémont was reticent, whatever he did was supposed to be done with the sanction of the United States. Thus, without giving the least notice even to Sutter, the great friend of Americans, or to Americans in general, scattered and exposed as they were all over California, he precipitated the war.

Sutter was always outspoken in his wish that some day California should belong to the United States; but when he heard that the horses had been taken from Arce (who made no resistance, but with his men and with insulting messages was permitted to go on his way to Castro at Santa Clara), he expressed surprise that Captain Frémont had committed such an act without his knowledge. What Sutter had said was reported to Frémont, perhaps with some exaggeration.

As soon as the horses arrived at Frémont's camp, the same party — about twenty-five in number — were sent to Sonoma. By this party General Vallejo, the most prominent Californian north of the bay, his brother Salvador, his brother-in-law Jacob P. Leese, and Victor Prudon were surprised at night, taken prisoners, and conveyed to Frémont's camp, over eighty miles distant by the traveled route on the Sacramento River. The prisoners were

sent to Sutter's Fort, Frémont arriving at the same time. Then Sutter and Frémont met, face to face, for the first time since Frémont, a month before, had passed on his way towards Oregon. I do not know what words passed between them; I was near, but did not hear. This, however, I know, that Sutter had become elated, as all Americans were, with the idea that what Frémont was doing meant California for the United States. But in a few minutes Sutter came to me greatly agitated, with tears in his eyes, and said that Frémont had told him he was a Mexican, and that if he did not like what he (Frémont) was doing he would set him across the San Joaquin River and he could go and join the Mexicans. But, this flurry over, Sutter was soon himself again, and resumed his normal attitude of friendship towards Frémont, because he thought him to be acting in accordance with instructions from Washington. For want of a suitable prison, the prisoners were placed in Sutter's parlor,— a large room in the southwest corner of the second story of the two-story adobe house,[1] — which had but one door, and this was now guarded by a sentinel. Frémont gave me special directions about the safety of the prisoners, and I understood him to put them under my special charge. Some of Frémont's men remained at the fort.

Among the men who remained to hold Sonoma was William B. Ide, who assumed to be in command. In some way (perhaps through an unsatisfactory interview with Frémont which he had before the move on Sonoma) Ide got the notion that Frémont's hand in these events was uncertain, and that Americans ought to strike for an independent republic. To this end nearly every day he wrote something in the form of a proclamation and posted it on the old Mexican flagstaff. Another man left at Sonoma was William L. Todd,[2] who painted, on a piece of brown cotton, a yard and a half or so in length, with old red or brown paint that he happened to find, what he intended to be a representation of a grizzly bear. This was raised to the top of the staff, some seventy feet from the ground. Native Californians looking up at it were heard to say "*Coche*," the common name among them for pig or shoat.

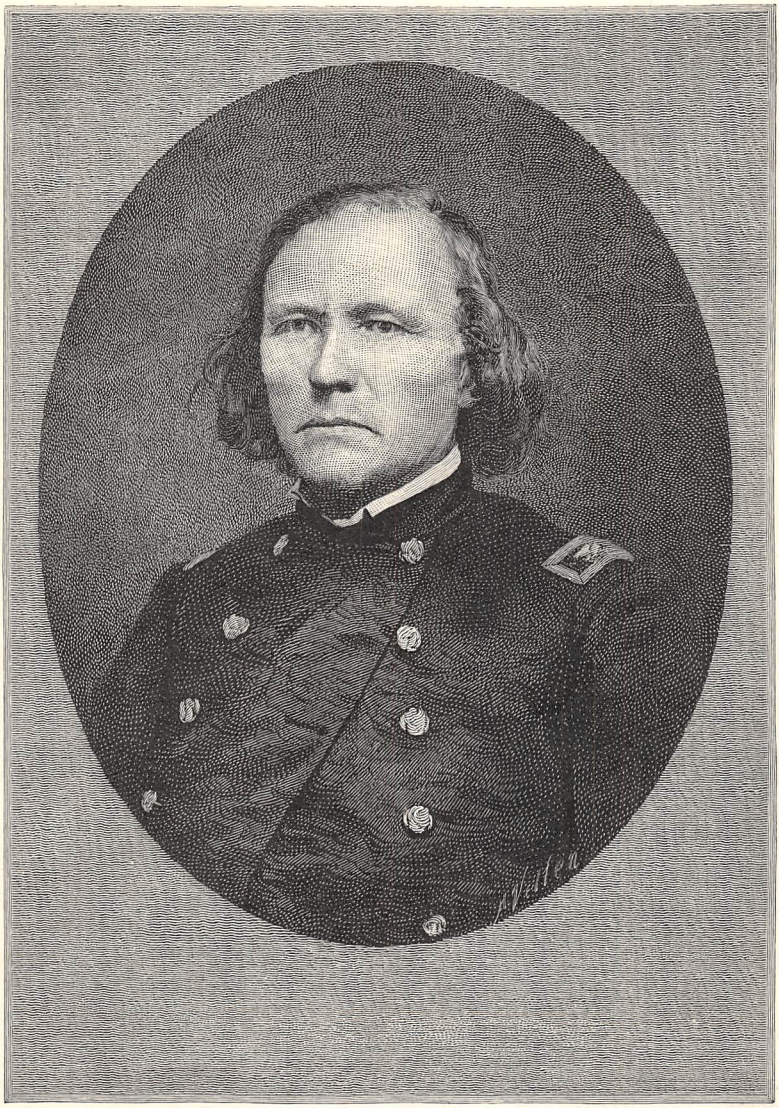
The party at Sonoma now received some accessions from Americans and other foreigners living on the north side of the bay. Rumors began to reach them of an uprising on the part of the native Californians, which indeed began under Joaquin de la Torre. Henry L. Ford and other Americans to the number of thirty met De la Torre — whose force was said to number from forty to eighty — near the Petaluma Ranch, and four or five of the Californians were said to have been killed or wounded. The repulse of the Californians seems to have been complete, though reports continued alarming, and a man sent from Sonoma to Russian River for powder was killed. A messenger was sent in haste to Sacramento for Frémont, who hurried to Sonoma with nearly all his exploring party and scoured the country far and near, but found no enemy.

I tried to make the prisoners at Sacramento as comfortable as possible, assisting to see that their meals were regularly and properly brought, and sometimes I would sit by while they were eating. One day E. M. Kern, artist to Frémont's exploring expedition, called me out and said it was Frémont's orders that no one was to go in or speak to the prisoners. I told him they were in my charge, and that he had nothing to say about them. He asserted that they were in his charge, and finally convinced me that he had been made an equal, if not the principal, custodian. I then told him that, as both of us were not needed, I would go over and join Frémont at Sonoma. Just at this time Lieutenant Washington A. Bartlett of the United States Navy arrived from the bay, inquiring for Frémont. The taking of the horses from Arce, the capture of the prisoners, and the occupation of Sonoma, had been heard of, and he was sent to learn what it meant. So he went over to Sonoma with me.

On our arrival Frémont was still absent trying to find the enemy, but that evening he returned. The Bear Flag was still flying, and had been for a week or more. The American flag was nowhere displayed. There was much doubt about the situation. Frémont gave us to understand that we must organize. Lieutenant Gillespie seemed to be his confidential adviser and spokesman, and said that a meeting would be held the next day at which Frémont would make an address. He also said that it would be necessary to have some plan of organization ready to report to the meeting; and that P. B. Reading, W. B. Ide, and myself were requested to act as a committee to report such a plan. We could learn nothing from Frémont or Gillespie to the effect that the United States had anything to do with Frémont's present movements.

[1] This adobe house is still standing, within the limits of the city of Sacramento, and is the only relic left of Sutter's Fort. [See sketch on page 169, THE CENTURY for December, 1890.] It was built in 1841 — the first then, the last now.

[2] More than thirty years afterwards I chanced to meet Todd on the train coming up the Sacramento Valley. He had not greatly changed, but appeared considerably broken in health. He informed me that Mrs. Lincoln was his own aunt, and that he had been brought up in the family of Abraham Lincoln.

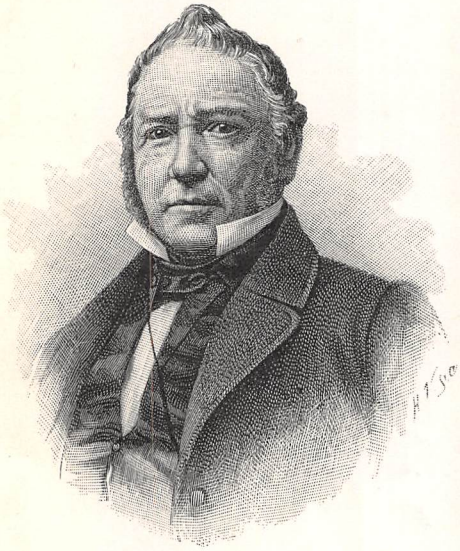


(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1863, IN POSSESSION OF C. B. HALL.)

C. Carson
Late Cavalry N.V.ols
Brvt Brig General

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF KIT CARSON.

In past years rumors of threats against Americans in California had been rather frequent, several times causing them and other foreigners to hasten in the night from all places within one or two hundred miles to Sutter's Fort, sometimes remaining a week or two, drilling and preparing to resist attack. The first scare of this kind occurred in 1841, when Sutter became somewhat alarmed; the last, in 1845. But in every case such rumors had proved to be groundless, so that Americans had ceased to have apprehensions, especially in the presence of such an accessible refuge as Sutter's Fort. And now, in 1846, after so many accessions by immigration, we felt entirely secure, even without the presence of a United States officer and his exploring force of sixty men, until we found ourselves suddenly plunged into a war. But hostilities having been begun, bringing danger where none before existed, it now became imperative to organize. It was in every one's mouth (and I think must have come from Frémont) that the war was begun in defense of American settlers! This was simply a pretense to justify the premature beginning of the war, which henceforth was to be carried on in the name of the United States.[1]



JACOB P. LEESE.

Under these circumstances on the Fourth of July our committee met. We soon found that we could not agree. Ide wished to paste together his long proclamations on the flagstaff, and make them our report. Reading wrote something much shorter, which I thought still too long. I proposed for our report simply this: "The undersigned hereby agree to organize for the purpose of gaining and maintaining the independence of California." Unable to agree upon a report, we decided to submit what we had written to Lieutenant Gillespie, without our names, and ask him to choose. He chose mine. The meeting took place, but Frémont's remarks gave us no light upon any phase of the situation. He neither averred nor denied that he was acting under orders from the United States Government. Some men had been guilty of misconduct in an Indian village, and he reprimanded them—said he wanted nothing to do with the movement unless the men would conduct themselves properly. Gillespie made some remarks, presented the report, and all present signed it.

The organization took place forthwith, by the formation of three companies. The captains elected were Henry L. Ford, Granville P. Swift, and Samuel J. Hensley. Thus organized, we marched into the Sacramento Valley. The men who had not been at Sonoma signed the report at the camp above Sutter's Fort, except a few who soon after signed it at the Mokelumne River on our march to Monterey. This was, so far as I know, the last seen or heard of that document, for Commodore Sloat had raised the American flag at Monterey before our arrival, and soon it waved in all places in California where American influence prevailed.

As yet Frémont had received advices from Washington no later than those brought by Gillespie. His object in going to Monterey must have been to confer with Commodore Sloat and get positive information about the war with Mexico, which proved to be a reality, as we learned even before our arrival there. There was now no longer uncertainty; all were glad. It was a glorious sight to see the Stars and Stripes as we marched into Monterey. Here we found Commodore Sloat. The same evening, or the next, Commodore Stockton, a chivalrous and dashing officer, arrived around Cape Horn to supersede him. Plans were immediately laid to conquer California. A California Battalion was to be organized, and Frémont was to be lieutenant-colonel in command. Stockton asked Frémont to nominate his own officers. P. B. Reading was chosen paymaster, Ezekiel Merritt quartermaster, and,

[1] So much has been said and written about the "Bear Flag" that some may conclude it was something of importance. It was not so regarded at the time: it was never adopted at any meeting or by any agreement; it was, I think, never even noticed, perhaps never seen, by Frémont when it was flying. The naked old Mexican flagstaff at Sonoma suggested that something should be put on it. Todd had painted it, and others had helped to put it up, for mere pastime. It had no importance to begin with, none whatever when the Stars and Stripes went up, and never would have been thought of again had not an officer of the navy seen it in Sonoma and written a letter about it.

GOVERNOR JUAN B. ALVARADO. (1836–42.)

GOVERNOR MANUEL MICHELTORENA. (1842–45.)

TWO MEXICAN GOVERNORS OF CALIFORNIA.[1]

I think, King commissary. The captains and lieutenants chosen at Sonoma were also commissioned. Though I did not aspire to office, I received a commission as second lieutenant.

Merritt, the quartermaster, could neither read nor write. He was an old mountaineer and trapper, lived with an Indian squaw, and went clad in buckskin fringed after the style of the Rocky Mountain Indians. He chewed tobacco to a disgusting excess, and stammered badly. He had a reputation for bravery because of his continual boasting of his prowess in killing Indians. The handle of the tomahawk he carried had nearly a hundred notches to record the number of his Indian scalps. He drank deeply whenever he could get liquor. Stockton said to him: "Major Merritt" (for he was now major), "make out a requisition for some money, say two thousand dollars. You will need about that amount at the start. Bring your requisition on board, and I will approve, and direct the purser to honor it." Major Reading wrote the requisition and Merritt got the money, two thousand Mexican silver dollars. That afternoon I met him in Monterey, nearly as drunk as he could be. He said, "Bidwell, I am rich; I have lots of money"; and putting both hands into the deep pockets of his buckskin breeches he brought out two handfuls of Mexican dollars, saying, "Here, take this, and if you can find anything to buy, buy it, and when you want more money come to me, for I have got lots of it."

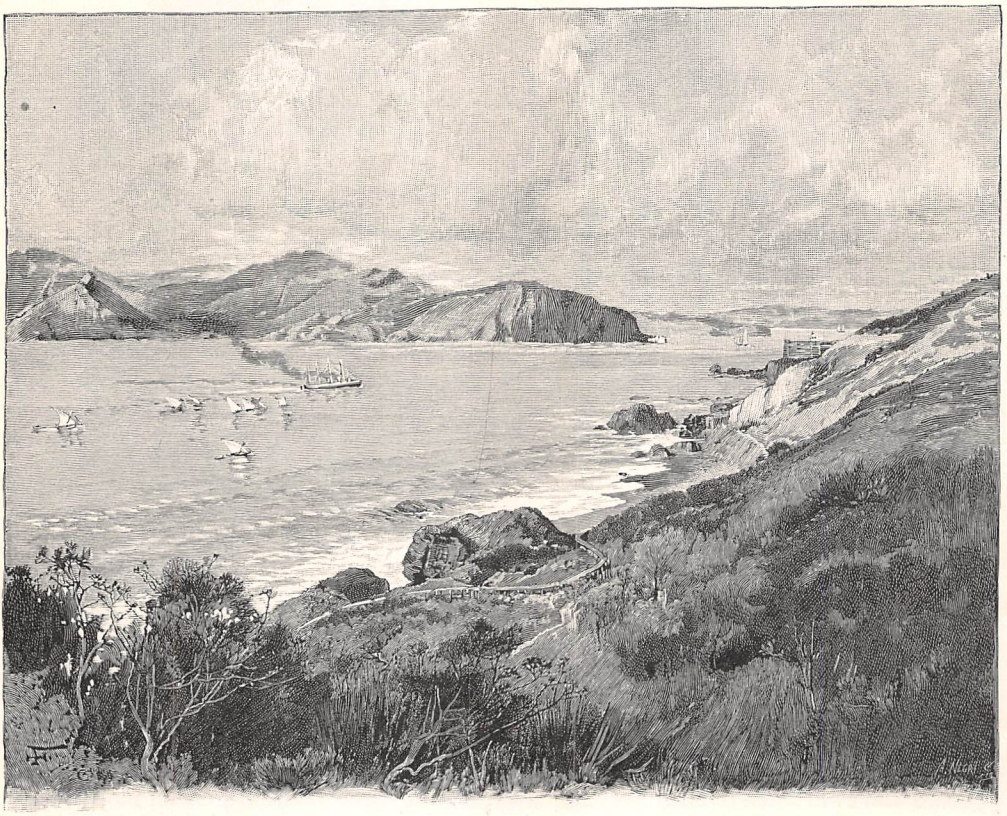
Merritt was never removed from his office or rank, but simply fell into disuse, and was detailed, like subordinate officers or men, to perform other duties, generally at the head of small scouting parties. Merritt's friends — for he must have had friends to recommend him for quartermaster — in some way managed to fix up the accounts relating to the early administration of his office. In fact, I tried to help them myself, but I believe that all of us together were never able to find, within a thousand dollars, what Merritt had done with the money. How he ever came to be recommended for quartermaster was to every one a mystery. Perhaps some of the current theories that subsequently prevailed might have had in them just a shade of truth, namely, that somebody entertained the idea that quartermaster meant the ability and duty to quarter the beef!

The first conquest of California, in 1846, by the Americans, with the exception of the skirmish at Petaluma and another towards Monterey, was achieved without a battle. We simply marched all over California from Sonoma to San Diego and raised the American flag without opposition or protest. We tried to find an enemy, but could not. So Kit Carson and Ned Beale were sent East, bearing despatches from Commodore Stockton announcing the entire conquest of California by the United States. Frémont was made governor by Stockton at Los Angeles, but could not enter upon the full discharge of the duties of his office till he had visited the upper part of California and returned. He sent me to take charge of the Mission of San Luis Rey, with a commission as magistrate over the larger portion of the country between Los Angeles and San Diego. Stockton and all his forces retired on board of their vessels. Frémont went north, leaving part of his men at Los Angeles under Gillespie, part at Santa Barbara under Lieutenant Talbot, and some at other points. Pio Pico and

[1] For a portrait of Pio Pico, the successor of Micheltorena and the last Mexican governor, see THE CENTURY for January, p. 379.

José Castro, respectively the last Mexican governor and commander-in-chief, remained concealed a while and then withdrew into Mexico.

Suddenly, in about a month, Frémont being in the north and his troops scattered, the whole country south of Monterey was in a state of revolt.[1] Then for the first time there was something like war. As there were rumors of Mexican troops coming from Sonora, Merritt was sent by Gillespie to reconnoiter towards the Colorado River. Gillespie was surrounded at Los Angeles, and made to capitulate. I fled from San Luis Rey to San Diego. Merritt and his party, hearing of the outbreak, also escaped to San Diego. Meanwhile Frémont enlisted a considerable force (about four hundred), principally from the large Hastings immigration at Sacramento, and marched south. Commodore Stockton had landed and marched to retake Los Angeles, and failed. All the men-of-war, and all the scattered forces, except Frémont's new force, were then concentrated at San Diego, where Commodore Stockton collected and reorganized the forces, composed of sailors, marines, men of Frémont's battalion under Gillespie and Merritt, volunteers at San Diego, including some native Californians and that portion of the regular troops under General S. W. Kearney that had escaped from the field of San Pascual[2] — in all between 700 and 800 men. Of these forces I was commissioned and served as quartermaster. This work of preparation took several months. Finally, on the 29th of December, 1846, the army set out to retake Los Angeles. It fought the battles of San Gabriel and the Mesa, which ended the insurrection. The enemy fled, met Frémont at San Fernando, and surrendered to him the next day. The terms of surrender were so lenient that the native Californians from that time forth became the fast friends of Frémont.



THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE LOOKING TOWARDS THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Unfortunate differences regarding rank had arisen between Stockton and Kearney. Frémont was afterwards arrested in California by Kearney for refusing to obey his orders, and was taken to Washington and court-martialed. Stockton,

[1] Royce, in his history of California, says that the immediate cause of this revolt was the intolerant and exasperating administration of affairs by Gillespie at Los Angeles. — EDITOR.

[2] Time does not permit me to do more than allude to the arrival at San Diego of General Kearney with one hundred soldiers, and with Kit Carson and Beale, from New Mexico; or to his repulse at San Pascual.

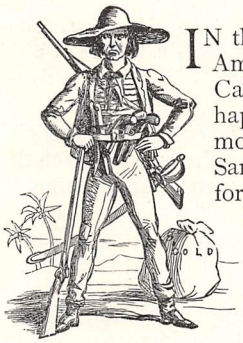
however, was largely to blame. He would not submit to General Kearney, his superior in command on land, and that led Frémont to refuse to obey Kearney, his superior officer. Frémont's disobedience was no doubt owing to the advice of Stockton, who had appointed him governor of California.[1]

The war being over, nearly all the volunteers were discharged from the service in February and March, 1847, at Los Angeles and San Diego. Most of us made our way up the coast by land to our homes. I had eleven horses, which I swam, one at a time, across the Straits of Carquinez at Benicia, which J. M. Hudspeth, the surveyor, was at the time laying out for Dr. Robert Semple, and which was then called "Francisca," after Mrs. Vallejo, whose maiden name was Francisca Benicia Carrillo.

John Bidwell.

THE RUSH TO CALIFORNIA: A CARICATURE OF THE TIME FROM "PUNCH" BY RICHARD DOYLE.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.



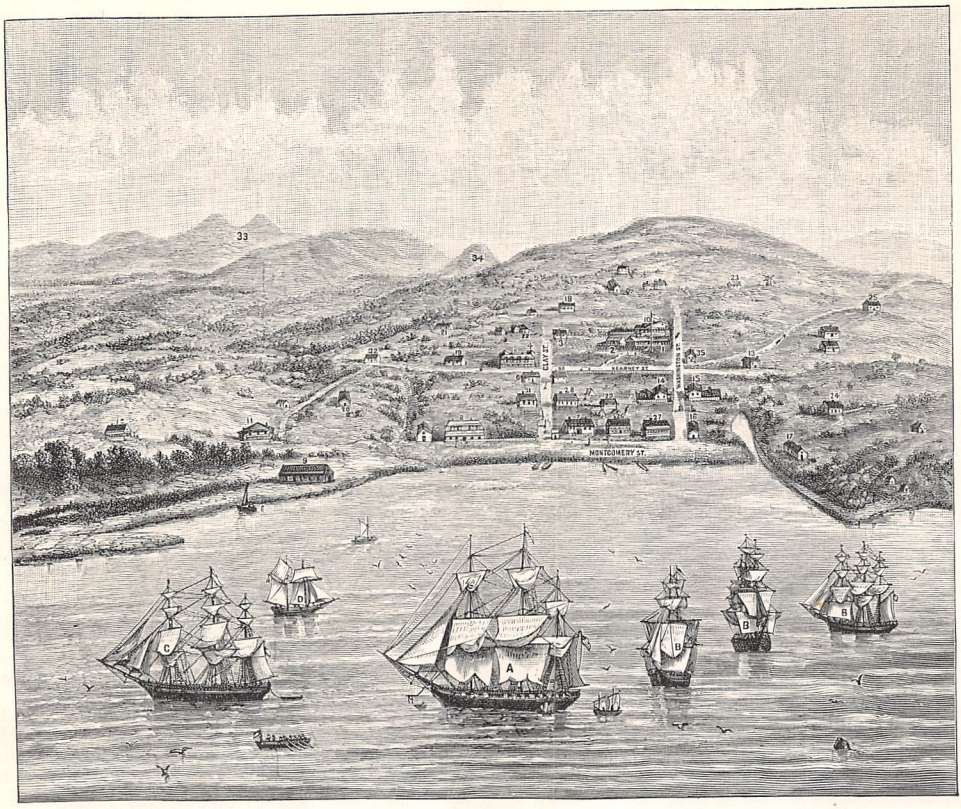
THE MOST APPROVED CALIFORNIA OUTFIT. (FROM "PUNCH.")

IN the summer of 1847 the American residents of California, numbering perhaps two thousand, and mostly established near San Francisco Bay, looked forward with hope and confidence to the future. Their government held secure possession of the whole territory, and had announced its purpose to hold it permanently. The Spanish Californians, dissatisfied with the manner in which Mexico had ruled them, and convinced that she could not protect them, had abandoned the idea of further resistance. Notwithstanding the unsettled condition of political affairs, the market prices of cows, horses, and land, which at that time were the chief articles of sale in the country, had advanced, and this enhancement of values was generally regarded as a certain proof of the increased prosperity that would bless the country under the Stars and Stripes when peace, which seemed near at hand, should be finally made.

It so happened that at this time one of the leading representatives of American interests in California was John A. Sutter, a Swiss by his parentage; a German by the place of his birth in Baden; an American by residence and naturalization in Missouri; and a Mexican by subsequent residence and naturalization in California. In 1839 he had settled at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, near the site of the present city of Sacramento.

When he selected this site it was generally considered very undesirable, but it had advantages which soon became apparent. It was the head of navigation on the Sacramento River for sailing vessels, and steam had not yet made its appearance in the waters of the Pacific. It had a central position in the great interior valley. Its distance of sixty miles from the nearest village, and its situation on one of the main

[1] Mr. Charles H. Shinn informs us that General Vallejo in one of his letters tells of having received on the same day communications from Commodore Stockton, General Kearney, and Colonel Frémont, each one signing himself "Commander-in-chief of California." — EDITOR.



VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO (FORMERLY YERBA BUENA) IN MARCH, 1847. (AFTER A LITHOGRAPH DESIGNED AND PUBLISHED BY W. F. SWAZEY.)

A, U. S. S. *Portsmouth*; B, U. S. Transports *Loo Choo*, *Susan Drew* and *Thomas H. Perkins* — which brought the Stevenson regiment; C, Ship *Vandalia* — merchantman consigned to Howard & Mellus; D, Coasting schooner; E, Launch *Luce* (belonging to James Lick); 1, Custom-house; 2, Calaboose; 3, School-house; 4, Alcalde's office; 5, City hotel owned by Wm. A. Leidesdorff; 6, Portsmouth hotel; 7, Wm. H. Davis's store; 8, Howard & Mellus's store (the old Hudson Bay Co.'s building); 9, Leidesdorff's warehouse; 10, Samuel Brannan; 11, Leidesdorff; 12, Russ; 13, John Sullivan; 14, Peter T. Sherback; 15, Juan C. Davis; 16, G. Reynolds; 17, Ellis's boarding-house; 18, Fitch & McKurley; 19, Captain Vioget; 20, John Fuller; 21, Jesus Noe; 22, Juan N. Pidilla; 23, A. A. Andrew; 24, Captain Antonio Ortega; 25, Francisco Cacereż; 26, Captain Wm. Hinckley; 27, General M. G. Vallejo's building; 28, C. L. Ross; 29, Mill; 30, Captain John Paty; 31, Doctor E. P. Jones; 32, Robert Ridley; 33, Los Pechos de la Choco; 34, Lone Mountain; 35, Sill's blacksmith-shop; ⟶ Trail to Presidio; ⟵ Trail to Mission Dolores.

traveled routes of the territory, gave political and military importance to its proprietor. The Mexican governors sought his influence and conferred power on him. But more important than all these advantages was the fact that the only wagon road from the Mississippi Valley to California first reached the navigable waters of the Pacific at Sutter's Fort. This road had been open for several years and was of much prospective importance. The immigration had been interrupted by the war, but would certainly start again as soon as peace should be restored.

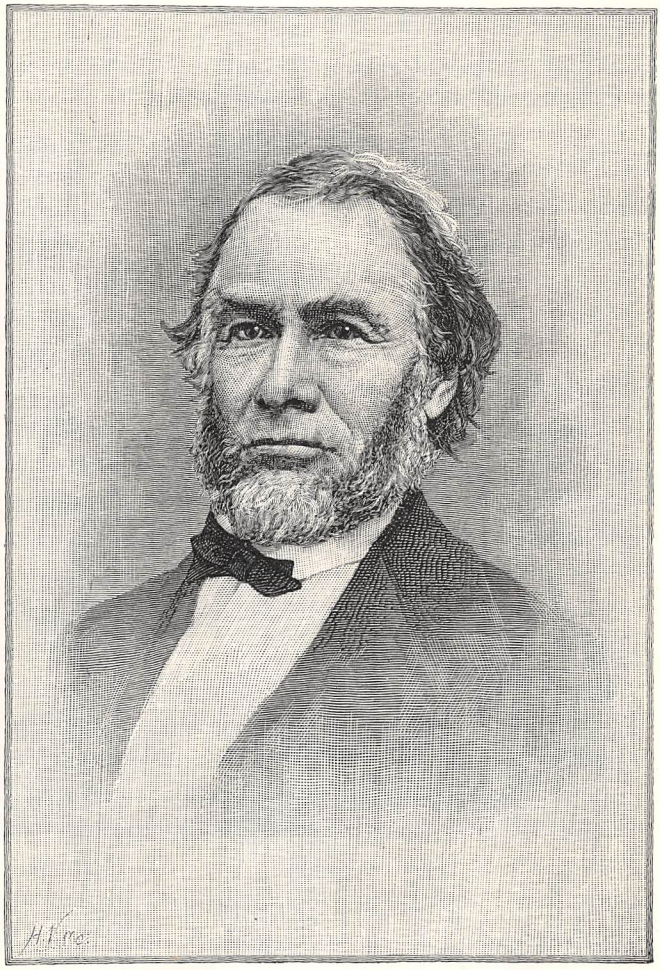
The American residents of California, knowing the feeling prevalent among their relatives east of the Rocky Mountains, expected that at least a thousand immigrants, and perhaps two or three times as many, would arrive overland every year; and they supposed that such additions to the population would soon add much to the value of property, to the demand for labor, and to the activity of general business. The immigration would be especially beneficial to Sutter. At his rancho they would reach the first settlement of white men in the Sacramento Valley. There, after their toilsome march across the desert, they would stop and rest. There, they would purchase supplies of food and clothing. There, they would sell their exhausted horses and oxen, and buy fresh ones. There, the penniless would seek employment. There, those who were ready to continue their journey would separate for the valleys to the northward, westward, and southward. There, parties starting for Oregon or "the States" would obtain their last stock of supplies. The advantages of the site were numerous and evident.

But the advantages of Sutter's Fort imposed certain obligations on its owner. He should be prepared to furnish provisions to the immigrants. He should not expect the Americans to be content with the Mexican system of crushing grain by hand on the *metate*, as the flat under millstone of the Mexicans and

native Californians is called, the upper millstone being cylindrical and used like a rolling-pin. He ought to build a flour-mill in the Sacramento Valley to grind the wheat which he cultivated in considerable quantity. There was no great difficulty about the construction of such a mill. He had a site for it on his own rancho. The necessary timber for it could be found not far away. Among the Americans at the fort there was skill to build and to manage it. These ideas pleased Sutter; he adopted them, and acted on them. He selected a site and made his plans for a flour-mill, and, partly to get lumber for it, he determined to build a saw-mill also.

Since there was no good timber in the valley, the saw-mill must be in the mountains. The site for it was selected by James W. Marshall, a native of New Jersey, a skillful wheelwright by occupation, industrious, honest, generous, but "cranky," full of wild fancies, and defective in some kinds of business sense. By accident he discovered the gold of California, and his name is inseparably connected with her history, but it is impossible to make a great hero of him. The place for his mill was in the small valley of Coloma, 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and 45 miles from Sutter's Fort, from which it was accessible by wagon without expense for road-making. Good yellow-pine timber was abundant in the surrounding hills; the water-power was more than sufficient; there were opportunities to make a secure dam and race with small expense, and there was little danger of loss by flood. Sutter left the plans and construction of the mill, as well as the selection of the site, to Marshall, and on the 27th of August the two signed an agreement of partnership under which Sutter was to furnish money, men, tools, and teams, and Marshall was to supply the skill for building and managing.

While the project of the saw-mill was under consideration some Mormons arrived at New Helvetia and solicited employment. They had belonged to the Mormon battalion, which, after enlisting in Nebraska for one year, marching to the Pacific by way of the Gila, and garrisoning San Diego, had been mustered out at Los Angeles on the preceding 16th of July. They were on their way to Salt Lake, but at the fort received letters advising all who could not bring provisions for the winter to remain in California until the following spring. They were sober, orderly, peaceful, industrious men, and Sutter hired them to work at his flour-mill and saw-mill. He sent six of them to Coloma. Besides these, Marshall had three "Gentile" laborers, and about a dozen Indians.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMAR.

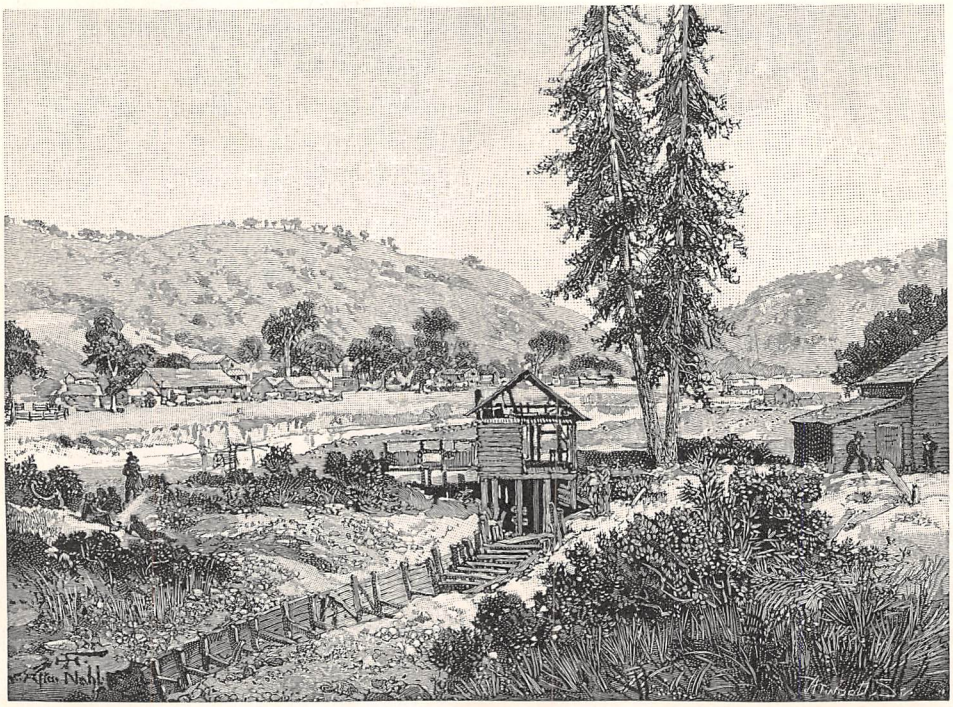
Jas W. Marshall

THE DISCOVERER OF GOLD AT SUTTER'S MILL.

All the white men were natives of the United States.

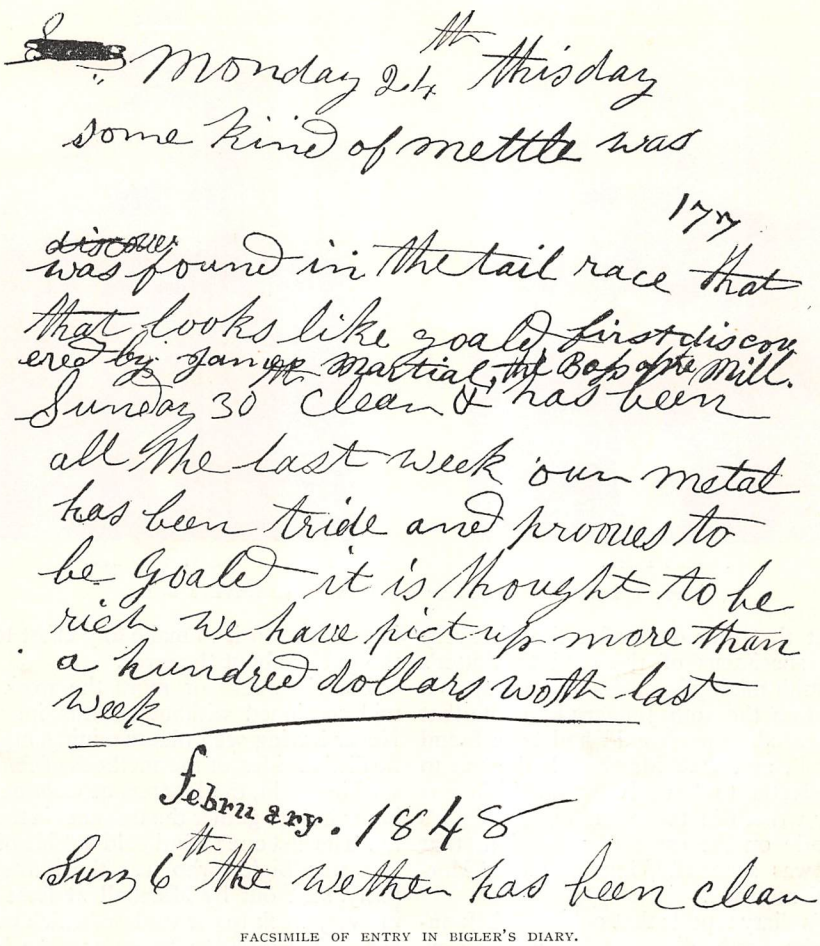
For four months these men worked at Coloma, seeing no visitors, and rarely communicating with the fort. The mill had been nearly completed, the dam was made, the race had been dug, the gates had been put in place, the water had been turned into the race to carry away some of the loose dirt and gravel, and then had been turned off again. On the afternoon of Monday the 24th of January Marshall was walking in the tail-race, when on its rotten granite bed-rock he saw some yellow particles and picked up several of them. The largest were about the size of grains of wheat. They were smooth, bright, and in color much like brass. He thought they were gold, and went to the mill, where he told the men that he had found a gold mine. At the time little importance was attached to his statement. It was regarded as a proper subject for ridicule.

Marshall hammered his new metal, and found it malleable; he put it into the kitchen fire, and observed that it did not readily melt or become discolored; he compared its color with gold coin; and the more he examined it, the more he was convinced that it was gold. The next morning he paid another visit to the tail-race, where he picked up other specimens; and putting all he had collected, about a spoonful, on the crown of his slouch hat, he went to the mill, where he showed them to the men as proof of his discovery of a gold mine. The scantiness in the provision supply gave Marshall an excuse for going to the fort, though he would probably not have gone at this time if he had not been anxious to know Sutter's opinion of the metal. He rode away, and, according to Sutter's diary, arrived at the fort on Friday the 28th. Sutter had an encyclopedia, sulphuric acid, and scales, and with the help of these, after weighing the specimens in and out of water, he declared that they were undoubtedly gold.



SUTTER'S MILL, THE SCENE OF THE GOLD DISCOVERY. (FROM A PAINTING BY NAHL, IN POSSESSION OF A. ROMAN.)

The first record of the discovery, and the only one made on the day of its occurrence, was in the diary of Henry W. Bigler, one of the Mormon laborers at the mill. He was an American by birth, then a young man, and now a respected citizen of St. George, Utah. He was in the habit of keeping a regular record of his notable observations and experiences, selecting topics for remark with creditable judgment. His journal kept during his service in the Mormon battalion and his subsequent stay in California is one of the valuable historical documents of the State. On the 24th of January, in the evening, Bigler wrote in his diary, "This day some kind of mettle was found in the tail-race that looks like goald." For the purpose of enabling the reader to see precisely how the original record looks, it is here shown in facsimile. The size of the page is


Monday 24th this day
some kind of mettle was
177
~~discover~~ was found in the tail race that
that looks like goald ~~first discov~~
~~ered by James Martial, the Boss of the Mill.~~
Sunday 30 Clear & has been
all the last week our metal
has been tride and proves to
be Goald it is thought to be
rich we have pict up more than
a hundred dollars worth last
week

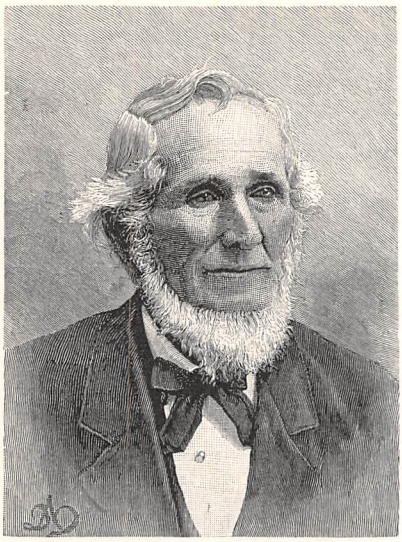
February. 1848
Sun 6th the wether has been clear

FACSIMILE OF ENTRY IN BIGLER'S DIARY.

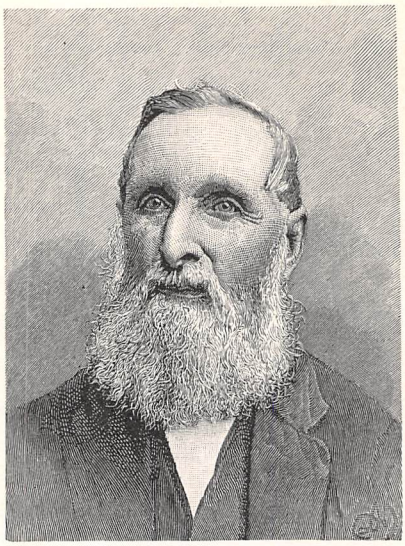
retained. The words in darker ink were interpolated by Mr. Bigler after he had made his first entries. Carelessness in the spelling appears in "mettle" and "metal," both written within a week; and the influence of his experience in the Mormon battalion may account for his method of writing the name of Mr. "Martial."

The artless arrangement of ideas, and the ungrammatical phraseology, accompanied by the regular mental habits that demanded a diary, and the perception that enabled him to catch with his pen the main facts of life as they passed, add much to the interest as well as to the authority of his diary.

Nothing was said in public about the date of the discovery until 1856, eight years after the event, when Marshall published a letter in which he said that he found gold at Coloma "about the 19th" of January, 1848. Neither then, nor at any subsequent time, did he claim that his recollection of the day was aided by a written memorandum. In 1857 he published a statement that the discovery was made on the 18th, 19th, or 20th. His biography, prepared under his direction, and printed in 1870, fixed the 19th as the precise day. As years elapsed he became more exact, perhaps under the influence of public opinion, which from 1856 to 1886 accepted the 19th as the day. On the 9th September, 1885, at the annual celebration of the admission of the State into the Union, I delivered an address on the gold discovery to the Pioneer Society of San Francisco, and sent a copy of it in print to Mr. Bigler, of whom I had heard as one of the survivors of the Coloma party, and requested him to correct my errors, if he found any. He replied that, according to his diary, the gold was found on the 24th. At my solicitation he copied the entries of his book from that day to the middle of May; and then I began an investigation which made me familiar with the diaries of Azariah Smith, a survivor of the Mormon battalion and of the mill-builders at Coloma, and with the diary of Sutter. These three diaries agreed substantially with one another, and with Marshall's



AZARIAH SMITH.



HENRY W. BIGLER.

TWO SURVIVORS OF THE PARTY OF DISCOVERY AT SUTTER'S MILL.

statement that four days after the discovery he took specimens of the gold to Sutter's Fort. Smith made his entries on Sunday as a rule; and on the 30th January he wrote that on the preceding week gold had been found at the mill, and that Marshall had gone to New Helvetia to have it tested. This was probably written in the morning, for Bigler's entry made on the same day mentions that the test was successful, implying that Marshall had returned.

Sutter's diary reports that on the 28th January Marshall arrived at the fort "on important business," without mentioning the gold. The agreement of the three diaries with Marshall's statement that he went to New Helvetia four days after the discovery, the superior value of documentary evidence as compared with vague recollections, dimmed by years of intervening events, and the uncertainty of Marshall in reference to the date, left no room for doubt that the 24th was the true day, which I gave to the public for the first time in January, 1886.[1]

It is worthy of note that although Marshall's date was first discredited by Bigler, the latter sought no publicity on this point. For more than twenty years after Marshall's story had been in print he kept silence, and finally did not give his testimony until solicited to do so. We may presume that his attention was not called to the discrepancy of dates until 1885, and then he did not seem to attach enough importance to it to make any effort to inform the public about the error.

For six weeks or more the work on the mill continued without serious interruption. Never having seen placer mining, and having no distinct idea of the methods of finding and washing gold, the laborers at Coloma did not know how to gather the treasures in their vicinity. The first one to find gold outside of the tail-race was Bigler, who was the hunter of the party, sent out by Marshall at least one day in every week to get venison, which was a very acceptable addition to unground wheat and salt salmon, the main articles of food sent from Sutter's Fort. Deer being numerous in the neighboring hills, it was not necessary that Bigler should go far for game; and more than once he managed, while hunting, to look at the banks of the river and find some of the precious metal. His report of his success stimulated others, and they too found gold at various places.

In regard to the beginning of gold washing as a regular occupation there is a conflict of testimony. Bigler says that the first men who, within the range of his observation, devoted themselves to placer mining were Willis Hudson and five others, all of Sam. Brannan's Mormon colony, whom he visited at Mormon Island, on the American River below Coloma, on the 12th of April. On that day, washing the gravel with pans and pan-like Indian baskets, they took out more than two ounces and a half

[1] In February, 1887, Mr. Hittell, under the title of "Reminiscences," printed a fuller article on the gold discovery in the "Overland Monthly," where Mr. Bigler's diary appeared in September, 1887, and Mr. Smith's in February, 1888. The files of the same magazine contain many interesting and important contributions to the early history of California.—EDITOR.

(forty-one dollars) for each man. On the other hand, Isaac Humphrey, who had been a placer miner in Georgia, and who was the first person to use a rocker in the Sierra Nevada and to teach others there to use it, said that he arrived in Coloma on the 7th of March, and within a week commenced work with a rocker. We may explain the discrepancy between these two authorities by imagining that for some weeks Humphrey purposely avoided observation, as placer miners often do; or that in the interval of ten years between his first appearance at Coloma and the publication of his reminiscences his memory misled him in the date.

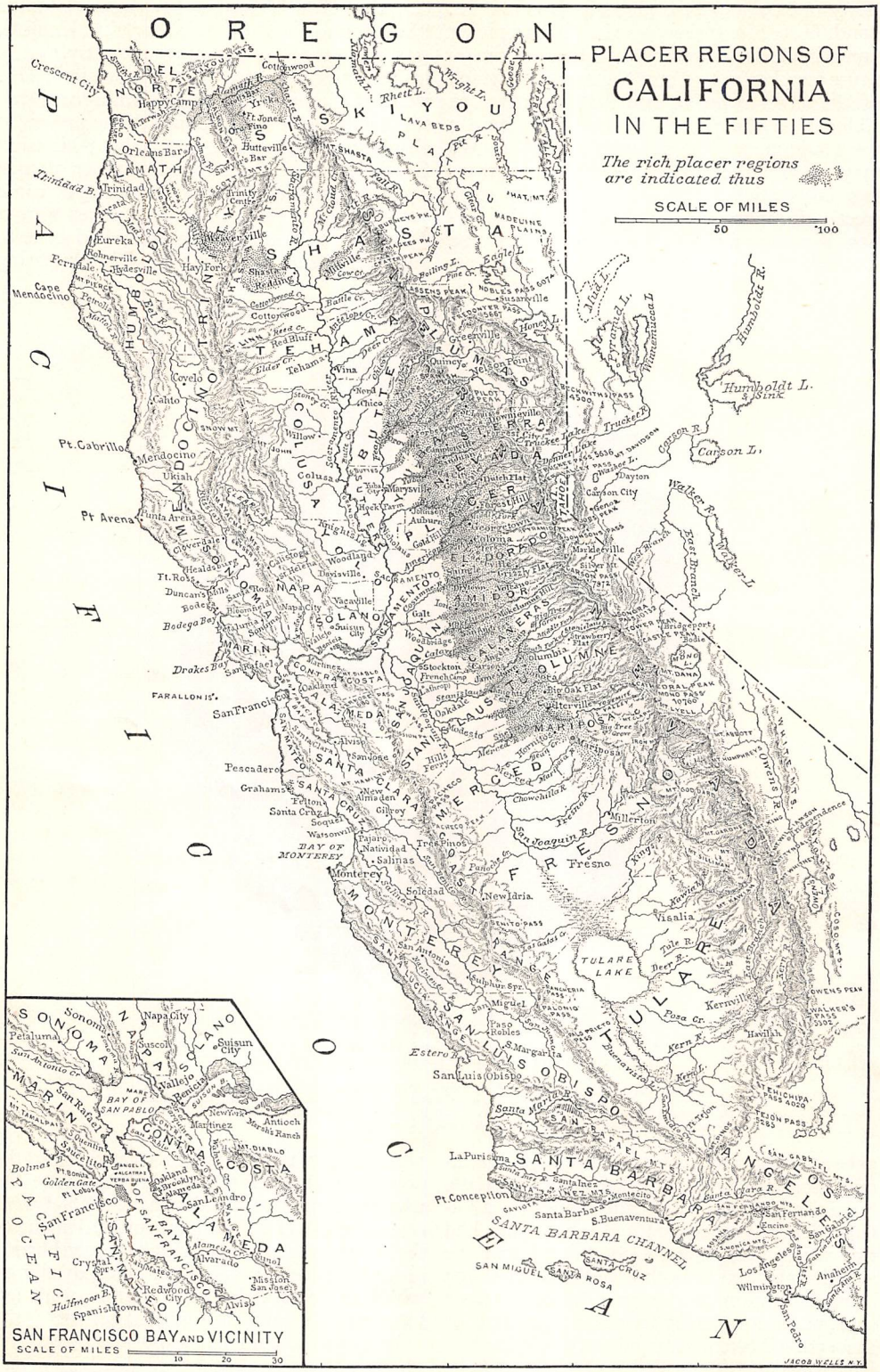
In the spring of 1848 San Francisco, a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, had two newspapers, the "Californian" and the "California Star," both weeklies. The first printed mention of the gold discovery was a short paragraph in the former, under date of the 15th of March, stating that a gold mine had been found at Sutter's Mill, and that a package of the metal worth thirty dollars had been received at New Helvetia. Five weeks later the "Star" announced that its editor, E.C. Kemble, was about to take a trip into the country, and on his return would report his observations. He went to Coloma and either saw nothing or understood nothing of what he saw, for he preserved absolute silence in his paper about his trip.[1] On the 20th of May, after a number of men had left San Francisco for the mines, he came out with the opinion that the mines were a "sham," and that the people who had gone to them were "superlatively silly." The increasing production of the mines soon overwhelmed the doubters; and before the middle of June the whole territory resounded with the cry of "*gold!* GOLD!! GOLD!!!" as it was printed in one of the local newspapers. Nearly all the men hurried off to the mines. Workshops, stores, dwellings, wives, and even fields of ripe grain, were left for a time to take care of themselves.

SAMUEL BRANNAN, IN THE REGALIA OF PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS. (FROM A PAINTING IN THE SOCIETY ROOMS.)

[Brannan was the energetic leader of a colony of Mormons who reached San Francisco in July, 1846, in the *Brooklyn* from New York. He was the founder of the "Star," a special number of which setting forth the resources of California was prepared in March, 1848, for circulation at the East. Brannan afterward apostatized from the Mormon faith.—EDITOR.]

In 1848 the gold hunters of the Sierra Ne-

1 See article by Kemble in "Californiana" in the present number.


PLACER REGIONS OF
CALIFORNIA
IN THE FIFTIES
The rich placer regions are indicated thus
SCALE OF MILES
50
100
OREGON
PACIFIC OCEAN
Crescent City
Happy Camp
Orleans Bar
Trinidad
Eureka
Ferndale
Hydesville
Cape Mendocino
Pt. Cabrillo
Mendocino
Ukiah
Pt Arena
Santa Rosa
Healdsburg
Ft. Ross
Duncan's Mills
Bodega
Bodega Bay
Drakes Bay
FARALLON IS.
San Francisco
Pescadero
Graham
Santa Cruz
Watsonville
BAY OF MONTEREY
Monterey
Salinas
Soledad
New Idria
Tres Pinos
Hollister
San Juan
San Luis Obispo
Estero B.
Santa Barbara
Pt. Conception
La Purisima
SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL
SAN MIGUEL
SANTA ROSA
SANTA CRUZ
Los Angeles
Wilmington
San Pedro
Anaheim
San Gabriel
San Fernando
Encino
Ventura
Visalia
Tulare
TULARE LAKE
Kernville
Havilah
Fresno
Millerton
Mariposa
Big Oak Flat
Coulterville
Stockton
Sacramento
Marysville
Nevada
Grass Valley
Auburn
Placerville
Sonora
Mokelumne Hill
Jackson
Volcano
Downieville
Quincy
Greenville
Shasta
Weaverville
Hayfork
Trinity Center
Yreka
Hutteville
Lava Beds
Mt. Shasta
Mt. Lassen
Humboldt L.
Sink
Carson L.
Carson City
Dayton
Virginia City
Silver Mt.
Bridgeport
Bodie
Mono L.
Owens R.
Owens Peak
Walker's Pass
Kern R.
Tehachipa Pass
Elon Pass
Cajon Pass
Tejon Pass
Pt. Reyes
Napa City
Vacaville
Suisun City
Vallejo
Benicia
Martinez
Antioch
Oakland
Alameda
San Leandro
Hayward
Alvarado
Mission San Jose
Alviso
Redwood City
Spanishtown
Bolinas
Sausalito
Petaluma
Sonoma
Napa City
Suisun City
Vallejo
Benicia
Martinez
Antioch
Oakland
Alameda
San Leandro
Alvarado
Mission San Jose
Alviso
Redwood City
Spanishtown
Sausalito
Bolinas
Pt. Bonita
Golden Gate
Pt. Lobos
San Francisco
Crystal Spgs.
Hulfmoon B.
BAY OF SAN PABLO
BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO
SAN FRANCISCO BAY AND VICINITY
SCALE OF MILES
10
20
30
JACOB WELLS N.Y.

vada did not need a scientific education. The method of washing gold was then so simple, and they were so skillful in many kinds of industrial labor, that they learned it quickly. Capital, like scientific education and technical experience, was unnecessary to the early placer miner. With the savings of a week's work he could buy the pick, shovel, pan, and rocker which were his only necessary tools. As compared with other auriferous deposits of which we have definite knowledge, those of the Sierra Nevada were unequaled for the facility of working. They were not deep under ground, or scantily supplied with water, as in Australia and South Africa; nor in a land of tropical heat, as in Brazil; nor in a region of long and severe winters, as in Siberia. The deposits were on land belonging to the National Government, which, without charge, without official supervision, and without previous permit or survey, allowed every citizen to take all the gold from any claim held in accordance with the local regulations adopted by the miners of his district.

The first gold washing was done on the bars of the rivers, where the gravel was shallow, usually not more than two or three feet deep, and where prospecting was easy, and mining was prompt in its returns and liberal in its rewards. The gravel was rich if it yielded twenty-five cents to the pan; and in favorable situations a man could dig and wash out fifty to sixty pans in a day, while with a rocker he could do three times as much. But on the bars of the American, the Bear, and the Yuba rivers it was no uncommon event to obtain from one dollar to five dollars in a pan, and then the yield for a day's work was equal to a princely revenue.

When the rainy season began in the winter of 1848 the rivers rose and covered their bars, and the miners, compelled to hunt claims elsewhere, found them in ravines which were dry through nine months of the year. These were in many cases almost as rich as the bars. It was not uncommon to hear, on good authority, that this or that man had taken out $1000 in a day, and occasionally $5000 or more would reward the day's work. In 1849 the miners generally got $16 a day or more, and when a claim would not yield that much it had no value.

The important gold producing localities of California may be divided into the regions of the Sierra Nevada, the Upper Sacramento, and the Klamath. The Sierra Nevada region comprises a strip about 30 miles wide, and 200 miles long from north to south, in the basins of the Feather, Yuba, Bear, American, Cosumne, Mokelumne, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced rivers between the elevations of 1000 and 5000 feet. In all these streams miners washed gold in 1848. This auriferous region is not only more extensive than any other in the State, but has produced ten times as much as all the others, and has had the richest bars, the richest ravines, the most remarkable river claims, and the largest beds of deep gravel, as well as the most productive quartz mines. It comprises the places where the gold was discovered by Marshall, where the sluice and the hydraulic processes were invented, and where the most notable improvements of modern times in gold-quartz machinery were first devised.

The mines of the Upper Sacramento are in Shasta County, and were known in 1848; those of Klamath are in Siskiyou and Trinity counties, and were opened in subsequent years. Outside of these three main regions gold has been found in paying quantities, but in relatively small aggregate amount in many isolated districts, including places in the basins of the San Joaquin, Fresno, and Kern rivers, on the eastern slope of Mount San Bernardino, and in the mountains of San Diego. Gold has also been found in the San Francisquito Cañon, about sixty miles northward from Los Angeles, where there was a little placer-washing at intervals through nine years before Marshall made his great discovery.

Most of the camps which have yielded gold abundantly are between 1500 and 3500 feet above the sea; a few are as high as 5000 feet, and a few as low as 300. The river-beds may have as much gold in the valleys as in the mountains, but it is only where there is a steep grade that the rich stratum on the bed-rock can be conveniently prospected and washed. With a large area of good auriferous gravel on the surface of the ground, open to everybody; with a method of mining that required neither capital nor trained skill; with a climate that permitted work in the open air throughout the year; and with a population which before the close of 1849 included at least 75,000 intelligent, enterprising, young, and strong men — with all these it might have been expected that California would, as she did, suddenly rise to great importance in the commerce and industry of the world.

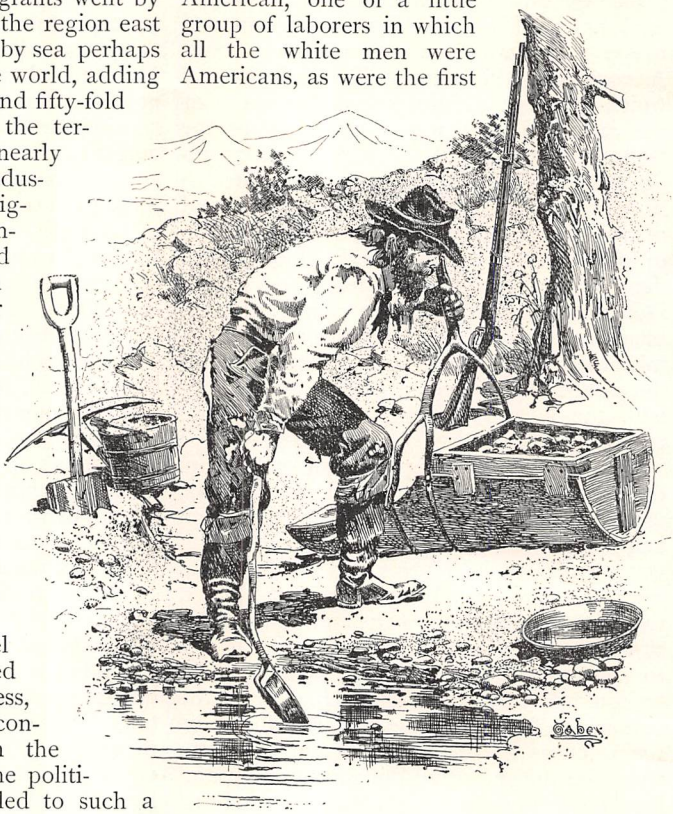
The successful miners demanded provisions, tools, clothing, and many luxuries, for which they offered prices double, treble, and tenfold greater than those paid elsewhere. Sailing vessels went to Oregon, Mexico, South America, Australia, and Polynesia with gold dust to purchase supplies, and soon filled all the seaports of the Pacific with the contagion of excitement. The reports of the discovery, which began to reach the Atlantic States in September, 1848, commanded little credence there before January; but the news of the

arrival of large amounts of gold at Mazatlan, Valparaiso, Panama, and New York in the latter part of the winter put an end to all doubt, and in the spring there was such a rush of peaceful migration as the world had never seen. In 1849, 25,000 — according to one authority, 50,000 — immigrants went by land, and 23,000 by sea from the region east of the Rocky Mountains, and by sea perhaps 40,000 from other parts of the world, adding twelve-fold to the population and fifty-fold to the productive capacity of the territory. The new-comers were nearly all young, intelligent, and industrious men. Fortunately the diggings were rich enough and extensive enough to give good reward to all of them, and to much larger numbers who came in later years. The gold yield of 1848 was estimated at $5,000,000; that of 1849 at $23,000,000; that of 1850 at $50,000,000; that of 1853 at $65,000,000; and then came the decline which has continued until the present time, when the yield is about $12,000,000. In the last forty-one years the gold yield of California has been about $1,200,000,000.

Gold mining was neither novel nor rare, but the unexampled combination of wonderful richness, highly favorable geographical conditions, high intelligence in the miners, and great freedom in the political institutions of California led to such a sudden rush of people, and such an immense production of gold, that the whole world was shaken. The older placers of Brazil and Siberia, and the later ones of Australia and South Africa, had a much smaller influence on general commerce and manufactures.

The impression on the public mind was rendered the more forcible by the fact that California had just been ceded by Mexico to the United States. The gold was discovered before the treaty of cession was signed, on the 2d of February, 1848; the wealth of the mines was known throughout the territory before the ratifications of the treaty were exchanged, on the 30th of May; and before the latter date the Government of the United States had made a contract with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for a line of monthly steamers to ply between New York and San Francisco by way of Panama. The first steamers were ready for California before the people were; and thus the new dominion, the gold, the steamship line, and the great migration showed their combined splendors at once to the astonished globe.

The discovery of the mines was an American achievement. It was the result of the American conquest, and of preparation for American immigrants. It was made by an American, one of a little group of laborers in which all the white men were Americans, as were the first



A PRIMITIVE OUTFIT. (AFTER A SKETCH FROM LIFE IN 1850, BY J. W. AUDUBON, IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS DAUGHTER, MISS M. R. AUDUBON.)

men who devoted themselves to mining. They also were Americans who subsequently invented the sluice and the hydraulic process of placer-washing, and who planned and constructed the great ditches, flumes, and dams that gave a distinctive character to the placer-mining of California.

Never in any other country has a change in the political dominion been followed so promptly by so marvelous an increase of wealth and population, of productive industry and general intelligence. Never did a province repay new masters more liberally for their trouble in its acquisition, nor did any other conquered territory ever receive greater benefit from conquest. The most notable instances in history of triumphant invasions rewarded with great sums of precious metal were those of Babylonia by Cyrus, of Persia by Alexander, of Mexico by Cortez, and of Peru by

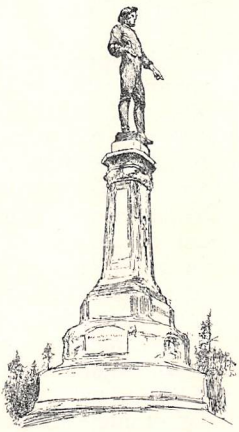
Pizarro — all populous empires with wealth accumulated through centuries of prosperity. Yet not one of them yielded to its conquerors, within a generation, so much treasure as did desolate California to the Americans. Byron lamented that he did not live in the day "when Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass the conqueror's sword in bearing fame away." The pioneers of California can congratulate themselves that they have seen the day when the American made the shovel's blade surpass the conqueror's sword in bearing gold away.

Let us now consider the consequences of the discovery. First, as to the men at Coloma in January, 1848, Marshall was not enriched. His lumber was soon in demand at $500 a thousand feet of board measure, or twenty-fold more than he had expected when he commenced his work; but not many months elapsed before all the good timber trees near Coloma had been cut down by the miners, and then the mill had to stop. He turned his attention to mining, but was not successful. When he had money he did not know how to keep it. When he had a good claim he did not stick to it. When friends tried to help him he frequently refused their offers with a snarl. He imagined offenses where none were intended. He complained of plots against his life in a community where nearly everybody acknowledged obligation to him. He was irritated by the superior popularity and prosperity of Sutter, by the facts that to Sutter the main credit of the gold discovery was given by many newspapers and influential citizens, and that, partly under the influence of that idea, a pension of $250 a month was given to Sutter in 1870, while the true discoverer received nothing. After the publication of Marshall's biography in 1870, the legislature perceived the injustice of its exclusive favor to Sutter, and in the course of six years it gave $9600 as pension to Marshall, but left him to spend the last eight years of his life in poverty and privation. In 1885, at the age of seventy-three, he died while alone in a solitary cabin which he occupied in company with another aged and indigent pioneer miner. He was buried at Coloma in sight of the place where he discovered the gold. His figure, in colossal bronze, stands over his grave.

Sutter fared better than Marshall, but to him, too, the gold discovery proved disastrous. Foreseeing the American conquest, he did all he could to favor the Americans and the American Government. He was liberal in his entertainment of the Wilkes and Frémont expeditions. He gave generous aid to needy American immigrants when they reached his fort from their exhausting journey across the desert. Notwithstanding his oath of allegiance to Mexico, he assisted the Bear Flag insurgents as well as the American forces after the Stars and Stripes had been raised. When the gold hunters arrived at New Helvetia on their way to the mines many of them obtained undeserved assistance and trust from him. So long as he had anything he was open-handed. He delighted in being a benefactor, and was spoken of as a man of princely generosity.

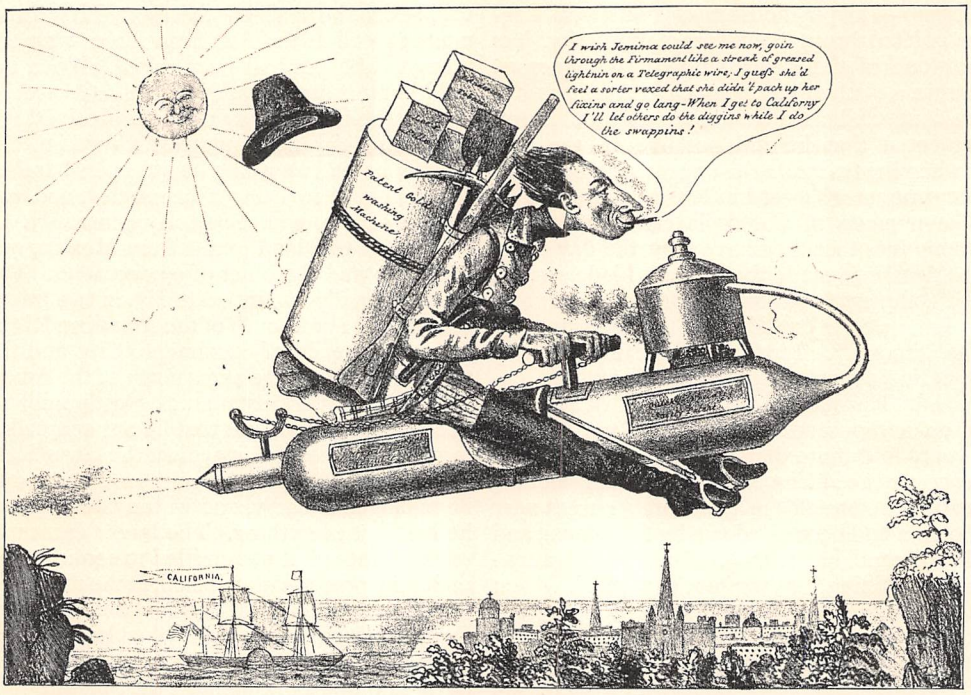
He had two land grants from Mexico, one of 48,000 and the other of 93,000 acres. The first was finally confirmed to him in two tracts, one of 8800 acres south of the American River, including the site of Sacramento City, and the other of about 39,000 acres north of the American River. This estate was worth millions above all the large sums that he was compelled to spend in defending it against the law officers of the United States and against squatters; but he managed it badly, and within twenty years he had lost everything. The larger grant was rejected, though it was entitled to confirmation under the proclamation issued, in the name and under the authority of the National Government, by Commodore Sloat when he took possession of California. The promise, made when it was important to conciliate the Spanish Californians, was broken when it became important to conciliate land-thieving squatters.

Sutter's popularity with the pioneers was so great that when he had lost all his property the legislature came to his aid with a pension of $3,000 a year, which sum was paid for six years; and it would perhaps have been continued till his death if he had not left the State in order to demand justice from Congress for the spoliation of his property. But he did not possess the same popularity and influence in the Eastern States as in California. He spent winters of vain solicitation at Washington, and there he died on the 18th of June, 1880, at the age of seventy-seven years. His grave is at Litiz, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where he had made his home.



MARSHALL MONUMENT AT COLOMA. (ERECTED IN 1889 BY THE SOCIETY OF THE NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.)

Of the men at Coloma with Marshall none became rich. Perhaps the most successful miner among them was a carpenter named Scott, and twenty years after the discovery he was working by the day. He dug much gold, but could not save it. He used to tell that, with some partners, he had a claim in which they were mak-



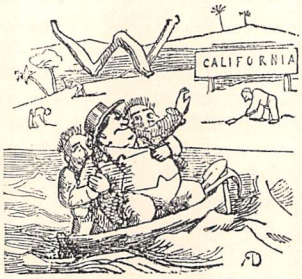
MR. GOLIGHTLY BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA. (FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED BY A. DONNELLY, 1849.)

ing $300 each every day, when they were told of another ravine where the claims yielded $700. They went to the other diggings, where they found that all the good ground was occupied, so they returned to their old claim only to find that occupied too. He never found anything so good elsewhere. Henry W. Bigler, Azariah Smith, and P. L. Wimmer and wife, the only survivors of the Coloma party, are not known as rich men. Bigler resides in St. George, Utah; Smith in Manti, Utah; and Wimmer in San Diego, California.

For California the main results of the discovery have been the sudden changes from a Spanish-speaking to an English-speaking community; from popular ignorance to high intelligence; from pasturage, first to mining, and then to tillage, as the occupation of most of the people; from a population of less than 10,000 to more than 1,200,000; and from isolation to frequent, cheap, and convenient communication with all civilized countries. The State has become one of the most noted gardens, pleasure grounds, and sanitariums of the world; and San Francisco is one of the most intellectual and brilliant, and in many respects one of the most interesting, of cities. To the United States the Californian gold discovery gave a vast increase of the national wealth; great attractiveness for immigration from Europe; a strong stimulus to shipping; the development of the mineral wealth of Nevada, Idaho, and Utah; and the vast railroad system west of the Mississippi.

But Marshall's find did not limit its great influences to our continent. It aroused and stimulated industrial activity in all the leading nations. It profoundly agitated all the countries of South America. It shook Europe and Asia. It caused the first large migration of the Chinese across the Pacific. It opened Japan to the traffic of Christendom. It threw a belt of steam around the globe. It educated Hargraves, and taught him where to find and how to open up the gold deposits of Australia. It built the Panama railroad. It brought the Pacific Ocean within the domain of active commerce. Directly and indirectly it added $3,500,000,000 to the stock of the precious metals, and by giving the distribution of this vast sum to the English-speaking nations added much to their great industrial and intellectual influence.

John S. Hittell.



THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.
(FROM A DRAWING BY DOYLE, PUBLISHED IN "PUNCH.")

CALIFORNIANA.

Marshall's Own Account of the Gold Discovery.

I WAS one of the "forty-niners," and worked for two years in the mines near Coloma. There I became well acquainted with Marshall, the discoverer of gold, about whom we Argonauts had so often conversed on our long and weary journey across the plains.

Coloma, the site of "Sutter's Mill," was then but a small mining village, whose straggling houses and canvas tents were scattered promiscuously along both banks of the Rio de los Americanos. At that time it was the center of numerous mining camps, and was famous for its drinking saloons and gambling booths, where miners from all the neighboring camps were accustomed to gather on Sunday to hear the news, lay in supplies for the coming week, and try their luck at monte. The cañon through which the river flowed here widened out on both sides, leaving a space of level ground on which the town was built; from this the ascent to the level land above was comparatively easy. All the rivers of California that have their rise in the Sierra Nevada run through wild cañons, from one to three thousand feet in depth. The faces of these cañons are so abrupt and steep that in a few places only can the sure-footed pack-mule zigzag its way up and down their dizzy heights. Here, at Coloma, the sides of the cañons lose their perpendicular and rugged character, and slope gently upward. For this reason long trains of pack-animals, with an occasional "prairie schooner," were daily seen descending and fording the river at the mill on their way from Sacramento to the mines still farther north.

One day, while I was taking a pencil sketch of the mill and its surroundings, Marshall came along and seated himself beside me; and there, sitting on the high bank with our feet dangling over the race, he pointed out the very spot where his eye had caught the glimmer of that first bit of gold. He was very communicative, but somewhat soured, and spoke rather freely of the heartlessness of the Government at Washington because it had not protected him in his rights as a settler. He claimed the same amount of land, six hundred and forty acres, that the first settlers had obtained in Oregon, where he had lived before he drifted southward into California. He had made nothing from his discovery, and now all this land surrounding his mill, which was his by right of settlement, was gathered up and taken from him little by little, "without leave or license." He had nothing left but the fame, which, as he naïvely remarked, was "neither victuals nor clothes to any one."

I fully sympathized with him in his tribulations, and finally obtained what I so much desired, a full statement of the causes which impelled him to come so far from Sutter's Fort, together with all the incidents pertaining to his great discovery. This narrative, which I penciled down at the time, I believe was the first he ever gave to any one. And it is written just as it fell from his lips, without correction or addition of any kind.

FREEPORT, PA. *Charles B. Gillespie.*

[MARSHALL'S NARRATIVE.]

"IN May, 1847, with my rifle, blanket, and a few crackers to eat with the venison (for the deer then were awful plenty), I ascended the American River, according to Mr. Sutter's wish, as he wanted to find a good site for a saw-mill, where we could have plenty of timber, and where wagons would be able to ascend and descend the river hills. Many fellows had been out before me, but they could not find any place to suit; so when I left I told Mr. Sutter I would go along the river to its very head and find the place, if such a place existed anywhere upon the river or any of its forks. I traveled along the river the whole way. Many places would suit very well for the erection of the mill, with plenty of timber everywhere, but then nothing but a mule could climb the hills; and when I would find a spot where the hills were not steep, there was no timber to be had; and so it was until I had been out several days and reached this place, which, after first sight, looked like the exact spot we were hunting.

"I passed a couple of days examining the hills, and found a place where wagons could ascend and descend with all ease. On my return to the fort I went out through the country examining the cañons and gulches, and picking out the easiest places for crossing them with loaded wagons.

"You may be sure Mr. Sutter was pleased when I reported my success. We entered into partnership; I was to build the mill, and he was to find provisions, teams, tools, and to pay a portion of the men's wages. I believe I was at that time the only millwright in the whole country. In August, everything being ready, we freighted two wagons with tools and provisions, and accompanied by six men I left the fort, and after a good deal of difficulty reached this place one beautiful afternoon and formed our camp on yon little rise of ground right above the town.

"Our first business was to put up log houses, as we intended remaining here all winter. This was done in less than no time, for my men were great with the ax. We then cut timber, and fell to work hewing it for the framework of the mill. The Indians gathered about us in great numbers. I employed about forty of them to assist us with the dam, which we put up in a kind of way in about four weeks. In digging the foundation of the mill we cut some distance into the soft granite; we opened the forebay and then I left for the fort, giving orders to Mr. Weimar to have a ditch cut through the bar in the rear of the mill, and after quitting work in the evening to raise the gate and let the water run all night, as it would assist us very much in deepening and widening the tail-race.

"I returned in a few days, and found everything favorable, all the men being at work in the ditch. When the channel was opened it was my custom every evening to raise the gate and let the water wash out as much sand and gravel through the night as possible; and in the morning, while the men were getting breakfast, I would walk down, and, shutting off the water, look along the race and see what was to be done, so

that I might tell Mr. Weimar, who had charge of the Indians, at what particular point to set them to work for the day. As I was the only millwright present, all of my time was employed upon the framework and machinery.

"One morning in January,—it was a clear, cold morning; I shall never forget that morning,—as I was taking my usual walk along the race after shutting off the water, my eye was caught with the glimpse of something shining in the bottom of the ditch. There was about a foot of water running then. I reached my hand down and picked it up; it made my heart thump, for I was certain it was gold. The piece was about half the size and of the shape of a pea. Then I saw another piece in the water. After taking it out I sat down and began to think right hard. I thought it was gold, and yet it did not seem to be of the right color: all the gold coin I had seen was of a reddish tinge; this looked more like brass. I recalled to mind all the metals I had ever seen or heard of, but I could find none that resembled this. Suddenly the idea flashed across my mind that it might be iron pyrites. I trembled to think of it! This question could soon be determined. Putting one of the pieces on a hard river stone, I took another and commenced hammering it. It was soft, and did n't break: it therefore must be gold, but largely mixed with some other metal, very likely silver; for pure gold, I thought, would certainly have a brighter color.

"When I returned to our cabin for breakfast I showed the two pieces to my men. They were all a good deal excited, and had they not thought that the gold only existed in small quantities they would have abandoned everything and left me to finish my job alone. However, to satisfy them, I told them that as soon as we had the mill finished we would devote a week or two to gold hunting and see what we could make out of it.

"While we were working in the race after this discovery we always kept a sharp lookout, and in the course of three or four days we had picked up about three ounces — our work still progressing as lively as ever, for none of us imagined at that time that the whole country was sowed with gold.

"In about a week's time after the discovery I had to take another trip to the fort; and, to gain what information I could respecting the real value of the metal, took all that we had collected with me and showed it to Mr. Sutter, who at once declared it was gold, but thought with me that it was greatly mixed with some other metal. It puzzled us a good deal to hit upon the means of telling the exact quantity of gold contained in the alloy; however, we at last stumbled on an old American cyclopedia, where we saw the specific gravity of all the metals, and rules given to find the quantity of each in a given bulk. After hunting over the whole fort and borrowing from some of the men, we got three dollars and a half in silver, and with a small pair of scales we soon ciphered it out that there was no silver nor copper in the gold, but that it was entirely pure.

"This fact being ascertained, we thought it our best policy to keep it as quiet as possible till we should have finished our mill. But there was a great number of disbanded Mormon soldiers in and about the fort, and when they came to hear of it, why it just spread like wildfire, and soon the whole country was in a bustle. I had scarcely arrived at the mill again till several persons appeared with pans, shovels, and hoes, and those that had not iron picks had wooden ones, all anxious to fall to work and dig up our mill; but this we would not permit. As fast as one party disappeared another would arrive, and sometimes I had the greatest kind of trouble to get rid of them. I sent them all off in different directions, telling them about such and such places, where I was certain there was plenty of gold if they would only take the trouble of looking for it. At that time I never imagined that the gold was so abundant. I told them to go to such and such places, because it appeared that they would dig nowhere but in such places as I pointed out, and I believe such was their confidence in me that they would have dug on the very top of yon mountain if I had told them to do so.

"The second place where gold was discovered was in a gulch near the Mountaineer House, on the road to Sacramento. The third place was on a bar on the South Fork of the American River a little above the junction of the Middle and South forks. The diggings at Hangtown [now Placerville] were discovered next by myself, for we all went out for a while as soon as our job was finished. The Indians next discovered the diggings at Kelsey's, and thus in a very short time we discovered that the whole country was but one bed of gold. So there, stranger, is the entire history of the gold discovery in California — a discovery that has n't as yet been of much benefit to me."

Confirming the Gold Discovery.

SOMETIME in March, 1848, vague rumors of the gold discovery at Sutter's Mill found their way to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, at that time a town of three or four hundred inhabitants. The writer of this was editing and printing with his own hands a small weekly paper in the town, the first that had been started there, and when the reports of gold on the Rio de los Americanos began to multiply he deemed it to be in the line of his duty to go and investigate the wonder.

It was a seven days' journey by sloop or "launch," as the Sacramento River carrier of that day was called, from San Francisco to Sutter's Fort, and the party, consisting of the editor and two friends, reached the "embarcadero" of Sutter's Fort,— that is to say, the river landing, — where Sacramento now stands, in the early part of April. One of Sutter's Indians apprized the captain of our coming, and, as was his invariable custom on the arrival of strangers, he caused saddled horses in charge of vaqueros to be sent to convey the new-comers to the fort. Its proprietor met us at the entrance, hat in hand, and gave us his usual wholehearted welcome. He was then a man of about forty-six years of age, gray and venerable in appearance, but erect, and of ruddy countenance, his mild, blue eye lighted with benevolence, and his simple, guileless nature manifesting itself in every act and expression. After seeing us made comfortable, he set before us a hearty meal of the beef and frijoles of the country, and we announced that we had come to see the gold-mine which it was reported he and Marshall had opened on the American River.

He not only readily assented, but offered to provide horses, provisions, and attendants for our journey, and also to go with us in person to the spot. It may have been that he had not the faith of his partner Marshall in the extent and permanency of the newly discovered "diggings," but those who knew Sutter well will see in the incident the overflowing kindliness of heart and the unselfish generosity that characterized his whole life.

At sunrise the next morning we took the road to the lumber camp, distant a good day's ride from the fort. Captain Sutter's two Indian body-servants preceded us with extra saddle-horses and a pack-animal carrying provisions and camp equipage. Our party, consisting of the captain, mounted on a favorite riding-mule, and my two friends and myself, on native horses, followed at a good gait, though at this period of his life Captain Sutter was not an overbold rider, and in fording streams and crossing marshy places was careful almost to timidity. I remember well his appearance under his broad-brimmed hat, and carrying under his arm his gold-headed cane. At one point on the road, where it led through a stony bog, his mule made a misstep, and I heard her rider expostulate in a low tone: "God bless me, Katy! Now den, child! De oder foot. So!"

We reached the fork of the American, on which the saw-mill was being erected, early in the afternoon. During our ride we had not seen a human being, and had passed but one house. The camp of the millwright and lumbermen was in a beautiful grove of pines on the side of a long hill sloping to the river. This "long hill of Coloma" became memorable not many months afterward, when freight wagons and stages came into use, for its wearisomeness, occasionally relieved by a runaway among the half-trained bronco teams. The mill, now so famous in history, was at the foot of this hill, on the edge of the stony bar that stretched out to the river. The race, in which the first gold was found, ran along the bank just above the level of the bar, but both bar and race were flooded now from the sudden and unusual rise in the river; work was stopped at the mill, and the lumbermen were idle in the camp.

Riding up to the camp, Captain Sutter saluted the men with his characteristic politeness and cordiality, and introduced our party to Marshall. "These gentlemans have come to see der gole-mines, Mr. Marshall," he said; and then, seeing the vexed and disappointed look that came into the latter's face, he added that we were his friends, and showed by his open manner that so far as we were concerned, at least, there need be no secrecy about the gold. But Marshall would not be propitiated, and gave us only gruff and evasive replies to our inquiries about the locality where it was to be found.

"You 'll find it anywhere you 're a mind to dig for it down there," said he, half extending his arm in the direction of the river. Some months later this proved to be literally true, but it was very misleading to our unpractised party at that time, and we searched diligently until near sundown in most impracticable places. Only one of us was rewarded by the "color": Major P. B. Reading washed out a few grains with an Indian basket and thought himself very poorly paid for his labor.

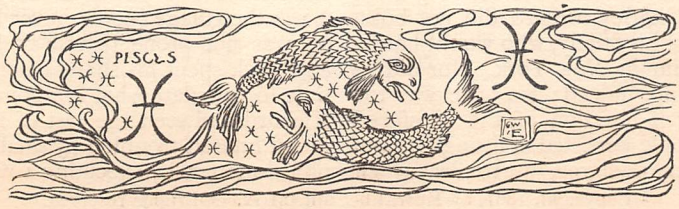
After supper we gathered about the camp-fire, and the Indians of the neighborhood, having heard of Captain Sutter's arrival, came, as was their custom, to see him, dropping in by twos and threes until we had nearly all the principal men of the Coloma bands before us. Then an old chief arose and began to harangue the captain, warning him against looking for the gold, which he declared was very "bad medicine." He said his ancestors had known all about it; that it existed all through the mountains, but that it belonged to a demon, who devoured all who searched for it. This demon inhabited a lake in the mountains the shores of which were lined with gold. All our dusky friends agreed with the speaker that it was a very awful thing to meddle with the gold. We afterward came to the conclusion that the early Mission fathers had learned of the existence of gold, and, wishing to keep the knowledge secret and prevent its value becoming known among their Indian catechumens, had invented this fable of the demon to work upon their superstitious fears. But the old chief was a true prophet as to the disastrous effects of the newly discovered gold on the fortunes of poor Sutter and of the simple-minded and hospitable Spanish rancheros who then dwelt at ease on the land.

We returned to the fort the next day. On our way through the foothills we had another illustration of Captain Sutter's unbounded generosity. Crossing the beautiful little valley through which Weber Creek flowed, one of our party expressed his admiration of the spot in such warm terms that our host offered to present a deed of the land to him. From the fort we returned to San Francisco, and in the columns of the "California Star" of the following Saturday appeared the first veritable announcement of the discovery of gold, coupled with half a column of serious advice to farmers, mechanics, and all who were plying their trade successfully to stick to their calling and let the gold-mines severely alone. This was the first investigation of the gold-mines in California, and the first visit by Captain Sutter to the scene of the discovery which laid open the wonders of that region to the world.

E. C. Kemble.

Erratum.

On page 791 of the September CENTURY, in Mr. Fitch's article "How California came into the Union," an instance of heterophemy occurs in the substitution of September 29 for October 29, the date of the first formal celebration of the admission of California.



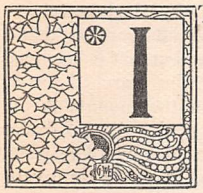
THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

I.

THE ORIGIN OF A MAN OF FASHION.



IT was the opinion of a good many people that Charles Millard was "something of a dude." But such terms are merely relative; every fairly dressed man is a dude to somebody. There are communities in this free land of ours in which the wearing of a coat at dinner is a most disreputable mark of dudism.

That Charles Millard was accounted a dude was partly nature's fault. If not handsome, he was at least fine-looking, and what connoisseurs in human exteriors call stylish. Put him into a shad-bellied drab and he would still have retained traces of dudishness; a Chatham street outfit could hardly have unduded him. With eyes so luminous and expressive in a face so masculine, with shoulders so well carried, a chest so deep, and legs so perfectly proportioned and so free from any deviation from the true line of support, Millard had temptations to cultivate natural gifts.

There was a notion prevalent among Millard's acquaintances that one so versed in the lore and so deft in the arts of society must belong to a family of long standing; the opinion was held, indeed, by pretty much everybody except Millard himself. His acquaintance with people of distinction, and his ready access to whatever was deemed desirable in New York, were thought to indicate some hereditary patent to social privilege. Millard had, indeed, lines of ancestors as long as the longest, and, so far as they could be traced, his forefathers were honest and industrious people, mostly farmers. Nor were they without distinction: one of his grandfathers enjoyed for years the felicity of writing "J. P." after his name; another is remembered as an elder in the little Dutch Reformed Church at Hamburg Four Corners. But Charley Millard did not boast of these lights of his family, who would hardly have availed him in New York. Nor did he boast of anything, indeed; his taste was too fastidious for self-assertion of the barefaced sort. But if people persisted in fitting him out with an imaginary pedigree, just to please their own sense of congruity, why should he feel obliged to object to an amusement so harmless?

Charles Millard was the son of a farmer who lived near the village of Cappadocia in the State of New York. When Charley was but twelve years old his father sold his farm and then held what was called in the country a "vendoo," at which he sold "by public outcry" his horses, cows, plows, and pigs. With his capital thus released he bought a miscellaneous store in the village, in order that his boys "might have a better chance in the world." This change was brought about by the discovery on the part of Charley's father that his brother, a commission merchant in New York, "made more in a week than a farmer could make in a year." From this time Charley, when not in school, busied himself behind the counter, or in sweeping out the store, with no other feeling than that sweeping store, measuring calico, and drawing molasses were employments more congenial to his tastes and less hard on good clothes than hoeing potatoes or picking hops. Two years after his removal to the village the father of Charley Millard died, and the store, which had not been very successful, was sold to another. Charley left the counter to take a course in the high school, doing odd jobs in the mean while.

When young Millard was eighteen years old he came into what was a great fortune in village eyes. His father's more fortunate brother, who had amassed money as a dealer in country produce in Washington street, New York, died, leaving the profits of all his years of toil over eggs and butter, Bermuda potatoes and baskets of early tomatoes, to his two nephews, Charley Millard and Charley's elder brother, Richard. After the lawyers, the surrogate, the executor, and the others had taken each his due allowance out of it, there may have been fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars apiece left for the two young men. Just how much it was the village people never knew, for Charley was not prone to talk of his own affairs, and Dick spent his share before he fairly had time to calculate what it amounted to. When Richard had seen the last of his money, and found himself troubled by small debts, he simplified matters by executing a "mysterious dis-

[1] Copyright, 1891, by EDWARD EGGLESTON. All rights reserved.

appearance," dropping out of sight of his old associates as effectually as though he had slipped into some cosmical crack. Charley, though nominally subject to a guardian, managed his own affairs, husbanded his money, paid Dick's debts, and contrived to take up the bank stock and other profitable securities that his brother had hypothecated. He lived with his mother till she died, and then he found himself at twenty-one with money enough to keep him at ease, and with no family duty but that which his mother had laid upon him of finding the recreant Dick if possible, and helping him to some reputable employment —again if possible.

In Cappadocia Charley's little fortune made him the beau of the town; the "great catch," in the slang phrase of the little society of the village—a society in which there were no events worth reckoning but betrothals and weddings. In such a place leisure is productive of little except ennui. To get some relief from the fatigue of moving around a circle so small, and to look after his investments, Charley made a visit to New York a month after the death of his mother. His affection for his mother was too fresh for him to neglect her sister, who was the wife of a mechanic living in Avenue C. He would have preferred to go to a hotel, but he went dutifully to his aunt's half of a floor in Avenue C, where the family compressed themselves into more than their usual density to give him a very small room to himself. His Aunt Hannah did her best to make him comfortable, preparing for him the first day a clam chowder, which delicacy Charley, being an inlander, could not eat. His cup of green tea she took pains to serve to him hot from the stove at his elbow. But he won the affection of the children with little presents, and made his aunt happy by letting her take him to see Central Park and the animals.

As seen in the narrow apartment of his Aunt Hannah Martin, life in the metropolis appeared vastly more pinched and sordid than it did in the cottages at Cappadocia. How the family contrived to endure living in relations so constant and intimate with the cooking stove and the feather beds Charley could not understand. But the spectacle of the streets brought to him notions of a life greatly broader and more cultivated and inconceivably more luxurious than the best in Cappadocia.

The third day after his arrival he called at the Bank of Manhadoes, in which the greater part of his uncle's savings had been invested, to make the acquaintance of the officers in control, and to have transferred to his own name the shares which his brother had hypothecated. He was very cordially received by Farnsworth, the cashier, who took him into the inner office and introduced him to the president of the bank, Mr. Masters. The president showed Charley marked attention; he was very sensible of the voting importance of so considerable a block of stock as Charley held now that he had acquired all that was his uncle's. Masters was sorry that his family was out of town, he would have been pleased to have Mr. Millard to dine with him. Would Mr. Millard be in town long? Dining with a New York bank president would have been a novel experience for young Millard, but he felt obliged to go home the last of the week. Not that there was anything of pleasure or duty to render his return to Cappadocia imperative or desirable, but the pressure he was daily putting on his aunt's hospitality was too great to be prolonged, and the discomfort of his situation in Avenue C was too much for a fastidious man to endure.

Though his return to Cappadocia made a ripple of talk among the young women of the village, to whom he was at least a most interesting theme for gossip, he found the place duller than ever. His mind reverted to the great, dazzling spectacle of the thronged streets of the metropolis with their unceasing processions of eager people. Since he had all the world to choose from, why not live in New York? But he did not care to go to the city to be idle. He liked employment, and he preferred to earn something. He had no relish for speculation, nor even any desire to run the risks of trade. But he thought that if he could contrive to make enough to pay a portion of his own expenses, so as to add the greater part of each year's dividends to his principal, such cautious proceeding would entirely suit his prudent temperament and content his moderate ambition. After taking time to revolve the matter carefully, he wrote to the obliging Mr. Masters, suggesting that he would like to secure some position in the bank. The letter came at an opportune moment. A considerable number of the stockholders were opposed to the president in regard to the general policy to be pursued. The opposition was strong enough to give Masters some anxiety. What was known as "the Millard stock" had been held neutral in consequence of Charley's minority. If now Masters could attach this young shareholder to himself, it would be a positive gain to the administration party in the stockholders' meetings, and indeed it would put the opposition beyond any chance of doing much mischief.

When Masters got the letter Farnsworth, the cashier, was called into his room. But Farnsworth could not give him any information about Millard's character or capacities. That he would not do without special training for

a teller or bookkeeper was too evident to require discussion. All that could be said of him at first glance was that he wrote a good hand and composed a letter with intelligence. He might be made of assistance to the cashier if he should prove to be a man of regular habits and application. What Masters wrote in reply was: "We should be most happy to have the nephew and heir of one of our founders in the bank. At present we have no vacancy suitable to you; for, of course, a man of your position ought not to be assigned to one of the lowest clerkships. But if an opportunity to meet your wishes should arise in the future we will let you know."

It was only after some years' experience in the bank that Millard, in looking over this letter, was able to conjecture its real significance. Then he knew that when that letter went out of the bank addressed to him at Cappadocia another must have gone with it to a certain commercial agency, requesting that Charles Millard, of Cappadocia, New York, be carefully looked up. Two weeks later Masters wrote that it had been found necessary to employ a correspondent to aid the cashier of the bank. The salary would be two thousand dollars if Mr. Millard would accept it. The offer, he added, was rather larger than would be made to any one else, as the officers of the bank preferred to have a stockholder in a semi-confidential position such as this would be. In village scales two thousand dollars a year was much, but when Charley came to foot up the expenses of his first year in New York, this salary seemed somewhat less munificent.

Millard's relations were directly with the cashier, Farnsworth, an eager, pushing, asthmatic little man, wholly given to business. Farnsworth's mind rarely took time to peep over the fence that divided the universe into two parts — the Bank of Manhadoes and its interests lying on the one side, and all the rest of creation on the other. Not that he ignored society; he gave dinner parties in his elegant housekeeping apartment in the Sebastopol Flats. But the dinner parties all had reference to the Bank of Manhadoes; the invitations were all calculated with reference to business relations, and the dinners were neatly planned to bring new business or to hold the old. But there were dinners and dinners, in the estimation of Farnsworth. Some were aimed high, and when these master-strokes of policy were successful they tended to promote the main purposes of the bank. The second-rate dinners were meant merely to smooth the way in minor business relations.

It was to one of these less significant entertainments, a dinner of not more than three horse-power, that he invited his correspondent-clerk, Mr. Millard. It would make the relations between him and Millard smoother, and serve to attach Millard to his leadership in the bank management. Millard, he reasoned, being from the country, would be just as well pleased with a company made up of nobodies in particular and his wife's relatives as he could be if he were invited to meet a railway president and a leather merchant from the Swamp turned art connoisseur in his old age.

Charley found his boarding-house a little "poky," to borrow his own phrase, and he was pleased with Farnsworth's invitation. He honored the occasion by the purchase of a new black satin cravat. This he tied with extreme care, according to the approved formula of "twice around and up and down." Few men could tie a cravat in better style. He also got out the new frock-coat, made by the best tailor in Cappadocia, carefully cherished, and only worn on special occasions — the last being the evening on which he had taken supper at the house of the Baptist minister. If there was something slightly rustic about the cut or set of the coat, Millard did not suspect it. The only indispensable thing about clothes is that the wearer shall be at peace with them. Poor Richard ventured the proposition that "our neighbors' eyes" are the costliest things in life, but Bonhomme Richard may have been a little off the mark just there. Other people's opinions about my garments are of small consequence except in so far as they affect my own conceit of them. Charley Millard issued from his room at half-past six content with himself, and, what was of much more importance to the peace of his soul, content with his clothes.

At eleven o'clock Millard is in his room again. The broadcloth Prince Albert lies in an ignominious heap in the corner of the sofa. The satin cravat is against the looking-glass on the dressing-case, just as Charley has thrown it down. Nothing has happened to the coat or the cravat; both are as immaculate as at their sallying forth. But Millard does not regard either of them; he sits moodily in his chair by the grate and postpones to the latest moment the disagreeable task of putting them away.

No matter what the subject under consideration, we later nineteenth-century people are pretty sure to be brought face to face with the intellect that has dominated our age, modified our modes of thinking, and become the main source of all our metaphysical discomforts. It is this same inevitable Charles Darwin who says that a man may be made more unhappy by committing a breach of etiquette than by falling into sin. If Millard had em-

bezzled a thousand dollars of the bank's funds, could he have been more remorseful than he is now? And all for nothing but that he found himself at dinner with more cloth in the tail of his coat than there was in the coat-tails of his neighbors, and that he wore an expensive black cravat while all the rest of the world had on ghostly white linen ties that cost but a dime or two apiece.

Of course Millard exaggerated the importance of his mistake. Young men who wear frock-coats to dinner, and men of respectability who do not possess a dress-coat, are not entirely lacking in New York. If he had known more of the world he would have known that the world is to be taken less to heart. People are always more lenient towards a mistake in etiquette than the perspiring culprit is able to imagine them. In after years Millard smiled at the remembrance that he had worried over Farnsworth's company. It was not worth the trouble of a dress-coat.

His first impulse was to forswear society, and to escape mortification in future, by refusing all invitations. If he had been a weakling such an outcome would have followed a false start. It is only a man who can pluck the blossom of success out of the very bramble of disaster.

During that dinner party had come to him a dim conception of a society complicated and conventional to a degree that the upper circle in Cappadocia had never dreamed of. He firmly resolved now to know this in all its ramifications; to get the mastery of it in all its details, so that no man should understand it better than he. To put it under foot by superior skill was to be his revenge, the satisfaction he proposed to make to his wounded vanity. As he could not even faintly conceive what New York society was like,— as he had no notion of its Pelions on Ossas piled,— so he could as yet form no estimate of the magnitude of the success he was destined to achieve. It is always thus with a man on the threshold of a great career.

Among the widely varying definitions of genius in vogue, everybody is permitted to adopt that which flatters his self-love, or serves his immediate purpose. "Great powers accidentally determined in a given direction," is what some one has called it. Millard was hardly a man of great powers, but he was a man of no small intelligence. If he had been sufficiently bedeviled by poverty at the outset who knows that he might not have hardened into a stock-jobbing prestidigitator, and made the world the poorer by so much as he was the richer? On the other hand, he might perhaps have been a poet. Certainly a man of his temperament and ingenuity might by practice have come to write rondeaus, ballades, and those other sorts of soap-bubble verse just now in fashion; and if he had been so lucky as to be disappointed in love at the outset of his career, it is quite within the limits of possibility that he should have come to write real poetry, fourteen lines to the piece. But as the first great reverse of Millard's life was in a matter of dress and etiquette, the innate force of his nature sent him by mere rebound in the direction of a man of fashion; that is to say, an artist not in words or pigments, but in dress and manners.

II.

THE EVOLUTION OF A SOCIETY MAN.

It is the first step that costs, say the French, and Millard made those false starts that are inevitable at the outset of every career. A beginner has to trust somebody, and in looking around for a mentor he fell into the hands of a fellow-boarder, one Sampson, who was a quiet man with the air of one who knows it all and is rather sorry that he does. Sampson fondly believed himself a man of the world, and he had the pleasure of passing for one among those who knew nothing at all about the world. He was a reflective man, who had given much thought to that gravest problem of a young man's life — how to keep trousers from bagging at the knees; the failure to solve which is one of the most pathetic facts of human history. After he had made one or two mistakes in following the dicta that Sampson uttered with all the diffidence of a papal encyclical, Millard became aware that in social matters pretension is often in inverse ratio to accomplishment. About the time that he gave up Sampson he renounced the cheap tailor into whose hands he had unwarily fallen, and consigned to oblivion a rather new thirty-dollar dress-suit in favor of one that cost half a hundred dollars more. He had by this time found out that the society which he had a chance to meet moved only in a borderland, and, like the ambitious man he was, he began already to lay his plans broad and deep, and to fit himself, by every means within his reach, for success in the greater world beyond.

Having looked about the circle of his small acquaintance in vain for a guide, he bethought him that there were probably books on etiquette. He entered a bookstore one day with the intention of asking for some work of the sort, but finding in the proprietor a well-known depositor of the bank, Charley bought a novel instead. Behold already the instinct of a man of the world, whose rôle it is to know without ever seeming to learn!

When at length Millard had secured a

book with the title, "Guide to Good Manners as Recognized in the Very Best Society. By One of the Four Hundred," he felt that he had got his feet on firm ground.

It chanced about this time that Sampson brought an old college chum of his to eat a Sunday dinner at the boarding-house in Eighteenth street. He introduced this friend to Millard, with that impressiveness which belonged to all that the melancholy Sampson did, as "Mr. Bradley, Mr. Harrison Holmes Bradley, the author; you know his writings."

Millard was covered with concealed shame to think that he did not happen to know the books of an author with a name so resonant, but he did not confess his ignorance. This was his first acquaintance with a real literary man — for the high-school teacher in Cappadocia who wrote poetry for the country papers would hardly count. The aspiring Millard thought himself in luck in thus early making the acquaintance of a man of letters, for to the half-sophisticated an author seems a person who reflects a mild and moonshiny luster on even a casual acquaintance. To know Mr. Bradley might be a first step towards gaining access to the more distinguished society of the metropolis.

Harrison Holmes Bradley proved to be, on examination, a New Englander of the gaunt variety, an acute man of thirty, who ate his roast turkey and mashed potatoes with that avidity he was wont to manifest when running down an elusive fact in an encyclopedia. At the table Millard, for want of other conversation, plucked up courage to ask him whether he was connected with a newspaper.

"No; I am engaged in general literary work," said Bradley.

Neither Millard nor any one else at the table had the faintest notion of the nature of "general literary work." It sounded large, and Bradley was a clever talker on many themes fresh to Millard, and when he went away the author exacted a promise from Charley to call on him soon in his "den," and he gave him a visiting card which bore a street number in Harlem.

Two weeks later Millard, who was quite unwilling to miss a chance of making the acquaintance of a distinguished man through whom he might make other eligible friends, called on Bradley. He found him at work in his shirt sleeves, in a hall bedroom of a boarding-house, smoking and writing as he sat with a gas-stove for near neighbor on the left hand, and a table, which was originally intended to serve as a wash-stand, on the other side of him. The author welcomed his guest with unaffected condescension, and borrowed a chair from the next room for him to sit on. Finding Millard curious about the ways of authors, he entertained his guest with various anecdotes going to show how books are made, and tending to throw light on the relation of authors to publishers. Millard noted what seemed to him a bias against publishers, of whom, as a human species, Bradley evidently entertained no great opinion. Millard's love for particulars was piqued by Bradley's statement at their first meeting that he was engaged in general literary work. He contrived to bring the author to talk of what he was doing, and how it was done.

"You see," said Bradley, pleased to impart information on a theme in which he was much interested himself, "a literary life is n't what people generally take it to be. Most men in general literary work fail because they can do only one thing, or at most, two. To make a living, one must be able to do everything."

"I suppose that is so," said Millard, still unable to form any notion of what was implied in Bradley's everything. To him all literature was divided into prose and poetry. General literature seemed to include both of these, and something more.

"Last week," Bradley continued, illustratively, "I finished an index, wrote some verses for a pictorial advertisement of Appleblossom's Toilet Soap, and ground out an encyclopedia article on Christian Missions, and a magazine paper on the history of the game of bumblepuppy. I am now just beginning a novel of society life. Versatility is the very foundation of success; if it had n't been for my knack of doing all sorts of things I never should have succeeded as I have."

Judging by Bradley's surroundings and his own account of the sordid drudgery of a worker in general literature, his success did not seem to Millard a very stunning one. But Bradley was evidently content with it, and what more can one ask of fortune?

"There is another element that goes a long way towards success in literature," proceeded the author, "and that is ability to work rapidly. When Garfield was shot, I was out of work and two weeks behind with my board. I went straight to the Astor Library and worked till the library closed, gathering material. When I went to bed that night, or rather the next morning, I had a paper on 'Famous Assassinations of History' ready for the best market. But what I hate the most about our business is the having to write, now and then, a thunder and lightning story for the weekly blood-curdlers. Now there is Milwain, the poet, a man of genius, but by shop girls and boys reading the Saturday-night papers he is adored as Guy St. Cyr, the author of a long list of ghastly horribles thrown off to get money."

"This sort of work of all kinds is what you call general literary work?" queried Millard.

"General literary work is the evening dress we put on it when it has to pass muster before strangers," said Bradley, laughing.

What Millard noted with a sort of admiration was Bradley's perfect complacency, his contentment in grinding Philistine grists, the zest even that he evinced for literary pot-hunting, the continual exhilaration that he got out of this hazardous gamble for a living, and the rank frankness with which he made his own affairs tributary to the interest of his conversation.

At length Bradley emptied his pipe and laid it across his manuscript, at the same time rising nervously from his chair and sitting down on the bed for a change.

"Millard," he said, with a Bohemian freedom of address, "you must know more about society than I do. Give me advice on a point of etiquette."

Charley Millard was flattered as he never had been flattered before. He had not hoped to be considered an oracle so soon.

"You see," Bradley went on, "the publisher of a new magazine called the 'United States Monthly' has asked me to dinner. It is away over in Brooklyn, and, besides, the real reason I can't go is that I have n't got a dress-coat. Now what is the thing to do about regrets, cards, and so on?"

Fresh from reading his new "Guide to Good Manners," Millard felt competent to decide any question of Bristol-board, however weighty or complicated. He delivered his opinion with great assurance in the very words of the book.

"I believe in my soul," said Bradley, laughing, "that you prigged that from the 'Guide to Good Manners as Recognized in the Very Best Society.'"

Millard looked foolish, but answered good-naturedly, "Well, what if I did? Have you read the book?"

Bradley rocked his long slender body backward and forward as though about to fall into a spasm with suppressed merriment.

"There is only one good thing I can say for that book," he said, recovering himself.

"What 's that?" asked Millard, a little vexed with the unaccountable mirth of his host.

"Why, that I got two hundred dollars for writing it."

"You wrote it?" exclaimed Millard, not concealing his opinion that Bradley was not a suitable person to give lessons in politeness.

"You see I was offered two hundred for a book on manners. I needed the money most consumedly. There was Sampson, who knew, or thought he knew, all about the ways of the world, though, between you and me, Sampson always did do a large business on a plaguy small capital. So I put Sampson to press and got out of him whatever I could, and then I rehashed a good deal in a disguised way from the old 'Bazar Book of Decorum' and the still older Count D'Orsay, and some others. You have to know how to do such things if you 're going to make a living as a literary man. The title is a sixpenny publisher's lie. In the day of judgment, authors, or at least those of us doing general literary work, will get off easy on the ground that poor devils scratching for their dinners cannot afford to be too high-toned, but publishers won't have that excuse."

Millard made his way home that night with some sense of disappointment. Being a fine gentleman was not so easy as it had seemed. The heights grew more and more inaccessible as he approached them. Yet he had really made a great advance by his talk with Bradley. He had cleared the ground of rubbish. And though during the next week he bought two or three of the books of decorum then in vogue, he had learned to depend mainly on his own observations and good sense. He had also acquired a beginning of that large stock of personal information which made him in after years so remarkable. Natural bent is shown in what a man assimilates. Not an item of all the personal traits and anecdotes of writers and publishers brought out in Bradley's unreserved talk had escaped him, and years afterward he could use Bradley's funny stories to give piquancy to conversation.

It was this memory of individual traits and his tactful use of it that helped to launch him on the sea of social success. The gentleman who sat next to him at dinner, the lady who chatted with him at a tea or a reception, felt certain that a man who knew all about every person in any way distinguished in society could not be quite without conspicuousness of some sort himself. This belief served to open doors to him. Moreover, his fund of personal gossip, judiciously and good-naturedly used, made him a valuable element in a small company; the interest never flagged when he talked. Then, too, Millard had a knack of repeating in a way that seemed almost accidental, or at least purely incidental, what this or that noted person had said to him. It was in appearance only an embellishment of his talk, but it served to keep up a belief in the breadth, and especially the height, of his acquaintance. If he had only been presented to Mrs. Manorhouse, and she had repeated her stock witticism in his presence, Millard knew how to quote it as a remark of Mrs. Manorhouse, but the repose of his manner left the

impression that he set no particular store by the Manorhouses. He had early learned the inestimable value of a chastened impudence to a man with social ambitions.

Some sacrifice of self-respect? Doubtless. But what getter-on in the world is there that does not have to pay down a little self-respect now and then? Your millionaire usually settles at a dear rate, and to be a great statesman implies that one has paid a war tariff in this specie.

One of the talents that contributed to Millard's success was a knack of taking accomplishments quickly. Whether it was fencing, or boxing, or polo that was the temporary vogue; whether it was dancing, or speaking society French, he held his own with the best. In riding he was easily superior to the riding-school cavaliers, having the advantage of familiarity with a horse's back from the time he had bestrode the plow-horses on their way to water. Though he found time in his first years in New York for only one little run in Europe, he always had the air of a traveled man, so quickly did he absorb information, imitate fashions, and get rid of provincial manners and prejudices. His friends never knew where he learned anything. When a Frenchman of title was basking in New York drawing-rooms it was found that Millard was equal to a tête-à-tête with the monolingual foreigner, though his accent was better than his vocabulary was copious. His various accomplishments of course represented many hours of toil, but it was toil of which his associates never heard. He treated himself as a work of art, of which the beholder must judge only by the charming result, with no knowledge of the foregoing effort, no thought of the periods of ugly incompleteness that have been passed on the way to perfection.

III.

A SPONTANEOUS PEDIGREE.

It was not until the battle was more than half won, and Millard had become a welcome guest in some of the most exclusive houses, that he was outfitted with a pedigree. He knew little of his ancestors except that his father's grandfather was a humble private soldier at the storming of Stony Point. This great-grandfather's name was Miller. His Dutch or German neighbors had called him Millerd by some confusion with other names having a similar termination, and as he was tolerably illiterate, and rarely wrote his name, the change came to be accepted. A new schoolmaster who spelled it Millerd in the copy-book of Charley's grandfather fixed the orthography and pronunciation in the new form. About the time that Millard Fillmore became President by succession, the contemporary Millerds, who were Whigs, substituted *a* for the *e* in the name. After he came to New York, Charley shifted the accent to the last syllable to conform to a fashion by which a hundred old English names have been treated to a Gallic accent in America. After this acquisition of a new accent Charley was frequently asked whether he were not of Huguenot descent; to which he was wont to reply prudently that he had never taken much interest in genealogy. Just why it is thought more creditable for a resident of New York to have descended from a Huguenot peasant or artisan than from an English colonist, those may tell who fancy that social pretenses have a rational basis.

Charley's mother's father was named Vandam. The family had been a little ashamed of the old Dutch cognomen; it had such a wicked sound that they tried to shift the accent to the first syllable. Among the fads that Charley had taken up for a time after he came to New York was that of collecting old prints. In looking over a lot of these one day in a second-hand book-shop, he stumbled on a picture of the colonial period in which was represented one of the ancient Dutch churches of New York. There was a single stately carriage passing in front of the church, and the artist had taken the pains to show the footman running before the coach. The picture was dedicated to "Rip Van Dam, Esq.," president of the council of the colony of New York. As a Christian name "Rip" did not tend to take the curse off the Van Dam. But this picture made Charley aware that at least one of the Van Dams had been a great man in his day. He reflected that this must be the old Rip's own carriage delineated in the foreground of the picture of which he was the patron; and this must be his footman charging along at break-neck pace to warn all vulgar carts to get out of the great gentleman's road. Millard bought the print and hung it in his sitting-room; for since he had been promoted in the bank and had been admitted to a fashionable club, he had moved into bachelor apartments suitable to his improving fortunes and social position. He had also committed himself to the keeping of an English man-servant—he did not like to call him his valet, lest the appearance of ostentation and Anglomania should prejudice him with his business associates. But somehow the new dignity of his own surroundings seemed to lend something bordering on probability to the conjecture that this once acting-governor of New York, Rip Van Dam, might have been one of Charley's ancestors.

Millard hung this print on one side of the chimney in his apartment, a chimney that had

a pair of andirons and three logs of wood in it. But whether this or any other chimney in the Graydon Building was fitted to contain a fire nobody knew; for the building was heated by steam, and no one had been foolhardy enough to discover experimentally just what would happen if fire were actually lighted in fireplaces so unrealistic as these. On the other side of his chimney Charley hung a print of the storming of Stony Point. One evening Philip Gouverneur, one of Millard's new cronies, who was calling on him, asked, "Millard, what have you got that old meeting-house on your wall for?"

"Well, you see," said Millard, with the air of a man but languidly interested,— your real gentleman always affects to be bored by what he cares for,— "you see I put it there because it is dedicated to old Rip Van Dam."

"What do you care for that old cuss?" went on Gouverneur, who, being of the true blue blood himself, had a fad of making game of the whole race of ancient worthies.

"I don't really care," said Charley; "but as my mother was a Vandam, she may have descended from this Rip. I have no documents to prove it."

"Oh, I see. Excuse me for making fun of your forefathers. I say every mean thing I can think of about mine, but another man's grandfather is sacred. You see I could n't help smiling at the meeting-house on one side and that old-fashioned, bloody bayonet-charge on the other."

"Oh, that 's only another case of ancestor," said Millard; "my great-grandfather was at Stony Point."

"The more fool he," said Gouverneur. "My forefathers, now, contrived to keep out of bayonet-charges, and shed for their country mostly ink and oratory, speeches and documents."

Though Philip Gouverneur did not care for ancestors, his mother did. The one thing that enabled Mrs. Gouverneur to look down on the whole brood of railway magnates, silver-mine kings, and Standard Oil operators, who, as she phrased it, "had intruded into New York," was the fact that her own family had taken an historic part in the Revolutionary struggle. At this very moment she was concocting a ball in memory of the evacuation of New York, and she was firmly resolved that on this occasion no upstart of an Astor or a Vanderbilt, much less any later comer, should assist — nobody but those whose families were distinctly of Revolutionary or colonial dignity. In truth, Mrs. Gouverneur had some feeling of resentment that the capitalist families were of late disposed to take themselves for leaders in society, and to treat the merely old families as dispensable if necessary. This assembly to be made up exclusively of antiques was her countermove.

It cost her something of a struggle. There were amiable people, otherwise conspicuously eligible, whom she must omit if she adhered to her plan, and there were some whom she despised that must be asked on account of the illustriousness of their pedigree. But Mrs. Gouverneur had set out to check the deterioration of society in New York, and she was not the woman to draw back when principle demanded the sacrifice of her feelings. She had taken the liveliest fancy to young Millard, who by a charming address, obliging manners, and an endless stock of useful information had made himself an intimate in the Gouverneur household. He had come to dine with them informally almost every other Sunday evening. To leave him out would be a dreadful cut; but what else could she do? What would be said of her set of old china if she inserted such a piece of new porcelain? What would Miss Lavinia Vandeleur, special oracle on the genealogy of the exclusive families, think, if Mrs. Gouverneur should be so recreant to right principles as to invite a young man without a single grandfather to his back, only because he had virtues of his own?

"I say, mother," said Philip, her son, when he came to look over the list, "you have n't got Charley Millard down."

"Well, how can I invite Mr. Millard? He has no family."

"No family! Why, he is a descendant of old Governor Van Dam, and one of his ancestors was an officer under Wayne at Stony Point."

"Are you sure, Philip?"

"Certainly; he has pictures of Stony Point and of Rip Van Dam hanging in his room. No Revolutionary party would be complete without him."

Mrs. Gouverneur looked at Philip suspiciously; he had a way of quizzing her; but his face did not flinch, and she was greatly relieved to think she had missed making the mistake of omitting a friend with so eligible a backing. Millard was invited, rather to his own surprise, and taken into preliminary councils as a matter of course. When the introductory minuet had been danced, and the ball was at its height, Philip Gouverneur, with a smile of innocence, led his friend straight to Miss Vandeleur, who proudly wore the very dress in which, according to a rather shaky tradition, her great-greataunt had poured tea for General Washington.

"Miss Vandeleur," said Philip, "let me present Mr. Millard."

Miss Vandeleur gave Millard one of the

bows she kept ready for people of no particular consequence.

"Mr. Millard is real old crockery," said Philip in a half-confidential tone. "Some of us think it enough to be Revolutionary, but he is a descendant of Rip Van Dam, the old governor of New York in the seventeenth century."

Miss Vandeleur's face relaxed, and she remarked that judging from his name, as well as from something in his appearance, Mr. Millard must have come, like herself, from one of the old Huguenot families.

"Revolutionary too, Charley?" said Philip, looking at Millard. Then to Miss Vandeleur, "One of his ancestors was second in command in the charge on Stony Point."

"Ah, Philip, you put it too strongly, I—"

"There 's Governor Cadwallader waiting to speak to you, Miss Vandeleur," interrupted Philip, bowing and drawing Millard away. "Don't say a word, Charley. The most of Miss Vandeleur's information is less sound than what I told her about you. Nine-tenths of all such a genealogy huckster takes for gospel is just rot. I knew that Rip Van Dam would impress her if I put it strongly and said seventeenth century. You see the further away your forefather is, the more the virtue. Ancestry is like homeopathic medicine, the oftener it is diluted the greater the potency."

"Yes," said Millard; "and a remote ancestor has the advantage that pretty much everything to his discredit has been forgotten."

Charley knew that this faking of a Millard pedigree by his friend would prove as valuable to him as a decoration in the eyes of certain exclusive people. His conscience did not escape without some qualms; he did not like to be labeled what he was not. But he had learned by this time that society of every grade is in great part a game of Mild Humbug, and that this game, like all others, must be played according to rule. Each player has a right to make the most of his hand, whatever it may be. He had begun without a single strong card. Neither great wealth, personal distinction, nor noted family had fallen to him. But in the game of Mild Humbug as in almost all other games, luck and good play go for much; with skill and fortune a weak card may take the trick, and Millard was in a fair way to win against odds.

IV.

THE BANK OF MANHADOES.

When a farmer turns a strange cow into his herd she has to undergo a competitive examination. The fighter of the flock, sometimes a reckless-looking creature with one horn turned down as a result of former battles, walks directly up to the stranger, as in duty bound. The duel is in good form and preceded by ceremonious bowing on both sides; one finds here the origin of that scrape with the foot which was an essential part of all obeisance before the frosty perpendicular English style came in. Politeness over, the two brutes lock horns, and there is a trial of strength, weight, and bovine persistency; let the one that first gives ground look out for a thrust in the ribs! But once the newcomer has settled her relative social standing and knows which of her fellows are to have the *pas* of her at the hay-rick and the watering-place, and which she in turn may safely bully, all is peace in the pasture.

Something like this takes place in our social herds. In every government, cabinet, party, or deliberative body there is the preliminary set-to until it is discovered who, by one means or another, can push the hardest. Not only in governments and political bodies but in every corporation, club, Dorcas society, base-ball league, church, and grocery store, the superficial observer sees what appears to be harmony and even brotherly unity; it is only the result of preliminary pushing matches by which the equilibrium of offensive and defensive qualities has been ascertained. And much that passes for domestic harmony is nothing but a prudent acquiescence in an arrangement based on relative powers of annoyance.

This long preamble goeth to show that if the Bank of Manhadoes had its rivalries it was not singular. In the light of the general principles we have evoked, the elbowings among the officers of the bank are lifted into the dignity of instances, examples, phenomena illustrating human nature and human history. More far-reaching than human nature, they are offshoots of the great struggle for existence, which, as we moderns have had the felicity to discover, gives rise to the survival of the tough and the domination of the pugnacious—the annihilation of the tender and the subjugation of the sensitive.

When Millard entered the bank there existed a conflict in the board of directors, and a division of opinion extending to the stockholders, between those who sustained and those who opposed the policy of the Masters-Farnsworth administration. But the administration proved fortunate and successful to such a degree that the opposition and rivalry presently died away or lost hope. Once the opposition to the two managers had disappeared, the lack of adjustment between the president and cashier became more pronounced. Farnsworth was the victim of a chronic asthma, and he was as ambitious as he was restless. The wan little man was

untiring in his exertions because the trouble he had to get breath left him no temptation to repose. He contrived to find vent for his uneasiness by communicating a great deal of it to others. Masters, the president, was a man of sixty-five, with neither disease nor ambition preying on his vitals. For a long while he allowed Farnsworth to have his way in most things, knowing that if one entered into contention with Farnsworth there was no hope of ever making an end of it except by death or surrender. That which was decided yesterday against Farnsworth was sure to be reopened this morning; and though finally settled again to-day, it was all to be gone over to-morrow; nor would it be nearer to an adjustment next week. Compromise did no good: Farnsworth accepted your concession to-day, and then higgled you to split the difference on the remainder to-morrow, until you had so small a dividend left that it was not worth holding to.

But in dealing with a man like Masters it was possible to carry the policy of grand worry too far. When at length this rather phlegmatic man made up his mind that Farnsworth was systematically bullying him — a conclusion that Mrs. Masters helped him to reach — he became the very granite of obstinacy, offering a quiet but unyielding resistance to the cashier's aggressiveness. But an ease-loving man could not keep up this sort of fight forever. Masters knew this as well as any one, and he therefore felt the need of some buffer between him and his associate. There were two positions contemplated in the organization of the bank that had never yet been filled. One was that of vice-president, the other that of assistant cashier. By filling the assistant cashier's place with an active, aggressive man, Masters might secure an ally who could attack Farnsworth on the other flank. But in doing that he would have to disappoint Millard, who was steadily growing in value to the bank, but who, from habitual subordination to Farnsworth, and the natural courtesy of his disposition, could not be depended on to offer much resistance. To introduce a stranger would be to disturb the status quo, and the first maxim in the conduct of institutions is to avoid violent changes. Once the molecules of an organization are set into unusual vibration it is hard to foretell what new combinations they may form. And your practical man dislikes, of all things, to invite the unforeseen and the incalculable.

The election of a vice-president would bring a new man into the bank over the head of Farnsworth, but it would also produce a disturbance from which Masters felt a shrinking natural to an experienced and conservative administrator. Moreover, there was no one connected with the direction, or even holding stock in the bank, suitable to be put over Farnsworth. Unless, indeed, it were thought best to bring Hilbrough from Brooklyn. To introduce so forceful a man as Hilbrough into the management would certainly be a great thing for the bank, and it would not fail to put an end to the domination of Farnsworth. But Masters reflected that it might equally reduce his own importance. And with all his irritation against Farnsworth the president disliked to deal him too severe a blow.

If the matter had been left to Mrs. Masters, there would have been no relentings. In her opinion Farnsworth ought to be put out. Are n't you president, Mr. Masters? Why don't you *be* president, then? Don't like to be too hard on him? That 's just like you. I 'd just put him out, and there 'd be an end of his fussiness once for all. *Of course* you *could* if you set about it. You are always saying that you don't like to let feeling interfere with business. But I would n't stand Farnsworth — little shrimp! — setting up to run a bank. Ill? Well, he ought to be; makes himself ill meddling with other people. He 'd be better if he did n't worry about what does n't belong to him. I 'd give him rest. It 's all well enough to sneer at a woman's notion of business, but the bank would be better off if you had entire control of it. The directors know that, they *must* know it; they are not blind.

There were no half-tones in Mrs. Masters's judgment; everything was painted in coal blacks or glittering whites. She saw no mediums in character; he who was not good in every particular was capable of most sorts of deviltry, in her opinion.

This antagonism between the president and the cashier did not reach its acute stage until Millard had been in the bank for more than three years. Millard had made his way in the estimation of the directors in part by his ever-widening acquaintance with people of importance. His social connections enabled him to be of service to many men whose good-will was beneficial to the bank, and he was a ready directory to financial and family relationships, and to the business history and standing of those with whom the bank had dealings. Add to these advantages his considerable holdings of the bank's stock, and it is easy to comprehend how in spite of his youth he had come to stand next to Masters and Farnsworth. The dissensions between these two were disagreeable to one who had a decided preference for quietude and placidity of manners; but he kept aloof from their quarrel, though he must have had private grievances against a superior so pragmatical as Farnsworth.

A sort of magnanimity was mingled with

craft in Masters's constitution, and, besides, he much preferred the road that was likely to give him the fewest jolts. The natural tendency of his irritation was to die away. This would have been the result in spite of the spur that Mrs. Masters supplied — applied, rather — if Farnsworth could have been content to let things take their natural course; but he could not abide to let anything go its natural way: he would have attempted a readjustment of the relations between the moon and tides if he had thought himself favorably situated for puttering in such matters. The temporary obstruction which Masters offered to his fussy willfulness seemed to the cashier an outrage hard to be borne. After he had taken so many tedious years to establish his ascendancy in nine-tenths of the bank's affairs it was sheer impertinence in Masters to wish to have any considerable share in the management. The backset to his ambition made him more sleepless than ever, bringing on frequent attacks of asthma. He lost interest even in the dinner parties, with a business squint, that he had been so fond of giving. Mrs. Farnsworth was under the frequent necessity of holding a platter of burning stramonium under his nose to subdue the paroxysms of wheezing that threatened to cut short his existence. Along with the smoke of the stramonium she was wont to administer a soothing smudge of good advice, beseeching him not to worry about things, though she knew perfectly that he would never cease to worry about things so long as his attenuated breath was not wholly turned off. She urged him to make Masters do his share of the work, and to take a vacation himself, or to resign outright, so as to spend his winters in Jacksonville. But every new paroxysm brought to Farnsworth a fresh access of resentment against Masters, whom he regarded as the source of all his woes. In his wakeful nights he planned a march on the very lines that Masters had proposed. He would get Millard made assistant cashier, and then have himself advanced to vice-president, with Millard, or some one on whom he could count more surely, for cashier. He proposed nothing less than to force the president out of all active control, and, if possible, to compel him to resign. No qualms of magnanimity disturbed this deoxygenated man. It was high time for Masters to resign, if for no other reason than that Farnsworth might occupy the private office. This inner office was a badge of Masters's superiority not to be endured.

There was one director, Meadows, whom Farnsworth lighted on as a convenient agent in his intrigue. Meadows had belonged to the old opposition which had resisted both the president and cashier. He was suspected of a desire to make a place for his brother, who had been cashier of a bank that had failed, and who had broken in nerve force when the bank broke. Farnsworth, who rode about in a coupé to save his breath for business and contention, drove up in front of Meadows's shop one morning at half-past nine, and made his way back among chandeliers of many patterns in incongruous juxtaposition, punctuated with wall burners and table argands. In the private office at the back he found Meadows opening his letters. He was a round-jawed man with blue eyes, an iron-oxide complexion, stiff, short, rusty hair, red-yellow side-whiskers, an upturned nose, and a shorn chin, habitually thrust forward. Once seated and his wind recovered, Farnsworth complained at some length that he found it hard to carry all the responsibility of the bank without adequate assistance.

"You ought to have an experienced assistant," said Meadows. This was the first occasion on which any officer of the bank had shown his good sense by consulting Meadows, and he was on that account the more disposed to encourage Farnsworth.

"If, now," said Farnsworth, "I could have as good a man as they say your brother is, I would be better fixed. But an experienced man like your brother would not take the place of assistant cashier."

Meadows was not so sure that his brother would refuse any place, but he thought it better not to say anything in reply. Farnsworth, who had no desire to take Meadows's brother unless he were driven to it, saw the dangerous opening he had left. He therefore proceeded, as soon as he could get breath:

"Besides, the assistant's place belongs naturally to young Millard, and he would have influence enough to defeat anybody else who might be proposed. He is a good fellow, but he can't take responsibility. If Masters were not the cold-blooded man he is, he would have made Millard assistant cashier long ago, and advanced me to be vice-president."

"And then you would want some good man for cashier," said Meadows.

"Precisely," said Farnsworth; "that is just it."

"I think we can do that with or without Masters," said Meadows, turning his head to one side with a quiet air of defiance. He was only too well pleased to renew his fight against Masters with Farnsworth for ally. The question of his brother's appointment was after all an auxiliary one; he loved faction and opposition pure and simple.

"I am sure we can," said Farnsworth. "Of course my hand must not appear. But if a motion were to be made to advance both Millard

and me one step, I don't think Masters would dare oppose it."

"I 'll make the motion," said Meadows, with something like a sniff, as though, like Job's war-horse, he smelled the battle and liked the odor.

In taking leave Farnsworth told Meadows that he had not yet spoken to Millard about the matter, and he thought it not best to mention it to him before the meeting. But the one thing that rendered Meadows tolerably innocuous was that he never could coöperate with an ally, even in factious opposition, without getting up a new faction within the first, and so fomenting subdivisions as long as there were two to divide. The moment Farnsworth had left him he began to reflect suspiciously that the cashier intended to tell Millard himself, and so take the entire credit of the promotion. This would leave Farnsworth free to neglect Meadows's brother. Meadows, therefore, resolved to tell Millard in advance, and thus put the latter under obligation to further his brother's interest. He gave himself great credit for a device by which he would play Farnsworth against Masters and then head off Farnsworth with Millard. Farnsworth wished to use him to pull some rather hot chestnuts out of the fire, and he chuckled to think that he had arranged to secure his own share of the nuts first.

With this profound scheme in his head Meadows contrived to encounter Millard at luncheon, an encounter which the latter usually took some pains to avoid; for Millard was fastidious in eating as in everything else, and he disliked to see Meadows at the table. Not that the latter did not know the use of fork and napkin, but he assaulted his food with a ferocity that, as Millard once remarked, "lent too much support to the Darwinian hypothesis."

On the day of his conversation with Farnsworth, Meadows bore down on the table where Millard sat alone, disjointing a partridge.

"Goo' morning," he said, abruptly seating himself on the rail of the chair opposite to Millard, and beckoning impatiently to a waiter, who responded but languidly, knowing that Meadows was opposed to the tip system from both principle and interest.

When he had given his order and then, as usual, called back the waiter as he was going out the door, waving his hand at him and uttering a "H-i-s-t, waitah!" to tell him that he did not want his meat so fat as it had been the last time, he gave his attention to Millard, and introduced the subject of the approaching meeting of the directors.

"Why does n't old Rip Van Winkle wake up?" said Meadows. "Why does n't he make you assistant cashier? I 'm sure you deserve it."

"Well, now, if you put it that way, Mr. Meadows, and leave it to me, I will say candidly that I suppose the real reason for not promoting me is that Mr. Masters, being a man of sound judgment, feels that he cannot do me justice under the circumstances. If I had my deserts, I 'd be president of the bank; but it would be too much to ask a gentleman at Mr. Masters's time of life to move out of his little office just to make room for a deserving young man."

"You may joke, but you know that Masters is jealous. Why does n't he promote Farnsworth to be vice-president? You know that Farnsworth really runs the bank."

"It is n't his fault if he does n't," said Millard, in a half-whisper.

"I believe that if I made a move to advance both you and Farnsworth it could be carried." Meadows looked inquiringly at his companion.

"What would become of the cashiership?" asked Millard. "I suppose we could divide that between us. Won't you try a glass of Moselle?" And he passed the bottle to Meadows, who poured out a glass of it,— he never declined wine when some one else paid for it,— while Millard kept on talking to keep from saying anything. "I like to drink the health of any man who proposes to increase my salary, Mr. Meadows." Millard observed with disgust that the bank director drank off the wine at a gulp as he might have taken any vulgar claret, with an evident lack of appreciation. Millard himself was a light drinker; nothing but the delicate flavor of good wine could make drinking tolerable to him. The mind of Meadows, however, was intent on the subject under discussion.

"The cashiership," he said, "could either be filled by some experienced man, or it might be left vacant for a while."

Millard saw a vision of Meadows, the discouraged brother, stepping in over his head.

"If a cashier should be put in now," said Meadows, "it would end presently in old Rip Van Winkle's resigning, and then an advance along the whole line would move you up once more." Meadows thought that this sop would reconcile Millard to having his brother interpolated above him.

"That 's a good plan," said Millard, using his finger bowl; "and then if Mr. Farnsworth would only be kind enough to die in one of his attacks, and the other man should get rich by speculation and retire, I 'd come to be president at last. That is the only place suited to a modest and worthy young man like myself."

This fencing annoyed Meadows, who was by this time salting and peppering his roast

beef, glaring at it the while like a boa-constrictor contemplating a fresh victim in anticipation of the joys of deglutition. Millard saw the importance of letting Masters know about this new move, and feared that Meadows would attempt to put him under bonds of secrecy. So, as he rose to go, like a prairie traveler protecting himself by back-firing, he said:

"If you 're really serious in this matter, Mr. Meadows, I suppose you 'll take pains not to have it generally known. For one thing, if you won't tell anybody else, I 'll promise you not to tell my wife."

"And if Farnsworth speaks to you about it," said Meadows, "don't tell him that I have said anything to you. He wanted to tell you himself."

"I 'll not let him know that you said anything about it."

And with that Millard went out. The bait of the assistant cashiership was not tempting enough to draw him into this intrigue. The greater part of his capital was in the bank, and he knew that the withdrawal of Masters would be a misfortune to him. Finding that Farnsworth was out, Millard went to the president's room under color of showing him a letter of importance. A man of dignity does n't like to seem to bear tales with malice prepense. When he was about to leave Millard said:

"I hear that a motion is to be made looking to changes in the personnel of the bank."

The president was a little startled; his first impression from this remark being that somehow Millard had got wind of the plans he had revolved and then discarded.

"What do you hear?" he said, in his usual non-committal way.

"Nothing very definite, but something that leads me to think that Mr. Farnsworth would like to be vice-president, and that Meadows would consent to have his brother take the cashiership."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Masters, smiling. It was his habit to smile when he felt the impulse to frown. He did not like to seem ignorant of anything going on in the bank, so he said no more to Millard, but let the conversation drop. He presently regretted this, and by the time Millard had reached his desk he was recalled.

"You understand that Mr. Farnsworth and Meadows are acting in concert?"

"I have reason to think so."

"Do you think it would be wise to make Mr. Farnsworth vice-president?"

Millard turned the palms of his hands upward, and shrugged his shoulders. He made no other reply than to add, "You know him as well as I do."

"Who would be a good man for the place?"

"Have you thought of Hilbrough?"

"Yes, he would bring real strength to the bank; and, Mr. Millard, there is one promotion I have long had in mind," said the president. "You ought to be made assistant cashier, with a considerably larger salary than you have been getting."

Millard made a slight bow. "I 'm sure you don't expect me to offer serious opposition to that proposal." Then he could not refrain from adding, "I believe Mr. Farnsworth and Meadows have also reached that conclusion."

There was no opportunity to reply to this; Farnsworth was heard wheezing outside the door.

Masters thought rapidly that afternoon. He admitted to himself, as he had hardly done before, that he was growing old, and that a successful bank ought to have some more vigorous man than he in its management; some man of ideas more liberal than Farnsworth's, and of more age and experience than this young Millard. His mind turned to Hilbrough, the real-estate agent in Montague street, Brooklyn. First a poor clerk, then a small collector of tenement-house rents, then a prosperous real-estate agent and operator on his own account, he had come by shrewd investment to be a rich man. He was accustomed to make call loans to a large amount on collateral security, and his business was, even now, almost that of a private banker. A director in the Bank of Manhadoes from its beginning, and one of its largest stockholders, he was the most eligible man to succeed Masters in the active management of its affairs, and the only man whose election once proposed would certainly command the support of the directors against the scheme of Farnsworth. He was the one possible man who would prove quite too large for Farnsworth's domineering. It was with a pang that Masters reflected that he too would be effaced in a measure by the advent of a man so vital as Warren Hilbrough; but there was for him only the choice between being effaced by Hilbrough's superior personality and being officially put out of the way by Farnsworth's process of slow torture. He saw, too, that a bank with four high-grade officers would have a more stable official equilibrium than one where the power is shared between two. The head of such an institution is sheltered from adverse intrigues by the counterpoise of the several officers to one another.

If Masters had needed any stimulus to his resolution to contravene the ambitious plans of the cashier, Mrs. Masters would have supplied it. When she heard of Farnsworth's scheme, she raised again her old cry of *Carthago delenda est*, Farnsworth must be put out.

In her opinion nothing else would meet the requirement of poetic justice, but she despaired of persuading Masters to a measure so extreme. It was always the way. Mr. Masters was too meek for anything. He would let people run over him.

But Masters had no notion of being run over. He went to the office every day, and from the office he went to his country-place in New Jersey every afternoon. There was nothing in his actions to excite the suspicion of the cashier, who could not know that negotiations with Hilbrough, and the private submission of the proposition to certain directors, had all been intrusted to the tact of Charley Millard. It was rather hard on Millard, too; for though he enjoyed his success in an undertaking so delicate, he regretted two dinner parties and one desirable reception that he was compelled to forego in order to carry on his negotiations out of bank hours.

The day before the directors met, Farnsworth confided to Millard his intention to have him made assistant cashier. Millard said that if Mr. Masters and the directors should agree to that he would be very well pleased. Considering his evident loyalty to Masters, Farnsworth did not think it wise to tell Millard anything further.

In the board of directors Meadows sat with a more than usually defiant face — with a face which showed premonitions of exultation. Farnsworth felt sure of his game, but he found breathing so laborious that he did not show any emotion. Masters thought it best to soften the humiliation of his associate as much as possible by forestalling his proposition. So at the first moment he suggested to the directors that the bank needed new force, on account both of his own advancing years and of Mr. Farnsworth's ill-health, much aggravated by his excessive industry. He therefore proposed to have Mr. Hilbrough made vice-president with the same salary as that paid to the president, to add a thousand to the cashier's salary, and to promote Mr. Millard to assistant cashier on a salary of five thousand a year. He said that the prosperity of the bank justified the increased expense, and that the money would be well invested.

Meadows opposed this plan as extravagant. He favored the promotion of Mr. Millard, and the promotion of Mr. Farnsworth to be vice-president, leaving the cashiership vacant for a while. But the directors, accustomed to follow the lead of Masters and Hilbrough, and suspicious of Meadows as habitually factious, voted the president's proposition.

Farnsworth went home and to bed. Then he asked for a vacation and went South. The bank officers sent him a handsome bouquet when he sailed away on the Savannah steamer, for commerce by the very rudeness of its encounters makes men forgiving. In business it is unprofitable to cherish animosities, and contact with a great variety of character makes business men usually more tolerant than men of secluded lives. Farnsworth, for his part, was as pleased as a child might have been with the attention paid him on his departure, and Mrs. Farnsworth was delighted that her husband had consented to take rest, and "make the others do their share of the work."

V.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE HILBROUGHS.

Of course there is a small set who affect not to mingle freely with newly prosperous people like the Hilbroughs. These are they in whose estimation wealth and distinction only gain their proper flavor — their bouquet, so to speak — by resting stagnant for three generations, for gentility, like game, acquires an admirable highness by the lapse of time. Descendants of the Lord knows whom, with fortunes made the devil knows how, fondly imagine that a village storekeeper who has risen to affluence is somehow inferior to the grandson of a Dutch sailor who amassed a fortune by illicit trade with the Madagascar pirates, or a worse trade in rum and blackamoors on the Guinea coast, and that a quondam bookkeeper who has fairly won position and money by his own shrewdness is lower down than the lineal descendant of an Indian trader who waxed great by first treating and then cheating shivering Mohawks. Which only shows that we are prone to plant ourselves on the sound traditions of ancestors; for where is the aristocracy which does not regard wealth won by ancient thievery as better than money modernly earned in a commonplace way? But among a gentry so numerous and so democratic, in spite of itself, as that of our American Babel, exclusiveness works discomfort mainly to the exclusive. The Hilbroughs are agreeable Americans, their suppers are provided by the best caterers, their house has been rendered attractive by boughten taste, and the company one sees there is not more stupid than that in other miscellaneous assemblies.

People who are Livingstons of the manor on their great-grandmother's side, and Van Something-or-others on the side of a great-great-uncle by his second marriage, and who perhaps have never chanced to be asked to the Hilbroughs' receptions, shrug their shoulders, and tell you that they do not know them. But Mrs. Hilbrough does not slight such families because of the colonialness of their ancestry. Her own progenitors came to America in some capacity

long before the disagreement about the Stamp Act, though they were not brilliant enough to buy small kingdoms from the Hudson River Indians with jews'-harps and cast-iron hatchets, nor supple enough to get manor lordships by bribes to royal governors.

I suppose the advent of the Hilbroughs in society might be dated from the first reception they gave in New York, though, for that matter, the Hilbroughs do not take pains to date it at all. For it is a rule of good society that as soon as you arrive you affect to have always been there. Of other ascents men boast; of social success, rarely. Your millionaire, for example,—and millionairism is getting so common as to be almost vulgar,—your millionaire never tires of telling you how he worked the multiplication table until cents became dimes, and dimes well sown blossomed presently into dollars, till hundreds swelled to hundreds of thousands, and the man who had been a blithe youth but twenty years before became the possessor of an uneasy tumor he calls a fortune. Once this narrative is begun no matter that you beat your breast with reluctance to hear out the tedious tale, while loud bassoons perchance are calling you to wedding feasts. Pray hear the modern Whittington with patience, good reader! The recital of this story is his main consolation for the boredom of complicated possession in which his life is inextricably involved—his recoupment for the irksome vigilance with which he must defend his hoard against the incessant attacks of cheats and beggars, subscription papers and poor relations. But the man who has won his way in that illusive sphere we call society sends to swift oblivion all his processes. In society no man asks another, "How did you get here?" or congratulates him on moving among better people than he did ten years ago. Theoretically society is stationary. Even while breathless from climbing, the newcomer affects to have always been atop.

Warren Hilbrough's family had risen with his bettered circumstances from a two-story brick in Degraw street, Brooklyn, by the usual stages to a brownstone "mansion" above the reservoir in New York. When he came to be vice-president of the Bank of Manhadoes, Hilbrough had in a measure reached the goal of his ambition. He felt that he could slacken the strenuousness of his exertions and let his fortune expand naturally under prudent management. But Mrs. Hilbrough was ten years younger than her husband, and her ambition was far from spent. She found herself only on the threshold of her career. In Brooklyn increasing prosperity had made her a leader in church fairs and entertainments. The "Church Social" had often assembled at her house, and she had given a reception in honor of the minister when he came back from the Holy Land—a party which the society reporter of the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle" had pronounced "a brilliant affair." This last stroke had put her at the head of her little world. But now that Hilbrough was vice-president of the Bank of Manhadoes, the new business relations brought her invitations from beyond the little planetary system that revolved around the Reverend Dr. North. It became a question of making her way in the general society of Brooklyn, which had long drawn its members from the genteel quarters of the Heights, the Hill, and the remoter South Brooklyn, and, in later days, also from Prospect Park Slope. But at the houses of the officers of the bank she had caught somewhat bewildering vistas of those involved and undefined circles of people that make up in one way and another metropolitan society on the New York side of East River. Three years before Hilbrough entered the bank his family had removed into a new house in South Oxford street, and lately they had contemplated building a finer dwelling on the Slope. But Mrs. Hilbrough in a moment of inspiration decided to omit Brooklyn and to persuade her husband to remove to New York. There would be many advantages in this course. In New York her smaller social campaigns were unknown, and by removal she would be able to readjust with less difficulty her relations with old friends in Dr. North's congregation. When one goes up one must always leave somebody behind; but crossing the river would give her a clean slate, and make it easy to be rid of old scores when she pleased. So it came about that on the first of May following Hilbrough's accession to the bank the family in a carriage, and all their belongings on trucks, were trundled over Fulton Ferry to begin life anew, with painted walls, more expensive carpets, and twice as many servants. A carriage with a coachman in livery took the place of the top-buggy in which, by twos, and sometimes by threes, the Hilbroughs had been wont to enjoy Prospect Park. The Hilbrough children did not relish this part of the change. The boys could not see the fun of sitting with folded hands on a carriage seat while they rumbled slowly through Fifth Avenue and Central Park, even when the Riverside Park was thrown in. An augmentation of family dignity was small compensation for the loss of the long drive between the quadruple lines of maples that shade the Ocean Parkway in full view of the fast trotting horses which made a whirling maze as they flew past them in either direction.

"There was some fun in a long Saturday's drive to Coney Island, and round by Fort

Hamilton and the Narrows," muttered Jack, as the horses toiled up a steep in Central Park; "this here is about as amusing as riding in a black maria would be."

Ah, Jack! You are too young to comprehend the necessity that rests upon us of swelling our dignity into some proportion to a growing stock balance. It is irksome this living on stilts, but an unfortunate inability to match our fortune by increasing our bulk leaves us no alternative but to augment our belongings so as to preserve the fitness of things at any cost. There is as yet no Society for the Emancipation of Princes, and the Association for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Children of the Rich has no place in the list of New York philanthropies.

Mrs. Hilbrough prudently spent her first winter on Manhattan Island in looking about her. She ventured a dinner company two or three times, but went no further. She received calls from the wives of those who had, and those who wished to have, business relations with her husband, and she returned them, making such observations as she could on the domestic economy, or rather the domestic extravagance, of those she visited. The first result of this was that she changed her door-boy. The fine-looking mulatto she had installed in imitation of some of her richer Brooklyn acquaintances had to be discharged. The Anglomania of the early eighties cruelly abolished the handsome darky hall-boy, that most artistic living bronze, with all his suggestion of barbaric magnificence, and all his Oriental obsequiousness. His one fault was that he was not English. Fashion forbade the rich to avail themselves of one of the finest products of the country. The lackey who took his place had the English superciliousness, and marked the advance of American civilization by adding a new discomfort and deformity to the life of people of fashion.

The minister of the church in which the Hilbroughs had taken pews sent his wife to call on Mrs. Hilbrough, and two of the church officers, knowing the value of such an acquisition to the church, showed their Christian feeling in the same way. Many of her old Degraw street and South Oxford street friends called at the new house, their affection being quickened by a desire "to see what sort of style the Hilbroughs are putting on now." Some of her Brooklyn calls she returned out of a positive liking for good old friends, some because the callers were those who could introduce her to people she desired to know in New York. She excused herself from calling on the most of her trans-East-River acquaintances by urging that it is so much farther from New York to Brooklyn than it is from Brooklyn to New York, you know. She attended several large evening receptions in New York, and drank five o'clock tea at six in the evening at a good many places. She thus made acquaintances, while with a clever woman's tact she kept her wits about her and began to "get the hang of the thing," as she expressed it to one of her confidential friends. Meantime she was as constant in her attendance at the opera as she had been at the prayer-meeting in former days.

It was at the beginning of her second winter in New York that she served notice on Hilbrough that she meant to give a reception; or, as she put it, "We must give a reception." The children had gone to school, the butler was otherwise engaged, and there was nobody but a waitress present.

Hilbrough's face was of that sunny, sanguine sort which always seems to indicate that things are booming, to borrow a phrase from our modern argot. His plump, cheery countenance, and the buoyant spontaneity of his laugh, inspired a confidence which had floated his craft over more than one financial shoal. But when Mrs. Hilbrough proposed a reception, just as he finished his coffee, he became meditative, leaned his two large arms on the table, and made a careful inspection of the china cup: his wife — Brooklyn woman that she was — had lately made a journey across the new bridge to buy the set at Ovington's.

"You don't mean one of those stupid crushes," he began, "where all the people outside are trying to butt their way in, and all those inside are wishing to heaven that they were well out again — like so many June bugs and millers on a summer night bumping against both sides of a window with a candle in it?" Hilbrough finished with a humorous little chuckle at his own comparison.

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Hilbrough, firmly, "a reception is the thing to give. We owe it to our social position."

"Social position be hanged!" said Hilbrough, half in vexation, but still laughing, while his wife tried by frowning to remind him that the use of such words in the presence of a servant was very improper.

"It seems as though I never could get square with that thing you call social position. I pay all my other debts and take receipts in full, but the more money we have the more we owe to social position. I have a great mind to suspend payment for a while and let social position go to smash. I detest a reception. I don't mind a nice little gathering of good friendly folks such as we used to have in Degraw street at the church socials —"

"Church socials!"

His wife's interruption took Hilbrough's

breath. She muttered rather than spoke these few words, but with a contemptuousness of inflection that was most expressive. Hilbrough was left in some doubt as to whether all the contempt was intended for the church socials in Degraw street, or whether a part of it might not be meant for a husband whose mind had not kept pace with his fortune.

"I am sure there was real enjoyment in a church social," he said, with a deprecating laugh, "to say nothing of the money raised to recarpet the church aisles. And I confess I rather enjoyed the party you gave in Oxford street when Dr. North got back from the Holy Land."

While Hilbrough was making this speech his wife had, by dumb show, ordered the waitress to take something down-stairs, in order that there might be no listener to Hilbrough's autobiographical reminiscences but herself.

"Well, my dear," she said, taking a conciliatory tone, "our walk in life has changed, and we must adapt ourselves to our surroundings. You know you always said that we ought to do our share towards promoting sociability."

"Sociability!" It was Hilbrough's turn now. His laugh had a note of derision in it. "W'y, my dear, there is rather more sociability in a cue of depositors at the teller's window of an afternoon than there was at Mrs. Masters's reception last winter."

"Well, don't let 's argue. I hate arguments of all things."

"Most people do, when they get the worst of them," rejoined Hilbrough, merrily.

"You are positively rude," pouted Mrs. Hilbrough, rising from the table. If she hated arguments, her husband hated tiffs, and her look of reproach accomplished what her arguments could not. Hilbrough knew that at the game of injured innocence he was no match for his wife. The question in his mind now was to find a line of retreat.

"You ought to have more consideration for my feelings, Warren," she went on. "Besides, you know you said that whatever widened our acquaintance was likely to do the bank good. You know you did."

"So I did, my dear; so I did," he answered, soothingly, as he rose from the table and looked at his watch. "There 's one comfort, anyhow. You don't know a great many people on this side of the river yet; and so I guess I sha'n't have to put hoops on the house this time, unless you fetch all Brooklyn across the new bridge."

Mrs. Hilbrough did not care to contradict her husband now that he had relented. But as for crowding the house she felt sure there was a way to do it, if she could only find it, and she was resolved not to have fewer people than Mrs. Masters, and that without depleting Brooklyn.

What she needed was an adviser. She went over the bead-roll of her acquaintance and found nobody eligible. Those who could have pointed out to her what were the proper steps to take in such a case were just the people to whom she was not willing to expose herself in her unfledged condition. At last she felt obliged to ask Mr. Hilbrough about it.

"Don't you know somebody, my dear, who knows New York better than I do, who could give me advice about our reception?" This was her opening of the matter as she sat crocheting by the glowing grate of anthracite in the large front room on the second floor, while her husband smoked, and read his evening paper.

"I? How should I know?" he said, laying down the paper. "I don't know many New York ladies."

"Not a woman! I mean some man. You can't speak to a woman about such things so well as you can to a man"; and she spread her fancy-work out over her knee and turned her head on one side to get a good view of its general effect.

"I should think you would rather confide in a woman." Hilbrough looked puzzled and curious as he said this.

"You don't understand," she said. "A woman does n't like to give herself away to another woman. Women always think you ridiculous if you don't understand everything, and they remember and talk about it. But a man likes to give information to a woman. I suppose men like to have a woman look up to them." Mrs. Hilbrough laughed at the explanation, which was not quite satisfactory to herself.

"Well," said Hilbrough, after a minute's amused meditation, "the men I know are all like me. They are business men, and are rather dragged into society, I suppose, by their wives, and by"—he chuckled merrily at this point—"by the debts they owe to social position, you know. I don't believe there 's a man in the bank that would n't be as likely to ask me about what coat he ought to wear on any occasion as to give me any information on the subject. Yes, there is one man. That 's young *Mil*lard, or Mil*lard*, as he calls it. He 's a sort of a dude, and I never could stand dudes. I asked Mr. Masters the other day whether the assistant cashier was worth so large a salary as five thousand dollars, and he said that that man had the entry—the *ontray*, as he called it—to the best houses in New York. He 's cheek by jowl with a dozen of the richest men, he 's invited everywhere, and is considered great authority on all matters of that kind. He brings some business to the bank, and he 's one of the best judges in

New York of a man's character and responsibility. He knows all about pretty nearly every man whose note is presented for discount, and if he does not know at once, he can generally find out in an hour. I believe he could tell us the name of the grandmother of almost every prominent depositor if we wished to know, and how every man got his money."

"Is he rich?"

"Well, nobody seems to know for certain. He has a large slice of the bank's stock, and he 's known to have good investments outside. He 's well enough off to live without his salary if he wanted to. But I am pretty sure he is n't rich. Belongs to some old family, I suppose."

"I should be afraid of him," said Mrs. Hilbrough, ruefully.

"You need n't be. He 's a good enough sort of fellow if he only would n't part his hair in the middle. I can't abide that in a man. But it 's no use being afraid of him. He probably knows all about you and me already. He first came to see me about coming into the bank, and I don't know but it was his move to get me."

"Would he come up to dinner some evening?"

"He 'd rather like to oblige me. I 'll have to get him when he 's disengaged. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him that Mrs. Hilbrough wishes his advice, and would be glad if he would come to dinner with us some evening."

"Why do I need to say anything about your wanting advice? I don't just like to ask a favor of such a dude. I 'll ask him to dinner, and you can ask his advice as though by accident."

"No; that won't do. That kind of man would see through it all. Tell him that I wish his advice. That will show him that I recognize his position as an authority. He 'll like that better."

Warren Hilbrough suddenly discovered that his wife was cleverer — or, as he would have said, "smarter"— than he had thought her.

"You are a good hand, Jenny," he said. "You 'll win your game." And after he had resumed the reading of his paper he looked over the top of it once or twice in furtive admiration of her as she sat between him and the dark portière, which set her form in relief against the rich background and made her seem a picture to the fond eyes of her husband. He reflected that perhaps after all managing church fairs and running sewing societies was no bad training for a larger social activity.

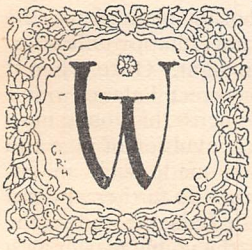
(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

BALAAM AND HIS MASTER.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe and the Rest of the World," etc.



HAT fantastic tricks are played by fate or circumstance! Here is a horrible war that shall redeem a nation, that shall restore civilization, that shall establish Christianity. Here is a university of slavery that shall lead the savage to citizenship. Here is a conflagration that shall rebuild a city. Here is the stroke of a pen that shall change the destinies of many peoples. Here is the bundle of fagots that shall light the fires of liberty. As in great things, so in small. Tragedy drags comedy across the stage, and hard upon the heels of the hero tread the heavy villain and the painted clown.

What a preface to write before the name of Billville!

Years ago, when one of the ex-Virginian pioneers who had settled in Wilkes County in the State of Georgia concluded to try his fortune farther west he found himself, after a tedious journey of a dozen days, in the midst of a little settlement in middle Georgia. His wagons and his negroes were at once surrounded by a crowd of curious but good-humored men and a swarm of tow-headed children.

"What is your name?" he asked one of the group.

"Bill Jones."

"And yours?" turning to another.

"Bill Satterlee."

The group was not a large one, but in addition to Jones and Satterlee, as the newcomer was informed, Bill Ware, Bill Cosby, Bill Pinkerton, Bill Pearson, Bill Johnson, Bill Thurman, Bill Jessup, and Bill Prior were there present, and ready to answer to their names.

In short, fate or circumstance had played one of its fantastic pranks in this isolated community, and every male member of the settlement, with the exception of Laban Davis, who was small and puny-looking, bore the name of Bill.

"Well," said the pioneer, who was not without humor, "I 'll pitch my tent in Billville. My name is Bill Cozart."

This is how Billville got its name — a name that has clung to it through thick and thin. A justifiable but futile attempt was made during the war to change the name of the town to Panola, but it is still called Billville, much to the disappointment of those citizens who have drawn both pride and prosperity in the lottery of life.

It was a fortunate day for Billville when Mr. William Cozart, almost by accident, planted his family tree in the soil of the settlement. He was a man of affairs, and at once became the leading citizen of the place. His energy and public spirit, which had room for development here, appeared to be contagious. He bought hundreds of acres of land, in the old Virginia fashion, and made for himself a home as comfortable as it was costly. His busy and unselfish life was an example for his neighbors to follow, and when he died the memory of it was a precious heritage to his children.

Meanwhile Billville, stirred into action by his influence, grew into a thrifty village, and then into a flourishing town; but through all the changes the Cozarts remained the leading family, socially, politically, and financially. But one day in the thirties Berrien Cozart was born, and the wind that blew aside the rich lace of his cradle must have been an ill one, for the child grew up to be a thorn in the side of those who loved him best. His one redeeming quality was his extraordinary beauty. This has, no doubt, been exaggerated; but there are still living in Billville many men and women who knew him, and they will tell you to-day that Berrien Cozart was the handsomest man they have ever seen — and some of them have visited every court in Europe. So far as they are concerned, the old saying "Handsome is that handsome does" has lost its force. They will tell you that Berrien Cozart was the handsomest man in the world and — probably the worst.

He was willful and wrongheaded from the first. He never, even as a child, acknowledged any authority but his own sweet will. He could simulate obedience whenever it suited his purpose, but only one person in the world had any real influence over him — a negro named Balaam. The day Berrien Cozart was born his proud and happy father called to a likely negro lad who was playing about in the yard — the day was Sunday — and said:

"How old are you?"

"I dunno 'zackly, marster, but ole Aunt Emmeline she know."

"Do you do any work?"

"Yes, sah; I totes water, an' I drive de cows ter de pastur', an' I keeps off de calfs, an' I runs de chickens out 'n de gyardin."

The sprightly and intelligent appearance of the lad evidently made a favorable impression on the master, for he beckoned to him and said:

"Come in here; I want to show you something."

The negro dropped his hat on the ground and followed Mr. Cozart, who led the way to the darkened room where Berrien, the baby, was having his first experience with existence. He lay on the nurse's lap, with blinking eyes and red and wrinkled face, trying to find his mouth with his fists. The nurse, black as she was, was officious, and when she saw the negro boy she exclaimed:

"Balaam, w'at you doin' in yere? Take yo'se'f right out! Dis ain't no place fer you."

"Marster says so," said Balaam, sententiously.

"Balaam," said Mr. Cozart, "this baby will be your master. I want you to look after him and take care of him."

"Yes, sah," said Balaam, regarding his new master with both interest and curiosity. "He look like he older dan w'at he is." With that Balaam retreated to the negro quarters, where he had a strange tale to tell the other children about the new white baby.

Berrien grew and thrived, and when he was a year old Balaam took charge of him, and the two soon became devoted to each other. The negro would take the child on his back and carry him from one end of the plantation to the other, and Berrien was never happy unless Balaam was somewhere in sight. Once, when it was found necessary to correct Balaam with a switch for some boyish offense, his young master fell on the floor in a convulsion of rage and grief. This manifestation made such an impression on the family that no further attempt was ever made to punish Balaam; and so the two grew up together — the young master with a temper of extreme violence and an obstinacy that had no bounds, and the negro with an independence and a fearlessness extremely rare among slaves.

It was observed by all, and was a cause of special wonder among the negroes, that, in spite of Berrien Cozart's violent temper, he never turned his hand against Balaam — not even when he was too young to reason about the matter. Sometimes, when he was seen throwing stones at a tree, or at the chickens,

or at some of the other children in a peculiarly vicious way, the older negroes would laughingly shake their heads at one another and say that the child was mad with Balaam.

These queer relations between master and slave grew stronger as the two grew older. When Berrien was ten and Balaam twenty they were even more inseparable than they had been when the negro was trudging about the plantation with his young master on his back. At that time Balaam was not allowed to sleep in the big house; but when Berrien was ten he had a room to himself, and the negro slept on a pallet by the side of the bed.

About this time it was thought necessary to get a private tutor for Berrien. He had a great knack for books in a fitful sort of way, but somehow the tutor, who was an estimable young gentleman from Philadelphia, was not very much to Berrien's taste. For a day or two matters went along smoothly enough, but it was not long before Balaam, lying on the floor outside the door, heard a tremendous racket and clatter in the room. Looking in, he saw his young master pelting the tutor with books and using language that was far from polite. Balaam went in, closing the door carefully behind him, and almost immediately the tumult ceased. Then the negro appeared leading his young master by the arm. They went downstairs and out on the lawn. The tutor, perplexed and astonished by the fierce temper of his pupil, saw the two from the window and watched them curiously. Berrien finally stopped and leaned against a tree. The negro, with his hand on the boy's shoulder, was saying something unpleasant, for the tutor observed one or two fierce gestures of protest. But these soon ceased, and presently Berrien walked rapidly back to the house, followed by Balaam. The tutor heard them coming up the stairway, then the door opened, and his pupil entered and apologized for his rudeness.

For some time there was such marked improvement in Berrien's behavior that his tutor often wondered what influence the negro had brought to bear on his young master; but he never found out. In fact, he soon forgot all about the matter, for the improvement was only temporary. The youngster became so disagreeable and so unmanageable that the tutor was glad to give up his position at the end of the year. After that Berrien was sent to the academy, and there he made considerable progress, for he was spurred on in his studies by the example of the other boys. But he was a wild youth, and there was no mischief, no matter how malicious it might be, in which he was not the leader. As his character unfolded itself the fact became more and more manifest that he had an unsavory career before him. Some of the older heads predicted that he would come to the gallows, and there was certainly some ground for these gloomy suggestions, for never before had the quiet community of Billville given development to such reckless wickedness as that which marked the daily life of Berrien Cozart as he grew older. Sensual, cruel, impetuous, and implacable, he was the wonder of the mild-mannered people of the county, and a terror to the God-fearing. Nevertheless he was attractive even to those who regarded him as the imp of the Evil One, and many a love-lorn maiden was haunted by his beautiful face in her dreams.

When Berrien was eighteen he was sent to Franklin College at Athens, which was supposed to divide the responsibility of guardianship with a student's parents. The atmosphere the young man found there in those days suited him admirably. He became the leader of the wildest set at that venerable institution, and proceeded to make a name for himself as the promoter and organizer of the most disreputable escapades the college had ever known. He was an aggressor in innumerable broils, he fought a duel in the suburbs of Athens, and he ended his college career by insulting the chancellor in the lecture-room. He was expelled, and the students and the people of Athens breathed freer when it was known that he had gone home never to return.

There was a curious scene with his father when the wayward youth returned to Billville in disgrace. The people of that town had received some inkling of the sort of education the young man was getting at college, though Mr. Cozart was inclined to look somewhat leniently on the pranks of his son, ascribing them to the hot blood of youth. But when Berrien's creditors began to send in their accounts, amounting to several thousands of dollars, he realized for the first time that the hope and pride of his later years had been vain delusions. Upon the heels of the accounts came Berrien himself, handsomer and more attractive than ever. Dissipation was not one of his vices, and he returned with the bloom of youth on his cheek and the glowing fires of health in his sparkling eyes. He told the story of his expulsion with an air as gay as any cavalier ever assumed. The story was told at the table, and there was company present. But this fact was ignored by Berrien's father. His hand shook as he laid down his knife and fork.

"You have damaged my credit," he said to his son across the table; "you have disgraced your mother's name and mine; and now you have the impudence to make a joke of it at my table, sir. Let me not see your face in this house again until you have returned to college

and wiped out the blot you have placed on your name."

"As you please, sir," said Berrien. His eyes were still full of laughter, but some of those who were at the table said his nether lip trembled a little. He rose, bowed, and passed out.

Balaam was in his young master's room when the latter went in. He had unpacked the trunk and the valise and was placing the things in a clothes-press, meanwhile talking with himself, as most negroes will when left to themselves. Berrien entered, humming the tune of a college glee.

"I 'lowed you was at dinner, Marse Berry," said Balaam.

"I have finished," said young Cozart. "Have you had yours?"

"Lord! no, sah. Hit 'll be 'way yonder todes night 'fo' I kin git dese clo'es straightened out."

"Well," said the young man, "you go and get your dinner as soon as you can. This valise must be repacked. Before the sun goes down we must be away from here."

"Good Lord, Marse Berry! I ain't said howdy wid none er de folks yit. How come we got ter go right off?"

"You can stay, if you choose," said Berrien. "I reckon you 'd be a better negro if you had staid at home all the time. Right now you ought to be picking your five hundred pounds of cotton every day."

"Now, you know, Marse Berry, dat ef you er gwine, I 'm gwine too — you know dat p'intedly; but you come in on me so sudden-like dat you sorter git me flustrated."

"Well," said Berrien, seating himself on the side of the bed and running his fingers through his curling hair, "if you go with me this time you will be taking a big jump in the dark. There 's no telling where you 'll land. Pap has taken the studs, and I have made up my mind to leave here for good and all. You belong to me, but I 'll give you your choice; you can go with me, or you can stay. If you go, I 'll probably get into a tight place and sell you; if you stay, Pap will make a pet of you for my sake."

Regarding this as a very good offhand joke, the young man laughed so loud that the sound of it penetrated to the dining-room, and, mellow and hearty as it was, it struck strangely on the ears of those still sitting at the table.

"I knowed in reason dat dey was gwine to be a rippit," said Balaam; "'ca'se you know how you been gwine on up yander, Marse Berry. I tole an' tole you 'bout it, an' I dunno whar in de name er goodness you 'd er been ef I had n't been right dar fer ter look atter you."

"Yes," remarked Berrien, sarcastically, "you were just about drunk enough half the time to look after me like a Dutch uncle."

Balaam held his head down and chuckled. "Yes, sah," he said, "I tuck my dram, dey ain't no 'sputin' er dat; yit I never has tuck so much dat I ain't keep my eye on you. But 't ain't do no good: you des went right 'long; an' dar was ole Mistiss, which she done sick in bed, an' Miss Sally Carter, which she 's yo' born cousin — dar dey all was a-specktin' you ter head de whole school gang. An' you did head 'em, mon, but not in de books."

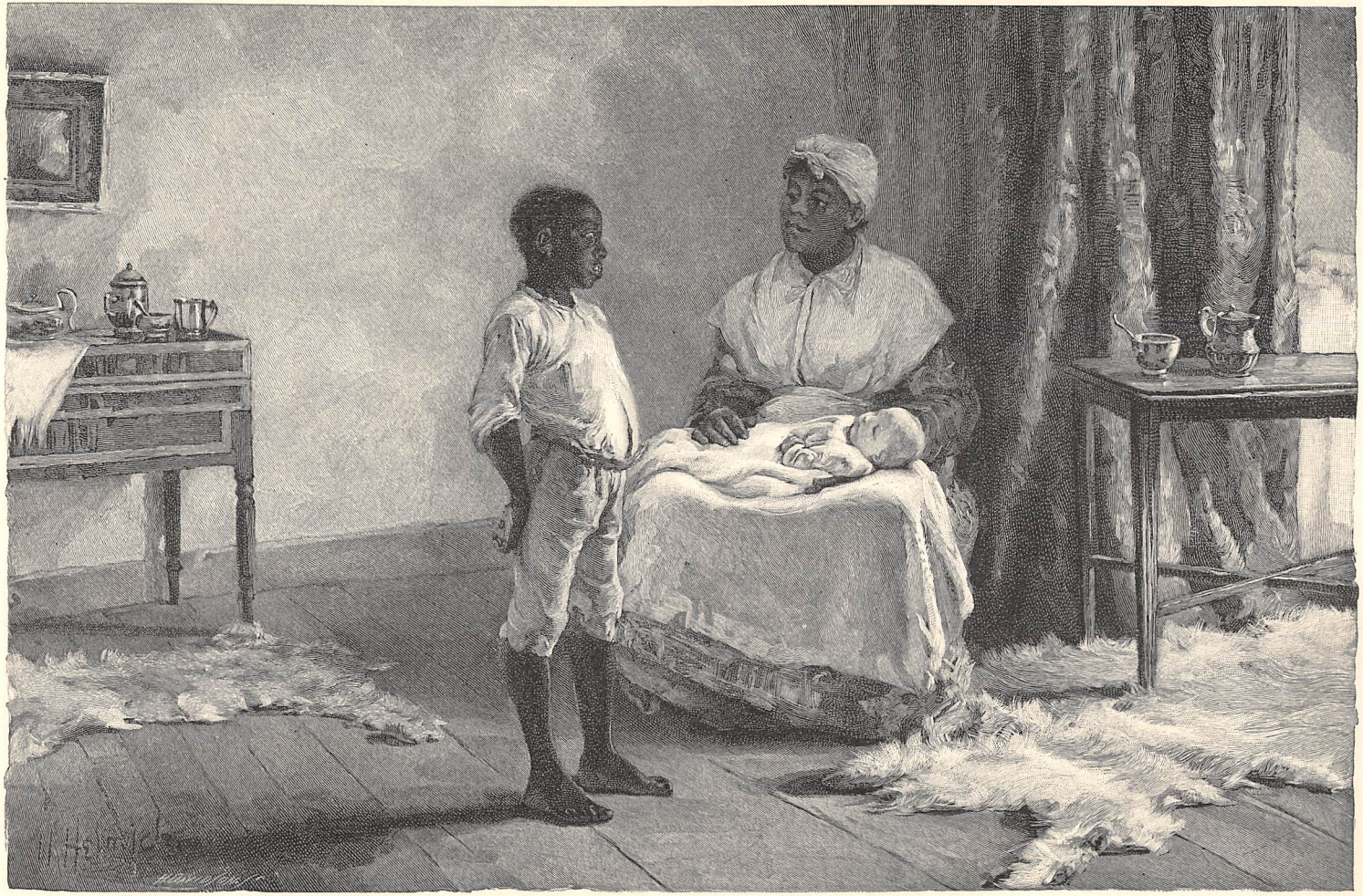
"My fair Cousin Sarah!" exclaimed Berrien in a reminiscent way.

"Yes, sah," said Balaam; "an' dey tells me down in de kitchen dat she comin' yere dis ve'y day."

"Then," said the young man, "it is time for me to be going. Get your dinner. If I am to have your company, you must be ready in an hour; if you want to stay, go to the overseer and tell him to put you to work."

Laughing good-naturedly, Balaam slipped out. After a little while Berrien Cozart went down the stairway and into the room of his mother, who was an invalid. He sat at her bedside and talked a few moments. Then he straightened and smoothed her pillows, stroked her gray hair, gazed into her gentle eyes, and kissed her twice. These things the poor lady remembered long afterwards. Straying into the spacious parlor, the young man looked around on the familiar furniture and the walls covered with portraits. Prominent among these was the beautiful face of Sally Carter. The red curtains in the windows, swaying to and fro in the wind, so swiftly changed the light and shadow that the fair face in the heavy gilt frame seemed to be charged with life. The lustrous eyes seemed to dance and the saucy lips to smile. Berrien remembered his fair cousin with pleasure. She had been his playmate when he was younger, and the impression she made on him had been a lasting one. Beautiful as she was, there was no nonsense about her. She was high-spirited and jolly, and the young man smiled as he recalled some of their escapades together. He raised his hand to salute the portrait, and at that moment a peal of merry laughter greeted his ears. Turning, he saw framed in the doorway the rosy original of the portrait. Before he could recover from his astonishment the young lady had seized and kissed him. Then she held him off at arm's length and looked at him.

"Why, how handsome you have grown!" she cried. "Just think of it! I expected to meet a regular border ruffian. My dear boy, you have no idea what a tremendous reputation your friends have given you. Ann Burney — you remember that funny little creature, don't you? as fat as a butter-ball — Ann told



BALAAM AND HIS MASTER.

me the other day that you were positively the terror of everybody around Athens. And now I find you here kissing your fingers at my portrait on the wall. I declare, it is too romantic for anything! After this I know you will never call me Sarah Jane."

"You have taken me by surprise," said Berrien, as soon as he could get in a word. "I was admiring the skill of the artist. The lace there, falling against the velvet bodice, is neatly done."

"Ah, but you are blushing; you are confused!" exclaimed Miss Carter. "You haven't even told me you are glad to see me."

"There is no need to tell you that," said Berrien. "I was just thinking, when you rushed in on me, how good and kind you always were. You are maturer than the portrait there, but you are more beautiful."

Miss Carter bent low with a mock courtesy, but the color in her face was warmer as she exclaimed:

"Oh, how nice you are! The portrait there is only sixteen, and I am twenty-five. Just think of that! And just think of me at that age —what a tomboy I was! But I must run and tell the rest of the folks howdy."

Berrien Cozart walked out on the veranda, and presently he was joined by his father. "My son," said the old gentleman, "you will need money for your traveling expenses. Here is a check on our Augusta factor; you can have it cashed in Madison. I want you to return to college, make all proper apologies, and redeem yourself."

"Thank you, sir," said Berrien, taking the check and stuffing it into his pocket. His father turned to go indoors, hesitated a moment, and looked at Berrien, who was drumming idly on one of the pillars. Then the old gentleman sighed and went in.

Shortly thereafter Berrien Cozart and Balaam were journeying away from Billville in the conveyance that had brought them there.

On the high hill beyond the "town branch" Balaam leaned out of the hack and looked back at Billville. The town appeared insignificant enough; but the setting sun imparted a rosy glow to the roof of the yellow court-house and to the spire of the old church. Observing the purpose of the negro, Mr. Cozart smiled cynically and flipped the hot ashes of his cigar into Balaam's ear.

"As you are telling the town good-by," said the young man, "I 'll help you to bow."

"Yessah," said Balaam, shaking the ashes from his ear; "I was des a-lookin' back at de place. Dat sun shine red, mon, an' de jail look like she de bigges' house dar. She stan' out mo' bigger dan w'at de chu'ch do."

It may be that this statement made no impression on Berrien, but he leaned back in his seat and for miles chewed the end of his cigar in silence.

It is not the purpose of this chronicle to follow him through all his adventures and escapades. As he rode away from Billville on that memorable day he seemed to realize that his career had just begun. It was a career to which he had served a long and faithful apprenticeship, and he pursued it to the end. From Madison he went to Atlanta, where for months he was a familiar, albeit a striking, figure. There were few games of chance in which he was not an adept. No conjurer was so adroit with the cards or the dice; he handled these emblems of fate and disaster as an artist handles his tools. And luck chose him as her favorite; he prospered to such a degree that he grew reckless and careless. Whereupon one fine day luck turned her back on him, and he paraded on fine afternoons in front of Lloyd's Hotel a penniless man. He had borrowed and lost until he could borrow no longer.

Balaam, who was familiar with the situation, was not surprised to learn that his master had made up his mind to sell him.

"Well, sah," said Balaam, brushing his master's coat carefully, "you kin sell me, but de man dat buys Balaam will git a mighty bad bargain."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Berrien.

"You kin sell me, sah, but I ain't gwine stay wid um."

"You can't help yourself," said the master.

"I got legs, Marse Berry. You know dat yo'se'f."

"Your legs will do you no good. You 'll be caught if you go back home."

"I ain't gwine dar, sah. I 'm gwine wid you. I hear you say yistiddy night p'intedly dat you gwine 'way f'om dis place, an' I 'm gwine wid you. I been 'long wid you all de time, an' ole marster done tole me w'en you was baby dat I got ter stay wid you."

Something in this view seemed to strike Mr. Cozart. He walked up and down the floor a few minutes, and then fell to laughing.

"By George, Balaam, you are a trump— a royal flush in spades. It will be a famous joke."

Thereupon Berrien Cozart arranged his cards, so to speak, for a more hazardous game than any he had ever yet played. He went with Balaam to a trader who was an expert in the slave market, and who knew its ups and downs, its weak points and its strong points. At first Berrien was disposed to put Balaam on the block and have him auctioned off to the highest bidder; but the trader knew the negro, and had already made a study of

his strong points. To be perfectly sure, however, he thumped Balaam on the chest, listened to the beating of his heart, and felt of his muscles in quite a professional way.

"I reckon he ain't noways vicious," said the trader, looking at Balaam's smiling face.

"I have never seen him angry or sullen," said Mr. Cozart. Other questions were asked, and finally the trader jotted down this memorandum in his note-book:

"Buck nigger, Balaam; age 32; 6 feet 1 inch; sound as a dollar; see Colonel Strother."

Then the trader made an appointment with Berrien for the next day, and said he thought the negro could be disposed of at private sale. Such was the fact, for when Berrien went back the next day the trader met him with an offer of fifteen hundred dollars in cash for Balaam.

"Make it eighteen," said Mr. Cozart.

"Well, I 'll tell you what I 'll do," said the trader, closing his eyes and pursing his mouth in a business-like way. "I 'll give you sixteen fifty — no more, no less. Come, now, that 's fair. Split the difference."

Thereupon Mr. Cozart said it was a bargain, and the trader paid him the money down after the necessary papers were drawn up. Balaam seemed to be perfectly satisfied. All he wanted, he said, was to have a master who would treat him well. He went with Berrien to the hotel to fetch his little belongings, and if the trader had searched him when he returned he would have found strapped around his body a belt containing fifty dollars in specie.

Having thus, in a manner, replenished his empty purse, Mr. Berrien Cozart made haste to change his field of operations. To his competitors in his own special department of industry he let drop the hint that he was going to Columbus, and thence to Mobile and New Orleans, where he would hang on the outskirts of the racing season, picking up such crumbs and contributions as might naturally fall in the way of a professional gentleman who kept his eyes open and his fingers nimble enough to deal himself a winning hand.

As a matter of fact Mr. Cozart went to Nashville, and he had not been gone many days before Balaam disappeared. He had been missing two days before Colonel Strother, his new master, took any decided action, but on the morning of the fourth day the following advertisement appeared among others of a like character in the columns of the Atlanta "Intelligencer":

$100 reward will be paid for the apprehension of my negro boy *Balaam*. Thirty-odd years old, but appeared younger; tall, pleasant-looking, quick-spoken, and polite. Was formerly the property of the Hon. William Cozart. He is supposed to be making his way to his old home. Was well dressed when last seen. Milledgeville "Recorder" and "Federal Union" please copy.

BOZEMAN STROTHER,
Atlanta, Georgia.

(d. & w. 1 mo.)

This advertisement duly appeared in the Milledgeville papers, which were published not far from Billville, but no response was ever made; the reward was never claimed. Considering the strength and completeness of the patrol system of that day, Balaam's adventure was a risky one; but, fortunately for him, a wiser head than his had planned his flight and instructed him thoroughly in the part he was to play. The shrewdness of Berrien Cozart had provided against all difficulties. Balaam left Atlanta at night, but he did not go as a fugitive. He was armed with a "pass" which formally set forth to all whom it might concern that the boy David had express permission to join his master in Nashville, and this "pass" bore the signature of Elmore Avery, a gentleman who existed only in the imagination of Mr. Berrien Cozart. Attached thereto, also, was the signature and seal of the judge of ordinary. With this little document Balaam would have found no difficulty whatever in traveling. The people he met would have reasoned that the negro whose master trusted him to make so long a journey alone must be an uncommonly faithful one, but Balaam met with an adventure that helped him along much more comfortably than the pass could have helped him. It is best, perhaps, to tell the story in his own language, as he told it long afterwards.

"I won't say I were n't skeered," said Balaam, "'ca'se I was; yit I were n't skeered 'nough fer ter go slippin' 'longside er de fences an' 'mongst de pine thickets. I des kep' right in de big road. Atter I got out er town a little piece, I tuck off my shoes an' tied de strings tergedder an' slung 'em 'cross my shoulder, on top my satchel, an' den I sorter mended my gait. I struck up a kind er dog-trot, an' by de time day come a many a mile lay 'twix' me an' Atlanta. Little atter sun-up I hear some horses trottin' on de road de way I come, an' bimeby a man driv up in a double buggy. He say, 'Hello, boy! Whar you gwine?' I pulled off my hat, an' say, 'I gwine whar my marster is, sah.' Den de white man 'low, 'What he name?' Well, sah, when de man ax me dat, hit come over me like a big streak er de chill an' fever dat I done clean fergit de name what Marse Berry choosen ter be call by. So I des runned my han' und' de lindin' er my hat an' pulled out de pass, an' say, 'Boss, dis piece er paper kin talk lots better dan I kin.'

"De man look at me right hard, an' den he

"I DES KEP' RIGHT IN DE BIG ROAD."

tuck de pass an' read it out loud. Well, sah, w'en he come ter de name I des grabbed holt un it wid my min', an' I ain't never turned it loose tell yit. De man was drivin' 'long slow, an' I was walkin' by de buggy. He helt de pass in his han's some little time, den he look at me an' scratch his head. Atter a while he 'low: 'You got a mighty long journey befo' you. Kin you drive? Ef you kin, put on yo' shoes an' mount up here an' take dese lines.'

"Well, sah, I was sorter glad, an' yit I was sorter skittish, but I tol' de white man thankydo, an' I le'pt up in dat buggy like I was de gladdes' nigger in de worl'. De man he keep on lookin' at me, an' bimeby he say, 'I tuck a notion when I fust see you dat you was de boy w'at Cozart had in Atlanta.' Mon! you could er knocked me over wid a feather, I was dat weak; but I bu'st out laughin' an' 'low, 'Lord, boss! ef I wa'n't no better lookin' dan dat ar Cozart nigger I 'd quit bein' a nigger an' take up wid de monkey tribe.' De man say, 'I had de idee dat de Cozart nigger was a mighty likely boy. What was his name? Balaam?' I was so skeered it fair make me sick at de stomach, yit I talk right out. I 'low, 'Dey call 'im Balaam, an' dey have ter whale 'im.' De man he laugh. 'He got a great big scyar on de side er his neck now whar somebody hit 'im a diff, an' he lay roun' dem hotels an' drink dram all night long.' De man look sideways at my neck. 'Dat nigger got so bad dat his marster had ter sell 'im, an' dey tells me, sah, dat de man w'at buy 'im ain' no mo' dan paid de money fer 'im dan he have ter take 'im down an' strop 'im.'

"Well, sah, de man look at me an' laugh so funny dat it make my ve'y limbs ache. Yes, sah. My heart hit up 'g'inst my ribs des like a flutter-mill; an' I was so skeered it make my tongue run slicker dan sin. He ax me mo' questions dan I could answer now, but I made answer den des like snappin' my fingers. W'at make me de mo' skeered was de way dat ar white man done. He 'd look at me an' laugh, an' de plumper I gin 'im de answer de mo' he 'd laugh. I say ter myse'f, I did: 'Balaam, you 'r' a goner, dat w'at you is. De man know you, an' de fust calaboose he come ter he gwine slap you in dar.' I had a mighty good notion ter jump out er dat buggy an' make a break fer de woods, but stidder dat I sot right whar I was, 'ca'se I knowed in reason dat ef de man want me right bad an' I was ter break an' run he 'd fetch me down wid a pistol.

"Well, sah, dat man joke an' laugh de whole blessed mornin', an' den bimeby we drove in a town not much bigger dan Bivvle" (which was Balaam's pet name for Billville), "an' dar de white man say we 'd stop fer dinner. He ain't say de word too soon fer me, mon, 'ca'se I was so hungry an' tired it make my head swim. We driv up ter tavern, we did, an' de folks dar dey holler, 'Howdy, Judge,' an' de white man he holler 'Howdy' back, an' den he tol' me ter take de horse an' buggy down ter de liberty stable an' have 'em fed, an' den come back an' git my dinner. Dat was mighty good news; but whilst I was eatin' my dinner I hear dat white man laughin', an' it come over me dat he know who I was an' dat he was gwine ter gi' me up; yit dat ain't hender my appetite, an' I des sot dar an' stuff myse'f tell I des make de yuther niggers open der eyes. An' den, when I git my belly full, I sot in de sun an' went right fast ter sleep. I 'spec' I tuck a right smart nap, 'ca'se when some un hollered at me an' woke me up de sun was gwine down de hill right smartly. I jumped up on my feet, I did, an' I say, 'Who dat callin' me?' Somebody 'low, 'Yo' marster want you.' Den I bawl out, 'Is Marse Berry come?' De niggers all laugh, an' one un 'em say, 'Dat nigger man dreamin', mon. He ain't woke good yit.'

"By dat time I done come ter my senses, an' I ax dem whereabouts marster is. Bimeby, when I done foun' de white man w'at bring me in his buggy, he look at me sorter funny an' say, 'You know whar you lef' my buggy: well, you go down an' raise up de seat an' fetch me de little box you 'll fin' in dar. Wrop it up in de buggy rug an' fetch it an' put it on de table dar.' Well, sah, I went an' got dat box, an' time I put my han' on it I knowed des 'zackly w'at was on de inside er it. I done seed too many er 'em. It was under lock an' key, but I knowed it was a farrar box like dem w'at Marse Berry done his gamblin' wid. By de time I got back ter de room in de tavern de white man done had de table kivered wid a piece er cloff w'at he got out'n his satchel. He tuck de box, onlocked it, rattled de chips in his han', an' shuffled de kyards. Den he look at me an' laugh. He was de quarest white man dat ever I laid eyes on.

"Atter while I ax 'im ef I had n't better be gittin' 'long todes de eend er my journey. He 'low: 'Lord, no! I want you ter set roun' yere atter supper an' gi' me luck. You ain't losin' no time, 'ca'se I 'm a-gwine plumb ter Chattanoogy, an' ef you 'll be ez spry ez you kin be I 'll take you 'long wid me.' De ups an' odds er it was dat I staid wid de man. De folks named 'im Judge, an' he was a judge, mon. 'Long 'bout nine dat night he come ter his room, whar I was waitin' fer 'im, an' soon atter dat de young gentlemens 'bout town 'gun ter drap in, an' 't wa'n't long 'fo' de game got started. Look like de man ain't wanter play, but de yuthers dey kep' on coaxin', an' presently he fotch out de box an' opened up. Well, sah, I done seed lots er gamblin' fust an' last, but dat white man beat my time. Dey played poker, stidder farrar, an' it look like ter me dat de man done got de kyards trained. He dealt 'em 'boveboard, an' dey des come in his han' 'zackly like he want 'em ter come. Ef he had any tricks like w'at Marse Berry played on folks, dey was too slick fer my eye, yit he des beated dem yuther mens scand'lous. It was des like one er dese yere great big river cats ketchin' minners.

"Atter dey been playin' some little time, de white man what brung me dar 'low: 'Boy, you better go git some sleep. We 'll start soon in de mornin'.' But I say, 'No, sah; I 'll des set in de cornder here an' nod, an' I 'll be close by ef so be you want me.' I sot dar, I did, an' I had a good chance ter sleep, 'ca'se, bless yo' heart! dem mens ain't make much fuss. Dey des grip der kyards an' sorter hol' der bref. Sometimes one un 'em would break out an' cuss a word er two, but in giner'lly dey 'd plank up der scads an' lose 'em des like dey was usen ter it. De white man w'at dey call Judge he des wiped 'em up, an' at de een' he was des ez fresh ez he was at de start. It was so nigh day when de game broke up dat Marse Judge 'lowed dat it was too late fer supper an' not quite soon 'nough fer breakfas', an' den he say he was gwine ter take a walk an' git some air.

"Well, sah, it was dat away all de time I was wid dat white man—laughin' an' jokin' all day, an' gamblin' all night long. How an' when he got sleep I 'll never tell you, 'ca'se he was wide awake eve'y time I seed 'im. It went on dis away plumb till we got ter de Tennessy

River, dar whar Chattynoogy is. Atter we sorter rested, de white man tuck me 'cross de river, an' we druv on ter whar de stage change hosses. Dar we stopped, an' whilst I was waitin' fer de stage de white man 'low, 'Balaam!' He kotch me so quick, dat I jumped des like I 'd been shot, an' I hollered out, 'Sah!' Den he laugh sorter funny, an' say: 'Don't look skeered, Balaam; I knowed you f'om de offstart. You 'r' a mighty good boy, but yo' marster is a borned rascal. I 'm gwine send you whar you say he is, an' I want you ter tell 'im dis f'om me — dat dough he tried ter rob me, yit fer de sake er his Cousin Sally, I he'ped you ter go whar he is.'

"Den de man got in his buggy an' drove back, an' dat de las' time I ever laid eyes on 'im. When de stage come 'long I got up wid de driver, an' 't wa'n't long 'fo' I was wid Marse Berry, an' I ain't no sooner seed 'im dan I knowed he was gwine wrong wuss and wuss: not but what he was glad 'ca'se I come, but it look like his face done got mo' harder. Well, sah, it was des dat away. I ain't gwine ter tell you all w'at he done an' how he done it, 'ca'se he was my own marster, an' he never hit me a lick amiss, 'ceppin' it was when he was a little boy. I ain't gwine tell you whar we went an' how we got dar, 'ca'se dey 's done been too much talk now. But we drapped down inter Alabam', an' den inter Massasip', an' den inter Arkansaw, an' back ag'in inter Massasip'; an' one night whilst we was on one er dem big river boats, Marse Berry he got inter a mighty big row. Dey was playin' kyards fer de bigges' kind er stakes, an' fust news I know de lie was passed, an' den de whole gang made fer Marse Berry. Dey whipped out der knives an' der pistols, an' it look like it was gwine ter be all night wid Marse Berry. Well, sah, I got so skeered dat I picked up a cheer an' smashed de nighest man, an' by dat time Marse Berry had shot one; an', sah, we des cleaned 'em out. Den Marse Berry made a dash fer de low'-mos' deck, an' I dashed atter 'im. Den I hear sumpin' go ker-slosh in de water, an' I 'lowed it was Marse Berry, an' in I splunged head-foremos'. An' den — but, Lord, sah, you know de balance des good ez I does, 'ca'se I hear tell dat dey was sumpin' n'er 'bout it in de papers."

This was as far as Balaam ever would go with the story of his adventure. He had made a hero of Berrien Cozart from his youth, and he refused to dwell on any episode in the young man's career that, to his mind, was not worthy of a Cozart. When Berrien leaped to the lower deck of the steamboat his foot touched a stick of wood. This he flung into the river, and then hid himself among the cotton bales that were piled on the forward part of the boat. It will never be known whether he threw the piece of wood into the water knowing that Balaam would follow, or whether his sole intention was to elude pursuit. A shot or two was fired, but the bullets fell wide of their mark, and the boat swept on, leaving the negro swimming around, searching for his master.

At the next landing-place Berrien slipped ashore unseen. But fortune no longer favored him; for the next day a gentleman who had been a passenger on the boat recognized him, and an attempt was made to arrest him. He shot the high sheriff of the county through the head, and became a fugitive indeed. He was pursued through Alabama into Georgia, and being finally captured not a mile away from Billville, was thrown into jail in the town where he was born. His arrest, owing to the standing of his family, created a tremendous sensation in the quiet village. Before he was carried to jail he asked that his father be sent for. The messenger tarried some little time, but he returned alone.

"What did my father say?" Berrien asked with some eagerness.

"He said," replied the messenger, "that he did n't want to see you."

"Did he write that message?" the young man inquired.

"Oh, no!" the messenger declared. "He just waved his arm — so — and said he did n't want to see you."

At once the troubled expression on Berrien Cozart's face disappeared. He looked around on the crowd and smiled.

"You see what it is," he said with a light laugh, "to be the pride of a family! Gentlemen, I am ready. Don't let me keep you waiting." And so, followed by half the population of his native village, he was escorted to jail.

This building was a two-story brick structure, as solid as good material and good work could make it, and there was no fear that any prisoner could escape, especially from the dungeon where Berrien's captors insisted on confining him. Nevertheless the jailer was warned to take unusual precautions. This official, however, who occupied with his family the first story of the jail, merely smiled. He had grown old in the business of keeping this jail, and certainly he knew a great deal more about it than those Mississippi officials who were strutting around and putting on such airs.

To his other duties the jailer added those of tyler of the little lodge of freemasons that had its headquarters in a hall on the public square, and it so happened that the lodge was to meet on the very night that Berrien was put into jail. After supper the jailer, as had been his habit for years, smoked his pipe, and then went down to the village and lighted the lamps

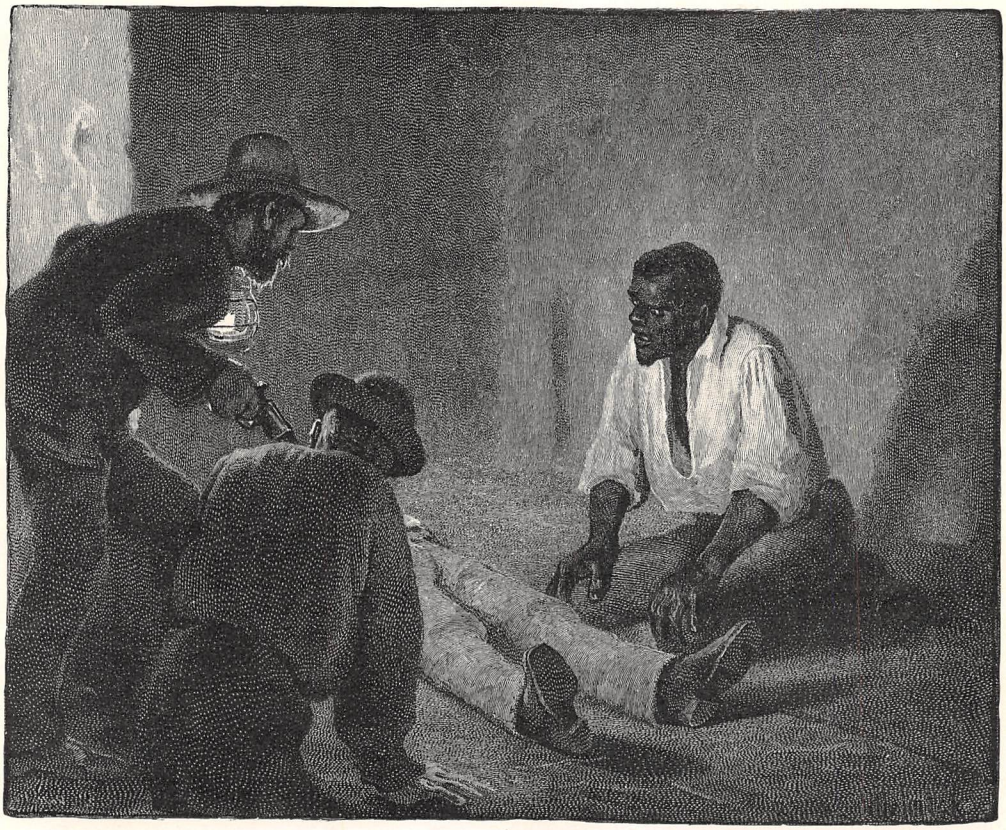
in the masonic hall. His wife and daughter, full of the subject of Berrien Cozart's imprisonment, went to a neighbor's not far away for the purpose of discussing the matter. As they passed out of the gate they heard the jailer blowing the tin trumpet which was the signal for the masons to assemble.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the jailer returned, but he found his wife and daughter waiting for him. Both had a troubled air, and they lost no time in declaring that they had heard weeping and sobbing upstairs in the dungeon. The jailer himself was very sympathetic, having known Berrien for many years, and he took another turn at his pipe by way of consolation. Then, as was his custom, he took his lantern and went around the jail on a tour of inspection to see that everything was safe.

He did not go far. First he stumbled over a pile of bricks, and then his shoulder struck a ladder. He uttered a little cry and looked upward, and there, dim as his lantern was, he could see a black and gaping hole in the wall of the dungeon. He ran into the house as fast as his rheumatic legs could carry him, and screamed to his wife and daughter:

"Raise the alarm! Cozart has escaped! We are ruined!"

Then he ran to the dungeon door, flung it open, and then fell back with a cry of terror. What did he see, and what did the others who joined him there see? On the floor lay Berrien Cozart dead, and crouching beside him was Balaam. How the negro had managed to make his way through the masonry of the dungeon without discovery is still one of the mysteries of Billville. But, prompt as he was, he was too late. His master had escaped through a wider door. He had made his way to a higher court. Death, coming to him in that dark dungeon, must have visited him in the similitude of a happy dream, for there under the light of the lanterns he lay smiling sweetly as a little child that nestles on its mother's breast; and on the floor near him, where it had dropped from his nerveless hand, was a golden locket, from which smiled the lovely face of Sally Carter.



"ON THE FLOOR LAY BERRIEN COZART."

Joel Chandler Harris.

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

AND THE FRENCH LANDSCAPE SCHOOL.

I.

WHO would suppose that the bearded man of firm and gentle face whose portrait one sees carved on a boulder in the Forest of Fontainebleau had ever been called the Antichrist of Art? The head beside his represents Millet, the painter of "The Angelus," and their portraits are thus associated because till death intervened theirs was a friendship which neither hardships nor successes on one side or the other sufficed to shake. Moreover, Théodore Rousseau, who was the first to die, was never an extremist, never an active revolutionist, never the noisy freethinker to whom such terms as antichrist are commonly applied.

What a change in the last half-century! When Rousseau was middle-aged the battle against the cold classicists was by no means won, while now to us the landscapes of that painter seem to contain the repose, the grandeur, the sobriety and inner beauty, which go to form a classic. The proscribed of one generation is already the idol of conservatives in the next.

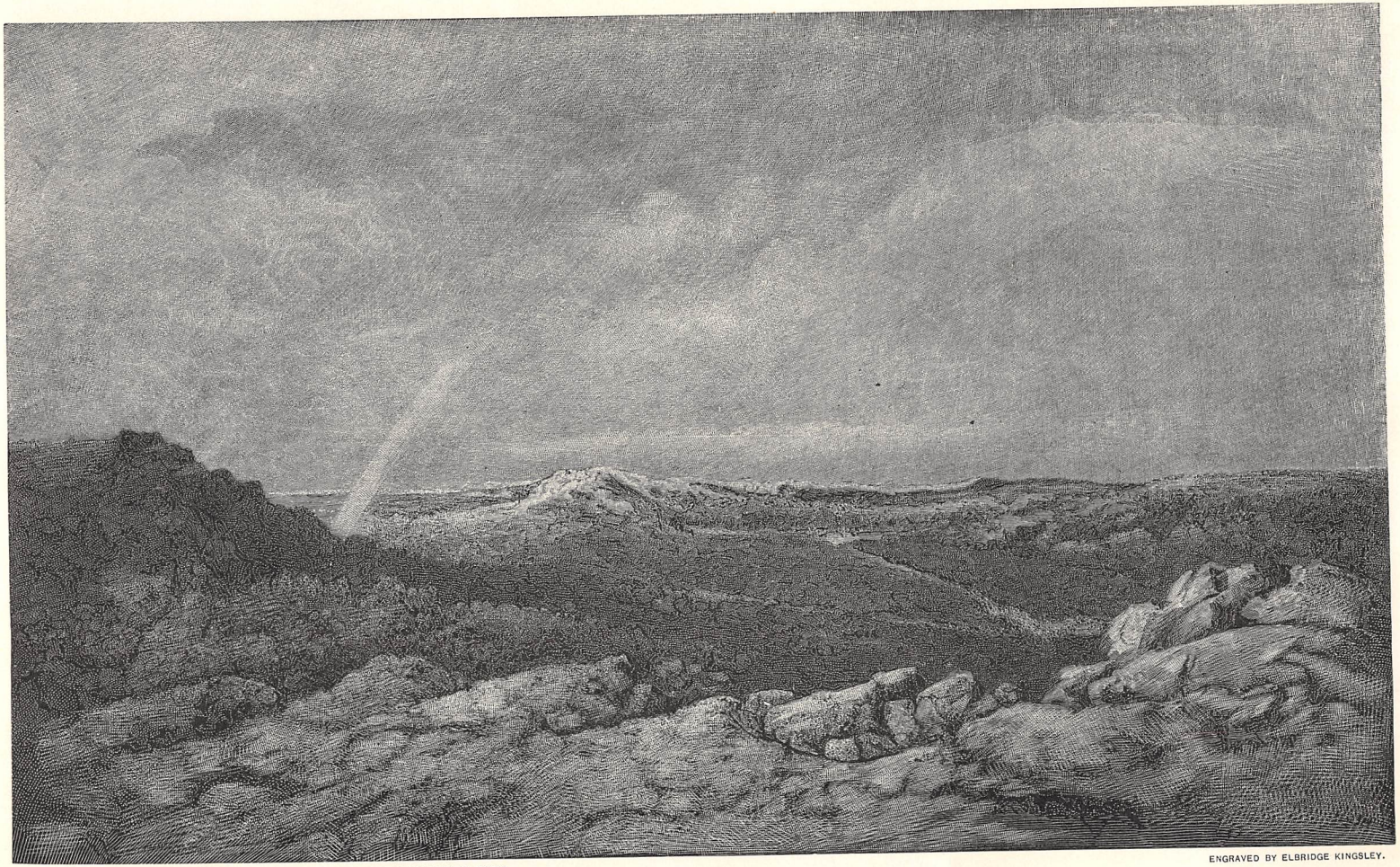
As we stand before a great landscape by Rousseau like the "Ravines of Apremont" lately in the collection of M. Marmontel, or of the "Hoar-frost" in that of Mr. Walters at Baltimore, one must call up a powerfully built man of middle size with a full brown beard; a wide, high forehead, which his friends declared Olympian; a shapely, straight nose; hair worn rather long, after the fashion of forty years ago; direct limpid gaze from eyes of unusual largeness and grayish-blue in color; and a mouth whose lines indicate the absorbed man and the reticent. He was an extremely thoughtful man, not by any means smileless and the farthest remove from stupid; he was one of those who are hard to win for a friend, but, once a friend, eminently the person with whom to pass weeks in the pursuit of a worthy study. There is the sympathetic man who talks, and the sympathetic man who is silent. Rousseau was the latter. Yet he could talk, and talk well, on nature, art, and music; and he wrote a charming letter.

II.

THE year 1836 was a landmark in Rousseau's life, because the jury of the Salon refused his "Descent of the Cattle, Mountains of the Jura." He then came into collision with the certainty that to succeed in his profession the canons in art laid down by the majority of a jury appointed from the fourth class of the French Institute must be accepted — a class which contained musicians, engravers, sculptors, and painters. Even now it is wise for a young artist in France to train with a party, for if he dares to stand alone he gets little mercy. Be it said to the honor of Ary Scheffer, who was in favor with the authorities, that he dared to publish his indignation at the rejection of the Jura landscape by showing it at his own studio in the Rue Chaptal. But at any rate Rousseau was in good company — with Delacroix and many others. No picture by him appeared at the Salon till 1849, when the Republic had been again declared; then he received a gold medal. Not that he ceased at once to ask justice of men blinded by the hatred of politics and their profession. In 1837 he offered, only to be rebuffed, the famous "Avenue of Chestnut Trees," concerning the boldness and originality of which there is but one opinion nowadays.

The original minds were with him — Delacroix, George Sand, the art critic Thoré, who fought so well his cause that in 1840 the Government offered 2000 francs for the "Avenue of Chestnut Trees." Some years later it was bought by Khalil Bey for 15,000 francs, and its present owner, Mme. de Cassin, paid certainly more than the 27,000 for which it went at the Bey's sale. In 1838 he had the courage of despair and tried a final assault on the Salon. He sent a "View of the Park and Château of Broglie," ordered by the Duke of that name as a present to Guizot. The Salon refused it. At last Rousseau had reached the point whence no return was possible, and he left Paris to take up his abode for months at a time among the oaks and silver birches of the Fontainebleau woods. A monologue reported by his friend and executor Sensier explains the attitude he assumed to nature and the comfort his genius was able to extract from defeat.

Ah, yes — silence is golden indeed! When I was in my observatory at Belle Croix (the hut of a woodcutter) I did not dare to budge, for the silence opened up the channel of discoveries. Then the whole family of the forest began to move; as I sat

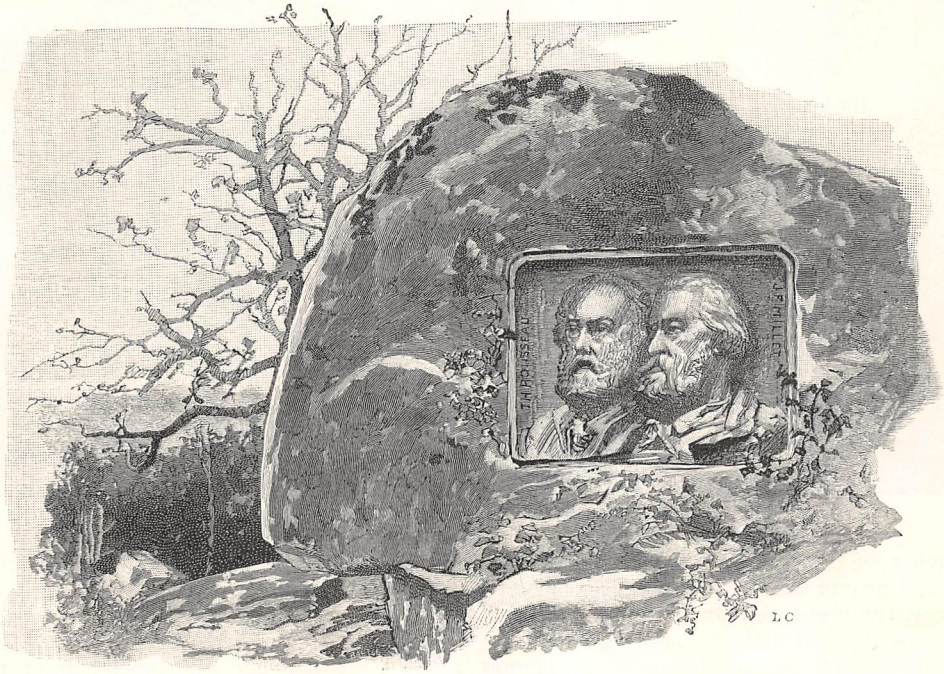


IN THE COLLECTION OF M. MARMONTEL, PROFESSOR AT THE PARIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

THE "RAVINES OF APREMONT," BY ROUSSEAU.

motionless on the trunk of a tree it was the silence that permitted me to see the deer in its covert and at its toilet, observe the habits of the water-rat, the otter, and the salamander—fantastic amphibian! He who lives within silence becomes the center-point of a world. It needed little—and I might have thought myself the sun of a little cosmos, had it not been that the study before me recalled the fact that it took so much trouble to ape a poor tree or one tuft of heather.



MONUMENT TO ROUSSEAU AND MILLET, FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. BODMER.)

The last sentence suggests what a vast amount of labor Rousseau bestowed on his pictures. Before all things they are virile, robust. And yet at first glance there is a deceptive smoothness about many of them which leaves an ardent amateur cold. They are so carefully touched, so broken up, so lacking in *bravura* masses and big, sweeping strokes! Then their subjects are nearly always those which a thousand other artists paint. For the wider circle there is the further drawback that Rousseau seems to grudge the introduction of a human being, and makes no great effort to include cattle. It is only after an apprenticeship to Rousseau that his surprising originality and vigor steal into your mind. It is merely begging the question to say that this comes from Rousseau's extraordinary realism. There are plenty of painters who are more photographic of nature than he. In one sense it is realism; but the truth is that this famous apostle of realism, this so-called founder of realism, whose reputation as a realist was first his ruin and then his glory, is an idealist of the subtlest kind. He has not realism enough to fetter the attention of skimmers over the field of painting; but even they, should they live with paintings by Rousseau, would gradually succumb to the unobtrusive ideality that distils from all but his latest works. He strikes with marvelous precision that point between the real and the ideal where we accept the picture as a transcript of nature, but do not feel drawn down from the skies by thoughts of the handling and by calculations of the artist's dexterity. He is like Wordsworth in English poetry, a painter for mature minds rather than for the young, a transcriber at length of things common enough if considered with a heart set towards other matters, but full of the most glorious vistas into the infinite when treated in that leisure and with that silence which Rousseau celebrated in the speech above.

The robustness of Rousseau's work is more seen of the world in his sketches in pencil and ink. There we see the skeletons of landscapes—if he has been content to let the sketch remain and not touched and retouched it into a little picture, as sometimes is the case. It is related of him somewhere that he would show one of his pictures covered with white tissue papers, through which only the great dark masses and heaviest outlines peered. Then he would drop the outer sheet and reveal the parts next in power, then the third, and finally leave the canvas unhid. This amusement was at once a lesson not unworthy of a professional

"ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT," OFF THE COAST OF NORMANDY. (IN POSSESSION OF C. VANDERBILT.)

teacher of drawing and an evidence of the logical way in which he built up his pictures. He was an obstinate man, and in some degree a methodical — method, logic, and obstinacy being three things much commoner among the French than we suppose. Sometimes, it is more than probable, these traits were carried to an extreme and ended by making a painting less beautiful at last than it was at a slightly earlier stage. He became so absorbed in his work that he no longer realized that allowance should be made for eyes less skilled than his own, and that the effort to follow him so far might fatigue, rather than delight, his admirers. Yet Sensier has pointed out that this very tendency was vigorously combated by Rousseau as a very young man when he was sketching near Compiègne and in Normandy with that French prototype of the English Preraphaelites, Charles Delaberge. An example of too great attention to details on the part of Rousseau is the "Valley of Tiffauges," an otherwise noble work, now owned by Mr. Ames of Boston.

Wordsworth has been taken as a comparison — which brings us to the old statement of Rousseau's obligations to Constable and the English school. Some critics add Turner to Constable as another prime influence on the art of Rousseau. Sensier is, however, quite right when he makes little or nothing of the influence of Constable, and does not consider Turner at all.

No, after sitting at the feet of Claude Lorraine Rousseau got his impulse from the old landscapists of Holland, just as Georges Michel did before him — the same sources whence Constable drew. Like Constable, but quite independently, he perfected his genius by laying siege to nature in silence, with infinite leisure and infinite labor.

III.

PIERRE ÉTIENNE THÉODORE ROUSSEAU was born in Paris at No. 4 Rue Neuve, St. Eustache, on the 15th of April, 1812. His father was a merchant tailor from the Jura, who bore among several baptismal names that of Catherine, to our ears an odd name for a male. His grandfather Rousseau was a carriage-gilder for royalty; grandfather Colombet was a marble-cutter; while his maternal uncle, Gabriel Colombet, was a portrait painter and a pupil of David, against whose school Théodore Rousseau was to protest after his own fashion. Another relative was the painter of landscapes, T. P. de Saint-Martin, whose studio he loved to visit. So Théodore came rightfully by his turn for art; he was born into an artis-

tic atmosphere and sprang from the ranks of artisans, which we will widen sufficiently to include that brave wielder of the shears, his father.

We all know what a vivid impression the town boy receives when he is first allowed to see nature in a somewhat wilder state than exists in a suburb. When Théodore was twelve he was sent with a contractor for firewood to the forests of Franche Comté as a helper, his duties being to write letters and keep the accounts. For a year he lived among the woodsmen. This was the year when Constable received his second gold medal at Lille from foreigners, more appreciative of his genius than the English. Apparently Rousseau was an advanced boy, for, after these clerical duties were over, and he had returned to Paris, he took it into his own head to paint a view of the Montmartre hill. Then his uncle, Pau de Saint-Martin, was called in and advised that he should be placed with the landscapist Rémond. With such a dry stick of a classicist as Rémond there was no sympathy possible, and so the boy played truant when he could, and then had to copy big classical pictures to pay for his expeditions into the country about Paris. Finally he abandoned Rémond and took to copying the Claude Lorraines in the Louvre and going to the studio of Guillon Lethière to learn to draw the figure.

As he refused to try for the Prix de Rome while with Rémond, so he hardly was known in after life to cross the French frontier. La belle France was enough for him — more, he knew, than he could ever do justice to. But in the limits of France he was no mean traveler. Thus in 1830 he made a tour in search of the picturesque, choosing by preference the gloomiest ravines and most desolate tracts of wilderness in Auvergne, that spot where the ethnologists are now locating one of the oldest races of Europe, the Auvergnats, who furnish Paris with laborers and standards of penury. It was there that Rousseau took his first full outing, made his first flight from the parent nest, and thence he returned as the new handler of landscape who scandalized alike his teachers and the noble army of jurors — Ingres excepted.

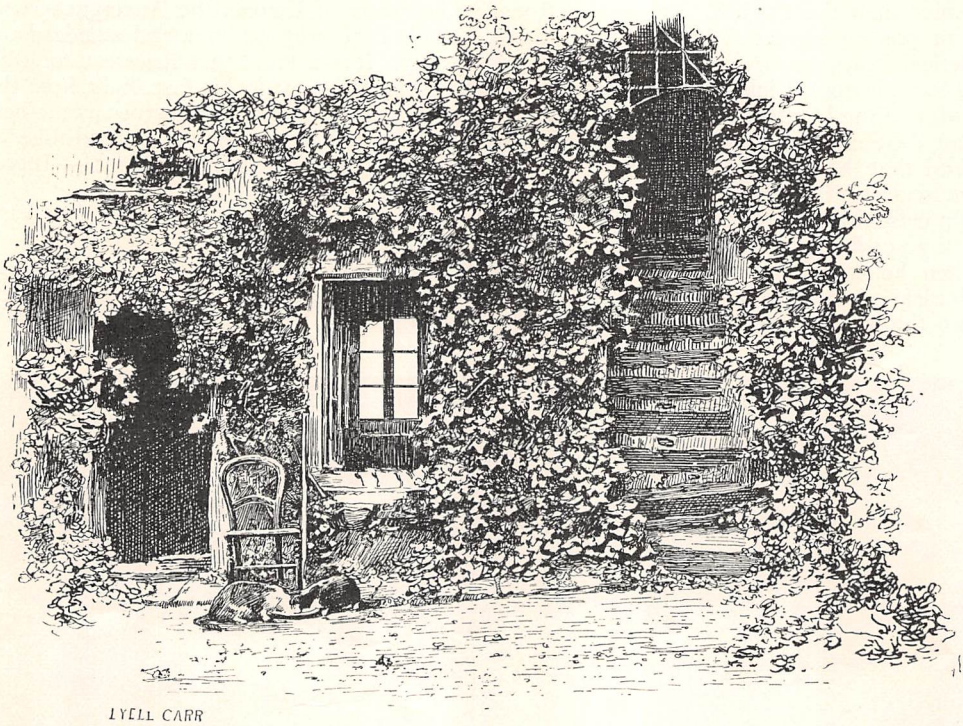
IV.

ROUSSEAU contributed to that famous Salon of 1831 in which many of the best artistic youth figured. He sent a "View in Auvergne"

"THE FARM." (IN POSSESSION OF J. A. GARLAND.)

to keep company with works by Delacroix, Scheffer, Decamps, Diaz, Dupré, and the sculptor Barye. From the accounts given of it, this picture did not possess the charm or the originality of the later landscapes. It was a composed landscape that must have betrayed his reluctance to sever connection altogether with the old painters in tobacco-juice who wrought, according to the slang of the studios, with *chique*. It was painted in the garret of one of his aunts, and is said to have shown great similarity to the landscapes of Claude Lorraine. Thus Constable in 1794 and Rousseau in 1830 were both subject to the powerful fascination of Claude — a suggestion if not a proof that the appearance of Constable's picture in Paris in 1824 had nothing directly to do with Rousseau's art.

There are points of similarity between Rousseau and the sculptor Barye which show as early as this period. Both were silent men who thought much. Both were favorable to the Romantic movement, but disliked the tumult of discussion and withdrew from the crowd. Both were at first spared by the common adversary, but as the quarrel ripened between Classic and Romantic both were deliberately excluded from the Salon, the victims of the hot-headedness of their talking and intriguing friends. The Duke of Orleans was a patron of Rousseau as well as of Barye. In 1833 he bought the "Border of Felled Woods, Forest of Compiègne." Barye survived Rousseau eight years, as did Millet, with whom he had even a closer friendship; and, as each was easily the leader in that specialty to which he had devoted his life, each found that neglect and recognition came at about the same time in the train of political events. For the deep interest taken by the Government and its officials in affairs of art in France has its fine side, which one is apt to see first: but it has a reverse also; and that reverse is the tendency of politics to class an artist with a party and treat him accordingly. It is evident that such a tendency increases the number of cases in which mediocrity is encouraged and genius starved.



ROUSSEAU'S HOME AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH, IN 1867. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. BODMER.)

Between 1831 and 1836 must have been Rousseau's happiest years. He was in the electric atmosphere of the revolt against formalism, yet kept apart, so that no responsibility fell upon him. He was considered one of the promises made by the new school to introduce a modern spirit into the dry bones of classicism. He had youth and fine health, a loving mother and a father honored for his probity, hosts of friends — including those who love to talk and dearly cherish a good listener. In 1832 fell a tour in Normandy, and in 1834 a

IN POSSESSION OF CALVIN S. BRICE.

"TWILIGHT," BY ROUSSEAU.

ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

longer journey to the Jura and Switzerland.

At the end of the last century the poems of the Scottish bard Ossian had taken Europe by storm, and from the reflex action of that movement in literature back on England rose the verse of Byron and of Walter Scott. When by that singular kind of reverberation which plays between different countries these influences crossed the Channel again and reached France, they had a profound effect on the fine arts as well as on literature. They influenced Victor Hugo, to be sure; but they also startled Delacroix. In the earlier pictures of Rousseau, in the sketches he made in Switzerland, the French Jura, Normandy, Auvergne, and La Vendée, we may detect a certain amount of yielding to the literary movement of the day. His methods were fiery, his subjects were grand and gloomy, his touch was slightly Byronic compared with the work that appeared subsequent to 1836. It may have been this Byronic something about his work which put a special edge on the resentment of the jury of that year when they characterized the "Descent of the Cattle, Mountains of the Jura" as the product of a poisoned age, a demoniacal and obscene creation!

V.

THE result of the artistic cabal against Rousseau was to throw him entirely back on himself and send him into the wilds, where he learned to conquer his enemies by conquering nature. It was at Barbizon, then scarcely known to artists, that Diaz learned by example and direct instruction from Rousseau how to make his profound feeling for color tell. His best works are richer than Rousseau's but not so powerful; yet there is a great bond of likeness between them.

In Diaz the colorist is slightly in preponderance, while in Rousseau drawing and color seem to balance each other exactly. This balance of qualities makes Rousseau the landscapist of all landscapists in the eyes of the French, who are not romantic by nature, as a general thing, and prefer drawing to color, logic to music, formalism to individuality, sculpture to painting. They enjoy intensely — those who accept the Barbizon painters at all — the structural power of Rousseau's landscapes, which is neither thrust forward so that one sees nothing else, and begins to reflect on perspectives and the balance of masses, nor so much dissembled as quite to escape impressing itself. We see the same tendency in the modern architecture of France down to 1870. His influence has extended to America and is still in action, many of the older and some of the younger landscapists of New York showing traces of the quiet but steady advance of Rousseau's style into their work. It may be questioned whether one can find in Jules Dupré any influence of Rousseau, yet he had no closer comrade for many years. Delacroix was his ideal, Dupré his special friend during the years of exile from the Academy; he saw much of Barye, Diaz, Chenavard, and Ary Scheffer. Paul Casimir Périer, H. Didier, Dr. Véron, and M. Collot were buyers who kept a little money in his pocket; but he was generally in financial straits, for his father's affairs went from bad to worse.

The truth is that Rousseau's paintings are not gay as a rule; they do not make one smile. When they are not pervaded by a spirit of sadness they lead to pensiveness. This is not attractive to the public, and sometimes rebuffs connoisseurs; yet, although Rousseau understood perfectly what was needed, he was far too dignified to attempt to please by anything that his own intelligence did not approve. Through the efforts of Jules Dupré about 1846 he was established in a good studio at Paris where he could be seen and see people; but the move was not particularly happy in financial results.

Yet here we come to one of the turning-points of his life, where his obstinacy and his poverty combined made him recoil from a step which might have been his making. He fell in love and his love was returned. In an unworldly way the match was excellent so far as sentiment is concerned; but there was hardship in prospect. From loyalty to his profession, from fear of making the girl he loved a sharer in his apparently hopeless poverty, he broke off the affair and returned to his solitary studies in the country. But a few years later, instead of a loving wife he had a woman on his hands who was neither his wife nor exactly a mistress; rather an unfortunate to whom he gave an asylum and who soon conquered a place in his heart. It was this poor creature who separated him from his friends, even from Jules Dupré, and whose attacks of the nerves troubled and frightened him. All his life he had been a solitary man. Now the solitude was invaded by a foolish girl who ended by becoming a lunatic. In 1847 or thereabouts Rousseau had determined to give up the woman he deeply loved; in 1849, after the Republic was proclaimed and the exiles from the Salon were the pets of the Government, it was found that a new departure had been taken by Rousseau, the celibate and hermit. He had made his choice in life, and in so doing took the false step which led gradually to inferior, stiffer, drier work, to failing health, to paralysis and the grave.

VI.

ROUSSEAU withdrew entirely to Barbizon, where he dwelt in the little house the door of which is shown in the sketch. He was a neighbor of Millet, whom he had learned to know

in 1847. At the Salon of 1849 he obtained the gold medal, but, much to his chagrin, not the Legion of Honor. In 1852 came that decoration, in 1854 a gold medal, and at the Universal Exposition in 1855 he reached his highest mark. Writing on the Salon of 1857, Edmond About speaks of him as for the past twenty-five years the first apostle of truth in landscape, and says that he broke down the barriers set by the Salon against the landscapists of the new school, although neither the public nor the Institute would confess his power. He continued to exhibit at the Salon nearly every year, including 1867, when he showed a "View of Mont Blanc" and an "Interior of the Forest." During his life the price of his work rose to extraordinary figures, but since his death it has gone to thousands where hundreds were asked before. The "Hoar-frost" was sold in 1873 at the Laurent-Richard sale for $12,020. It is worth at least $30,000 now. A magnificent Fontainebleau piece called "Mont Girard," owned by Mr. William Schaus, is held at $45,000. It is dated 1854. One of the beauties of the Spencer collection was a little Rousseau called "A Hamlet," which shone and sparkled as if the painter had melted precious stones and used them to imitate the quivering of sunlight on rocks and trees.

In Mr. Schaus's hands is a beautiful autumn scene with rocks and brown heath in front, a shadow on the foreground, sunlight in the second plane, one silver birch to the right of the center, and a fringe of trees on the horizon. The sky near the trees has the most delicate, unobtrusive clouds, which reveal themselves unexpectedly. A landscape with the coloring of spring is also in this collection; it represents the upper Seine where it forms various holms by separating its streams. On one is a grove of willows, on another sits a fisherman. A late "Sunset" recalls the "Twilight" given in the illustration; there is the same pool with reflections of trees in the middle distance. The dramatic intensity of many of Rousseau's landscapes will not easily escape observers. Their moods are various, but usually somber. An exception is the exquisite "Valley of the Oise," owned by Mr. Graves of Orange, N. J. It is a morning effect, the air full of diffused light, the atmospheric perspective most admirable. This peaceful, blond picture was shown at the Barye Monument Exhibition in New York, where it extorted admiration without stint. Its atmosphere is somewhat like that of the "St. Michael's Mount" figured here. There is a small Rousseau at the Metropolitan Museum; but it would not be possible to give any exact account of the Rousseaus owned in the United States, or even in New York. They are many, and among them are some of the finest of his works.

Few have carried the landscape to such a pitch of art as Théodore Rousseau. He was a masterly draftsman, and his sketches are much sought. He became a marvelously dexterous painter, knowing especially how to render sunlight on stone or tree-trunk with a brilliancy never surpassed. Then he became a master of atmosphere where he had been merely great before; he added the poetry of color to the perfection of drawing. Finally he carried his art to the highest point by expressing through landscape those obscure but powerful emotions we mean when, for want of a better term, we speak of the dramatic in art.

Charles de Kay.

A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I.

ONE by one they go
Into the unknown dark—
Starlit brows of the brave,
Voices that drew men's souls.
Rich is the land, O Death,
Can give you dead like our dead!—
Such as he from whose hand
The magic web of romance
Slipt, and the art was lost!
Such as he who erewhile—
The last of the Titan brood—
With his thunder the Senate shook;
Or he who, beside the Charles,
Untoucht of envy or hate,
Tranced the world with his song;
Or that other, that gray-eyed seer
Who in pastoral Concord ways
With Plato and Hafiz walked.

II.

Not of them was the man
Whose wraith, through the mists of night,
Through the shuddering wintry stars,
Has passed to eternal morn.
Fit were the moan of the sea
And the clashing of cloud on cloud
For the passing of that soul!

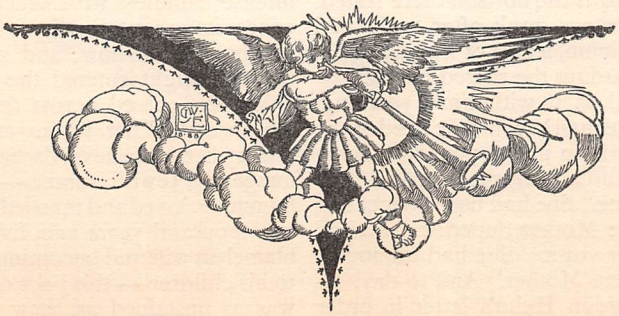
Ever he faced the storm!
No weaver of rare romance,
No patient framer of laws,
No maker of wondrous rhyme,
No bookman wrapt in his dream.
His was the voice that rang
In the fight like a bugle-call,
And yet could be tender and low
As when, on a night in June,
The hushed wind sobs in the pines.
His was the eye that flashed
With a saber's azure gleam,
Pointing to heights unwon!

III.

Not for him were these days
Of clerkly and sluggish calm—
To the petrel the swooping gale!
Austere he seemed, but the hearts
Of all men beat in his breast;
No fetter but galled his wrist,
No wrong that was not his own.
What if those eloquent lips
Curled with the old-time scorn?
What if in needless hours
His quick hand closed on the hilt?
'T was the smoke from the well-won fields
That clouded the veteran's eyes.
A fighter this to the end!

Ah, if in coming times
Some giant evil arise,
And Honor falter and pale,
His were a name to conjure with!
God send his like again!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



[*BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*]

SISTER DOLOROSA.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN,

Author of "The White Cowl," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," etc.

VI.

A TENDER night it was. The great sun at setting had looked with steadfast eye at the convent, standing lonely in the wide landscape, and had then thrown a final glance across the world towards the east; and the moon had quickly risen, and hung about it the long silvery twilight of the heavenly watchfulness. The summer, too, which had been moving farther and farther southward, now came slowly back, borne on warm airs that fanned the convent walls and sighed to its chaste lattices with the poetry of dead flowers and vanished songsters. But it sighed in vain. With many a prayer, with many a cross on pure brow and shoulder and breast, with many a pious kiss of crucifix, the convent slept. Only some little novice, lying like a flushed figure of Sleep on a couch of snow, may have stirred to draw one sigh as those zephyrs, toying with her warm hair, broke some earthly dream of too much tenderness. Or they may merely have soothed the feverish feet of a withered nun, who clasped her dry hands in ecstasy as on her mortal, cavernous eyes there dawned a vision of the glories and rewards of Paradise. But no, not all slept. At an open window on the eastern side of the convent stood the sleepless one, looking out into the largeness of the night like one who is lost in the largeness of her sorrow.

Across the lawn, a little distance off, stood the church of the convent. The moonlight rested on it like a smile of peace, the elms blessed it with tireless arms, and from the zenith of the sky down towards the horizon there rested, on outstretched wings, rank after rank, and pinion brushing pinion, a host of white, angelic cloud-shapes, guarding the sacred portal.

But she looked at it with timid yearning. Greater and greater had become the need of the woman's nature within her to pour into some ear a confession and a prayer for pardon. All her peace was gone. She had been concealing her heart from the Mother Superior. She had sinned against her vows. She had impiously offended the Divine Mother. And to-day, after answering Gordon Helm's letter in order that she might defend her religion, she had acknowledged at last to her own heart that she loved him. But they would never meet again. To-morrow she would make full confession of all that had taken place. Beyond that miserable ordeal she dared not look into her own future.

Lost in the fears and sorrows of such thoughts, long she stood looking out into the night, stricken with a sense of alienation from all human sympathy. For from the moment that she had made to herself the confession of her love for him, and resolved to make this confession to her injured Superior, she felt that she stood estranged from the entire convent,—Mother Superior, novice, and nun,—as an object of reproach and suffering into which no one of them could enter.

Sorer yet grew her woman's need, and a little way across the lawn stood the church, peaceful in the moonlight. Ah, the Divine pity! If only first she might steal alone to the shrine of her whom most she had offended, and to an ear gracious to sorrow make confession of her frailty. At length, overcome with this desire, and gliding noiselessly out of the room, she passed down the moonlit hall, on each side of which the nuns were sleeping. She descended the stairway, took from the wall the key of the church, and then, softly opening the door, stepped out into the night. For a moment she paused, icy and faint with physical fear; then, passing like a swift shadow across the silvered lawn, she went round to the side entrance of the church, unlocked the door, and, entering quickly, locked herself inside. There she stood for some time with hands pressed tightly to her fluttering heart, until all bodily agitation died away before the recollection of her mission, and there came upon her that intense calmness with which the soul always enacts its great tragedies. Then slowly, very slowly, hidden now, and now visible where the moonlight entered the long Gothic windows, she passed across the chancel towards the shrine of her whom ancestral faith had taught her to believe divine; and before the image of a Jewish woman — who herself, in all humanity, loved and married a carpenter nearly two thousand years ago, living beside him as blameless wife and becoming blameless mother to his children — this poor child, whose nature was as unstained as snow on the mountain

peaks, poured out her prayer to be forgiven the sin of her love.

To the woman of the world, all the approaches of whose nature are defended by the intricacies of willfulness and the barriers of deliberate reserve; to the woman of the world, who, in accordance with a standard of artificial society, within herself and to herself disavows and curbs and conceals the beginning and the growth of that supreme feeling to which she intends to yield herself completely in the end — it may seem incredible that there should have rooted itself so easily in the breast of one of her sex this flower of a fatal passion. But it should be remembered how unbefriended that bosom had been by any outpost of feminine self-consciousness; how exposed it was through very belief in its unearthly consecration; how, like some unwatched vase that had long been collecting the sweet dews and rains of heaven, it had been silently filling with those unbidden tendernesses that are shed from above as the best gifts of womanhood. Moreover, her life was unspeakably isolate. In the monotony of its routine a trifling event becomes an epoch; a fresh impression stirs within the mind material for a chapter of inner history. Lifted far above all commonplace psychology of the passions, therefore, was the planting and the growth of an emotion in a heart like hers.

Her prayer began. It began with the scene of her first meeting with Gordon in the fields, for from that moment she fixed the origin of her unfaithfulness. Of the entire hidden life of poetic reverie and unsatisfied desires which she had been living before her innocent soul took no account. It had been unconscious; it had never issued in any act that even her conscience had condemned. Therefore, beginning with that afternoon, she passed in review the history of her thoughts and feelings since then. The moon outside, flooding all the heavens with its beams, was not so intense a lamp as memory, now turned upon the inmost recesses of her mind. Nothing escaped detection. His words; the scenes with him in the garden, in the field; his voice, looks, gestures; his anxiety and sympathy; his passionate letter — all were now vividly recalled that they might henceforth be forgotten, and their influence was confessed that it might forever be renounced. Her conscience stood beside her love as though it was some great fast-growing deadly plant in her heart, with deep-twisted roots and strangling tendrils, each of which to the smallest fiber must be uptorn so that not a germ should be left.

But who can describe the prayer of such a soul? It is easy to ask to be rid of ignoble passions. They come upon us as momentary temptations and are abhorrent to our better selves; but of all tragedies that are ever enacted within the theater of the human mind what one is so pitiable as that in which a pure being prays to be forgiven that one feeling of nature which is the revelation of all beauty, the secret of all perfection, the solace of the world, and the condition of immortality?

The passing of such a tragedy scars the nature of the penitent like the passing of an age across a mountain rock. If there had lingered thus long in Sister Dolorosa's nature any upland of childhood snows, these vanished in that hour; if any vernal belt of maidenhood, it felt the hot breath of that experience of the world and of the human destiny in it which quickly ages whatever it does not destroy. So that while she prayed there seemed to rise from within her and to take flight forever that spotless image of herself as she once had been, and in its place to stand the form of a woman older, altered, and inexorably set apart from all humankind by a clinging sorrow.

At length her prayer ended and she rose. It had not brought her the peace that prayer always brings to women; for the confession of her love before the very altar — the mere coming into audience with the Eternal to renounce it — had for the first time given to it a vast reality, and set upon it the seal of irrevocable truth. It is when the victim is led to the altar of sacrifice that it turns its piteous eyes upon the sacrificing hand and utters its poor dumb cry for life; and it was when Sister Dolorosa bared the breast of her humanity that it might be stabbed by the hand of her religion that she, too, though attempting to bless the stroke, felt the last pangs of that deep thrust.

With such a wound in the heart of her love she turned from the altar, walked once more across the church, unlocked the door, stepped forth, and locked it behind her. The night had grown more tender. The host of seraphic cloud-forms had fled across the sky; and as she turned her eyes upward to the heavens there looked down upon her from their serene, untroubled heights only the stars, which never falter or digress from their forewritten courses. The thought came to her that never henceforth should she look up to them without being reminded of how her own will had wandered from its orbit. The moon rained its steady beams upon the symbol of the sacred heart on her bosom until it seemed to throb again with the agony of the crucifixion. Never again would she see it without the remembrance that her sin also had pierced it afresh. With what loneliness that sin had surrounded her! As she had issued from the damp, chill atmosphere of the church the warm airs of the south, heavy with the spirit of the earth, quickened within her some long-sleeping

memory; and with the yearning of stricken childhood she thought of her mother, to whom she had always turned of yore for sympathy; but that mother's bosom was now a mound of dust. She looked across the lawn towards the convent where the Mother Superior and all the nuns were sleeping. To-morrow she would stand among them a greater alien than any stranger. No, she was alone; among all the millions of human beings on the earth of God there was not one on whose heart she could have rested her own. Not one save him — him whose love had broken down all barriers that it might reach and infold her. And him she had repelled. A joy, new and indescribable, leaped within her that for him and not for another she suffered all this; that with him she was at least bound forever in this tragedy of her fall.

Slowly she took her way along the side of the church towards the front entrance, from which a paved walk led to the convent building. She reached the corner, she turned, and then she paused as one might pause who had come upon the beloved dead returned to life.

Gordon was sitting on the steps of the church, leaning against one of the pillars, his face lifted upward so that the moonlight fell upon it. She had no time to turn back before he saw her. With a low cry of surprise and joy he sprang up and followed along the side of the church; for instinctively she had begun to retrace her steps to the door, as though to lock herself inside. When he came up beside her, she paused. Both were trembling; but when he saw the look of suffering on her face he forgot all else, and acting upon the impulse which had always impelled him to stand between her and unhappiness he now took both of her hands.

"Pauline!"

He spoke with all the pleading love, all the depth of nature, that was in him.

She had attempted to withdraw her hands, but at the sound of that once familiar name she suddenly bowed her head as the wave of memories and emotions passed over her; then he quickly put his arms around her, drew her close to him, and bent down and kissed her.

VII.

In recollections so overwhelming did the long interview which followed leave Gordon plunged on the next morning that he was unmindful of everything else; and among the consequences of absent-mindedness was the wound that he gave himself by the careless handling of his gun.

When Ezra had set out for the convent that morning Gordon had walked with him, saying that he would go to the station for a daily paper, but chiefly wishing to escape the house and be alone. They had reached in the fields a rotting fence, on each side of which grew briers and underwood. He had expected to climb this fence; and as he stood beside it, speaking a few parting words to Ezra, he absently thrust the butt of his gun between two of the lower rails, not noticing that the lock was sprung. Caught in the brush on the other side, it was discharged, making a wound in his left leg a little below the thigh. He turned to a deadly paleness, looked at Ezra with that stunned, bewildered expression seen in the faces of those who receive a wound, and fell.

By main strength the old man lifted and bore him to the house and hurried off to the station, near which the neighborhood physician and surgeon lived. But he was away from home, and several hours passed before he came; the means taken to stop the hemorrhage was ineffectual, the loss of blood had been very great, certain foreign matter had been carried into the wound, the professional treatment was unskillful, and septic fever followed, so that for many days Gordon's life hung upon a little chance. But convalescence came at last, and with it days of clear, calm thinking. For he had not allowed news of his accident to be sent home or to his friends; and except the old couple, the doctor, and the nurse whom the latter had secured, he had no company but his thoughts.

No tidings had come to him of Sister Dolorosa since his accident; and nothing had intervened to remove or even to brighten that sad image of her which had haunted him through fever and fantasy and dream since the night of their final interview. For it was then that he had first realized in how pitiless a tragedy her life had become entangled, and how conscience may fail to govern a woman's heart in denying her the right to love but may still govern her actions in forbidding her to marry. To plead with her had been to wound only the more deeply a nature that accepted even this pleading as a further proof of its own disloyalty and was forced by it into a state of more poignant humiliation. What wonder, therefore, if there had been opened in his mind from that hour a certain wound which grew deeper and deeper, until by comparison his real wound seemed painless and insignificant.

Nevertheless it is true that during this interview he had not been able to accept her decision as irreversible. The spell of her presence over him was too complete; even his wish to rescue her from a lot henceforth unhappier still was too urgent. Nor was it possible to a nature such as his calmly to face the

thought of losing her, in the very hour of their first real meeting; so that even in the despair of parting he had clung to the secret hope that little by little he might change her conscience, which now interposed the only obstacle between them.

Even the next day, also, during the first few hours after he had been wounded, when life was rapidly flowing from him and all earthly ties seemed soon to be snapped, he had thought only of this tie, new and sacred, and had written to her. Poor boy!—he had written, as with his heart's blood, his brief, pathetic appeal that she would come and be united to him before he died. In all ages of the world there have been persons, simple in nature and simple in their faith in another life, who have forgotten everything else in the last hour but the supreme wish to grapple to them for all eternity, and at whatever cost, those they love. Such simplicity of nature and faith belonged to him; for although in Kentucky the unrest of the century touching belief in the supernatural, and the many phases by which this belief expresses itself, are not unknown, they had never affected him. He believed, as his fathers had believed, that to be united in this world in any relation is to be united in that relation, mysteriously changed yet mysteriously the same, in another.

But this letter had never been sent. There had been no one to take it at the time; and when Ezra returned with the physician he had fainted away from loss of blood. Then had followed the dressing of the wound, days of fever and unconsciousness, and then the assurance that he would get well. Thus nearly a month had passed, and for him a great change had come over the face of nature and the light of the world. With that all but preternatural calm of mind which only an invalid or a passionless philosopher ever obtains, he now looked back upon an episode which acquired a fictitious remoteness. So weak that he could scarcely lift his head from his pillow, there left his heart all that keen and joyous sense of human ties and pursuits with which it throbbed in a state of health. He lost the key to the motives and forces of his own character. But it often becomes the most momentous of all the psychological results of such a change in physiological condition that while the springs of feeling seem to dry up, the conscience remains sensitive, or even appears to burn more brightly, as a star through a rarer atmosphere. So that, lying thus in the poor farmhouse during dreary days, with his life half gone out of him and with only the sad image of her always before his eyes, he could think of nothing but his own cruel folly in having broken in upon her peace; for perfect peace of some sort she must have had in comparison with what was now left her.

Beneath his pillow he kept her letter, and as he often read it over he asked himself how he could ever have hoped to change the conscience which had inspired such a letter as that. If her heart belonged to him, did not her soul belong to her religion? and if one or the other must give way, could it be doubtful with such a nature as hers which would come out victorious? Thus he said to himself that any further attempt to see her could result only in greater suffering to them both, and that nothing was left him but what she herself had urged—to go away and resign her to a life from which he had too late found out that she could never be divorced.

As soon as he had come to this decision he began to think of her as belonging only to his past. The entire episode became a thing of memory and irreparable incompleteness; and with the conviction that she was lost to him her image passed into that serene, reverential sanctuary of our common nature where all the highest that we have grasped at and missed, and all the beauty that we have loved and lost, take the forms of statues around dim walls and look down upon us in mournful, never-changing perfection.

As he lay one morning revolving his altered purpose, Ezra came quietly into the room and took from a small table near the foot of the bed a waiter on which were a jelly-glass and a napkin.

"*She* said I 'd better take these back this morning," he remarked, looking at Gordon for his approval and motioning with his head towards that quarter of the house where Martha was supposed to be.

"Wait awhile, will you, Ezra?" he replied, looking at the old man with the dark, quiet eye of an invalid. "I think I ought to write a few lines this morning to thank them for all their kindness. Come back in an hour, will you?"

The things had been sent from the convent the day before; for, from the time that news of the accident to the young stranger who had visited the convent some days before had reached the Mother Superior, there had regularly come to him delicate attentions which could not have been supplied at the farmhouse. He often asked himself whether they were not inspired by *her;* and he thought that when the time came for him to write his thanks he would put into the expression of them something that would be understood by her alone—something that would stand for gratitude and a farewell.

When Ezra left the room, with the thought of now doing this another thought came unexpectedly to Gordon. By the side of the bed there stood a small table on which were writ-

ing materials and a few books that had been taken from his valise. He stretched out his hand and opening one of the books took from it a letter which bore the address, "Sister Dolorosa." It contained those appealing lines which he had written her on the day of his accident; and with a calm, curious sadness he read them over and over, as though they had come from the impulse of some other heart. From the mere monotony of this exercise sleep overcame him, and he had scarcely restored the letter to the envelop and laid it back on the table before his eyelids closed.

While he still lay asleep Ezra came quietly into the room again and took up the waiter with the jelly-glass and the napkin. Then he looked around for the letter that he was to take. He was accustomed to carry Gordon's letters to the mail, and his eye now rested on the table where they were always to be found. Seeing one on it, he walked across, took it up and read the address, "Sister Dolorosa," hesitated, glanced at Gordon's closed eyes, and then, with an intelligent nod to signify that he could understand without further instruction, left the room and set out briskly for the convent.

Sister Dolorosa was at the cistern filling a bucket with water when he came up and, handing her the letter, passed on to the convent kitchen. She looked at the envelop with indifference; then she opened it and read the letter; and then in an instant everything whirled before her eyes, and in her ears the water sounded loud as it dropped from the chain back into the cistern. And then she was gone — gone with a light, rapid step down the avenue of elms, through the gate, across the meadows, out into the fields; bucket and cistern, Mother Superior and sisterhood, vows and martyrs, zeal of Carmelite, passion of Christ, all forgotten.

When, nearly a month before, news of the young stranger's accident had reached the Mother Superior, in accordance with the rule which excludes from the convent all distraction of worldly affairs she had not made it known except to those who were to aid in carrying out her kindly plans for him. To Sister Dolorosa therefore the accident had just occurred, and now — now as she hastened to him — he was dying.

During the intervening weeks she had undergone by insensible degrees a deterioration of nature. Prayer had not passed her lips. She believed that she had no right to pray. Nor had she confessed. From such a confession as she had now to make certain new-born instincts of womanhood bade her shrink more deeply into the privacy of her own being. And therefore she had become more scrupulous, if possible, of all outward duties, that no one might be led to discover the paralysis of her secret spiritual life. But there was that change in her which soon drew attention; and thenceforth, in order to hide her heart, she began to practise with the Mother Superior little acts of self-concealment and evasion, and by and by other little acts of pretense and feigning until, — God pity her! — being most sorely pressed by questions, when sometimes she would be found in tears or sitting listless with her hands in her lap like one who is under the spell of mournful fantasies, these became other little acts of positive deception. But for each of them remorse preyed upon her the more ruthlessly, so that she grew thin and faded, with a shadow of fear darkening always her evasive eyes. But this blight that had strangely fallen upon her only served to arouse deeper solicitude regarding her health, and all that care could do was done. This in turn brought her many a burning tear, but still she lived on from day to day, aimless and mute, and feeling herself apart from them all.

What most held her apart, what most she deemed to put upon her the angry ban of Heaven, was the consciousness that she still loved him, and that she was even bound to him the more inseparably since the night of their last meeting. For it was then that other emotions had been awakened which drew her to him in ways that love alone could not have done. These emotions had their source in the belief that she owed him reparation for the disappointment which she had brought upon his life. The recollection of his face when she had denied him all hope rose in constant reproach before her; and since she held herself blamable that he had loved her at all, she took the whole responsibility for the unhappiness to him in which this had resulted.

It was this added sense of having wronged him that cleft even conscience in her, and left her powerless even to struggle. But how to undo the wrong — this she vainly pondered; for he was gone, bearing away into his life she knew not what burden of enticed and baffled hope. For there had been that in him, as there was that in her, which did not allow her to doubt that he really loved her; she even thought him far nobler than he was, she so easily lifted him to the height of her own heroic ideals.

On the morning when she was at the cistern, — for the Sisters of the order have among them such interchange of manual offices, — if, as she read the letter that Ezra gave her, any one motive stood out clear in the stress of that terrible moment, it was, that having been false in her life to all other duties, she might at least be true to this. And that a duty it was she

never paused to doubt; for she said to herself that the accident would not have occurred had he not remained in the neighborhood of the convent with the hope of seeing her again. Having thus been the means of bringing about his death she felt but the one desire — to atone to him by any sacrifice of herself that would make it more peaceful. Beyond this all was void and dark within her as she hurried on, except the consciousness that by this act she separated herself from her order and terminated her religious life in utter failure and disgrace.

The light, rapid step with which she had started soon brought her across the fields. As she drew near the house Martha, who had caught sight of her figure through the window, hastened to the door and stood awaiting her with eager satisfaction. But Sister Dolorosa merely approached and said:

"Where is he?"

For a moment the old woman, taken by surprise, did not answer although understanding; for the two lay Sisters who had been wont to come always inquired for the invalid in this way. Then she pointed to a door at the opposite end of the porch, and with a sparkle of peculiar pleasure in her eyes she saw Sister Dolorosa cross and enter it. A little while longer she stood, watching the keyhole furtively, but then went back to the fireside where she sat upright and motionless with the red flannel pushed back from her listening ears.

The room was dimly lighted through half-closed shutters. Gordon lay asleep near the edge of the bed with his face turned towards the door. It might well have been thought the face of one dying. Her eyes rested on it a moment, and then with a stifled sob and moan she glided across the room and sank on her knees at the bedside. In the utter self-forgetfulness of her remorse, pity, and love she put one arm around his neck, she buried her head close beside his.

He had awaked, bewildered, as he saw her coming towards him. He now took her arm from around his neck, pressed her hand again and again to his lips, and then laying it on his heart crossed his arms over it, letting one of his hands rest on her head. For a little while he could not trust himself to speak; his love suddenly threatened to overmaster his power of self-renunciation. But then, not knowing why she had come unless from some great sympathy for his sufferings, or perhaps to see him once more since he was now soon to go away, and not understanding any cause for her distress except the tragedy in which he had entangled her life, feeling only sorrow for her sorrow and wishing only by means of his last words to help her back to such peace as she still might win, he said to her with immeasurable gentleness:

"I thought you would never come. I thought I should have to go away without seeing you again. They tell me it is not yet a month since the accident, but it seems to me so long — a lifetime! I have lain here day after day thinking it all over, and I see things differently now — so differently! That is why I wanted to see you once more. I wanted you to understand that I felt you had done right in refusing — in refusing to marry me. I wanted to ask you never to blame yourself for what has happened — never to let any thought of having made me unhappy add to the sorrow of your life. It is my fault, not yours. But I meant it,— God knows I meant it,— for the happiness of us both. I believed that your life was not suited to you. I meant to make you happy. But since you cannot give your life up, I have only been unkind. And since you think it wrong to give it up, I am glad that you are so true to it. If you must live it, Heaven only knows how glad I am that you will not fail. And Heaven keep me so true to the duty in mine that I also shall not fail in it! If we never meet again, we can always think of each other as living true to ourselves and to each other. Don't deny me this. Even your vows will not deny me this. It will always keep us near each other, and it will bring us together where they cannot separate us."

He had spoken with entire repression of himself, in the slow voice of an invalid, and on the stillness of the room each word had fallen with hard distinctness. But now, with the thought of the loss of her, by a painful effort he moved closer to the edge of the bed, put his arms around her neck, drew her face against his own, and continued:

"But do not think it is easy to tell you this. Do not think it is easy to give you up. Do not think that I do not love you. O Pauline, not in another life, but in this — in this!" He could say no more; and out of the fountain of his physical weakness tears rose to his eyes and fell drop by drop upon her veil.

VIII.

SISTER DOLOROSA had been missed from the convent. There had been inquiry growing ever more anxious, and then search growing ever more hurried. They found her bucket overturned at the cistern and near it the print of her feet in the moist earth. But she was gone. They sought her in every hidden closet, they climbed to the observatory and scanned the surrounding fields. All work was left unfinished, all prayer unended, as the news

spread throughout the vast building; and as time went by and nothing was heard of her uneasiness became alarm, and alarm became a vague, immeasurable foreboding of ill. Each now remembered how strange of late had been Sister Dolorosa's life and actions, and no one had the heart to name her own particular fears to any other or to read them in any other's eyes. Time passed on, and all discipline in the convent was forgotten. The nuns began to pour out into the long corridors, and in tumultuous groups passed this way and that, seeking the Mother Superior. But the Mother Superior had gone to the church with the same impulse that in all ages has brought the human heart to the altar of God when stricken by peril or disaster; and into the church they also gathered. Into the church likewise came the white flock of the novices, who had burst from their isolated quarter of the convent with a sudden contagion of fear. When, therefore, the Mother Superior rose from where she had been kneeling, turned, and in the dark church saw them all assembled close around her, pallid, anxious, disordered, and looking with helpless dependence to her for that assurance for which she had herself in helpless dependence looked to God, so unnerved was she by the spectacle that her strength failed her and she sank upon the steps of the altar, stretching out her arms once more in voiceless supplication towards the altar of the infinite helpfulness.

But at that moment a little novice whom Sister Dolorosa loved and whom she had taught the music of the harp came running into the church, wringing her hands and crying. When she was half way down the aisle, in a voice that rang through the building she called out:

"O Mother, she is coming! Something has happened to her! Her veil is gone!" And, turning again, she ran out of the church.

They were hurrying after her when a note of command, inarticulate but imperious, from the Mother Superior arrested every foot and drew every eye in that direction. Voice had failed her, but with a gesture full of dignity and reproach she waved them back, and supporting her great form between two of the nuns she advanced slowly down the aisle of the church and passed out by the front entrance. But they forgot to obey her and followed; and when she descended the steps to the bottom and made a sign that she would wait there, on all the steps behind they stood grouped and crowded back to the sacred doors.

Yes, she was coming; coming up the avenue of elms; coming slowly, as though her strength was almost gone. As she passed under the trees on one side of the avenue she touched their trunks one by one for support. She walked with her eyes turned towards the ground and with the abstraction of one who has lost all purpose in walking. When she was perhaps half way up the avenue, as she paused by one of the trees and supported herself against it, she raised her eyes and saw them all waiting to receive her on the steps of the church. For a little while she stood and surveyed the scene — the Mother Superior standing in front, her sinking form supported between two Sisters, her hands clasping the crucifix to her bosom; behind her all the others, step above step, back to the doors, some looking at her with frightened faces, others with their heads buried on each other's shoulders, and hiding somewhere in the throng the little novice, only the sound of whose sobbing revealed her presence. Then Sister Dolorosa took her hand from the tree, walked on quite steadily until she was several yards distant, and paused again.

She had torn off her veil, and her head was bare and shining. She had torn the sacred symbol from her bosom, and through the black rent they could see the glistening whiteness of her breast. Comprehending them all in one glance, as though she wished them all to listen, she looked into the face of the Mother Superior and began to speak in a voice utterly forlorn, as of one who has passed the limits of suffering:

"Mother!"

"Mother!"

She passed one hand slowly across her forehead, as if to brush away some cloud from her brain, and for the third time she began to speak:

"Mother!"

Then she paused, pressed both palms quickly to her temples, and turned her eyes in bewildered appeal towards the Mother Superior. But she did not fall. With a cry that might have come from the heart of the boundless pity the Mother Superior broke away from the restraining arms of the nuns and rushed forward and caught her to her bosom.

IX.

THE day had come when Gordon was well enough to go home. As he sat giving directions to Ezra, who was awkwardly packing his valise, he looked over the books, papers, and letters that lay on the table near the bed.

"There is one letter missing," he said, with a troubled expression, as he finished his search. Then he added quietly, in a tone of helpless entreaty: "You could n't have taken it to the

station and mailed it with the others, could you, Ezra? It was not to go to the station. It was to have gone to the convent."

The last sentence he uttered rather to his own thought than for the ear of his listener.

"I *took* it to the convent," said Ezra, stoutly, raising himself from over the valise in the middle of the floor. "I did n't *take* it to the station."

Gordon wheeled on him, giving a wrench to his wound which may have caused the groan that burst from him and left him white and trembling.

"You took it to the convent! Great God, Ezra! When?"

"The day you told me to take it," replied Ezra, simply. "The day the Sister came to see you."

"O Ezra!" he cried, looking into the rugged, faithful countenance of the old man, and feeling that he had not so much as the right to censure him.

Now for the first time he comprehended the whole significance of what had happened. He had never certainly known what motive had brought her to him that day. He had never been able to understand why, having come in a state of evident emotion, she had gone away with such abruptness. Scarcely had he begun to speak to her when she had withdrawn her arm from around his neck and strangely shrunk from him; and scarcely had he ceased speaking when she had left the room without a word, and without his having so much as seen her face.

Slowly now the sad truth forced itself upon his mind that she had come in answer to his entreaty. She must have thought his letter just written, himself just wounded and dying. It was as if he had betrayed her into the utmost expression of her love for him and in that moment had coldly admonished her of her duty. For him she had broken what was to her the most sacred obligation of her life, and in return he had given her an exhortation to be faithful to her vows.

He went home to one of the older secluded country-places of the blue-grass region not far from Lexington. His all but fatal illness served to account for a strange gravity and sadness in him. When the winter had passed and spring had come, bringing him perfect health again, this sadness only deepened. For health had brought back the ardor of life. All the glowing colors of the world returned; and with these there flowed back into his heart, as waters flow back into a well that has gone dry, the perfect love of youth and strength with which he had loved her and tried to win her at first. And with this love of her came back the first complete realization of all that he had lost; and with this pain, that keenest pain of having been most unkind to her when he had meant and striven to be kindest.

He now looked back upon his illness, as one who has gained some clear headland looks down upon a valley so dark and overhung with mist that he cannot trace his own course across it. He was no longer in sympathy with that mood of self-renunciation which had influenced him in their last interview. He charged himself with having given up too easily; for might he not, after all, have won her? Might he not, little by little, have changed her conscience, as little by little he had gained her love? Would it have been possible, he asked himself again and again, for her ever to come to him as she had come that day had not her conscience approved? Of all his torturing thoughts none cost him greater suffering than his living over in imagination what must have happened to her since then — the humiliation, perhaps public exposure, followed by penalties and sorrows of which he durst not think, and certainly a life more infinitely unrelieved in its gloom of vision and desolation of heart.

In the summer his father's health began to fail and in the autumn he died. The winter was passed in settling the business of the estate, and before the spring passed again Gordon found himself at the head of affairs, and stretching out before him, calm and clear, the complete independence of his new-found manhood. His life was his own to make it what he would. As fortunes go in Kentucky he was wealthy, his farm being among the most beautiful of all the beautiful ones which make up that land, and his homestead being dear through family ties and those intimations of fireside peace which lay closest the heart of his ideal life. But, amid all his happiness, that one lack which made all the rest appear lacking, that vacancy which nothing would fill! The beauty of the rich land henceforth brought him always the dreamlike recollection of a rough poor country a hundred miles away. Its quiet homesteads with the impression they create of sweet and simple lives reminded him only of a convent standing lonely and forbidding in the wide landscape. The calm liberty of woods and fields, the bounding liberty of life, the enlightened liberty of conscience and religion, which were to him the best gifts of his State, his country, and his time, forced on him perpetual contrast to the ancient confinement in which she languished.

Still he threw himself resolutely into his duties. In all that he did or planned he felt a certain sacred and uplifting force added to his life by that high bond through which he had sought to unite their sundered pathways.

But, on the other hand, the haunting pain of the thought of what might have befallen her since became a corrosive care, and began to eat out the heart of all his resolute purposes.

So that when the long, calm summer had passed again and autumn had come, bringing to him lonelier days in the brown fields, lonelier rides on horseback through the gorgeous woods, and lonelier evenings beside his rekindled hearthstone, he could bear the suspense no longer and made up his mind to go back, if but to hear tidings whether she yet was living in the convent. He realized, of course, that under no circumstances could he ever again speak to her of his love. He had put himself on the side of her conscience against his own cause; but he felt that he owed it to himself to dissipate all uncertainty regarding her fate. This done, he could then return, however sadly, and take up the duties of his life with better heart.

X.

ONE Sunday afternoon he got off again at the little station. From one of the few rustic loungers on the platform he learned that old Ezra and Martha had gone the year before to live with a son in a distant State, and that their scant acres had been absorbed in the convent domain.

Slowly he took his way across the somber fields. Once more he reached the brown footpath and the edge of the pale, thin corn. Once more the summoning whistle of the quail came sweet and clear from the depths of a neighboring thicket. Silently in the reddening west were rising the white cathedrals of the sky. It was on yonder hilltop that he had first seen her, standing as though transfigured in the evening light. Overwhelmed by the memories which the place evoked, he passed on towards the convent. The first sight of it in the distance smote him with a pain so sharp that a groan escaped his lips, as from a reopened wound.

It was the hour of the vesper service. Entering the church, he sat where he had sat before. How still it was, how faint the autumnal sunlight stealing in through the sainted windows, how motionless the dark company of nuns seated on one side of the nave, how rigid the white rows of novices on the other!

With sad fascination of search his eyes roved among the black-shrouded devotees. She was not there. In the organ-loft above, a voice, poor and thin, began to pour out its wavering little tide of song. She was not there, then. Had her soul already gone home to Heaven?

Noiselessly from behind the altar the sacristine had come forth to light the candles. With eyes strained and all the heart gone out of him he hung upon the movements of her figure. A slight, youthful figure it was — slighter, as though worn and wasted; and the hands which so firmly bore the long taper looked too white and fragile to have upheld aught heavier than the stalk of a lily.

With infinite meekness and reverence she moved hither and thither about the shrine, as though each footfall were a step nearer the glorious Presence, each breath a prayer. One by one there sprang into being beneath her touch of love the silvery spires of sacred flame. No angel of the night ever more softly lighted the stars of heaven. And it was thus that he saw her for the last time — folded back to the bosom of that faith from which it was left him to believe that he had all but rescued her to love and happiness, and set as a chastening admonition to tend the mortal fires on the altar of eternal service.

Looking at her across the vast estranging gulf of destiny, heartbroken he asked himself in his poor yearning way whether she longer had any thought of him or longer loved him. For answer he had only the assurance given in her words, which now rose as a benediction in his memory:

"If He will deign to hear the ceaseless, fervent petition of one so erring, he will not leave you unhappy on account of that love for me which in this world it will never be allowed me to return."

One highest star of adoration she kindled last, and then turned and advanced down the aisle. He was sitting close to it, and as she came towards him, with irresistible impulse he bent forward to meet her, his lips parted as though to speak, his eyes implored her for recognition, his hands were instinctively moved to attract her notice. But she passed him with unuplifted eyes. The hem of her dress all but swept across his foot. In that intense moment, which compressed within itself the joy of another meeting and the despair of an eternal farewell — in that moment he may have tried to read through her face and beyond it in her very soul the story of what she must have suffered. To any one else on her face rested only that beauty, transcending description, which is born of the sorrow of earth and the peace of God.

Mournful as was this final vision of her and touched with remorse, he could yet bear it away in his heart for long remembrance not untempered by consolation. He saw her well; he saw her faithful; he saw her bearing the sorrows of her lot with angelic sweetness. Through years to come the beauty of this

scene might abide with him, lifted above the realm of all mortal changes by the serenity of her immovable devotion.

XI.

THERE was thus spared Gordon all knowledge of the great change that had taken place regarding Sister Dolorosa within the councils of the order; nor perhaps was he ever to learn of the other changes, more eventful still, that were now fast closing in upon her destiny.

When the Creator wishes to create a woman the beauty of whose nature is to prefigure the types of an immortal world, he endows her more plenteously with the faculty of innocent love. The contravention of this faculty has time after time resulted in the most memorable tragedies that have ever saddened the history of the race. He had given to the nature of Pauline Cambron two strong, unwearying wings — the pinion of faith and the pinion of love. It was his will that she should soar by the use of both. But the use of one had been denied her; and the vain and bewildered struggles which marked her life thenceforth were as those of a bird that should try to rise into the air with one of its wings bound tightly against its breast.

When she arose from the illness which followed upon the events of that terrible day she took towards her own conduct the penitential attitude enjoined by her religion. There is little need to lay bare all that followed. She had passed out of her soft world of heroic dreams into the hard world of unheroic reality. She had chosen a name to express her sympathy with the sorrows of the world, and the sorrows of the world had broken in upon her. Out of the white dawn of the imagination she had stepped into the heat and burden of the day.

Long after all penances and prayers were over, long after she might have felt herself forgiven by all others, she was as far as ever from that forgiveness which comes from within. It is not characteristic of a nature such as hers to win pardon so easily for such an offense as she considered hers. Indeed, as time passed on, all the powers of her being seemed concentered more and more in one impassioned desire to expiate her sin; for, as time passed on, more and more, despite all penances and prayers, she realized that she still loved him.

As she pondered this, she said to herself that peace would never come unless she should go elsewhere and begin life over in some place that was free from the memories of her fall. There was so much to remind her of him. She could not go into the garden without recalling the day when they had walked through it side by side. She could not cross the threshold of the church without being reminded that it was the scene of her unfaithfulness and of her exposure. The graveyard, the footpath across the fields, the observatory — all were full of disturbing images. And therefore she besought the Mother Superior to send her away to some one of the missions of the order, thinking that thus she would win forgetfulness of him and singleness of heart.

But while the plan of doing this was yet being considered by the Mother Superior there happened one of those events which seem to fit into the crises of our lives as though determined by the very laws of fate. The attention of the civilized world had not yet been fixed upon the heroic labors of the Belgian priest Father Damien among the lepers of the island of Molokai. But it has been stated that near the convent are the monks of La Trappe. Among these monks were friends of the American priest Brother Joseph, who for years was one of Father Damien's assistants; and to these friends this priest from time to time wrote letters, in which he described at great length the life of the leper settlement and the work of the small band of men and women who had gone to labor in that remote and awful vineyard. The contents of these letters were made known to the ecclesiastical superior of the convent, and one evening he made them the subject of a lecture to the assembled nuns and novices, dwelling with peculiar eloquence upon the devotion of the three Franciscan Sisters who had become outcasts from all human society that they might nurse and teach leprous girls, until inevitable death should overtake them also.

Among that breathless audience of women there was one soul on whom his words fell with the force of a message from the Eternal. Here then, at last, was offered her a pathway by following meekly to the end of which she might perhaps find blessedness. The real Man of Sorrows appeared to stand in it and to beckon her on to the abodes of those abandoned creatures whose sufferings he had with peculiar pity so often stretched forth his hand to heal. When she laid before the Mother Superior her petition to be allowed to go it was at first refused, being regarded as a momentary impulse; but months passed, and at intervals, always more earnestly, she renewed her request. It was pointed out to her that when one has gone among the lepers there is no return: the consequence is either lifelong banishment or death from leprosy, usually at the end of a few years. But always her reply was:

"In the name of Christ, Mother, let me go!"

Meantime it had become clear to the Mother Superior that some change of scene must be made. The days of Sister Dolorosa's

usefulness in the convent were too plainly over.

It had not been possible in that large household of women to conceal the fact of her unfaithfulness to her vows. As one black veil whispered to another, as one white veil communed with its attentive neighbor, little by little events were gathered and pieced together until, in different forms of error and rumor, the story became known to all. Some from behind window lattices had watched her in the garden with the young stranger on the day of his visiting the convent. Others had heard of his lying wounded at the farmhouse. Still others were sure that under pretext of visiting old Martha she had often met him in the fields. And then the scene on the steps of the church, when she had returned soiled, and torn, and fainting.

So that from the day on which she arose from her illness and began to go about the convent she was singled out as a target for those small arrows which the feminine eye directs with such faultless skill at one of its own sex. With scarcely perceptible movements they would draw aside when passing her, as though to escape corrupting contact. Certain ones of the younger Sisters, who were jealous of her beauty, did not fail to drop innuendoes for her to overhear. And upon some of the novices, whose minds were still wavering between the Church and the world, it was thought that her example might have a dangerous influence.

It is always wrong to judge motives, but it is possible that the head of the order may have thought it best that this ruined life should take on the halo of martyrdom, from which fresh luster would be reflected upon the annals of the Church. However this may be, after about eighteen months of waiting, during which correspondence was held with the Sandwich Islands, it was determined that Sister Dolorosa should be allowed to go thither and join in the labors of the Franciscan Sisters.

From the day when consent was given she passed into that peace with which one ascends the scaffold or awaits the stake. It was this look of peace that Gordon had seen on her face as she moved hither and thither about the shrine.

Only a few weeks after he had thus seen her the day came for her to go. Of all who took part in the scene of farewell she was the most unmoved. A month later she sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu, and in due time there came from Honolulu to the Mother Superior the following letter. It contains all that remains of the earthly history of Pauline Cambron.

XII.

KALAWAO, MOLOKAI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS,
January 1, 188–.

DEAR MOTHER: I entreat you not to let the sight of this strange handwriting, instead of one that must be so familiar, fill you with too much alarm. I hasten to assure you that before my letter closes you will understand why Sister Dolorosa has not written herself.

Since the hour when the vessel sailed from the American port bearing to us that young life as a consecrated helper in our work among these suffering outcasts of the human race I know that your thoughts and prayers have followed her with unceasing anxiety; so that first of all things I should give you tidings that the vessel reached Honolulu in safety. I should tell you also that she had a prosperous voyage, and that she is now happy—far happier than when she left you. I know likewise that your imagination has constantly hovered about this island, and that you have pictured it to yourself as the gloomiest of all spots in the universe of God; so that in the next place I should try to remove this impression by giving you some description of the island itself, which has now become her unchanging home.

The island of Molokai, then, on which the leper settlement has been located by the Government, is long, and shaped much like the leaf of the willow tree. All the Sandwich Islands, as you well know, are a group of volcanoes out of which the fires have for the most part long since died. Molokai, therefore, is really but a mountain of cooled lava, half of which perhaps is beneath the level of the sea. The two leper villages are actually situated in the very cup of an ancient crater. The island is very low along the southern coast, and slopes gradually to its greatest altitude on the northern ridge, from which the descent to the sea is in places all but perpendicular. It is between the bases of these northern cliffs and the sea that the villages are built. In the rear of them is a long succession of towering precipices and wild ravines that are solemn and terrible to behold, and in front of them there is a coast line so rough with pointed rocks that as the waves rush in upon them spray is often thrown to the height of fifty or a hundred feet. It is this that makes the landing at times so dangerous, and at other times, when a storm has burst, so fatal. So that shipwrecks are not unknown, dear Mother, and sometimes add to the sadness of life in this place.

But from this description you would get only a mistaken idea of the aspect of the island. It is sunny and full of tropical loveliness. The lapse of centuries has in places covered the lava with exquisite verdure. Soft breezes blow here, about the dark cliffs hang purple atmospheres, and above them drift pink and white clouds. Sometimes the whole island is veiled in golden mist. Beautiful streams fall down its green precipices into the sea, and the sea itself is of the most brilliant blue. In its depths are growths of pure white corals that are the homes of fishes of the most gorgeous colors.

If I should speak no longer of the island, but of the people instead, I could perhaps do something still further to dissipate the dread with which you and all other strangers must regard us. The inhabitants are a simple, generous, happy race, and

there are many spots in this world—many in Europe and Asia, perhaps some in your own land—where the scenes of suffering and death are more poignant and appalling. The lepers live for the most part in decent white cottages. Many are the happy faces that are seen among them; so that, strange as it may seem, healthy people would sometimes come here to live if the laws did not forbid. So much has Christianity done that one may now be buried in consecrated ground.

If all this appears worldly and frivolous, dear Mother, forgive me. If I have chosen to withhold from you news of her of whom alone I know you are thinking, it is because I have wished to give you as bright a picture as possible. Perhaps you will thus become the better prepared for what is to follow.

So that, before I go further, I shall pause again to describe to you one spot which is the loveliest of all on the island. About a mile and a half from the village of Kalawao there is a rocky point which is used as an irregular landing-place when the sea is wild. Just beyond this point there is an inward curve of the coast, making an inlet of the sea, and from the water's edge there slopes backward into the bosom of the island a deep ravine. Down this ravine there falls and winds a gleaming white cataract, and here the tropical vegetation grows most beautiful. The trees are wreathed with moist creepers, the edges and crevices of the lava blocks are fringed with ferns and moss. Here bloom the wild ginger and the crimson lehua. Here grow trees of orange and palm and punhala groves. Here one sees the rare honey-bird with its plumage of scarlet velvet, the golden plover, and the beautiful white boatswain-bird wheeling about the black cliffs. The spot is as beautiful as a scene in some fairy tale. When storms roll in from the sea the surf flows far back into this ravine, and sometimes, after the waters have subsided, a piece of wreckage from the ocean is left behind.

Forgive me once more, O dear Mother, if again I seem to you so idle and unmeaning in my words. But I have found it almost impossible to go on; and besides I think you will thank me, after you have read my letter through, for telling you first of this place.

From the day of our first learning that there was a young spirit among you who had elected for Christ's sake to come here and labor with us we had counted the days till she should arrive. The news had spread throughout the leper settlement. Father Damien had made it known to the lepers in Kalawao, Father Wendolin had likewise told it among the lepers in Kaulapapa, and the Protestant ministers spoke of it to their flocks. Thus her name had already become familiar to hundreds of them, and many a prayer had been offered up for her safety.

Once a week there comes to Molokai from Honolulu a little steamer called *Mokolii*. When it reached here last Saturday morning it brought the news that just before it sailed from Honolulu the vessel bearing Sister Dolorosa had come into port. She had been taken in charge by the Sisters until the *Mokolii* should return and make the next trip. I should add that the steamer leaves at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and that in ordinary weather it usually reaches here at about dawn of the following morning.

And now, dear Mother, I beseech you to lay my letter aside. Do not read farther now. Lay it aside, and do not take it up again until you have sought in prayer the consolation of our divine religion for all the sorrows of our lives.

I shall believe that you have done this, and that as you now go on with the reading of my letter you have gained the fortitude to hear what I have scarcely the power to write. Heaven knows that in my poor way I have sought to prepare you!

As it was expected that the steamer would reach the island about dawn on Saturday morning, as usual, it had been arranged that many of us should be at the landing-place to give her welcome. But about midnight one of the terrific storms which visit this region suddenly descended, enveloping the heavens, which had been full of the light of the stars, in impenetrable darkness. We were all sleepless with apprehension that the vessel would be driven upon the rocks—such was the direction of the storm—long before it could come opposite the villages; and a few hours before day Father Damien, accompanied by Father Conrardi, Brother James, and Brother Joseph, went down to the coast. Through the remaining hours of the night they watched and waited, now at one point and now at another, knowing that the vessel could never land in such a storm. As the dawn broke, they followed up the coast until they came opposite that rocky point of which I have already spoken as being an irregular landing-place.

Here they were met by two or three men who were drenched with the sea and just starting towards the villages, and from them they learned that an hour or two before the steamer had been driven upon the hidden rocks of the point. It had been feared that it would soon be sunk or dashed to pieces, and as quickly as possible a boat had been put off in which were the leper girls that were being brought from Honolulu. There was little hope that it would ever reach the shore, but it was the last chance of life. In this boat, dear Mother, Sister Dolorosa also was placed. Immediately afterwards a second boat was put off containing all the others that were on board.

Of the fate of the first boat they had learned nothing. Their own had been almost immediately capsized, and so far as they knew they were the sole survivors. The Hawaiians are the most expert of swimmers, being almost native to the sea; and since the distance was short and only these survived you will realize how little chance there was for any other.

During the early hours of the morning, which broke dark and inexpressibly sad for us, a few bodies were found washed ashore, among them those of two leper girls of Honolulu. But our search for her long proved unavailing. At length Father Damien suggested that we follow up the ravine which I have described, and it was thither that he and brother Joseph and I accordingly went. Father Damien thought it well that I should go with them.

It was far inland, dear Mother, that at last we found her. She lay outstretched on a bare, black rock of lava which sloped upward from the sea. Her naked white feet rested on the green moss that fringed its lower edge, and her head was sheltered from the burning sun, which had now come forth, by branches of ferns. Almost over her eyes, the

lids of which were stiff with the salt of the ocean, there hung a spray of white poppies. It was as though nature would be kind to her in death.

At the sight of her face, so young and having in it the purity and the peace of Heaven, we all knelt down around her without a word, and for a while we could do nothing but weep. Surely nothing so spotless was ever washed ashore on this polluted island. If I sinned, I pray to be forgiven, but I found a strange joy in thinking that the corruption of this terrible disease had never been laid upon her. Heaven had accepted in advance her faithful spirit, and had spared her the long years of bodily suffering.

At Father Damien's direction Brother Joseph returned to the village for a bier and for four lepers who should still be strong enough to bear it. When they came we laid her on it and bore her back to the village, where Mother Marianne took the body in charge and prepared it for burial.

How shall I describe her funeral? The lepers were her pall-bearers. The news of the shipwreck had quickly spread throughout the settlement, and these simple, generous people yield themselves so readily to the emotion of the hour. When the time arrived, it seemed that all who could walk had come to follow her to the churchyard. It was a moving sight—the long, wavering train of that death-stricken throng, whose sufferings had so touched the pity of our Lord when he was on earth, and the desolation of whose fate she had come to lessen. There were the young and the old alike, Protestants and Catholics without distinction, children with their faces so strangely aged with ravages of the leprosy, those advanced in years with theirs so mutilated and marred. Others, upon whom the leprosy had made such advance that they were too weak to walk, sat in their cottage doors and lifted their husky voices in singing that wailing native hymn in which they bemoan their hopeless fate. Some of the women after a fashion of their own wore large wreaths of blue blossoms and green leaves about their withered faces.

And it was thus that we lepers — I say we lepers because I am one of them, since I cannot expect long to escape the disease — it was thus that we lepers followed her to the graveyard in the rock by the sea, where Father Damien with his own hands had helped to dig her grave. And there, dear Mother, all that is mortal of her now rests. But we know that long ere this she has heard the words, "I was sick and ye visited me."

Mother Marianne would herself have written, but she was called away to the leprosery.

May the hope of meeting her in Paradise sustain you!

SISTER AGATHA.

THE END.

James Lane Allen.

IN LONDON TOWN.

IT is not here I best enjoy
The pleasure, that can never cloy,
Of idly roaming London town,
Where such familiar names look down
Upon the wanderer in the street,
From Cheapside, Cornhill, and the Fleet.
The noisy, pushing, bustling crowd,
The din of trade and traffic loud,
Confuse the too bewildered sense
And drive a thousand memories hence.
When in the quiet town once more,
Where not a murmur of the roar
Of busy trade or loud displays
Disturb the quiet of her ways,
Backward my soul will turn and then
Will walk these London streets again;
While wits and poets of years gone by,
Who now in dim cathedrals lie,
Will meet me where their memories make
The places dearer for their sake —
And with their shades perchance a few
Of living forms shall mingle too.
So, often when the daylight dies,
Shall I at evening close my eyes
To walk again the Strand, the Fleet,
And every dear familiar street,
And, undisturbed by din or roar,
Find every house and nook once more.
My London, which I carry west,
Is peopled only by her best.

Walter Learned.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.—IV.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

THE OUTCOME OF A COUNCIL OF WAR.

HEN Fitz and I, early the next morning, arrived at the colonel's office he was already on hand and in a state of high nervous excitement. His coat, which in its various combinations always expressed, so far as a coat could express, the condition of his mind, was buttoned close under his chin, giving to his slender figure quite a military air. He was pacing the floor with measured tread; one hand was thrust into his bosom, senator fashion, the other was held behind his back.

"Not a line, suh; not the scrape of a pen. If his purpose, suh, is to ignore me altogether, I shall horsewhip him on sight."

"Have you looked through the firm's mail?" said Fitz, glad of the respite.

"Eve'ywhere, suh—not a scrap."

"I will hunt him up"; and Fitz hurried down to Klutchem's office in the hope of either intercepting the challenge or pacifying the object of the colonel's wrath, if by any good chance the letter should not have reached him until the morning.

In ten minutes he returned with the mystifying news that Mr. Klutchem's letters had been sent to his apartment the night before, and that a telegram had just been received notifying his clerks that he would not be down that day.

"Escaped, suh, has he? Run like a dog! Like a yaller dog as he is! Where has he gone?"

"After a policeman, I guess," said Fitz.

The colonel stopped, and an expression of profound contempt overspread his face.

"If the gentleman has fallen so low, suh, that he proposes to go about with a constable taggin' after his heels, you can tell him, suh, that he is safe even from my boot."

Then he shut the door of the private office in disgust, leaving Fitz and me on the outside.

"What are we going to do, Major?" said Fitz, now really anxious. "I am positive that old Klutchem either has left town or is at this moment at police headquarters. If so, the dear old fellow will be locked up before sundown. Klutchem got that letter last night."

It was at once decided to head off Klutchem, Fitz keeping an eye on his office every half-hour in the hope that he might turn up, and I completing the arrangements for the colonel's bail so as to forestall the possibility of his remaining in custody overnight.

The whole of the day was consumed by Fitz in his efforts to lay hands on Klutchem in order to prevent the law from performing the same service for the colonel. My own arrangements were more easily completed, a friend properly possessed of sufficient real estate to make good his bond being in readiness for any emergency. One o'clock came, then three, then five; the colonel all the time keeping to the seclusion of his private office, Fitz watching for Klutchem, and I waiting in the larger office for the arrival of one of those clean-shaven, thick-set young men, in a Derby hat and sack-coat, the unexpected pair of handcuffs in his outside pocket.

The morning of the second day the situation remained still unchanged: Fitz had been unable to find Klutchem either at his office or at his lodgings, the colonel was still without any reply from his antagonist, and no young man answering to my fears had put in any appearance whatever.

The only new feature was a telegram from Tom Yancey to the effect that he and Judge Kerfoot would arrive about noon, and another from the judge himself begging a postponement until he could reach the field.

Fitz read both despatches in a corner by himself, with a face expressive of the effect these combined troubles were making upon his otherwise happy countenance. He then crumpled them up in his hand and slid them into his pocket.

Up to this time not a soul in the office except the colonel, Fitz, and I had the faintest hint of the impending tragedy, it being one of the colonel's maxims that all affairs of honor demanded absolute silence.

"If yo' enemy falls," he would say, "it is mo' courteous to say nothin' but good of the dead; and when you cannot say that, better keep still. If he is alive, let him do the talkin'—he will soon kill himself."

Fitz kept still because he felt sure if he could get hold of Klutchem the whole affair, either outcome, powder, or law, could be prevented.

"Just as I had got the syndicate to look into the coal land," said Fitz, "which is the only thing the colonel 's got worth talking about,

here he goes and gets into a first-class cast iron scrape like this. What a lovely old idiot he is! But I tell you, Major, something has got to be done about this shooting business right away! Here I have arranged for a meeting at the colonel's house on Saturday to discuss this new coal development, and the syndicate's agent is coming, and we can't for the life of us tell whether the colonel will be on his way home in a pine box or locked up here for trying to murder that old windbag. It 's horrible!

"And to cap the climax,"—and he pulled out the crumpled telegrams,—"here comes a gang of fire-eaters who will make it twice as difficult for me to settle anything. I wish I could find Klutchem!"

While he spoke the office door opened, ushering in a stout man with a red face, accompanied by an elderly white-haired gentleman, in a butternut suit. The red-faced man was carrying a carpet bag—not the Northern variety of wagon-curtain canvas, but the regular old-fashioned carpet kind with leather handles and a mouth like a catfish. The snuff-colored gentleman's only charge was a heavy hickory cane and an umbrella with a waist like a market-woman's.

The red-faced man took off a wide straw hat and uncovered a head slightly bald and reeking with perspiration.

"I 'm lookin' fur Colonel Caarter, suh. Is he in?"

Fitz pointed to the door of the private office, and the elderly man drew his cane and rapped twice. The colonel must have recognized the signal as a familiar one, for the door opened with a spring, and the next moment he had them both by the hands.

"Why, Jedge, this is indeed an honor—and Tom! Of co'se I knew you would come, Tom; but the Jedge I did not expec' until I got yo' telegram. Give me yo' bag, and put yo' umbrella in the corner.

"Here Fitz, Major; both of you come in here at once.

"Jedge Kerfoot, gentlemen, of the district cote of Fairfax County. Major Tom Yancey, of the army."

The civilities over, extra chairs were brought in, the door again closed, and a council of war was held.

Major Yancey's first word—but I must describe Yancey. Imagine a short, oily skinned, perpetually perspiring sort of man of forty, with a décolleté collar, a double-breasted velvet vest with glass buttons, and skin-tight light trousers held down to a pair of high-heeled boots by leather straps. The space between his waistband and vest was made good by certain puckerings of his shirt anxious to escape the thralldom of his suspenders. His paunch began and ended so suddenly that he constantly reminded you of a man who had swallowed a toy balloon.

Major Yancey's first word was an anxious inquiry as to whether he was late, adding, "I came ez soon ez I could settle some business mattahs." He had borrowed his traveling expenses from Kerfoot, who in turn had borrowed them from Miss Nancy, keeping the impending duel, however, carefully concealed from that dear lady, and reading only that part of the colonel's letter which referred to the drawing up of some important papers in which he was to figure as chief executor.

"Late? No, Tom," said the colonel; "but the scoundrel has run to cover. We are watchin' his hole."

"You sholy don't tell me he 's got away, Colonel?" replied Major Yancey.

"What could I do, Yancey? He has n't had the decency to answer my letter."

Yancy, however, on hearing more fully the facts, clung to the hope that the Yankee would yet be smoked out.

"I of co'se am not familiar with the code as practised Nawth—perhaps these delays are permis'ble; but in my county, gemmen, a challenge is a ball, and a man is killed or wownded ez soon ez the ink is dry on the papah. The time he has to live is only a mattah of muddy roads or convenience of seconds. Is there no way in which this can be fixed? I doan't like to return home without an effort bein' made."

The colonel, anxious to place the exact situation before Major Yancey so that he might go back fully assured that everything that a Carter could do had been done, read the copy of the challenge, gave the details of Fitz's efforts to find Klutchem, the repeated visits to his office, and finally the call at his apartments.

The major listened attentively, consulted aside with the judge, and then in an authoritative tone, made the more impressive by the decided way with which he hitched up his trousers, said:

"You have done all that a high-toned Southern gemman could do, Colonel. Yo' honor, suh, is without a stain."

In which opinion he was sustained by Kerfoot, who proved to be a ponderous sort of old-fashioned county judge, and who accentuated his decision by bringing down his cane with a bang.

While all this was going on in the private office under cover of profound secrecy, another sort of consultation of a much more public character was being held in the office outside.

A very bright young man—one of the clerks—held in his hand a large envelop, bearing on one end the printed address of the

firm whose private office the colonel was at that moment occupying as a council chamber. It was addressed in the colonel's well-known round hand. Neither of these facts, however, would have excited any interest of itself; for the colonel never used any other envelops than the firm's. The public consultation concerned this letter.

The postman, who had just taken it from his bag, wanted to deliver it at its destination. The proprietor wanted to throw it back into the box for remailing, believing it to be a Garden Spot circular, and so of no especial importance. The bright young man wanted to return it to the colonel.

The bright young man prevailed, rapped at the door, and laid the letter under the colonel's nose. It bore this address:

P. A. Klutchem, Esq.,

Room 21, Star Building, Wall Street,

Immediate. New York.

The colonel turned pale and broke the seal. Out dropped his challenge!

"Where did you get this?" he asked, aghast.

"From the carrier. It was held for postage."

Had a bombshell been exploded the effect could not have been more startling.

Yancey was the first man on his feet.

"And the scoundrel never got it! Here, Colonel, give the letter to me. I 'll go through this town like a fine-tooth comb but what I 'll find him. He will never escape me. My name is Yancey, suh!"

The judge was more conservative. He had grave doubts as to whether a second challenge after a delay of two days and two nights could be sent at all. The traditions of the Carter family were a word and a blow, not a blow and a word in two days. To intrust the letter to the United States mail was a grave mistake; the colonel might have known that it would miscarry.

Fitz said grimly that letters always did, without stamps. The Government was running the post-office on a business basis, not for its health.

Yancey looked at Fitz as if the interruption wearied him, then, turning to the colonel, said that he was dumfounded that a man who had been raised as Colonel Carter could have violated so plain a rule of the code. A challenge should always be delivered by the hand of the challenger's friend. It should never be mailed.

The poor colonel, who since the discovery of the unstamped letter had sat in a heap buried in his coat collar,— the military button having given way,— gave his version of the miscarriage.

He began by saying that when his friend Major Yancey became conversant with all the facts he would be more lenient with him. He had, he said, found the proprietor's drawer locked, and not having a stamp about him had dropped the document into the mail-box with the firm's letters, presuming that the clerks would affix the tax the Government imposed. That the document had reached the post-office was evidenced by the date-stamp on the envelop. It seemed to him a picayune piece of business on the part of the authorities to detain it, and all for the paltry sum of two cents.

Major Yancey conferred with the judge for a moment, and then said that the colonel's explanation had relieved him of all responsibility. He owed him a humble apology, and he shook his hand. Colonel Carter had done all that a high-bred gentleman could do. The letter was intrusted to the care of Mr. Klutchem's own government, the post-office as now conducted being peculiarly a Yankee institution.

"If Mr. Klutchem's own government, gemmen,"— and he repeated it with a rising voice,— "If Mr. Klutchem's own government does not trust him enough to deliver to him a letter in advance of a payment of two cents, such action, while highly discreditable to Mr. Klutchem, certainly does not relieve that gemman from the responsibility of answerin' Colonel Caarter."

The colonel said the point was well taken, and the judge sustained him.

Yancey looked around with the air of a country lawyer who had tripped up a witness, decorated a corner of the carpet, and continued:

"My idee, suh, now that I am on the ground, is for me to wait upon the gemman at once, hand him the orig'nal challenge and the two cents, and demand an immediate answer. That is," turning to Fitz, "unless he is in hidin'."

Fitz replied that it was pretty clear to him that a man could not hide from a challenge he had never received. It was quite evident Klutchem was detained somewhere.

The colonel coincided, and said in justice to his antagonist that he would have to exonerate him of this charge. He did not now believe that Mr. Klutchem had run away.

Fitz, who up to this time had enjoyed every turn in the discussion, and who had listened to Yancey with a face like a graven image and knees shaking with laughter, now threw another bombshell almost as disastrous as the first.

"Besides, gentlemen, I don't think Mr. Klutchem's remarks were insulting."

The colonel's head rose out of his collar

with a jerk, and the forelegs of Yancey's chair struck the floor with a thump. Both sprang to their feet. The judge and I remained quiet. "Not insultin', suh, to call a gemman a — a — Colonel, what did the scoundrel call you?"

"It was mo' his manner," replied the colonel. "He was familiar, suh, and presumin' and offensive."

Yancey broke away again, but Fitz sidetracked him with a gesture and asked the colonel to repeat Klutchem's exact words.

The colonel gazed at the ceiling a moment and replied:

"Mr. Klutchem said that, outside of peanuts and sweet potatoes, all my road would git for freight would be niggers and razor-back hogs."

"Mr. Klutchem was right, Colonel," said Fitz. "Very sensible man. They will form a very large part of our freight. Anything offensive in that remark of Klutchem's, Major Yancey?"

The major conferred with the judge and said reluctantly that there was not.

"Go on, Colonel," continued Fitz.

"Then, suh, he said he would n't trade a yaller dog for enough of our bonds to papah a meetin'-house."

"Did he call you a yaller dog?" said Yancey, searchingly, and straightening himself up.

"No."

"Call anybody connected with you a yaller dog?"

"Can't say that he did."

"Call yo' railroad a yaller dog?"

"No, don't think so," said the colonel, now thoroughly confused and adrift.

Yancey consulted with the judge a moment in one corner and then said gravely:

"Unless some mo' direct insult is stated, Colonel, we must agree with yo' friend Mr. Fitzpatrick, and consider yo' action hasty. Now, if you had pressed the gemman and he had called *you* a yaller dog or a liar, somethin' might be done. Why did n't you press him?"

"I did, suh. I told him his statements were false and his manners vulgar."

"And he did not resent?"

"No, suh; on'y laughed."

"Sneeringly, and in a way that sounded like 'Yo' 're another'?"

The colonel could not remember that it was.

Yancey ruminated, and Fitz now took a hand.

"On the contrary, Major Yancey, Mr. Klutchem's laugh was a very jolly laugh; and under the circumstances a laugh very creditable to his good nature. You are young and impetuous, but I know my learned friend, Judge Kerfoot, will agree with me" — here Yancey patted his toy balloon complacently and the judge leaned forward with rapt attention — "when I say that if any apologies are in order they should not come from Mr. Klutchem."

It was delicious to note how easily Fitz fell into the oratorical method of his hearers.

"Here is a man immersed in stocks and totally ignorant of the boundless resources of your State, who limits the freight of our road to four staples — peanuts, hogs, sweet potatoes, and niggers. As a further exhibition of his ignorance he estimates the value of a large block of our securities as far below the price set upon a light tan-colored canine, a very inexpensive animal; or, as he puts it, and perhaps too coarsely — a yellow dog. For the expression of these financial opinions in an open office during business hours he is set upon, threatened with expulsion, and finally challenged to a mortal duel. I ask you, as chivalric Virginians, is this right?"

Yancey was about to answer when the judge raised his hand impressively.

"The cote, not being familiar with the practice of this section, can on'y decide the question in acco'dance with the practice of his own county. The language used is not objectionable, either under the law or by the code. The prisoner, Klutchem, is discharged with a reprimand, and the plaintiff, Caarter, leaves the cote room without a stain on his cha'acter. The cote will now take a recess."

FITZ listened with great gravity to the decision of the learned judge, bowed to him with the pleased deference of the winning attorney, grasped the colonel's hand and congratulated him warmly on his acquittal.

Then locking his arm through Yancey's he conducted that pugnacious but parched Virginian, together with the overworked judge, out into the street, down a flight of stone steps, and into an underground apartment from which they all emerged later with that satisfied, cheerful air peculiar to a group of men who have slaked their thirst.

The colonel and I remained behind. He was in no mood for such frivolity.

A HIGH SENSE OF HONOR.

WHILE the judge's decision had relieved the colonel of all responsibility so far as Yancey and Cartersville were concerned, — and Yancey was Cartersville when he got back to the tavern stove, — there was one person it had not satisfied, and that was the colonel himself.

He began pacing the floor, recounting for my benefit the various courtesies he had received since he had lived at the North — not only from the proprietors of the office, but from every one of its frequenters. And yet after all these civilities he had so far forgotten himself

THE JUDGE AND THE MAJOR.

as to challenge a friend of his host, a very worthy gentleman, who, although a trifle brusk in his way of putting things, was still an open-hearted man. And all because he differed with him on a matter of finance.

"The mo' I think of it, Major, the mo' I am overwhelmed by my action. It was inconsiderate, suh. It was uncalled for, suh; and I am afraid"—and here he lowered his voice—"it was ill-bred and vulgar. What could those gentlemen who stood by have thought? They have all been so good to me, Major. I have betrayed their hospitality. I have forgotten my blood, suh. There is certainly an apology due Mr. Klutchem."

At this juncture Fitz returned, followed by Yancey, who was beaming all over, the judge bringing up the rear.

All three listened attentively.

"Who 's goin' to apologize?" said Yancey, shifting his thumbs from his armholes to the side pockets of his vest, from which he pinched up some shreds of tobacco.

"I am, suh!" replied the colonel.

"What for, Colonel?" The doctrine was new to Yancey.

"For my own sense of honor, suh!"

"But he never got the challenge."

"That makes no diff'ence, suh. I wrote it." And the colonel threw his head up and looked Major Yancey straight in the eye.

"But, Colonel, we've got the letter. Klutchem don't know a word about it."

"But I do, Major Yancey; and so do you and Fitz, and the jedge and the major here. We all know it. Do you suppose, suh, for one instant, that I am cowardly enough to stab a man in the back this way and give him no chance of defendin' himself? It is monst'ous, suh! Why, suh, it 's no better than insultin' a deaf man and then tryin' to escape because he did not hear you. I tell you, suh, I shall apologize. Fitz, kindly inquire outside if there is any news of Mr. Klutchem."

Fitz opened the door and sent the inquiry ringing through the office.

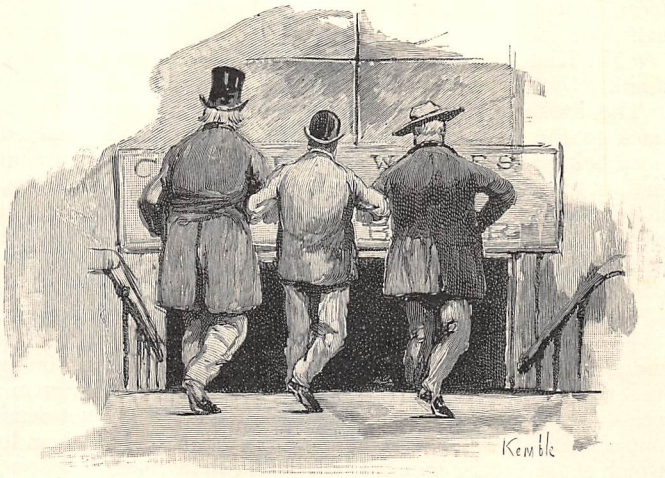
"Yes!" came a voice from around the "ticker." "Went to the races two days ago, got soaking wet, and has been laid up ever since at a friend's house with the worst attack of gout he ever had in his life."

The colonel started as if he had been stung, and put on his hat and buttoned his coat over his chest with a determined air. Then charging Yancey and the judge not to leave the office until he returned, he beckoned Fitz to him and said:

"We have not a moment to lose. Get Mr. Klutchem's address and order a caarriage."

It was the custom with Fitz never to cross the colonel in any one of his sudden whims.

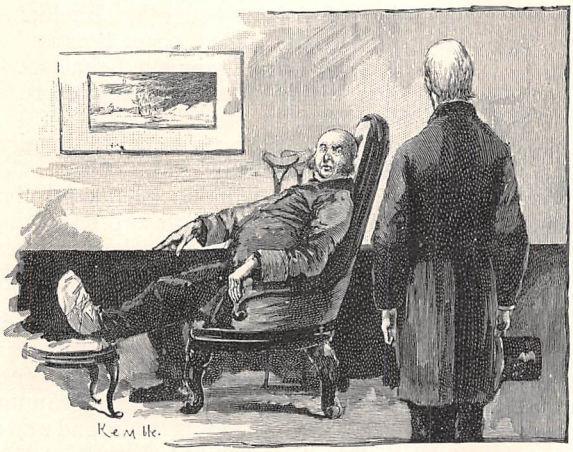
Whether this was because he liked to indulge him, or because it gave him an opportunity to study a type of man entirely new to him, the result was always the same—the colonel had his way. Had the Virginian insisted upon waiting on the offending broker in a palanquin or upon the top of a four-in-hand Fitz would have found the vehicle somehow,



"DOWN A FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS."

and have crawled in or on top beside him with as much complacency as if he had spent his whole life with palanquins and coaches and had had no other interests. So when the order came for the carriage Fitz winked at me with his left eye, walked to the sidewalk, whistled to a string of cabs, and the next instant we were all three whirling up the crowded street in search of the bedridden broker.

The longer the colonel brooded over the situation the more he was satisfied with the idea of the apology. Indeed, before he had turned down the side street leading to the temporary hospital of the suffering man he had arranged in his mind just where the ceremony would take place, and just how he would frame his opening sentence. He was glad, too, that Klutchem had been discovered so soon — while Yancey and Kerfoot were still in town.



"KLUTCHEM LOOKED AT HIM IN PERFECT ASTONISHMENT."

The colonel alighted first, ran up the steps, pulled the bell with the air of a doctor called to an important case, and sent his card to the first floor back.

"Mr. Klutchem says 'Walk up,'" said the maid.

The broker was in an arm-chair with his back to the door, only the top of his bald head being visible as we entered. On a stool in front rested a foot of enormous size swathed in bandages. Leaning against his chair were a pair of crutches. He was somewhat startled at the invasion, made as it was in the busiest part of the day.

"What 's up? Anybody busted?"

Fitz assured him that the Street was in a mood of the greatest tranquillity; that the visit was purely personal, and made for the express purpose of offering Colonel Carter an opportunity of relieving his mind of a pressure which at the precise moment was greater than he could bear.

"Out with it, old Garden — Colonel," broke out Klutchem, catching himself in time, and apparently greatly relieved that the situation was no worse.

The colonel, who remained standing, bowed courteously, drew himself up with a dress-parade gesture, and recounted slowly and succinctly the incidents of the preceding three days.

When he arrived at the drawing up of the challenge Klutchem looked around curiously, gathered in his crutches with his well leg,— prepared for escape or defense,— and remained thus equipped until the colonel reached the secret consultation in the private office and the return of the unstamped letter. Then he toppled his supports over on the floor and laughed until the pain in his elephantine foot bent him double.

The colonel paused until Klutchem had recovered himself, and then continued, his face still serene, and still expressive of a purpose so lofty that it excluded every other emotion.

"The return of my challenge unopened, suh, coupled with the broad views of my distinguished friends Mr. Fitzpatrick and the major,— both personal friends of yo' own, I believe,— and the calmer reflection of my own mind, have convinced me, Mr. Klutchem, that I have been hasty and have done you a wrong; and, suh, rememberin' my blood, I have left the cares of my office for a brief moment to call upon you at once and tell you so. I regret, suh, that you have not the use of both yo' legs, but I have anticipated that difficulty. My caarriage is outside."

"Don't mention it, Colonel. You never grazed me. If you want to plaster that syndicate all over with Garden Spots, go ahead. I won't say a word. There 's my hand."

The colonel never altered a line in his face nor moved a muscle of his body. Mr. Klutchem's hand remained suspended in mid air.

"Yo' action is creditable to yo' heart, suh, but you know, of course, that I cannot take yo' hand here. I insulted you in a public office, and in the presence of yo' friends and of mine, some of whom are at this moment awaitin' our return. I feel assured, suh, that under the circumstances you will make an effort, however painful it may be to you, to relieve me from this stain on my cha'acter. Allow me to offer you my arm and help you to my caarriage, suh. I will not detain you mo' than an hour."

Klutchem looked at him in perfect astonishment.

"What for?"

The colonel's color rose.

"That this matter may be settled properly, suh. I insulted you publicly in my office. I wish to apologize in the same way. It is my right, suh."

"But I can't walk; look at that foot, big as a hatbox."

"My friends will assist you, suh. I will carry yo' crutches myself. Consider my situation. You surely, as a man of honor, will not refuse me this, Mr. Klutchem?"

The colonel's eyes began to snap, and Fitz edged round to pour oil when the wind freshened. Klutchem's temper was also on the move.

"Get out of this chair with that mush poultice," pointing to his foot, "and have you cart me down to Wall street to tell me you are sorry you did not murder me! What do you take me for?"

The colonel's eyes now fairly blazed and his voice trembled with suppressed anger.

"I did take you, suh, for a gentleman. I find I am mistaken. And you refuse to go, and—"

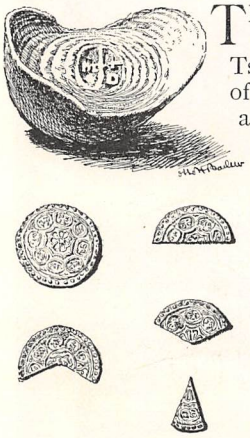
"Yes!" roared Klutchem, his voice splitting the air like a tomahawk.

"Then, suh, let me tell you right here that if you do not get up and get into my caarriage, whenever you *can* stand on yo' wuthless legs I will thresh you so, suh, that you will never get up any mo'."

(To be continued.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

NORTHERN TIBET AND THE YELLOW RIVER.



TIBETAN SILVER COINS.

THE caravan with which I left the Ts'aidam for the wilds of Tibet was indeed a sorry-looking one. Of seventeen ponies only three were fit for hard work; all the others were old swaybacked creatures that stumbled over a few miles daily and then sank under their small loads. But my men did not care; we had plenty to eat, and so, though the stages were short, meals were numerous and long.

After crossing the Hato Pass (altitude 15,290 feet) and the valley of the Alang gol, we passed through a range of mountains when about eight or nine miles east of Lake Alang, and entered the land of desolation which stretches to the Yellow River, some sixty miles away, a country of sand and gravel crossed by numerous ranges of low hills only a few hundred feet high. Here and there was a little stiff grass, but no running water—only small pools covered with dirty ice. Even the wild animals, so numerous in the valley to the north, keep away from this bleak country, where a few bears and wolves, which slunk away at our approach, were the only living things we saw. The weather became worse and worse as we advanced, and squalls of snow or hail followed one another with such rapidity that we had no time to dry our clothes in the rare intervals of sunshine.

This plateau is about 14,500 feet above the sea level, and the rarefied atmosphere at this altitude told rapidly on my miserable horses; even the dogs showed signs of distress and limped dejectedly behind us. We felt no brighter than the animals; our wet clothing seemed to weigh tons, our guns loaded us down, we were dizzy and nauseated, and walking was so great an effort that perspiration poured down our faces.

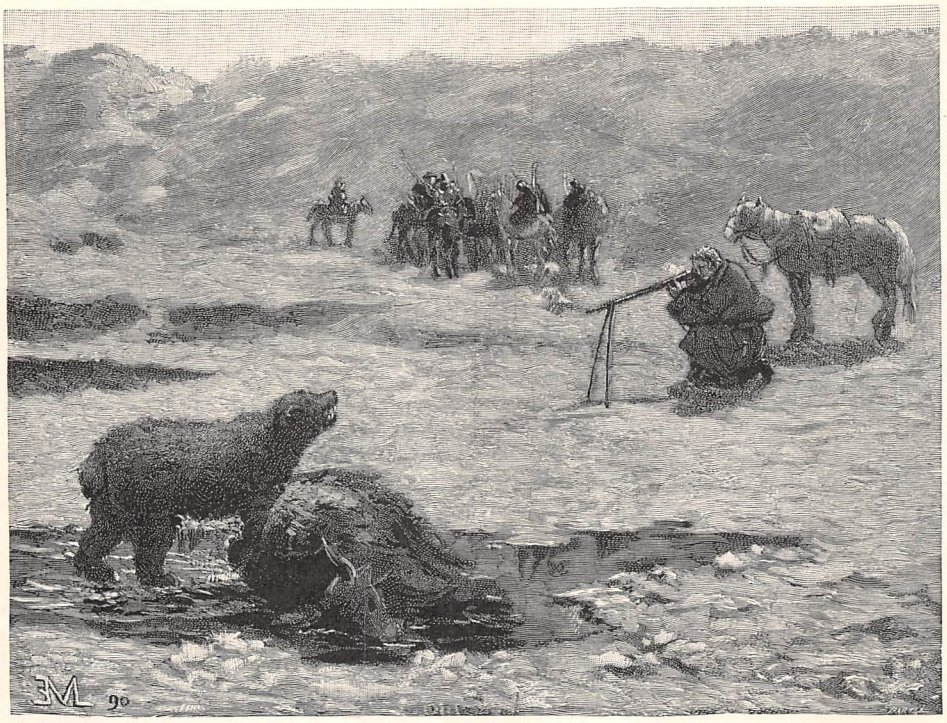
On the 9th of May we came to a stream flowing southward, and followed its course till it finally emerged into a valley of sand and white quartz gravel, where it emptied into a little river some fifty feet broad and two feet deep which was slowly flowing eastward. This was the head waters of the Yellow River, the Ma ch'u of Tibetans, known to the Mongols as Soloma.

As I drew near I saw a large bear standing in the river feeding on the carcass of a yak. Taking a gun from one of my men I fired at it, breaking its shoulder. When my men saw what I had shot at they turned and beat a hasty retreat, shouting to me to run, that the "wild man" might not devour me. Another shot, better aimed, put an end to the bear, but not to the fright of my Mongols, who even then would not approach. Our failure to skin my prize nearly broke my Tientsin servant's heart, for by it he lost his chance to secure the gall, a much valued medicine in China, and worth eight or ten ounces of silver in any drug shop. Mongols and Tibetans attack a bear only when they are a strong, well-armed party. My having killed one of these dreaded monsters alone seemed a feat of great daring, and the story was told to every Tibetan we met afterwards as proof positive of my dauntless courage.

About a mile to the south of the Yellow River, and divided from it by low hills, is a vast swamp. This is Karma-t'ang, "The Starry Plain," a firmament of sedge the stars of which are pools and puddles of stagnant, iridescent water. On the bank of the Huang ho, a little to the west of where I crossed it, comes yearly an official to sacrifice in the name of the emperor to the river god, that he may spare the country through which it flows and not visit it with death-dealing floods. A white horse and seven sheep without spot or blemish are sacrificed, litanies recited, and incense burned. At least so says the report addressed to the emperor by the Amban at Hsi-ning, but I have reason to believe that the full sacrifice is not always made; and this is the more probable since the Amban's deputy is allowed only ten ounces of silver for the purchase of sacrificial animals, and nothing for traveling expenses. Evidently little faith is placed in this mode of restraining the fury and vagaries of the great river, which within the historical period has four times changed its lower course and yearly breaks through the immense levees along its banks. Its most recent change was in 1887, when it swept over more than a hundred thousand square miles of country in the provinces of Ho-nan and An-hui, obliterating innumerable towns and villages and dealing death to hundreds of thousands (report says millions) of people.

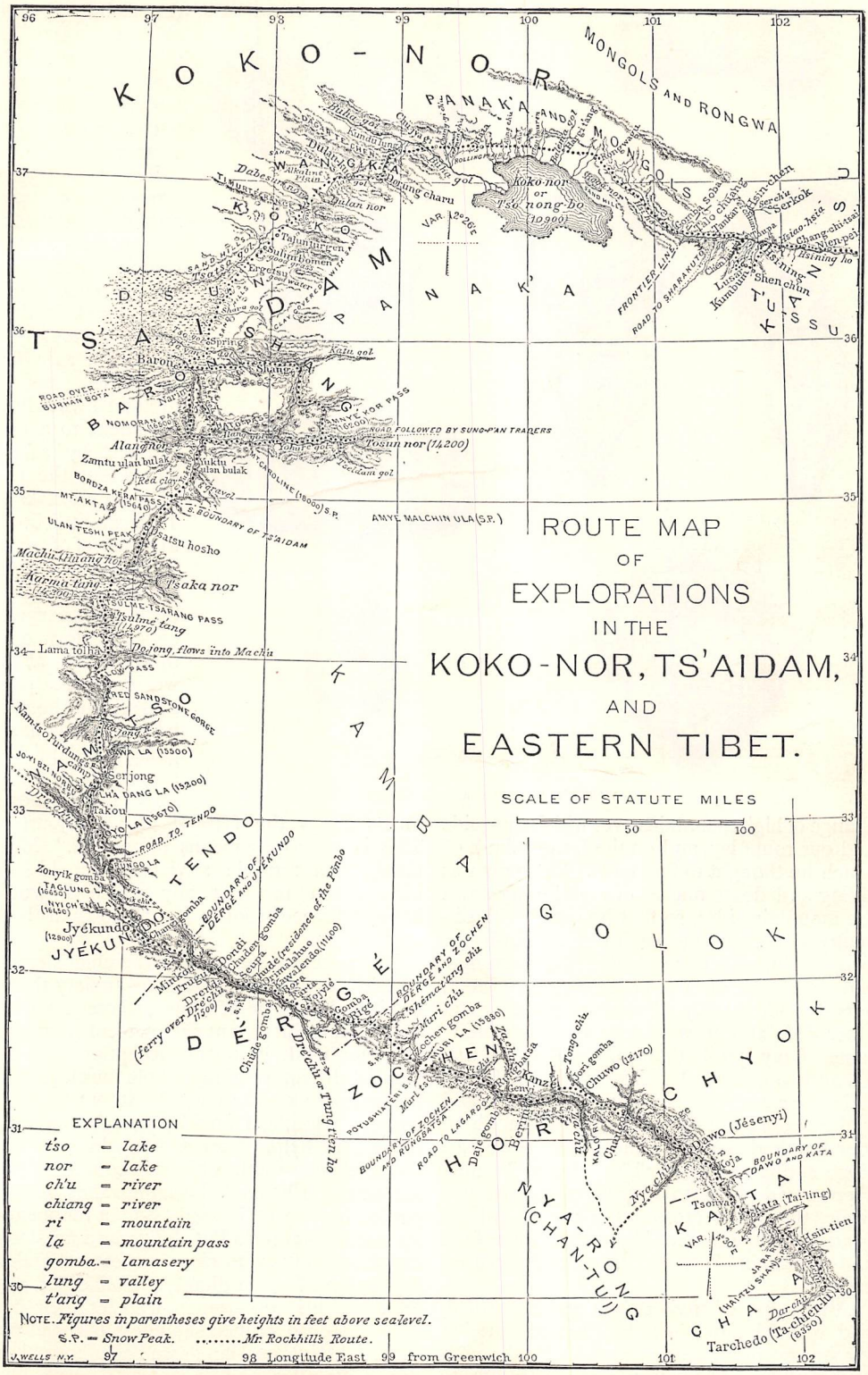
In 1884 General Prjevalsky was attacked near Karma-t'ang by a large band of K'amba Golok, a great tribe of nomadic Tibetans who live chiefly by rapine and pillage, and whose country extends from east of the sources of the Yellow River to close by the border of northwestern Ssu-ch'uan.

At Karma-t'ang animal life again appeared, and enormous herds of yaks were seen grazing on every side. As we advanced beyond this point the land became higher, the hills loftier, the ground exceedingly rough, and covered everywhere with little grassy hummocks, mud-puddles, and swampy bottoms. Through these we had to twist and turn, the horses stumbling over hillocks or putting their feet into deep holes. Walking was an impossibility, and sleeping on such ground an agony. Storms were more frequent and violent, and so slow was our progress that our stock of provisions became so nearly exhausted that we were reduced to eating mutton tallow with our tsamba and tea, and even to rationing ourselves on this Spartan fare.



BEAR-SHOOTING AT THE SOURCE OF THE YELLOW RIVER.

On the 13th of May we crossed the watershed between the Yellow River and the Dré ch'u, and entered the valley of one of its little affluents, the Ra jong. To the south rose


ROUTE MAP
OF
EXPLORATIONS
IN THE
KOKO-NOR, TS'AIDAM,
AND
EASTERN TIBET.
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES
50
100
KOKO-NOR
MONGOLS AND RONGWA
PANAK'A
Koko-nor or Tso nong-bo (10900)
TS'AIDAM
BARON
Tosun nor (14200)
Alangnor
Zamtu ulan bulak
Bordza Kera Pass
Mt. Akta
Ulan Teshi Peak
Machu (Hwang ho)
Karma tang
Tsaka nor
Tshime tang
Lama tolha
Dojong flows into Machu
Red Sandstone Gorge
Nam-tso
Jyékundo
JYÉKUNDO
TENDO
DÉRGÉ
ZOCHEN
HOR
GOLOK
CHYOK
NYA-RONG (CHAN-TUNG)
KATA
CHALA
Dawo (Jésenyi)
Tsonyak
Kata (Tai-ling)
Tsin-tien
Darchedo (Ta-chien-lu) (9350)
Tsin-chen
Serkok
Sining
Shen chin
Kumbum
Lusar
Sining ho
Chang-chia
Nien-pei
Ho-chiang
Tsaidam
Dulan nor
Dabesun
Sulin bumen
Ergetsu
Baron
Katu gol
Tosun nor
Amye Malchin Ula (S.P.)
Road over Burhan Bota
Road followed by Sung-p'an traders
Frontier line
Road to Sharakuto
Road to Tendo
Boundary of Dergé and Jyékundo
Boundary of Dergé and Zochen
Boundary of Zochen and Kungafsa
Boundary of Dawo and Kata
Road to Lagarpo
Potushi Lin
Ferry over Dre chu
Dre chu or Tung t'ien ho
Chuwo (12170)
Kanze
Tongo chu
Muri chu
Shema t'ang chu
Zonyik gomba
Jagung La (16650)
Nyich'en La (16450)
Dongai
Chuden gomba
Chuda (residence of the pönbo)
Chimalhuo
Jowalendo (11400)
Gomba
Dergé
Chinto gomba
Muri La (15880)
Zochen gomba
Dajé gomba
Berhu
Chuwo
Sorl gomba
Nya Chu
Tsonyak
Darchedo
Tarchedo (Ta-chien-lu) (9350)
EXPLANATION
t'so = lake
nor = lake
ch'u = river
chiang = river
ri = mountain
la = mountain pass
gomba = lamasery
lung = valley
t'ang = plain
NOTE. Figures in parentheses give heights in feet above sealevel.
S.P. = Snow Peak. ..... Mr. Rockhill's Route.
J. WELLS N.Y.
97
98 Longitude East 99 from Greenwich 100
101
102
37
36
35
34
33
32
31
30

WOMEN'S ORNAMENTS.

a range of high mountains over which the guide said our route lay, and on the farther flank of which he thought to find tents. But snow was falling and dense masses of cloud hung down the mountain sides, so that he could with difficulty make out his landmarks. Slowly we crossed the valley and began the seemingly endless ascent of Mount Rawa. Our jaded horses could hardly advance; one after another fell, and it was only by abandoning some of my goods that we could get along. To add to our trouble Dowé, who had been riding some distance ahead, came back and said he could not find his way. When about four hundred feet from the summit[1] we saw some springs, and near by a deserted camp. Here we decided to rest for a day or two while the guide crossed the range, got his bearings, and secured, if possible, some food and pack-animals to take us on to the nearest camp.

After a day of anxious waiting he returned, and with him two wild-looking creatures in greasy sheepskin gowns, and four yaks with pack-saddles. These men were to lead us to the camp of their chief and carry our baggage, but farther than that they could not go until the chief had seen us and given them permission.

The next day we crossed the pass, and, descending into a narrow valley, camped near our guides' tents. There was a man in their camp famous for his ability as a fortune-teller, so I thought I would put his talent to a crucial test by asking him about the fate of my undertaking. Taking a little book, to each leaf of which was fastened a short string, he twisted these together and bade me draw one; then looking at the writing on the page thus selected he said: "Wherever you are going travel quickly, lose no time; for on your rapid movements hangs the fortune of your journey. This is your only means of success." More timely and sensible advice he could not have given me, nor any which I would have followed sooner if only I had been able.

The next day we reached the chief's camp, and it was with considerable anxiety that I awaited the return of Dowé, whom I sent at once to the chief's tent with presents and a request for food, for on my reception here depended the future of my whole journey. With horses no longer fit to travel, without food and without a guide, I could go no farther if he refused me help. After a little while my man returned and said the chief was coming to visit me, and soon he made his appearance, accompanied by two of his sons and a number of servants. Nam-ts'o Pur-dung was a fine-looking man of fifty, with clear-cut features and an expression of much dignity. Unlike the generality of his countrymen, who let their hair hang loosely over their shoulders, his head was shaved. His sheepskin gown had a broad border of otter fur, and on his head was a blue cloth cap with sable trimmings. The servants

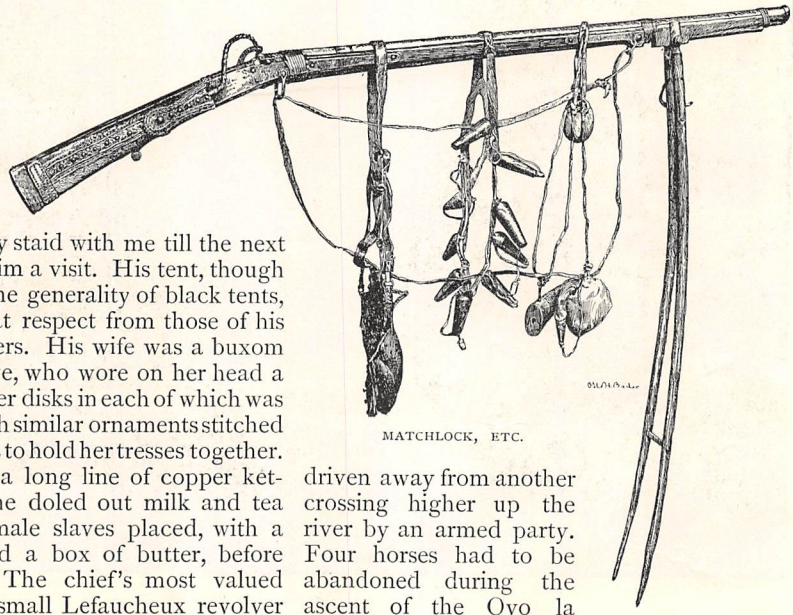
[1] This pass is 15,500 feet above the sea-level.

wore cotton-covered hats with wide rims and very high but narrow crowns — exaggerated Korean hats in common use in eastern Tibet and the Koko-nor in summer time. The chief brought me a bag of tsamba, another of cheese, and some butter, and said that the next day he would send me two sheep. This very kind reception astonished us, but it was soon explained. About a fortnight before, he told us, he had seen a T'ung-shih from Hsi-ning on his way south, who had said it was possible that an official from Peking would pass this way, and who had asked him, as a personal favor, to do all he could to assist the officer. This was truly an agreeable surprise, and proved that the protestations of friendship on the part of my late fellow-traveler had been sincere. His assistance was most timely, as the chief added that but for the T'ung-shih's request he would have done nothing for me.

He and his party staid with me till the next day, when I paid him a visit. His tent, though much larger than the generality of black tents, differed only in that respect from those of his less wealthy followers. His wife was a buxom woman of thirty-five, who wore on her head a crown of large amber disks in each of which was set a coral bead, with similar ornaments stitched on black satin bands to hold her tresses together. She presided over a long line of copper kettles, from which she doled out milk and tea that male and female slaves placed, with a bag of tsamba and a box of butter, before each new-comer. The chief's most valued belongings were a small Lefaucheux revolver he had bought from a Chinese, and a few fowls brought back as curiosities from a journey into Ssu-ch'uan.

He readily agreed to hire me a number of yaks to carry my luggage as far as Jyékundo, the first town south of the Dré ch'u, and exchanged three or four fresh horses for my worst ones. Besides a few presents of no great value, I promised to send him a revolver and a hundred cartridges on arriving at Jyékundo. This prize delighted him. He said that his peace was being continually broken by the Golok, who made raids on his lands; but now he would be able to sleep quietly, for when they learned, as he would take care they should learn, that he had a "six-shooter," they would be more wary how they troubled him. We parted the best of friends, and his sons made me promise to return, agreeing to accompany me to Lh'asa then, if I wished it.

The next day we set out for Jyékundo with the addition to my party of two Tibetans riding yaks, and six yaks carrying my baggage. The chief had instructed our guide not to follow the highway, which would take us through several large villages, but to take a more direct, though a more rugged, trail. I cannot here dwell on the incidents of this part of the journey, during which we ascended six passes, five of them considerably over 15,000 feet above the sea level, crossed the Dré ch'u, our horses and cattle swimming, after having been driven away from another crossing higher up the river by an armed party. Four horses had to be abandoned during the ascent of the Oyo la (altitude 15,670 feet), and after seven days of excessive fatigue and hunger, during which three of us, notwithstanding the horsehair blinkers we wore, became snow-blind, we finally reached our destination, but ill prepared for the reception that awaited us.

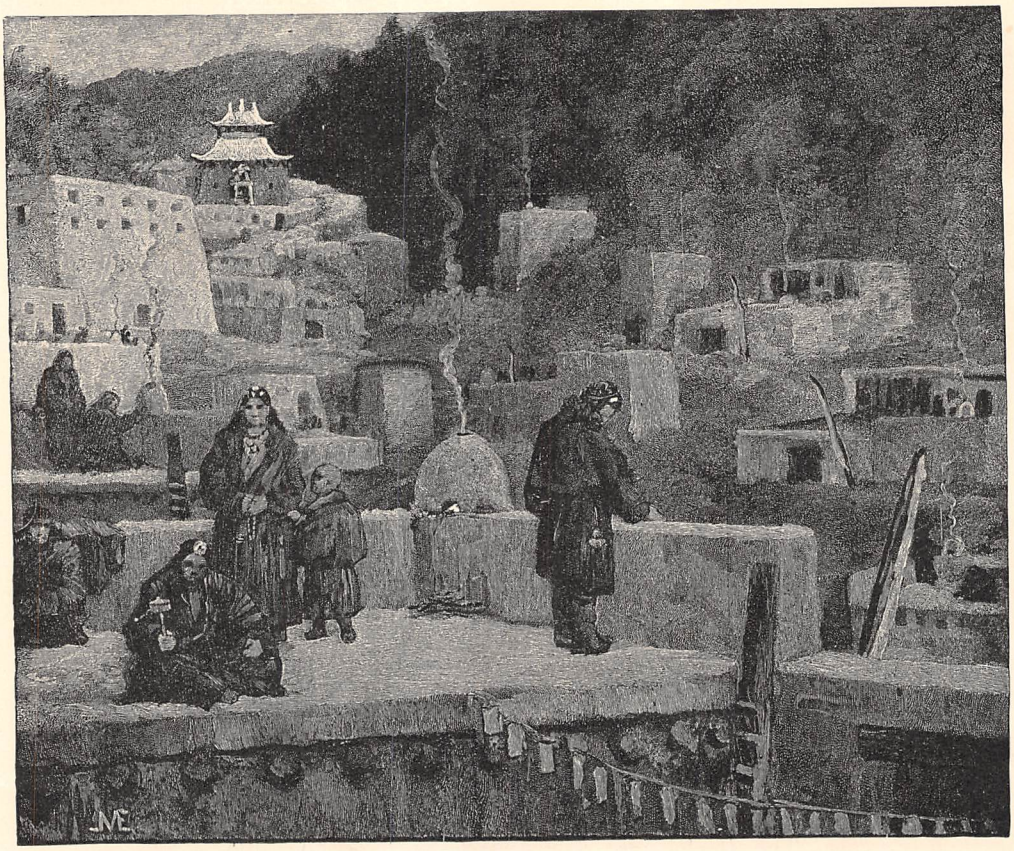


MATCHLOCK, ETC.

The generic name for eastern Tibet is K'ams, or K'amdo. It is divided into eighteen principalities ruled by semi-independent chiefs, some of whom are styled *Jyabo*, or "king," others *Déba*, or "prefect." Some districts are subject to Lh'asa,[1] paying tribute to and receiving officials from that country; others, chief among which is Dérgé, have preserved their perfect independence, admitting no interference on the part of China or Lh'asa. The people are called K'amba, but more generally they are designated by their tribal names, Horba, Dérgéwa, Lit'angwa, etc. They are divided into two classes, highland nomads and lowland

[1] Among these Mä-nya (in Chinese, Chan-tui) has, within the year, driven out the officers from Lh'asa and declared its independence of that kingdom. (From a letter from Mgr. Biet of February 26, 1890.)

husbandmen. The first live in tents in the smaller valleys, the second dwell in several-storied houses of stone in the larger and warmer valleys, where alone cultivation of the soil is possible. But the most marked distinction between these two classes is found in their marriage relations. Among the nomads, where property is easily divided and where existence is not dependent on the produce of the soil, monogamy is the general and probably universal rule. In the agricultural districts, on the contrary, where arable soil is very limited and houses are not so built that they can accommodate several families, polyandry is common, and among the wealthy polygamy is frequently found. In Dérgé, more than in any other principality, is polyandry met with; and I was everywhere assured that it was because it was preëminently an agricultural district, or, as Baber puts it, a country of husbandmen. Both systems work satisfactorily. Women play the most important rôle in every household; no buying or selling is done in any family except with the wife's consent and approval. Without considering the mental qualifications of the women of this country to the exalted position they hold, they appear to be physically entitled to it, for they are, in this respect, greatly the superiors of the men. Chinese authors have not failed to assign to the finer physique of Tibetan women the prevalence of polyandry among them. Whatever may be the cause of this custom, its existence and the influential position assigned to women in Tibet date back to remote periods. As early as the seventh century of the Christian era one of the principalities of eastern Tibet was ruled over by a queen, and men had nothing to do with the government of this state, but only fought the country's wars and cultivated the soil. This was the Nü Kuo, "the country of women," and corresponded approximately to the present Nya-rong, which I traversed on my journey.[1]



EVENING PRAYERS ON THE HOUSETOPS.

I cannot drop this subject without quoting a passage from E. C. Baber's "Journey of Exploration in Western Ssu-ch'uan"; for, though we differ radically on the subject, the

[1] At the present day the Tibetan principality of So-mo (or Po-mo), south-southwest of Sung-p'an, is governed by a woman, perhaps the lineal descendant of the Su-pi of the Nü Kuo. Possibly even So-mo is the modern equivalent of the ancient Su-pi.

concluding phrase of his argument appears to open a new field of research; besides, any statement of his is worth consideration.

In Tibetan countries the distinction between lowlands and highlands, plowland and pasture, is very strongly marked. Wheat is as grand a luxury in the latter as beef and mutton in the former; and many other antitheses might be cited, the most remarkable of which is that polygamy obtains in valleys, while polyandry prevails in the uplands. In the valley farms, I am told, the work is light and suitable for women, but the rough life and hard fare of a shepherd on pastures 13,000 feet or more above sea-level is too severe for the sex. This explanation has been given me by a European of great experience and long residence in these countries, whose personal conviction, though adverse to marriage in his own case, is strictly monogamous; nevertheless, he feels compelled to admit that the two systems, working side by side, mutually compensate the evils of each, and that both are reasonable under the circumstances and probably requisite. The subject raises many curious and by no means frivolous questions, but I cannot help thinking it singular that the conduct of courtship and matrimony should be regulated by barometrical pressure.[1]

The people of eastern Tibet do not differ materially in appearance or stature from those near the Koko-nor, though their features are perhaps more clear-cut, the nose thinner and more prominent, and the eyes larger. I saw among them not a few with hazel eyes and curly or wavy hair. The women are as tall as the men, much more fully developed, and frequently quite good-looking. But the iron rule of fashion forces them to hide their rosy cheeks under a thick coating of *teu-ja*, a black, sticky paste made of catechu. This is to preserve their complexion from the cutting wind —so say those who are matter-of-fact, but others tell a different tale. More than a hundred years ago there lived at Lh'asa a great saint named Démo Rinpoch'é, who did much to restore the purity of monastic life, which had greatly suffered under the licentious rule of the sixth pontiff of Lh'asa, Ts'ang-yang jyats'o. Canon law says that when a monk goes abroad he must keep his eyes fixed on the ground some little distance ahead of him, looking neither to the right nor to the left; but the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of the women caused the lamas to forget this law, and great disorders ensued. Démo Rinpoch'é then commanded that no woman should go abroad unless her face was well besmeared with black, and soon this became a fashion throughout the whole country.

Time and again I tried to induce girls in the houses where I was stopping to wash their faces clean, promising them beads and other ornaments; but in vain. They said they washed only when the feasts came around, some four or five times a year. This suggests that the story of Démo Rinpoch'é is not true, and that the origin of this custom may be found in the Tibetans' well-known abhorrence of washing.

Like the women of India, those of Tibet have made into ornaments for their persons all the silver or gold they can get — plates of repoussé work for the head, earrings, buckles, buttons, rings, chatelaines from which hang their needle-cases and keys, charm boxes, etc. The mode of using head ornaments varies in different localities. At Lit'ang they wear a repoussé disk on each side, while in the Horba country they have only one — on the front of their heads if they are married to natives, or on the back if they have Chinese husbands. The men wear nearly as much jewelry as the women, ornamenting with silver their sword hilts and scabbards, their saddles, guns, tinder-boxes, and wooden bowls, besides wearing earrings, rings, and charm boxes made of that metal and set with coral and turquoise beads.

Though the Tibetans make less show of their religion than the Mongols, all observe a few ceremonies, some of which are very pleasing — none more so than the chanting of evening prayers. A little before dark lamps are lighted on the altars in the temples, and a number of lamas play a weird, plaintive hymn on horns and clarinets. Then every housewife ascends to the roof of her dwelling and lights a bundle of juniper boughs in furnaces specially made for that purpose; and while the fragrant smoke ascends she and the other members of the household chant a hymn or litany, the fine deep tones of the men and the higher notes of the women blending most agreeably with the distant music in the lamasery. In the early morning juniper boughs are again burned on the housetops, but no prayers are recited. Walking around temples and incising on slabs of stone the mystic formula *Om mani padme hūm* are other modes of manifesting religious feeling. Along all the roads in the country one sees piles of stones, in many cases fifty to a hundred feet long and ten to fifteen high, in which each stone has carved on it this or some other mystic sentence, or sometimes even long passages from the sacred books. These are called "*mani* walls," and their erection is held to be a most meritorious work, beneficial to all mankind. Several times on my journey,

[1] Andrew Wilson, in his "Abode of Snow," p. 193, says that a Moravian missionary in western Tibet defended polyandry, not as a good thing in the abstract, or one to be tolerated among Christians, but as good for the heathen in so sterile a country, where an increasing population would provoke eternal warfare or eternal want. Samuel Turner made similar remarks nearly a century ago.

in localities where shaly stones were plentiful I passed camps of people who were laboriously sculpturing slabs and slowly building a *mani* wall.

The funeral customs are peculiar. Among the nomads the dead are disposed of by exposure on the hillsides, as among the tribes of the Koko-nor. In the agricultural districts three modes are in vogue, but in no case does the funeral take place while the crops are yet standing; pending that season the corpses are well salted and kept in large covered baskets. The bodies of the rich and of lamas are fed to vultures or to dogs, and in a few cases are burned; those of the poor are thrown into the river. For this reason fish are never eaten.

In eastern Tibet, as in other parts of the country, the lamas constitute the most powerful, wealthy, and influential class. Among the nomads they rarely dwell and lamaseries naturally are never seen, but in the lowlands they swarm.[1] But though the lamas do not live among the nomads, the lamas visit the latter frequently, and also to some purpose. One meets parties of lamas on every road with large droves of yaks bending under heavy loads of every product of the land, the gifts of the laity, the price paid for prayers and exorcisms. Every lamasery owns large estates, and its tenantry and slaves are no more amenable to the laws of the country than are the lamas. The abbots of all the principal lamaseries are appointed by the Lh'asa Government, which for years has been endeavoring to annex this part of the country and has occasioned through its intrigues a number of wars.

The gentle and humane teachings of the Buddha Shakyamuni are not often present to the minds of these unruly monks, who, like the Templars, join in their persons the characters of soldier, priest, and trader. The chief lamaseries of the country are but fortresses, and the well-armed and well-mounted lamas are always ready for the fray. Feuds between rival lamaseries are continual, and their mode of declaring war is unique. The lamas wear no breeches, only a long kilt, a waistcoat, and a shawl. When they are about to set out on a military expedition and expect to be in the saddle for days the necessity for nether garments becomes imperative, and the order goes forth, "Make your shawls into trousers." It frequently occurs that this beginning of hostilities is enough to bring the weaker party to its senses, and without waiting to be attacked it sues for peace.

Fortunately lamas are tolerant, and religious wars of very rare occurrence. The lamas are divided into four sects, by the Chinese called Yellow, Red, Black, and White, and there is also the non-Buddhist sect of Beunbo. This last religion is identified by the Chinese with Taoism, but for convenience of comparison only, for it closely resembles Lamaism. In two ceremonies only do the priests of this faith offend Lamaist convictions — they walk around sacred buildings and monuments keeping them on their left hand, and they sacrifice live animals to their gods. These Beunbo are looked down upon by lamas and laity; but as they read prayers cheaper than the lamas, their services are in constant demand among the people. Strange as it may seem among so religious a race as the Tibetans, the people do not appear to belong to any one of the above sects or schools of religion, but call in the services of lamas of any of them. While at Ta-chien-lu I lived in the house of a wealthy and devout Tibetan who every day had a lama reading prayers; one day it was a Yellow lama, the next a Red or a Black one, or possibly even a Beunbo. An explanation of this may be found in the fact that these sects differ more in the gods they revere than in any dogma or ceremony.

Among the curious customs of the Tibetans I must not omit to mention their modes of salutation. Those near the Dré ch'u salute one another by holding out both hands, palms uppermost, sticking out the tongue, and then saying "*Oji, oji.*" Farther south they omit putting out the tongue, and say "*Ka-té*" ("How fares it?"), to which the other answers, "*Ka maté*" ("It fares not badly"). To a person of high rank they bow low and take off their hats. A Lh'asa man is easily recognized by his salute: he sticks out his tongue and pulls his right ear, rubbing the while his left hip. The Chinese bow tends, however, to displace this national one, which is now confined to the lower classes. A visitor on leaving says to his host, "*Kalé ju,*" literally "Remain slowly"; to which the other responds, "*Kalé p'é*" ("Go slowly"; or, as we might put it, "Look out for yourself").

W. Woodville Rockhill.

[1] The population of eastern Tibet is approximately 150,000, of which from 20,000 to 35,000 are lamas. Between Jyékundo and Ta-chien-lu, a distance of about six hundred miles, I passed thirty-six large lamaseries, five of which had from 2000 to 4000 inmates, and in the smallest of which there was over a hundred. Chinese authors estimate that a third of the male population of Tibet enters the church.

THE ANGLO-SAXON IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.[1]

THE WORKINGMAN IN AUSTRALIA.

N Australia we have a continent reserved in the Southern Hemisphere, as the greater part of North America is reserved in the opposite hemisphere, for the social and political experiments of the Anglo-Saxon race. The already many-sided development of our English-speaking people has here found for itself a large and splendid field, where the conditions are in many ways new and deeply interesting.

Australia is adding a new chapter to our race experience. As we study it we should remember that the value of this race experience is cumulative. More and more the various sections of our English-speaking world must react upon one another. Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australasia, South Africa, these are the old and the new centers of that ever-widening life to which a common genesis, language, and literature, a common necessity of dealing with other races, and, on the whole, parallel lines of political and social effort, give that degree of likeness which produces mutual interest and mutual reaction. Already our politics and literature furnish abundant illustrations of the extent to which these communities influence one another. Professor Bryce's latest book supplies conclusive proof of the deep, sympathetic, and critical attention with which the evolution of American institutions is watched in Great Britain, while a glance at any American book-shelf shows that British thought, beyond that of any other country, is constantly molding American opinion in every conceivable range of inquiry.

In his "Problems of Greater Britain" Sir Charles Dilke shows how the great colonies are furnishing, almost as much as the United States furnish, precedents helpful for the solution of questions which have engaged the attention of the motherland for centuries.

Canada, in framing her federal system, has grafted many of the results of American experience upon British institutions, and in the corresponding system which Australia is planning she will draw lessons from Great Britain, the United States, and Canada alike. In at least two great congeries of British states, possibly in the empire itself, the United States is destined to see new and important applications of federal ideas.

In the wonderful range of mutual reaction of which these are but a few examples Australia is sure to become a factor not only of importance but of marked individuality. Of all the countries which have been originally settled as offshoots of Great Britain it has the population which is most exclusively British. No other European nation has ever held any part of it, nor has the drift of continental emigration been directed to its shores. No weaker race has got, or, as I shall have to show later, is likely to get, such a footing there as will enable it to confuse the forms of national growth. Australia is more Anglo-Saxon than the United States, with their negro millions and their steady inflow of continental emigrants; more Anglo-Saxon than Canada, with its considerable fraction of French population; than South Africa, with its Dutch Boers and native races; than any country save Great Britain itself. Under the sunny skies of the Southern Hemisphere an almost purely British stock has a continent to itself as an unfilled sheet on which to write the history of its development.

Australia, again, contrasts sharply with all the other continents in those physical conditions which in the long run modify national characteristics. Its comparative isolation in the southern seas is only a type of the isolated character of many of its chief phenomena. Exceptional conditions of soil and climate, and probably also of geological history, have given it a flora and a fauna peculiar to itself. Within an area about equal to that of the United States it presents a strange combination of extraordinary inducements to man's occupation, and hindrances equally extraordinary. A climate among the most seductive and delightful in the world at times turns traitor and with relentless grip crushes out over vast areas the hope of farmer and shepherd. In some large sections an unexampled fertility of soil and a capacity to produce as few other coun-

1 "Uppingham," in this magazine for September, 1888, and "The Reorganization of the British Empire," in December, 1888, are by the same author.

tries can everything "that is pleasant to the sight and good for food" are matched in others by a hopeless aridity to which even Africa can scarcely furnish a parallel. Over wide stretches of country the traveler meets with a monotony of scenery and a sameness of gloomy vegetation which must be seen to be understood, while in other districts all the arts of nature seem exhausted in producing picturesque effects or in giving luxuriant variety to the forms of production.

The want of lakes and great rivers, the absence of gurgling streams and fountains, seem well-nigh unbearable to those accustomed to Europe or America, but the Australian finds compensation in the stimulating elasticity of his sunny atmosphere with the outdoor life which it permits, and shudders at the thought of English mists, Canadian winters, and chilly New England springs. In its production of gold Australia was once the marvel of the world, and now new discoveries of silver as well as of gold render it probable that the application of capital and science to mining may wrest as great treasures from the center of her deserts and the heart of her hills as were once dug up from the loose soil of Ballarat and Bendigo.

It is the one continent of which it may truly be said that not only its history but even the character and temperament of its people have been primarily influenced by the geological circumstances which gave it great mineral deposits.

The partly desert and partly pastoral character of central Australia leads to the peculiar result, evidently a permanent one, that the mass of the population is settling on the rim of the continent. Each province fronts on the sea, and from this maritime base is gradually wrestling with the difficult problem of its arid interior. Large inland cities Australia can never have. Great maritime cities it already has, which increase in size out of all ordinary proportion to the general population of the country. This maritime situation of all the provinces, with an uninhabitable or partly habitable inland region, which divides north from south and east from west, is sure to give peculiar features to the political and social future of the country. The settlement of a vast agricultural population on fertile inland plains, which seems the most striking feature in the growth of the United States and Canada, will be almost entirely wanting here. Instead of this it seems likely that the great mineral and pastoral areas will continue to contribute, as they do now, to the exceptional prosperity of dense populations gathered in the cities of the coast, or in the more limited but exceedingly rich agricultural districts comparatively near the sea.

Most striking of all its features in contrast and potential influence are its climatic conditions. Southern Australia has the temperature of southern Italy; parts of northern Australia, that of the West Indies. The grape and olive, orange and lemon, in the south; in the north the pineapple, sugar-cane, and banana—these mark the climatic limits. There is no northern Europe, Scotland, New England, or Canada to toughen the fiber of the race. For the first time the Anglo-Saxon has a whole continent where his environment tends to relax the strain of life. One has only to go to Australia to see that he enjoys the change. But will it weaken him? or what will be the line of modification? It is perhaps too soon to do more than to observe tendencies, for the history of the country is short.

A century practically covers the whole of it, while the actual record of vigorous growth is comprised within little more than half that time. The first settlement was partly a result of the American Revolution. Some new outlet was sought by the British Government for the criminals previously transported to the plantations of the Southern States or to the West Indies, and Australia was selected as a remote and entirely unsettled part of the world.

The first penal colony was founded in 1788, and thenceforward for many a day Botany Bay and Van Diemen's Land became associated in men's minds with the despair and degradation of human life. It was not a hopeful beginning. Toiling sometimes in chains, sometimes under the eye of armed keepers, and always in exile, men laid the foundations of a country which was to become in a peculiar degree the happy home of free and prosperous labor.

It is remarkable how little permanent impress the convict system with its tragedies of sin and suffering left behind it. Men transported for political offenses, for smuggling, poaching, and other misdeeds generally associated in the mind with energy and daring rather than with deeper criminality, became in many cases hardy and useful pioneers when their period of punishment had expired. Many perished by dissipation and violence. In the confused days of the gold excitement some betook themselves to bush-ranging and were exterminated with relentless severity. Comparatively few married, and the worst class largely perished with the individuals who composed it. If Australia suffered in the character of her earlier settlers, she was more than compensated by those who came later. As soon as the pastoral and agricultural capacities of the country became known, men of capital and education came in unusual numbers to the country, attracted by the facilities for obtaining land and by the advantage of cheap penal labor. With the discovery of gold in 1851 the history of

the country really began. There followed an influx of energy and enterprise such as a new country has perhaps never before received. No fields so rich or nuggets so large had ever been found before. In 1852 alone one hundred and seventy-four tons of gold were obtained. The Californian fields were now becoming exhausted, and from America as well as from Europe men crowded to this new El Dorado. In 1853 forty thousand miners were at work in the diggings of Ballarat and the neighboring districts alone. The population of Victoria increased at the rate of nearly 100,000 a year.

The overmastering energy of the new population was even more remarkable than its numbers. It is not too much to say that the men who came to Australia in the years that succeeded 1851 formed one of the most vigorous and interesting communities of modern times. They were eminently fitted to lay the foundations of a new state. Disorder was suppressed and the supremacy of law established with a vigor and completeness unexampled elsewhere under like conditions of rapid growth. It is a remarkable fact, considering the conditions under which the country was populated, that lynch law has rarely been resorted to as supplementary to the ordinary course of justice, and is now, even in the remote mining and pastoral districts, practically unknown.

In framing the institutions of the country the people had, moreover, a free hand. Great Britain's new colonial policy of leaving her colonists to work out their own development on their own lines was now practically established. The independent and self-reliant character of the population, the prosperity of the country, the freedom of self-government, and the exceptional circumstances connected with the growth of the provinces of Australia, have had the result that to-day we have legislative tendencies and social conditions which in some respects are of a more democratic type than in any other English-speaking country. So democratic are they that there has never existed any strong temptation to make them republican. The tendency is rather towards advanced forms of state socialism.

To the student of social questions the feature in the development of Australian democracy which first arrests the attention is the condition of industry. Ends which on the continent of Europe reformers have only dreamed of and rulers have but begun to think about, which in Great Britain and even in America are being reached slowly and painfully, have here been gained at a bound, and are now accepted as in the natural order of events.

The position of the laboring man in Australia is unique. He has shorter hours of work, a higher average of pay, and more distinct and direct political recognition than anywhere else. The combinations among workmen to give effect to their views are the most complete yet devised. Eight hours is the limit now fixed by custom for a working day, and the custom is so universal that no law is needed to give it force. The struggle by which this limit was secured in Victoria took place as far back as 1856. On the main street of Ballarat is a monument erected to the memory of James Galloway, there described as the "founder" of the eight-hour system in Victoria, and he died in 1860. On the same monument is inscribed the Australian workingman's ideal, "Eight hours' work, eight hours' recreation, eight hours' rest." To commemorate the triumph of labor the 22d of April is observed in Melbourne as a festival under the name of the "Eight Hours' Day." A public holiday is proclaimed; the trades march in procession; the city corporation, the governor, and the leading public men unite in recognizing and giving significance to the general holiday. Thus is an epoch marked by a country which happily has no victories to celebrate but those of industry.

The shortened day's work gives the artisan an opportunity for an evening's enjoyment. Almost universally in the larger towns but five hours' work is done on Saturday. In the afternoon the workmen crowd to the public parks and gardens, to the foot-ball or cricket grounds, or go upon excursions to an extent greater than I have ever observed elsewhere. They have time for amusements and money to spend upon them. Judged by all known standards the workman's paradise is here.

One asks whether this position won by industry is permanent, or is made possible only by abnormal and temporary conditions.

It is clear that Australia's economic history is quite exceptional. The country has never been crippled or hampered by wars. The native population was never numerous enough to make serious resistance to the occupation of the land, and British men-of-war on the coasts have kept off all external danger. Never did people walk along safer paths to industrial prosperity. The product of gold alone between its discovery in 1851 and 1888 was nearly £300,000,000 sterling. In addition to this there has been a constant flow of British capital into the country for every purpose of speculation and enterprise. During the last twenty years a system of state borrowing for the construction of public works has given a steadiness to the labor market not to be looked for under other circumstances. Meanwhile competition in labor has been lessened by the distance of the country from the great centers of European population. It costs about five times

as much to go from Europe to Australia as to the United States or Canada. The greater difficulty of return makes the break more trying for the emigrant, and therefore less lightly undertaken. As a consequence, in spite of the great attractions they offer to the workingman, all the colonies have up to a recent date spent considerable sums in giving assistance to desirable immigrants in order to supply the requirements for labor.

It seems fairly clear that the present advantageous and indeed unequaled condition of the workingman in Australia has sprung from the three facts I have mentioned, viz.: the extraordinary prosperity caused by the gold discoveries, an exceptional command of outside capital, and a natural restriction on labor competition unknown in Europe or America. One other condition should be noted. I shall have occasion to refer to the singular concentration of population in the towns. This gives to labor a facility of combination much greater than is possible in countries where the population is largely agricultural and is widely scattered. The labor questions of Australia are practically settled by the action taken in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide, and the relative influence of the urban population is far greater than in any other English-speaking community.

In saying that the status of the workingman is the outcome of exceptional circumstances I do not mean to suggest that it cannot be permanent. This is an open question. A great financial crisis, or a large influx of population, would apply crucial tests to the existing conditions of the labor problem. Prudent Australian financiers expressed to me the gravest doubts whether the country, with all its splendid resources, could bear its burdens and maintain its prosperity without a much larger producing population than it has, pointing out that the amazing buoyancy of American finance seemed to depend on an immense influx of productive and competitive labor. The workingman in Australia, on the other hand, objects to any such indiscriminate immigration as that which has filled up America, and evidently fears that it would weaken the supremacy he enjoys. Feeling runs strongly at times upon such questions, and occasionally one hears the further immigration of the poor from Europe objected to at labor meetings in a tone which makes one ask whether the workingman is not prepared to repeat on this vast continent the selfishness, nowhere more vehemently denounced than here, of the landlord in the small countries of the Old World. This extreme view, however, is probably local, temporary, and merely indicative of the hard fight which labor is certain to make for the position it has won.

It may be said generally that in race and labor problems American lines of national development are closely watched in Australia. They are watched for warning as well as for suggestion. When Australians object to the Chinaman overrunning the country with his cheap labor they are glad to find themselves in sympathy with Americans of the Pacific coast. When they object to the introduction, under specious pretexts, of a colored and quasi-servile population in the northern tropical districts, it is from America that they draw their warning. The war of secession, and American difficulties in dealing with the negro, have planted in the Australian mind a fixed resolution not to allow any large race question to grow up which may weigh down future generations with its grievous problems. To one portion of the Australian continent the temptation to permit something of the kind has come under subtle forms. Northern Queensland is tropical in climate and productions. As a sugar-producing country portions of it can scarcely be excelled. But where the sugar-cane flourishes the white man works with difficulty, if he can work at all. Up to a short time ago planters were allowed to import Kanakas from the islands of the Pacific to work the plantations, and under this arrangement large amounts of capital were invested in the business. The importations were made under a regulated system of contract. No engagement was to be for longer than three years, and every precaution was taken to make sure that the contracts were purely voluntary and the treatment of the laborers humane.

But even under arrangements so strict as this Australia grew restless and remains suspicious. A bill has passed the Queensland legislature to prevent the further importation of Kanakas after a fixed date. The planters assert that the carrying out of this bill means ruin for them, and that it has been passed through the jealousy of the white laborer, afraid even of the neighborhood of cheap competitors. Opinion in Queensland is thus divided: in other parts of Australia where local influences are not so strong, it seems to me to favor restriction. "Better an industry should perish and capital be sacrificed," men say, "than that a modified system of slavery should attain the magnitude of a great interest in this free continent."

A nice question arises, put to me thus by one of the foremost public men of Australia: "Can a population of white laborers, with votes, be expected to rule justly and wisely a population of competing black laborers, without votes?"

He had come to the fixed conclusion that it was not to be expected, and that the social

and political dangers infinitely outweighed the industrial and financial advantage of having a colored laboring population. If the conflict of opinion now going on does result in the continued employment of colored races on any considerable scale, it will certainly be under stricter regulations and closer supervision than it ever has been in any other country. Nor will there ever be a colored vote to influence national politics.

Still more decisive is the stand which has been taken against any considerable influx of Chinese. Upon this point the opinion of all classes is practically unanimous. Resistance has been urged as vigorously and almost as passionately by responsible statesmen as by trades unions or irresponsible mobs. To oppose Chinese immigration has almost become the touchstone of Australian patriotism. Where imperial treaties have stood in the way of exclusion the treaties have had to yield to the popular resolve, and Great Britain has been left to patch up the matter with China as best she can. Indications these are, no doubt, of national and industrial selfishness. The instinct of self-preservation asserting itself, is the Australian explanation. Labor has gained a new place in the world, and must make a stand for what it has won. Civilization has a new opportunity, and it is threatened. The danger is far greater than in America, perhaps imminent. China, with its 400,000,000 of people, is close to Australia. The ports of Hong Kong, Singapore, and Batavia form a connected line of easy communication, and only narrow seas lie between populous China and unoccupied Australia, with its auriferous soil, its sunshine, and its easy conditions of money-making, the magnets which draw the Chinaman. The best-paid labor in the world, the highest ideal of laboring comfort, have to face the meanest workmen and the meanest conception of what is essential to life. What makes the position critical is that 4,000,000 face 400,000,000 at close quarters. The strength of British ironclads is behind Australians, or they might have to pay more severely for their impulsive action in denying international rights to China; for China has a navy and is irritated. No code of international morality that I know of can justify the attitude of the Anglo-Saxon to the Mongolian, varying as it has done according to the particular point of national contact. Yet I suspect that race instincts and ideals are too strong for accepted standards of intercourse. I went to Australia under the impression that the anti-Chinese movement found its chief strength in the lower forms of labor jealousy. I came away convinced that it was actuated quite as much by high national ideals.

This objection to having the internal affairs of the country influenced by the Pacific islander or the Asiatic is supplemented by an almost equally strong objection to the neighborhood of other European races.

Australians regard with extreme impatience any attempt which foreign powers make to get a footing in the Pacific. With characteristic race confidence they look forward to complete Anglo-Saxon domination of the southern seas as the natural result of their growth, and object to anything which threatens to hinder the course of manifest destiny. An impulsive effort was made by a single colony to anticipate Germany in taking possession of the whole unoccupied portion of New Guinea; and the refusal of Lord Derby, then the British Colonial Secretary, to indorse the unauthorized action of the colony was highly resented. To retain the part actually occupied the colonies at present unite in contributing a considerable sum.

Still more intense is the objection made to the establishment of French convict stations in the Pacific islands. The presence of a foreign power is here aggravated by the neighborhood of an offensive system, the evils of which Australians know too well.

While other European nations, however, cannot be excluded from the Pacific, Australians can afford to look upon their presence with greater complacence than they do. The Frenchman and the German can only be exotics in any portions of the southern seas open to their occupation. They may establish stations and develop trade, but they cannot create centers of population and national force such as spring up without any artificial stimulus in the temperate regions of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania. The superior energy or the drift of circumstances has placed the Anglo-Saxon in the more temperate areas of the world in Australasia and South Africa as in America, and no limit can be put to the race advantage which he derives from this fact. Political isolation from Europe such as that of America is, however, impossible for the Australian. He has reason to watch the drift of European affairs with interested keenness. The question of whether Great Britain or Russia is in India and holds command of Indian waters is vital to Australia's position in the southern seas. With the bulk of her present trade passing along routes which depend for their security on Great Britain's supremacy in the East, and with large hopes of future trade in the China and Indian seas, her interest in the Eastern question is deep and permanent. With France, Germany, Russia, and China within striking distance, with ambitions in the Pacific especially irritating to some of these powers, with a country and a trade singularly exposed to naval attack,

and with a population small compared with the vast extent of coast to be defended, connection with a great naval power like Great Britain appears essential to Australia's position. Isolated as she seems to be on the map, her interests are singularly European. She has been the first of the great colonies to unite with Great Britain in a friendly arrangement for sharing in the expense of naval defense; and the protection of common trade interests, vast already, and increasing rapidly, is of itself probably sufficient to determine for a long time to come the closest political relations with the mother country.

But this is a question which Australians will have to determine for themselves. Great Britain makes no claim to dominate their political development. If they prefer to take the risks of independent nationality, they will be free to do so. If they decide that greater dignity and greater advantage will flow from association on equal terms in a great state, their position and resources will give them peculiar influence in a closely united British Empire. The question of complete federal union among themselves is now being fought out in the face of provincial jealousies and of hesitation to surrender sovereign provincial rights which recall the difficulties of American statesmen after the Revolution. So entirely free have the separate provinces been left by the motherland to rule themselves that they shrink from submitting to bonds even of their own making. When the rising tide of passion for a united Australia has swept away these obstacles, the country will be in a better position to form a large and matured judgment on the far wider question of British national unity. Meanwhile it seems to me, after some study of the question, that the major forces in Australia, whether they be the opinion of the clearest political minds, the financial, commercial, and military interests and necessities of the country, or the sentiment of the masses of the people, tend towards continued unity with the motherland rather than towards that separation which some regard as the inevitable result of large colonial development.

The geography of the continent is fatal to the dream indulged in by some Australians of a future for the country like that of the United States, where the rapid increment of population has lifted a state into the position of a great world power by the growth of a century. The swift advance, under abnormal circumstances, of the last fifty years has encouraged this dream, but it is clearly impossible of realization. There is nothing to match the great river valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri, or the wide-reaching prairies which in America offered homes to millions of immigrants as soon as the Alleghanies had been passed. Irrigation will do much to support a dense agricultural population in places. Artesian wells may do a good deal for a pastoral population in others, but on the whole the center of Australia will only be conquered slowly, and will never be densely inhabited.

But Australians are justified in framing an ideal no less inspiring, if less magnificent. A slower growth of population carries with it the probability of its being more select, and it is doubtful if any country will give the opportunity for a higher degree of individual prosperity. The glory of Australia, in my opinion, will lie not in the vastness but in the superior quality and opportunities of its population.

The resources of the country are of a kind which strike the imagination, and all the more from the element of chance which enters so largely into them. It did not take many years to exhaust the surface deposits of gold which by their extraordinary richness produced the original rush of the "fifties," but now on many of the very spots where in those days tens of thousands of miners plied the shovel and rocked the cradle shafts have been sunk to great depths to the rich quartz veins beneath, and the search for gold, once purely a game of chance, has here become a settled industry. New discoveries of the precious metals are scarcely less startling than the old ones. Queensland promises to rival Victoria in its gold-producing capacity. Mount Morgan, discovered only five years ago, is unique among the gold mines of the world. It is a low mountain, the whole body of which is impregnated with gold in an extremely diffused state, but yielding extraordinary returns, the dividends for last year alone amounting to about a million pounds sterling. Broken Hill, in New South Wales, discovered seven years ago, has already justified the claim that it is the most valuable and extensive deposit of silver known to exist in the world. By these and other late discoveries the Australian mind, which was settling down to calmness after the old period of gold fever, has been inflamed with new visions of the possibilities of the yet unexplored regions of the continent.

But Australia has in her vast pastoral areas sources of wealth as great and more permanent than those of her mines. Already she has nearly one hundred millions of sheep, which in the mild climate and under the sunny sky of the country require no shelter throughout the year and no food beyond what they get on the open plains. It is true that the sunny sky may change to a sky of brass, and that drought is the dread of the Australian shepherd, herdsman, and farmer. Occasionally there is a suc-

cession of dry seasons, and then sheep have perished by millions and cattle by thousands on the more remote stations. To master recurring droughts is the great problem of Australia's inland future. Here, as elsewhere, nature challenges man's free advance, and places some special obstacle in his way. Australians are facing their task with energy, confidence, and the promise of much success. They have learned the art of drawing wealth even from scrub land of which a single sheep requires several acres for its support. Irrigation works on a large scale have been begun in Victoria and South Australia. The storage of water in reservoirs is being carried out in a large way by municipalities and private companies. Throughout New South Wales and Queensland the boring of artesian wells has met with satisfactory success. Once given the certain means of carrying the flocks and herds through the occasional periods of drought, there seems no limit to the pastoral capacity of such immense provinces as New South Wales and Queensland. With completed systems of irrigation Australia promises to become one of the greatest grape and fruit growing countries in the world. The many difficulties with which men are confronted on this great continent are more than matched by its wonderful possibilities.

George R. Parkin.

(Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.)

THE MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.[1]

TALLEYRAND'S RELATIONS WITH NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

HIS APOLOGY FOR TAKING OFFICE UNDER THE DIRECTORY.

[Talleyrand, learning that a decree from the Convention permitted his return, arrived in Paris in September, 1796. Having been made an Academician in his absence, he delivered two papers before the Institute, one on America, the other on the necessity of French colonies. Almost immediately he established the closest connection with the Directory, and presently became Minister of Foreign Affairs. This is his story of how it came about.]

PERCEIVING no element of order and no guarantee of stability in the various political factions whose struggles I witnessed, I took care to keep aloof from active politics. Madame de Staël, who had again acquired a certain influence, earnestly begged me to go with her to Barras, one of the members of the Directory. I demurred at first; I could not call on a member of the Directory without asking to see all the other Directors, and chiefly those who had been my colleagues in the Constituent Assembly. The reasons alleged to justify my refusal did not seem valid. Besides, they were conveyed through Madame de Staël, who, being anxious that Barras and I should be brought together, so managed matters that the Director sent me a note inviting me to dine with him at Suresnes on a certain day. I had no alternative but to accept. On the appointed day I was at Suresnes at about three o'clock in the afternoon. In the dining-room, which I had to cross to reach the drawing-room, I noticed the table was laid for five persons. Much to my surprise, Madame de Staël was not invited. A man who was rubbing the floor showed me a cupboard containing a few odd books, and told me that the Director — the title given to Barras in private life — seldom came home before half-past four. While I was engaged in reading, I know not what book, two young men came in to ascertain the time by the drawing-room clock, and seeing that it was only half-past three, they said to each other, "We have time to go for a swim." They had not been gone twenty minutes when one of them returned, asking for immediate help; I ran, with all the persons in the house, to the riverside. Opposite the garden, between the highroad and the island, the Seine forms a kind of whirlpool in which one of the young men had disappeared. The watermen of the neighborhood quickly rowed to the spot, and two of them most courageously dived to the bottom, but all the efforts made to save the unfortunate fellow proved vain. I went back to the house.

The corpse of the young man was found only the next day, caught in the weeds at a spot more than six hundred yards distant from the place where he had disappeared. His name was Raymond; Lodève was his birthplace. Barras was very fond of him; he had brought him up, and since he had been appointed a Director he had made him his aide-de-camp. I was alone in the drawing-room, not knowing exactly what to do. Who was to tell Barras the misfortune that had just happened? I had never seen him. My position

1 Extracts from the Memoirs, printed in advance of the volumes by arrangement with Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., the English publishers. (See also THE CENTURY for January.)

was really painful. A carriage drove up. On opening the door the gardener said, "Mr. Raymond has just been drowned; yes, citizen Director, he has just been drowned." Barras crossed the front yard, and rushed up-stairs to his room, crying aloud. After some little time one of his servants told him I was in the drawing-room. He sent me word to excuse his not coming, and requested me to sit down to dinner. The secretary, who had come home with him, remained up-stairs. Thus I was alone at Barras's table. A quarter of an hour having elapsed, a servant came and requested me to go up-stairs. I felt thankful for his supposing that, under the circumstances, the dinner before me could have no attraction. I was quite upset. As I entered his room he took hold of both my hands and embraced me; he was weeping. I said to him all the kind things that the situation in which I found him, and my own feelings, prompted. The sort of embarrassment he at first displayed with me, an utter stranger, gradually disappeared, and the share I took in his trouble seemed to do him good. He begged of me to go back with him to Paris; I readily accepted. From that day I never had any occasion to regret having made his acquaintance. He was a man of an excitable and impulsive nature, easily carried one way or the other; I had known him scarcely a couple of hours, and yet might have almost supposed I was the person he liked best in the world.

Shortly after my first interview the Directory wished to make a change in the Ministry. To this Barras consented on condition that his new friend should be appointed "Minister of Foreign Relations." He defended his proposal with great warmth, and so effectively that it was adopted; at ten o'clock the same night a gendarme called for me at a club named the Salon des Étrangers, and handed me the decree just issued.

The peremptory character of every decree of the Directory, the pressing requests of Madame de Staël, and, more than all, the feeling one cherishes that it may not be impossible to do a little good, caused me to dismiss all idea of declining the post. On the following day, therefore, I called at the Luxembourg in order to thank Barras, after which I went to the Foreign Office.

Under my predecessor, Charles de Lacroix, all state matters concerning his department were previously settled by the Directory. Like the previous secretary, my duties were confined to signing passports and other administrative documents, and to forwarding to the proper quarters the despatches or communications already drafted by the Executive; yet I often delayed those communications, which delay enabled me to soften their terms when the impulse under which they were written had passed away. All business relative to home affairs was kept from me. . . .

It has come to my knowledge that some people, not in the days I speak of, but since the Restoration, considered that it was wrong to accept office in times of crisis and revolution, when it was impossible to work absolute good. Such judgment always appeared to me most superficial. In the affairs of this world we must not simply consider the present moment. *That which is* usually has very small importance, unless we remember that *that which is* produces *that which shall be;* and, indeed, in order to arrive we must start. If we consider matters without prejudice, and, above all, without envy, we will plainly see that men do not always accept office so as to gratify their personal interests; and I might add that it is no mean sacrifice on the part of a political man to consent to being the responsible editor of other people's works. Selfish and timorous natures are incapable of so much self-abnegation; but, I repeat it, it must be borne in mind that, by refusing official posts in times of upheaval, one simply affords greater facilities to those bent upon destruction. He who accepts does so not to second the men or the cause to which he is opposed, but in order to make everything profitable to the future. "En toute chose il faut considérer la fin," said good old La Fontaine, and that is not a mere maxim.

I must not omit to state that Admiral Bruix, for whose character, intellect, and talent I had the greatest esteem, was to be appointed Minister of Marine; I was thus entering in office with a colleague as unacquainted as I was myself with the ways of the Directory, and with whom I could consult as to what good might be done and what evil prevented.

FIRST MEETING WITH GENERAL BONAPARTE.

[It was not long before the astute Minister of Foreign Affairs measured the Directory, and began to look around for a stronger power. In the extract below he tells of his first meeting with Bonaparte, but he does not tell of the singularly courtier-like letter which he himself wrote to the young general, eulogizing his wonderful campaign, and more wonderful treaty, which he styled a true treaty *à la Bonaparte.*]

To give a clear conception of what I have termed the ways of the Directory, I think it will be sufficient to relate the incidents that marked the first council at which I was present. A quarrel took place between Carnot and Barras; the latter charged his colleague with having destroyed a letter which ought to have been submitted to the Directory. They were both standing. Carnot, putting up his hand,

said, "I give you my word of honor that that is not so." "Do not raise your hand," replied Barras; "blood would dribble from it." Such were our rulers, and my task was to try to obtain the readmission of France in the councils of Europe while such men were in power. Difficult as was that great undertaking, I did not hesitate to confront it.

Austria, beaten in Italy, beaten in Germany, seeing her territory invaded on both sides and her capital threatened by General Bonaparte, had already signed preliminaries of peace with him at Leoben, and was now negotiating the final treaty, which became that of Campo Formio. It was during the interval between the preliminaries and the signing of the treaty that I became Minister of Foreign Affairs. On learning of my appointment, General Bonaparte wrote to the members of the Directory to congratulate them on their choice, and also sent me a very polite letter. From that day we kept up a close correspondence. All the young victorious general did, said, or wrote was, in my mind, sufficiently full of originality, sufficiently striking, skillful, and daring, to justify great hopes of his genius. A few weeks after he signed the treaty of Campo Formio (October 17, 1797).

I had never seen him. As already mentioned, he had written to me — on the occasion of my appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs — a long, carefully composed letter, in which he evidently intended I should discover a different man from the one he had hitherto shown himself on the stage of public affairs. . . . On the very evening of his arrival in Paris he sent me an aide-de-camp to inquire at what time he could see me. I replied that I was at his disposal; he sent me word that he would call on me at eleven o'clock the next morning. Of this I informed Madame de Staël, who the following day, at ten o'clock, was in my drawing-room. There were also present several other persons brought by curiosity. I recollect that Bougainville was among them. The General being announced, I went to meet him. As we crossed the drawing-room I introduced Madame de Staël to him, but he hardly paid any attention to her; he noticed only Bougainville, to whom he addressed some pleasant words.

At first sight he struck me as a charming figure; the laurels of twenty victories are so becoming to youth, a handsome eye, a pale complexion, and a certain tired look. We went to my study. This first conversation was, on his side, without reserve. He referred with much courtesy to my appointment to the Ministry, and laid emphasis on the pleasure he had felt in corresponding in France with a person of a different stamp from the Directors.

Then, with scarcely any transition, he said to me, "You are a nephew of the Archbishop of Reims, who is with Louis XVIII." (I noticed that on this occasion he did not say "with the Count of Lille.") "I, too," he added, "have an uncle who is an archdeacon in Corsica; it is he who brought me up. In Corsica, you know, being an archdeacon is the same as being a bishop in France."

We soon returned to the drawing-room, which was now full, and he said aloud: "Citizens, I feel deeply the greeting you accord me; I have done my best when carrying on the war, my best when making peace. It is for the Directory to know how to turn my efforts to profit for the happiness and prosperity of the Republic."

Whereupon we repaired together to the Directory.

[After having made his arrangements with Bonaparte, and watched the interior dissensions of the Directory, till he thought the proper moment had arrived, he retired from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.]

The Directors had experienced the fate which always awaits despots. So long as the armies at their disposal were victorious they were hated, but still they were feared. As soon as their armies were beaten they were despised. They were attacked in the newspapers, in pamphlets, everywhere. Nor were their ministers spared; and this afforded me the looked-for opportunity to leave my post. I had become convinced that the proportion of harm that this position enabled me to prevent was too insignificant, and that later on only would it be possible to effect real good in such a place.

In view of my premeditated retirement I had taken one measure of precaution. I had confided my intentions to General Bonaparte before his departure for Egypt; he had approved my motives, and had readily consented to ask the Directory to give me the embassy at Constantinople, if there was a possibility of coming to terms with Turkey, or to authorize me to go and join him at Cairo, where it was to be expected there would have to be negotiations with the Porte.

Having obtained this authorization, and resigned office, I retired to the country, not far from Paris, to await events.

BONAPARTE TURNS PALE.

[Then came the return of Napoleon from Egypt, plots for the overthrow of the Directory, and the final establishment of the Consulate. Here is Talleyrand's account of a grotesque incident that interrupted one of the nights of plotting between himself and Bonaparte.]

A FEW nights before the 18th Brumaire a little scene was enacted at my house which would be void of interest but for the circumstances.

General Bonaparte, then lodging at Rue Chantereine, had come to have a talk with me about the preparations for the eventful day. I was then living on Rue Taitbout, in a house which has since become No. 24, I believe. It stood at the back of a courtyard, and, running from the first floor, there were galleries which led to wings looking on the street. My drawing-room was lighted with several candles: it was one o'clock in the morning, and we were in the middle of a very animated conversation, when we heard a great noise in the street; to the rumbling of carriages was added the galloping of an escort of cavalry. Suddenly the carriages stopped right before the door of my house. The General turned pale, and I quite believe I did the same. The idea struck us both at the same time that they were coming to arrest us by order of the Directory. I blew out the candles and crept stealthily along a gallery to one of the outside wings, from which I could see what was going on in the street. For some time I was at a loss to make anything out of the tumult, but at last I discovered the somewhat grotesque cause.

At this epoch, the Paris streets being very unsafe at night, when the gambling-houses closed at the Palais Royal all the money that had been used for the bank was collected and placed in cabs, and the banker had been allowed by the police to have his cabs escorted by gendarmes, at his expense, to his home in the Rue de Clichy, or thereabout. That night one of the cabs had broken down just in front of my house, and that was the reason of the halt, which lasted for about a quarter of an hour. We had a hearty laugh, the General and I, over our panic — very natural though it was when we knew, as we did, the tendencies of the Directory and the extreme measures it was capable of taking.

HIS APOLOGY FOR SUPPORTING BONAPARTE.

[Talleyrand would seem never to have given up his belief in the monarchical principle, in spite of his democratic speeches and writings in the Constituent Assembly. He would then have preferred that Louis XVI. might have shown himself strong enough to maintain the monarchy, and he now believed that power should again be concentrated in the hands of one man. He wished Bonaparte to be that man, and he tells of his first measures to accomplish this end.]

MONARCHY must now be reëstablished, or its reëstablishment must be postponed to perhaps an indefinite date — and the 18th of Brumaire were in vain.

Reëstablishing monarchy was not raising up the throne once more. There are three degrees or forms of monarchy: it may be elective for a term of years, it may be elective for life, it may be hereditary. What is termed "the throne" cannot appertain to the first of these three forms, and does not necessarily appertain to the second. To reach the third without passing successively through the other two was a matter of absolute impossibility, unless in the event of France being at the mercy of foreign powers. True, it might not have been so had Louis XVI. been alive, but the murder of that prince placed an insurmountable obstacle in this direction.

An immediate transition from polyarchy to hereditary monarchy being then out of the question, it followed, as a necessary consequence, that the reëstablishment of the latter and the reëstablishment of the House of Bourbon could not be simultaneous. And thus it was necessary to try to reëstablish the monarchy without troubling about the Bourbons, whom time might perchance bring back, if he who filled the throne showed himself unworthy of it and deserved to lose it. We had to make a temporary sovereign, who might become a life sovereign and eventually an hereditary monarch. The question at issue was not whether Bonaparte possessed those qualifications that are most to be desired in a monarch; he undoubtedly had those that were indispensable to reaccustom France to monarchical discipline, infatuated as she was with all the revolutionary doctrines; and no one possessed those qualities to such a degree as he did.

The real question was how to make Bonaparte a temporary sovereign. If we proposed that he should be appointed Consul by himself, we betrayed ulterior views which we could not conceal with too great care; if he were given colleagues, his equals in title and power, then we still retained polyarchy.

[Three Consuls were created, or, to speak more accurately, a first, a second, and a third Consul, the prerogatives of each being so arranged that the first (Bonaparte) was *de facto* invested with very nearly the same authority that a sovereign wields in moderate or constitutional monarchies.]

In order to render the First Consul's power more effective, I made a proposal to him, on the very day of his installation, which he eagerly accepted.

The three Consuls were to meet every day, and to hear from each of the ministers an account of the affairs of his department. I observed to General Bonaparte that the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, being secret by its very nature, could not be opened in a council, and that he should reserve to himself the hearing of this report, the Foreign Office being a department which the head of the Government alone should have in hand and administer. He recognized the usefulness of the advice; and as, at the time when a new government is being

organized, it is much easier to regulate everything, it was settled, from the first day, that I should work with the First Consul alone.

HOW THE FIRST CONSUL SNUBBED AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

[He gives a curious glimpse of Napoleon's arrogant temper in his reception of the Austrian envoy. The court of Vienna had chosen this representative because he had already treated with Bonaparte at Campo Formio and had there been in familiar relations with him. Both the Austrian court and the envoy supposed that he would easily resume these relations. The First Consul wished to teach him better, and this is how he did it.]

BONAPARTE gave him an audience at nine o'clock at night, at the Tuileries. He himself had prescribed the arrangement of the room in which he would receive him: it was the drawing-room next to the king's study. In one corner he had placed a little table at which he sat; all the seats had been taken away save some couches which were at a considerable distance from him. On the table were various papers and an inkstand; there was one solitary lamp. The chandelier had not been lighted.

M. von Cobenzl entered; I was escorting him. The darkness of the room; the distance he had to traverse before reaching Bonaparte, whom he could barely discern; the uncomfortable feeling which resulted from this; the greeting vouchsafed by Bonaparte, who stood up and immediately sat down again; the necessity in which M. von Cobenzl found himself of remaining standing—everything combined straightway to put each man in his place, or at least in that particular place which the First Consul had desired to assign to him.

BONAPARTE'S SERVICE TO TALLEYRAND.

[Talleyrand had been excommunicated by the Pope about the time when, as he innocently says in his Memoirs, he sent in his resignation as bishop. Bonaparte now secured the withdrawal of the excommunication.]

AT the time of the battle of Marengo a secret connection had been formed between Bonaparte and the court of Rome. He had had several interviews at Milan with an envoy of Pope Pius VII., just elected at Venice as successor to Pius VI. These interviews were the starting point of the Concordat, signed in Paris, later on, by Cardinal Consalvi. This agreement and its immediate ratification reconciled France with the Holy See, without any other opposition than that of a few military men—good, honest people, to be sure, but whose minds did not rise to a conception of this kind.

It was after this great reconciliation with the Church, in which I was greatly instrumental, that Bonaparte obtained the Pope's brief for my secularization. This brief is dated from St. Peter's at Rome, the 29th of June, 1802.

It seems to me that nothing shows the indulgence of Pius VII. towards me better than what he said one day to Cardinal Consalvi: "M. de Talleyrand! Ah, ah! May God keep his soul! I, for one, like him very much."

THE BEGINNING OF BONAPARTE'S RUIN.

[At last there came a time when Talleyrand began to cool towards Bonaparte. Here is his own statement.]

UNTIL the peace of Amiens, Bonaparte might have committed many an error—where is the man who is faultless? But he had manifested no intentions in the carrying out of which a Frenchman, loving his country, could have hesitated to coöperate. You might not always agree with him as to the means, but the utility of the aim could not be contested at a time when evidently the sole object in view was, on the one hand, to put an end to the war abroad, and, on the other, to terminate the revolution at home by the reëstablishment of royalty—a royalty which, I protest, it was impossible to reëstablish for the benefit of the legitimate heirs of the last king.

The Amiens peace was barely concluded when Bonaparte's moderation seemed to leave him, and it had not been completely put in execution when he was already sowing the seeds of those new wars which were to crush Europe and France and eventually bring about his own ruin.

Piedmont should have been restored to the King of Sardinia immediately after the peace of Lunéville; it was in the hands of France merely in trust. Restoring it would have been an act both of strict justice and of very wise policy. Bonaparte, on the contrary, annexed it to France. I made vain efforts to dissuade him. He looked upon this measure as affecting his own personal interest, his pride seemed to demand it of him, and he turned a deaf ear to all the counsels of prudence.

Although his victories had contributed to the enlargement of France, none of the territories lately annexed had been conquered by the armies he commanded. It was under the Convention that the county of Avignon, Savoy, Belgium, and the left bank of the Rhine had been added to France, and Bonaparte could not claim any of these as his own personal conquests. Being a ruler, and an hereditary ruler, as he wished to be, over a country enlarged by officers who were once his equals, and whom he wanted to make his subjects, seemed almost humiliating to him; and might, moreover, give rise to outbreaks of opposition, which he was

anxious to avoid. Thus it was that, in order to justify his claims to the title of sovereign, he deemed it necessary to add to the territory of France possessions that she should receive from himself. He had been the conqueror of Piedmont in 1796; this fact seemed to point out that country as the very one to fulfil his views. He therefore had its annexation pronounced by the Senate, little dreaming that anybody would call him to account for so monstrous a violation of the most sacred rights of nations.

The English Government, who had made peace only through sheer necessity, having now got over those difficulties at home which had compelled them to sign it, and not having as yet restored Malta, which they wished to retain, seized upon the opportunity afforded them by the annexation of Piedmont to France, and resumed hostilities.

This event hastened Bonaparte's resolve to transform the life-consulate into hereditary monarchy. The English had landed on the coast of Brittany a few devoted and very enterprising emigrants. Bonaparte availed himself of this plot — with which he had fondly believed he could connect Dumouriez, Pichegru, and Moreau, his three rivals in glory — to get the title of Emperor bestowed on himself by the Senate. But this title, which he would have won as surely by wise and moderate means, though perhaps not immediately, was purchased with violence and crime. He did ascend the throne, but that throne was stained with innocent blood — with blood endeared to France by ancient and glorious memories.

The violent and unexplained death of Pichegru, and the means employed to procure the condemnation of Moreau, might be placed to the account of politics; but the assassination of the Duke of Enghien, in which act Bonaparte joined the ranks and secured the adherence of those guilty of the death of Louis XVI. — men who dreaded any kind of power not their own — this murder, I say, could not be either excused or forgiven, and it never has been; and, hence, Bonaparte was reduced to the necessity of boasting of it.

NAPOLEON HAS AN EPILEPTIC ATTACK.

[He gives an account of Napoleon's having something like an epileptic fit, and of the indomitable energy with which he immediately afterward resumed the march.]

I RECEIVED instructions to accompany him to Strasburg, so as to be ready to follow his headquarters according to circumstances (September, 1805). An attack which the Emperor suffered at the beginning of this campaign alarmed me peculiarly.

The very day of his departure from Strasburg I had been dining with him; on rising from table he went alone to the Empress Josephine's apartments, and after a few moments came out again in an abrupt manner. I was in the drawing-room; he took me by the arm and brought me to his room. M. de Rémusat, his first chamberlain, who had certain instructions to get, and was afraid Napoleon might go without giving them to him, entered at the same time. We were barely in when the Emperor fell to the floor. He scarce had time to tell me to close the door. I tore open his neckerchief, as he seemed to be suffocating: he did not vomit; he groaned, and foamed at the mouth. M. de Rémusat gave him some water; I inundated him with eau de Cologne. He had something in the nature of convulsion, which ceased in about a quarter of an hour. We seated him in an arm-chair; he began to speak again, dressed himself, urged upon us to say nothing of this occurrence, and half an hour later he was on the road to Carlsruhe. On reaching Stuttgart he let me know how he was; his letter ended with the words: "I am well. The duke (of Würtemberg) came to meet me as far as outside the first gate of his palace; he is a clever man." Another letter of his, from Stuttgart, and dated the same day, said: "I have heard of Mack's doings; he is getting on as if I led him by the hand myself. He will be trapped in Ulm like a clodhopper."

Efforts have been made since to spread the belief that Mack had been bribed; this is untrue; by their presumption alone were the Austrians ruined. We know very well how their army, beaten partly at several points and driven into Ulm, was obliged to capitulate there, and how the troops were kept in that town as prisoners of war after passing under the Caudine forks.

AUSTERLITZ AND THE FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN.

[Talleyrand was with Bonaparte at Austerlitz. He describes his entrance after the battle, the constant arrival of the captured flags of Austria and Russia, and of prisoners bearing the names of all the great houses of the Austrian Empire. At this moment the despatch bag came from Paris, and Talleyrand tells how Napoleon turned from the glories of Austerlitz to fret over the indifference towards himself of the Faubourg St. Germain.]

A SOMEWHAT piquant incident occurred then, which depicts Napoleon's character and opinions too well to allow of its being omitted here.

The Emperor, who at this time was in very confidential relations with me, desired me to read his correspondence to him. We began with deciphered letters from foreign ambassadors in Paris; they were of little interest to him, since all the news of the globe was really being

enacted round about him. Then we came to the police reports; several letters spoke of the embarrassed condition of the bank due to certain bad measures of the Minister of Finances, M. de Marbois. The report he took greatest notice of was that of Madame de Genlis; it was long and written entirely in her own hand. She spoke of the spirit that animated Paris, and quoted some offensive remarks made, she said, in the houses constituting what was then called the Faubourg St. Germain; she named five or six families which never would, she added, rally to the government of the Emperor. Certain rather biting expressions related by Madame de Genlis threw Napoleon into a state of inconceivable rage; he swore and stormed against the Faubourg St. Germain. "Ah, indeed, they think themselves stronger than I," he would say, "the gentlemen of the Faubourg St. Germain do! We shall see; we shall see!"

And when was this "we shall see" thundered forth? A few hours after a decisive victory over the Russians and the Austrians; so impressed was he with the force and power of public opinion, and especially of the opinion of a few nobles, whose sole offense consisted merely in keeping away from him! Hence it was that, on his returning to Paris later on, he looked upon himself as having made a fresh conquest when Mesdames de Montmorency, de Montemart, and de Chevreuse came to the palace as ladies-in-waiting of the Empress and shed the luster of their nobility on Madame de Bassano, who had been appointed along with them.

TALLEYRAND THWARTS NAPOLEON.

[From this time forward Talleyrand seems never to have hesitated in thwarting Napoleon's views in the treaties he negotiated, whenever he could. Here is one of the first instances he mentioned.]

In the distressed condition to which it was reduced, Austria had no alternative but to submit to the conditions imposed by her victor. These conditions were hard, and the treaty made with M. von Haugwitz rendered it impossible for me to mitigate them in any way except with respect to the "contribution." I so managed, at least, that these conditions could not be made worse by any fallacious interpretation. Being entirely free — thanks to the distance at which Napoleon was from me at the time — to draft them as I chose, I did my very utmost to render their wording unequivocal; wherefore, although he had obtained all it was possible to obtain, the treaty failed to please him. Some time after he wrote to me, "That treaty you made for me at Presburg cramps me a good deal."

This, notwithstanding, he gave me at no distant date a great mark of his satisfaction by creating me Prince of Benevento, the territory of which was occupied by his troops; and it is a pleasure to me to state that this duchy, which I retained until the Restoration, was thereby saved from all kinds of vexatious measures, and even from conscription.

NAPOLEON CHARGED WITH HEARTLESSNESS.

[Talleyrand throws quietly in, without comment, an instance of Napoleon's heartlessness.]

A serious accident which befell General Duroc at Kutno did not delay Bonaparte's journey by a quarter of an hour. He saw him fall, passed by him, went on his way, and not until he had gone five or six miles farther did the idea strike him that he ought to have inquiries made about him.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA AND NAPOLEON.

[After the treaty with Prussia, which followed the famous interview with the Czar in the middle of the Niemen, Talleyrand's sympathies seemed largely on the side of Prussia.]

The Emperor Alexander, pleased that he had lost nothing, that he had gained even something (which favorable historians will dislike to record), and had thus sheltered his prestige in the eyes of his subjects, thought he had fulfilled all the duties of friendship towards the King of Prussia by nominally preserving for him one-half of his kingdom; after which he went away, without even taking the precaution to ascertain whether this half which the king was to retain would be promptly restored to him; if he would get it back in its entirety; and if he might not have to make further sacrifices in order to redeem it. This might be justly apprehended after the coarse question Napoleon asked the Queen of Prussia one day: "How ever did you dare go to war, Madame, with such feeble means as those you had?" "Sire, I must confess it to your Majesty, the glory of Frederick II. had deluded us as to our own power," was the queen's reply. The word "glory," so happily placed,— and in Napoleon's drawing-room at Tilsit, too,— struck me as superb. Afterward I so frequently referred to this noble reply that the Emperor said to me one day, "I am at a loss to see what there is in that saying of the Queen of Prussia that you consider so fine; you may as well talk of something else."

I felt indignant at all I saw, all I heard; but I was obliged to conceal my indignation. Hence I shall ever feel grateful to the Queen of Prussia, who was a queen of other days, for taking kindly notice of my sentiments. If among the scenes of my past life that I conjure up there are several which are necessarily

painful, I at least recall with great gratification the words she vouchsafed to address to me — spoken almost in confidence — on the last occasion that I had the honor to accompany her to her carriage: "Prince of Benevento," said she to me, "there are but two persons who regret that I should have come here; and those are you and I. You are not displeased, are you, that I carry that opinion away with me?"

The tears of emotion and pride which filled my eyes were my reply.

TALLEYRAND LEAVES NAPOLEON'S MINISTRY.

[Contemporary writers have told that Talleyrand was now driven out of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on account of Napoleon's disgust with his venality and belief in his treachery. This is Talleyrand's own account of his retirement.]

On his arrival in Paris, Napoleon created for Marshal Berthier the post of vice-constable, and for me that of vice grand-elector. These offices were honorable and lucrative sinecures. I then left the Ministry, as I had wished to do.

During the whole time that I was intrusted with the Foreign Office I served Napoleon with fidelity and zeal. For a long time he had complied with the views which I deemed it my duty to lay before him. They were based on two considerations — establishing in France monarchical institutions which would assure the authority of the sovereign by keeping it within proper bounds, and dealing cautiously with Europe to make it forgive France her happiness and her glory. In 1807 already Napoleon had long deviated, I acknowledge it, from the path on which I had done everything to keep him; but not before the opportunity which now presented itself had I been able to leave the post I occupied. It was not so easy as people might think to resign active service with him.

TALLEYRAND AND THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

[He maintains that while thwarting Napoleon he was serving Europe, and even serving Napoleon himself.]

The full and entire coöperation of Russia would have enabled him but too well to attain his object. Having a very poor opinion of the genius and character of the Emperor Alexander, he felt confident of success. He proposed, first, to intimidate him, and then to attack at the same time his vanity and his ambition; and, in truth, it was to be feared that on each of these three points the Emperor of Russia might prove but too assailable. But the destiny of Austria willed it that M. de Caulaincourt, a man that people seem to have delighted in misjudging, inspired the Emperor Alexander with some confidence and made him place some in me. I had on several occasions seen him privately at Tilsit. I saw him almost every day at Erfurt. Conversations, of a general character at first, on the common interest existing between the great European powers, on the conditions which would necessarily break the bonds that it was important to maintain between them, on the European equilibrium in general, on the probable consequences of its destruction; conversations, of a more private nature afterwards, on those states whose existence was essential to the equilibrium, on Austria in fine — put the Emperor in such a condition of mind that the caresses, the offers, and the fits of passion of Napoleon were positively fruitless and idle, and that, before leaving Erfurt, the Emperor Alexander wrote, with his own hand, to the Emperor of Austria, to quiet his fears regarding the Erfurt interview. This is the last service I was able to render to Europe while Napoleon reigned; and that service, in my opinion, I rendered also to Napoleon himself. . . .

At all hazards I had done everything that I could to obtain the Emperor Alexander's confidence, and I had succeeded in doing so to such an extent that, at the very commencement of his difficulties with France, he sent to me Count von Nesselrode, counselor at the Russian Embassy in Paris, who said to me on entering my room: "I have just come from St. Petersburg; I hold an official post with Prince Kourakin, but it is to you I have credentials. I am in private correspondence with the Emperor, and I bring you a letter from him."

NAPOLEON'S SPANISH PLOTS.

[Talleyrand devotes an interesting chapter to a detailed account of Napoleon's plots for establishing his brother on the throne of Spain. He thus states his theory of Napoleon's motives.]

Napoleon, being at Finkenstein [his headquarters in Poland during the campaign of 1807], remarked gaily, one day, "I can, when the occasion requires it, throw off the lion's skin and put on that of the fox."

He was fond of deceiving people. He would have deceived for the mere pleasure of doing so; and, even when politics did not require it, his instincts would have led him to indulge in deception. To carry out the schemes he was unceasingly turning over in his head, artifice was hardly less necessary to him than force; and more especially for the accomplishment of his views in regard to Spain did he feel that force alone would not suffice.

Napoleon, seated on one of the thrones of the House of Bourbon, looked upon the

princes who occupied the other two as natural enemies whom it was his interest to overthrow. But that was an undertaking a failure in which would ruin his plans, perhaps ruin himself. It was, therefore, not to be attempted without an absolute certainty of success.

Now the first condition of success in this case was that there should be no fear of a possible diversion on the Continent. . . .

The Emperor had several times spoken to me of his intention to seize Spain. I opposed this project with all my might, and endeavored to show the immorality and the peril of such an undertaking. He always ended by laying stress on the dangers of a possible diversion created at the Pyrenees by the Spanish Government whenever he might be involved in difficulties on the banks of the Rhine or in Italy; and he would quote for me the unfortunate proclamation of Prince de la Paix at the time of the battle of Jena. Many a time before had I refuted this argument by reminding him that it would be supremely unjust to hold the Spanish nation responsible for the fault of a man that she detested and despised, and that he would find it easier to overthrow the Prince de la Paix than to get possession of Spain. But to this he would reply that the idea of Prince de la Paix might be adopted by others, and that he would never be safe along his Pyrenean frontiers. It was then that, driven to extremities by the captious arguments of his ambition, I proposed a plan to him which offered the very guarantees of security he was feigning to seek in the direction of Spain. I advised him to occupy Catalonia until such time as he should be able to obtain a maritime peace with England. "Let it be known," I said to him, "that you will keep it as a pledge until peace is concluded, and you will thereby hold the Spanish Government in check. Should peace be long delayed, it is possible that Catalonia, which is the least Spanish of all the provinces of Spain, might become attached to France, nor are historical traditions wanting to help such a feeling; and perhaps it might then be annexed to France altogether. But anything you do beyond that cannot fail some day to be a source of bitter regret for you."

He would not be convinced, and thenceforth he distrusted me on this question. [Eventually] he tempted the cupidity and ambition of Prince de la Paix by a treaty for the partition of Portugal.

[The Spanish princes were decoyed across the frontier, and Napoleon had ordered that they should be quartered under guard in Talleyrand's château at Valençay. He thus describes their reception.]

I had been at my château for several days when the princes arrived. The moment of their arrival has left in my soul an impression which will never wear away. The princes were young; and they, their surroundings, their clothes, their carriages, their liveries, everything, suggested centuries of the past. The carriage from which I saw them alight might have been taken for one of the conveyances of Philip V. This air of antiquity, by recalling their greatness, added to the interest of their position. After so many years of storms and disasters they were the first members of the House of Bourbon I once more beheld. *They* were not embarrassed; it was I, and I take pleasure in saying so.

Napoleon had ordered that they should be accompanied by Colonel Henri, a superior officer in the *gendarmerie d'élite*, and one of those soldiers of police who imagine that military glory is acquired by fulfilling in a harsh manner the duties of such a mission as this. I soon perceived that this man's attitude of suspicion and anxiety towards the princes would render their stay at Valençay unbearable. I therefore assumed the tone of a master, and gave him to understand that Napoleon reigned neither out doors nor in at Valençay. This reassured the princes, and herein I found my first reward. I showed them every respect, attention, and care; I permitted no one to appear before them without their previous consent. No visitor ever approached them unless in dress-suit, and I myself never failed to show the example of what I expected from others in this respect. All the hours of the day were divided according to their usual practices — religious service, time of rest, walks, prayers, etc. Will it be believed that at Valençay I made the Spanish princes acquainted with a kind of liberty and enjoyment that they had never known near their father's throne? In Madrid the two eldest brothers had never taken a walk together without a written permission from the king. Being free by themselves, going out ten times a day about the garden and the park, were new pleasures for them; never before had they been able to be brothers together to such an extent.

TALLEYRAND'S STINGING RETORT.

[Talleyrand details further arguments with Napoleon concerning the Spanish enterprise, dates his rupture with Napoleon from that period, and closes with a story of Napoleon's vanity.]

THE Emperor had long felt hurt by the opinion I had expressed as to his Spanish enterprise; besides, he had considered that the arrangements I had made at the time when the princes arrived at Valençay had too much regard for their safety. And so, from the first time we met again at Nantes, our conversations — our discussions, I might call them — were of an irri-

tating nature. On one occasion among others, assuming an air of banter, rubbing his hands, and pacing up and down the room, he said to me with a sneering look: "Well, you see how your predictions have turned out about the difficulties I should meet in settling the affairs of Spain according to my own views. I have got the better of those people, after all; they were all caught in the nets I spread for them, and I am master of the situation in Spain, as in the rest of Europe!"

Driven out of patience by this boast,—which in my mind was so little justified,—and above all by the shameful means he had employed to reach his aim, I replied to him, though calmly, that I did not see things from the same point of view as he did, and that I believed he had lost more than he had gained by the Bayonne events. "What do you mean by that?" he inquired. "Well," I answered, "the thing is very plain, and I will show it to you by an example. Let a man of the world behave foolishly, let him be a faithless husband, let him even commit grievous faults against his friends, he will be blamed, no doubt; but if he be wealthy, powerful, clever, society may be somewhat indulgent to him. Let that same man cheat at the gambling table, he is forthwith banished from good society and will never be forgiven."

The Emperor grew pale and embarrassed, and said not another word to me that day. I may date from this particular conversation our more or less evident rupture. Never after did he utter the name of Spain, of Valençay, or my own, without coupling therewith some offensive epithet suggested to him by his rancor. The princes had not been three months at Valençay when he already pictured to himself all the vengeance of Europe ready to break forth from the château. Personages around him often told me that he never spoke of Valençay but with embarrassment whenever his conversation or his inquiries turned to that locality.

My absence lasted but a few days; the princes saw me again and greeted me with extreme kindness. A letter of Napoleon's which I found on my return deserves to be preserved; here it is, literally:

"Prince Ferdinand, when writing to me, calls me his cousin. Try and make M. de San Carlos understand that this is ridiculous, and that he is to call me simply, *Sire*."

Ajaccio and St. Helena make all comment unnecessary.

NAPOLEON AND THE CZAR.

[The first volume of these Memoirs concludes with a chapter on the Erfurt meeting between Napoleon and the Czar, which begins as follows.]

THE Emperor Napoleon, in the interviews which preceded the treaty of Tilsit, often spoke of Moldavia and Wallachia to the Emperor Alexander as of provinces which should some day be joined to Russia; with the air of a man who yields to the current and submits to the decrees of Providence, he placed on the list of unavoidable events the dismemberment of Turkey in Europe. He then would outline, as if by inspiration, the general basis of a partition of that empire, a partition to which Austria should be called with a view to satisfy her pride rather than her ambition. Practised eyes could perceive what an effect all these chimeras produced on the mind of the Emperor Alexander. Napoleon watched him carefully, and the moment he saw he had seduced his imagination he announced that letters from Paris urged him to return, and desired that no time should be lost in drafting a treaty. The instructions I received concerning this treaty were, that I should not allow one word to be introduced into it relating to the dividing of the Ottoman Empire, or even to the future fate of the two provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia; these instructions I carried out rigorously. And so Napoleon left Tilsit, after preparing for himself prospective openings which he could use at his pleasure for the furtherance of his other designs. He himself remained free, while the Emperor Alexander was fettered by means of his false hopes, and placed, besides, with regard to Turkey, in an equivocal position, out of which the Tuileries cabinet could bring forth fresh claims that the treaty had in no way interfered with.

It was at a court gathering in Paris, during the month of January, 1808, that Napoleon made a first attempt to turn this position to profit. He approached M. de Tolstoi, then Russian Ambassador, took him aside, and in the very midst of a conversation in which he extolled the advantages of Wallachia and Moldavia for Russia he ventured a hint of compensations for France, and pointed to Silesia as the province which would be appropriate in the case.

On this occasion, as on all those when he meditated some new territorial aggrandizement, he appeared frightened at the ambition of England, which, he said, would not listen to any proposal of peace, and compelled him to have recourse to all the means dictated by prudence in order to diminish the strength of the powers with which there was reason to believe England was on terms of intimacy. For the time being, he added, we must lay aside all idea of partitioning the Ottoman Empire; for to start on any enterprise against Turkey without great maritime resources would be to place her most precious possessions at the mercy of Great Britain.

M. de Tolstoi, whose business it was to listen and who was ill fitted for anything else, reported to his court the hint he had received. The Emperor Alexander was the reverse of pleased on hearing of it, and said rather sharply to the French Ambassador: "I cannot believe what I have just read in Tolstoi's despatches; is it intended to tear up the Tilsit treaty? I do not understand the Emperor. He cannot mean to place me in a personal difficulty. On the contrary, his duty is to clear up my position in the eyes of Europe, by speedily placing Prussia in the situation which has been determined by the treaty. This is really a point of honor with me."

This incident gave rise to some explanations, which were terminated only by a letter from the Emperor Napoleon which reached St. Petersburg about the end of February, 1808. This letter contained (1) the implicit surrendering of all claims to Silesia; (2) new ideas on a partition of Turkey; (3) a scheme to carry on a war in India; (4) a proposal, either that a trustworthy person should be sent to Paris to treat on these weighty questions, or that some locality should be selected where the two emperors might meet.

It is to be remarked that Napoleon's letter, while proposing a dividing of Turkey, did not specify any of the bases on which this should be done. Thus, with the exception of the Silesian difficulty, which was removed, things were left very nearly in the same state of uncertainty. However, the Emperor Alexander felt so much relieved at no longer having to contend for the personal interests of the King of Prussia that he read this letter with extreme pleasure and at once decided to have an interview with the Emperor Napoleon. He wrote to him to tell him so. He asked for this interview, however, in the belief and on the condition that the partitioning of Turkey should have been previously drawn up, and that the only object of the meeting should be to have a good understanding about the means to be adopted of carrying out the treaty, and to render the ratification the more inviolable by personal pledges from man to man. In this sense it was that M. de Romanzoff was instructed to enter into negotiations with the French Ambassador, M. de Caulaincourt. . . .

The share I had had in the Tilsit treaty; the marks of personal kindness given me by the Emperor Alexander; the uncomfortable feeling cherished by the Emperor Napoleon towards M. de Champagny, who, as he used to put it, came to him every morning "brimful of zeal to excuse the blunders he had made the night before"; my own friendly relations with M. de Caulaincourt, to whose qualities justice must surely be done some day — all these motives made the Emperor overlook the embarrassing position in which he had placed himself with regard to me by blaming me so violently for my disapproval of his Spanish venture.

He therefore proposed to me to accompany him to Erfurt and take in hand the negotiations to be carried on there, with the sole restriction that the treaty which might result therefrom should be signed by his Minister of Foreign Affairs. I agreed. The confidence he showed me at our first interview was a sort of amends for the past. He had all M. de Caulaincourt's correspondence handed to me; I found it excellent. In a few hours he acquainted me with everything that had been done in St. Petersburg; and henceforth I thought of nothing but the means of preventing, so far as lay in my power, the spirit of enterprise from being too predominant in this singular interview.

Napoleon would fain give great éclat to the meeting; he made it a practice to speak continually to those around him of the thought uppermost in his mind. I was still Grand Chamberlain at the time; every hour in the day he would send for me, as well as for General Duroc, the Grand Marshal of the Palace, and M. de Rémusat, who had charge of the theatricals. "My journey must be magnificent," he would repeat to us every day. At one of his breakfasts, at which we were all three present, he asked me who would be his chamberlains in attendance.

"It strikes me," he said, "we have no very great names; I must have some: the truth is, that they alone can make a good figure at court. In justice to the French nobility, we must allow that it is admirable for that."

"Sire, you have M. de Montesquieu."

"Good!"

"Prince Sapieha."

"Not bad!"

"I think two will be sufficient. The journey being a short one, your Majesty can always have them in attendance."

"Quite so. And now, Rémusat, I must have one performance every day. Send for Dazincourt; he is the manager, is he not?"

"He is, Sire."

"I want to astonish Germany with my magnificence."

Dazincourt had gone out, so the arrangements for the stage performances were postponed to the following day.

"It is, no doubt, your Majesty's intention to invite a few great personages to Erfurt; and time presses."

"One of Eugène's aides-de-camp starts this very day," replied the Emperor. "We might let him know the proper thing to hint to his

father-in-law [the King of Bavaria]; and if one of the kings comes, they will all want to come. Then again—" he added, "no, we must not make use of Eugène for that; Eugène is not clever enough. He is the man to carry out exactly what I want, but he is no good at hinting. Talleyrand is better; the more so"—and here he laughed—"as he will pose as my critic, and declare that I shall feel gratified by the kings' coming. It will be *my* business, afterwards, to show that I was absolutely indifferent in the matter, and that they were really more in my way than otherwise."

At next morning's breakfast the Emperor sent for Dazincourt, who was awaiting his orders. He had told M. de Rémusat, General Duroc, and myself to be there.

"Dazincourt, you have heard that I am going to Erfurt?"

"I have, Sire."

"I should like the Comédie Française to come with me."

"To play comedy and tragedy?"

"I want nothing but tragedies; our comedies would be useless: they are not understood on the other side of the Rhine."

"Of course your Majesty wants a very fine performance?"

"I do—our very finest plays."

"Sire, we might give 'Athalie'?"

"'Athalie'! Nonsense! Here is a man who does not understand me! Am I going to Erfurt to put some *Joas*[1] into the heads of those Germans? 'Athalie'! How stupid![2] My dear Dazincourt, that 's enough! Warn your best tragedians to get ready to come to Erfurt, and I shall send you my commands respecting the date of your departure and the pieces that must be played. Go! How stupid those old people are! 'Athalie'! I must say it is my fault, too; why should I consult them? I ought to consult nobody. If he had suggested 'Cinna,' even! In that piece great interests are in play; and there is a scene of clemency, which is always a good thing. I once knew 'Cinna' almost all by heart; but I have never been a good elocutionist. Rémusat, is it not in 'Cinna' these lines occur?—

"'Tous ces crimes d'État qu'on fait pour la couronne,
Le ciel nous en absout, *lorsqu'*il nous la donne.'

I am not sure that I am quoting the lines accurately."

"Sire, the quotation does occur in 'Cinna'; but I believe the poet says '*Alors qu'il*[3] nous la donne.'"

"How do the next lines run? Get a 'Corneille.'"

"Sire, there is no necessity for that; I remember them:

"'Le ciel nous en absout, alors qu'il nous la donne;
Et dans le sacré rang où sa faveur l'a mis,
Le passé devient juste et l'avenir permis.
Qui peut y parvenir ne peut être coupable;
Quoi qu'il ait fait ou fasse, il est inviolable.'"

"That is excellent, especially for those Germans who dwell forever on the same ideas, and who still talk of the death of the Duke of Enghien; we must enlarge their views of moral philosophy. I do not say that with reference to the Emperor Alexander: those things are of no account to a Russian; but the sentiment is good for those people with melancholy ideas, of whom Germany is full. We shall give 'Cinna,' then; that 's one play, and let it be for the first day. Rémusat, find out what tragedies might be given on the following days, and let me know before settling anything."

"Sire, your Majesty will allow some actors to be kept for Paris?"

"Yes, under-studies; but we must take all the good actors with us: it is better to have too many of them."

An order was immediately forwarded to Saint-Prix, Talma, Lafont, Damas, Després, Lacave, Varennes, Dazincourt, Mademoiselle Raucourt, Madame Talma, Mademoiselle Bourgoin, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Mademoiselle Gros, Mademoiselle Rose Dupuis, and Mademoiselle Patrat.

[The Memoirs tell how the treaty which Napoleon wished to conclude was prepared in advance.]

I had gone through the whole of the correspondence, but the Emperor had not yet had with me the all-important conversation respecting the affairs to be treated at Erfurt. A few days previous to the date fixed for my departure the Grand Marshal wrote to me that the Emperor desired me to go to the grand reception that very evening. I had scarcely entered the salon when he took me away to his own apartments.

"Well! You have read all that correspondence with Russia," he said to me. "What do

[1] See also Athaliah and Joash, II. Kings xi. and II. Chronicles xxii. and xxiii.

[2] "Que c'est bête!" were his imperial Majesty's own words.—AMERICAN TRANSLATOR.

[3] It may not be out of place to remark that, by substituting (not quite unintentionally, perhaps) *lorsqu'il* for *alors qu'il*, Napoleon considerably weakened the emphasis of Corneille's expression. However, as the substitution unluckily made the poet's line one foot too short, he felt bound, before Rémusat, to repair such a blunder.

The quotation may be Anglicized literally thus:

Whatever crimes of state a royal crown may cost
By Heaven is absolved when 't is given to us,
And in that hallowed rank by heavenly grace bestowed,
The past is righteous made, the future all our own.
He who has gained the crown, guiltless henceforward stands;
Whate'er he did or does, 'gainst him no hand may rise.
—AMERICAN TRANSLATOR.

you think of the way I have manœuvered with the Emperor Alexander?"

And he straightway went over, with complacency, all he had said and written in the course of the past year, winding up with a remark on the ascendancy he had gained over the Emperor Alexander, although on his part he had executed, of the Tilsit treaty, nothing but what suited him.

"Now," he added, "we are going to Erfurt. I want to return home quite free to do in Spain anything I may choose; I want to feel sure that Austria will be anxious and quiet, and I do not want to be bound in any definite manner with Russia for what concerns the affairs of the Levant. Prepare for me such a convention as would content the Emperor Alexander — would, above all, be directed against England, and would leave me plenty of elbow-room for the rest; I will help you; prestige will not fail you."

I was for two days without seeing him. In his impatience he had written down what he wished to be contained in the various articles, and had sent it to me with a request that I should bring it to him duly drawn out, as soon as possible. I did not keep him waiting, and within a few hours I went to him with the projected treaty written out in his own words.

"That is very nearly all I told you," he said. "Leave it with me; I shall arrange it. We must add to one of the last articles, to the article at which I stopped you: 'That, in the event of Austria causing any anxiety to France, the Emperor of Russia binds himself to declare himself against Austria and join France immediately on his being requested so to do, this being one of the cases to which the alliance of the two powers applies.' That is the essential article — how can you have forgotten it? Are you still Austrian?"

"Just a little, Sire; but I think it would be more accurate to say that I am never Russian and that I am always French."

"Make your arrangements to start: you must be at Erfurt a day or two before me. During our stay there you will seek opportunities to see the Emperor Alexander frequently. You know him well; you will use the right kind of language with him. You will tell him that in the usefulness of our alliance for mankind at large it is easy to recognize one of the grand designs of Providence. United, we are fated to reëstablish general order in Europe. We are both young; we must not be in too great a hurry. On this you must lay great stress; for Comte de Romanzoff is impatient with regard to the Levant question. You will tell him how nothing can be effected without public opinion, and that Europe must be brought to see with pleasure, and without being frightened by our combined power, the realization of the great undertaking we are now meditating. The security of neighboring powers, the properly understood interest of the whole continent, seven million Greeks restored to liberty, etc. You have a fine field for philanthropy; in this I give you *carte blanche;* only I want the philanthropy to be a long way off! Farewell." [1]

NAPOLEON'S CHIEF FLATTERERS.

[The nature of Napoleon's reception at Erfurt is thus described.]

THE Emperor entered Erfurt on the 27th of September, 1808, at ten in the morning. An immense crowd had filled the avenues leading to his palace since the day before. Every one wanted to see, to come near the man who dispensed everything — thrones, misery, fears, and hopes. The three men on whom most praise has been lavished on this earth are: Augustus, Louis XIV., and Napoleon. Different epochs and different talents have varied the wording of these eulogies, but, intrinsically, it is always the same thing. My post as Grand Chamberlain enabling me to have a closer view of the homages, be they forced, feigned, or even sincere, which were paid to Napoleon, gave them in my eyes what I might call monstrous proportions. Servility never displayed so much invention; it suggested the idea of giving a hunt on the very ground where the Emperor had won the famous battle of Jena. A butchery of boars and wild game was prepared there to recall to the eyes of the victor the exploits of that battle. It has often been forced upon me that the more people had cause to vow vengeance against the Emperor, the more they smiled at his good fortune, and applauded that high destiny which they said was the gift of Heaven.

I am inclined to believe — and the idea came to my mind at Erfurt — that there are secrets of flattery that are known to none but those princes who, without leaving their thrones, have submitted to an ever-menacing protectorate; and they know how to make the most skillful use of these secrets when they happen to be near the power that dominates them and that is capable of crushing them. I have often heard a line quoted, out of I forget what wretched tragedy:

Tu n'as su qu'obéir, tu serais un tyran.

I did not see one prince at Erfurt who did not suggest to my mind the advisability of improving that line into:

Tu n'as su que régner, tu serais un esclave.

[1] "Je veux seulement que ce soit de la philanthropie lointaine."

TALLEYRAND PLOTS AGAINST NAPOLEON.

[Talleyrand describes with perfect naïveté his entering into relations with the representative of Austria to thwart Napoleon's wishes.]

THIS interview held at Erfurt without Austria being invited to it, without her being even made officially acquainted with it, had alarmed the Emperor Francis, who, of his own accord, had sent the Baron de Vincent straight to Erfurt with a letter for the Emperor Napoleon, and, I think, another for the Emperor Alexander. . . .

M. de Vincent showed me a copy of the letter of which he was the bearer: it was a nobly worded epistle, and betrayed no anxiety on the part of the writer. M. de Vincent had been ordered to be open-hearted with me; I told him that I was greatly pleased with his coming, as I was not without some apprehension concerning the dispositions of the two emperors. The very words of the Emperor Napoleon, quoted above, show how he looked upon me, and rightly so, as a supporter of the alliance of France with Austria. I believed, and still believe now, that I was thereby serving France. I assured M. de Vincent that I was doing, and would do, in every direction, what I would consider as likely to prevent any resolution injurious to the interests of his government as a result of the Erfurt interview.

NAPOLEON, GOETHE, AND WIELAND.

[Talleyrand kept careful notes of the conversation at Erfurt, and also had copies made of the notes taken by others. He is thus able to give the detailed account which follows of the interview of Napoleon with Goethe and Wieland.]

EVERY morning he read, with complacency, the list of newly arrived personages. The first time he saw M. Goethe's name he sent for him.

"M. Goethe, I am delighted to see you."

"Sire, I see that your Majesty, when traveling, does not neglect to cast your eyes on the smallest things."

"I know that you are the first tragic poet of Germany."

"Sire, you wrong our country. We believe we have great men: Schiller, Lessing, and Wieland must be known to your Majesty."

"I confess my acquaintance with them is very slight; I did read the 'Thirty Years' War,' and that—excuse my saying so—struck me as affording subjects for tragedy only fit for our boulevards."

"Sire, I am unacquainted with your boulevards; but I presume it is there that popular performances are given; and I am sorry to hear you judge so severely of one of the finest geniuses of modern times."

"You habitually reside in Weimar; is that the place where the literary celebrities of Germany congregate?"

"Sire, they are in high favor there; but, just now, Wieland is the only man with a European fame who lives in Weimar; for Müller resides in Berlin."

"I should be very glad to see M. Wieland."

"If your Majesty permits me to send for him, I feel sure he will come immediately."

"Does he speak French?"

"He knows the language, and has himself corrected several French translations of his own works."

"During your stay here you must go to our plays every evening. It will do you no harm to see the best French tragedies on the stage."

"Sire, I will go with pleasure, and I must confess to your Majesty that I intended doing so; I have translated, or rather imitated, a few French pieces."

"Which ones?"

"'Mahomet' and 'Tancrède.'"

"I must inquire from Rémusat whether we have actors here to play them. I should be glad to let you hear them in our language. You are not so strict as we are with the rules of the drama."

"Sire, with us the unities are not essential."

"What do you think of our meeting here?"

"Very brilliant, Sire; and I trust it will be useful to our country."

"Are your people happy?"

"They are full of hope."

"M. Goethe, you ought to remain here all the time of our stay, and to note the impression you derive from the great spectacle we afford you."

"Ah, Sire, such a task would need the pen of some writer of the ancient times."

"Are you one of those who like Tacitus?"

"Yes, Sire; very much."

"Well, I am not; but we shall talk of that again another time. Write to M. Wieland to come here; I shall return him his visit at Weimar, where the duke has invited me. I shall be very pleased to see the duchess; she is a woman of great merit. The duke was rather on the wrong road for some time, but he has been made to see it."

"Sire, if he was on the wrong road he has been made to see it somewhat sharply; but I am not a judge of such things: he protects literature and the sciences, and we have nothing but good to speak of him."

"M. Goethe, come to 'Iphigénie' to-night. It is a good play; it is not among those I like best, but French people are very fond of it. You shall see not a few sovereigns in my parterre. Do you know the Prince Primate?"

"I do, Sire, almost intimately; he is a prince

endowed with great mental powers, extensive knowledge, and much generosity."

"Well, you shall see him to-night asleep with his head on the shoulder of the King of Würtemberg. Did you ever see the Emperor of Russia?"

"No, Sire, never; but I hope to be presented to him."

"He speaks your language well; if you write something on the Erfurt interview, you must dedicate it to him."

"Sire, that is against my practice. When I first began to write, I made it a rule for myself to abstain from dedications, so as to spare myself a possible source of regret."

"It was not so with the great writers of the age of Louis XIV."

"That is true, Sire; but your Majesty would not affirm that they were never sorry for it."

"What has become of that *mauvais sujet* Kotzebue?"

"Sire, they say he is in Siberia, and that you will ask his amnesty from the Emperor Alexander."

"But do you know that he is far from being a man to my taste?"

"Sire, he is very unfortunate, and he is a man of great talent."

"Adieu, M. Goethe."

I followed M. Goethe out and invited him to come and dine with me. On my return I wrote down this first conversation, and in the course of the dinner I ascertained, by various questions I asked of him, that it occurred exactly as I have reproduced it above. On leaving my table, M. Goethe went to the theater. I was anxious that he should be near the stage, and that was no easy matter, as the first row of seats was occupied by crowned heads; the second row, one of simple chairs, was filled with heirs-apparent; and all the benches behind them were crowded with ministers and minor princes. I therefore intrusted M. Goethe to M. Dazincourt, who managed to find a good seat for him without committing any breach of etiquette. . . .

I KNOW not what Napoleon wanted to get out of Wieland, but it pleased him to say a number of pleasant things to him.

"M. Wieland, we are very fond of your works in France; for you are the author of 'Agathon' and 'Oberon.' We call you 'the Voltaire of Germany.'"

"Sire, such a likeness would be very flattering to me; but there is no truth in it: it is exaggerated praise on the part of kindly disposed persons."

"Tell me, M. Wieland, why your 'Diogenes,' your 'Agathon,' and your 'Peregrinus' are written in that equivocal style which introduces history into romance and romance into history. These two methods, in a superior man like you, should be sharply defined. Everything that is of a mixed character easily leads to confusion. That is why *le drame* is so little of a favorite in France. I am afraid to say much, for I have to deal with a powerful adversary, the more so as what I say applies to M. Goethe as well as to you."

"Sire, your Majesty will permit me to observe that there are on the French stage very few tragedies which are not a mixture of history and romance. But I am now encroaching on M. Goethe's ground; he will answer you, and, surely, will answer you well. As for what concerns me, my wish has been to give a few useful lessons to mankind, and I have stood in need of the authority of history. I wished the examples I borrowed from it to be easy and pleasant to imitate, and for that purpose I had of necessity to mingle with history the ideal and the romantic. Men's thoughts are sometimes better than their actions, and good novels are better than mankind. Compare, Sire, the age of Louis XIV. with 'Telemachus,' which contains the best lessons both for sovereigns and for peoples. My Diogenes in his barrel is a good man."

"But do you know," said the Emperor, "what happens to those who always exhibit virtue in fiction? They induce the belief that virtues are never anything but fancies. History has been very often calumniated by historians themselves."

This conversation, in which Tacitus was inevitably on the point of making his appearance, was interrupted by M. de Nansouty, who came and told the Emperor that a courier from Paris had arrived with letters for him. The Prince Primate withdrew with Wieland and Goethe and asked me to dinner with them at his house. Wieland, who, simple-minded as he was, did not know whether he had given the correct replies or otherwise to the Emperor, first went home to take down the conversation he had just had, whereupon he brought his writing to the Prince Primate's, just as I have given it above.

All the literary personages of Weimar and the vicinity were present at this dinner. I remarked among them a lady from Eisenach, who had a seat next to the Primate. She was never addressed but by the name of some muse, and that without the least affectation. "Clio, would you like so-and-so?" was with the Primate an entirely unaffected mode of expression, to which she would quite naturally reply "yes," or "no." On earth she was called the Baroness of Bechtolsheim.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

One Means of Regulating the Lobby.

THE people of Massachusetts, always in the van of political progress, are earnestly seeking to solve a new and important problem. They want to abolish or regulate the lobby, an institution which, during the past twenty-five years, has fastened itself upon every legislature in the United States. Is there a necessity for such an institution? So many men of little knowledge have, under the operation of our system, found their way into legislative assemblies, and the number and seriousness of questions to be settled has increased so much, that it was perhaps only natural that a third body, having no official relations with a legislature, should arise in order to supply some of the deficiencies.

So few legislators had knowledge of public questions that some method of instruction was almost indispensable. It was inevitable that interested persons, corporations, or municipalities would employ men for the purpose of affording this instruction. As a rule, this work is done by men of intelligence,— specialists in the questions with which they deal,— and they are employed for this reason. Most of their work is persuasive in its nature. They not only give information to men who lack or wish it, but they are instructors in social amenities, in which the legislator is sometimes seriously lacking. Dinner entertainments, social courtesies, are a good part of their stock in trade. Corruption is not a necessity with the lobbyist, though he sometimes makes use of that. In spite of a widespread impression to the contrary, only a small proportion of legislators are open to corrupt approaches; but nearly all can be influenced, as most men can be, by persuasion, courteous treatment, or social attentions to themselves or their families. No man knows human nature better than the lobbyist; if he does not, he has mistaken his calling. The professional lobbyist also is well acquainted with those influences (or "pulls") emanating from a legislator's constituency, or political or social backing, through which he can be most easily reached.

The lobby is almost inseparable from the present committee system, which during the past forty years has come to dominate legislative bodies. Nearly all its relations are with committees. It has an influence in the appointment of committees, and begins operations as soon as they are organized. It formulates bills, has them introduced, in many cases referred, as it may dictate. Its real work consists in getting a favorable report at just the right time on its pet measures. In most cases this is easy, because of the fact that the legislative committee is a secret body, not responsible to the public for its action. Nobody reports its proceedings. Its hearings are seldom public, and yet the lobby has free access to it. It knows its incomings and outgoings. It knows the weak points of the strong members, and gradually enmeshes the weaker ones until their actions can be molded to its purposes.

The composition of modern legislatures has made this comparatively easy. In former times enough strong, virile men got into them to control them. The member ignorant of affairs, or the weak man, wherever he came from, was compelled by public sentiment to defer more or less to his leaders. Until the caucus became all-powerful, the strong man in a legislative body had far more influence than now. Business was then transacted on the floor, not in a caucus where a little more than a fourth of a legislative body often dictates its action. Then, too, the committee system has made men specialists in legislation, so that the experienced members — those who have seen two or three terms of service, and learned the ins and outs of what may be termed their art — are able to control the newer members, and, at the same time, when they have corrupt or selfish purposes, to promote bad legislation, most of it of a private character. In this era of bosses and caucuses nearly every member of a legislature has incurred obligations to some man or corporation contributing either votes or money to his election.

There is more and more need that legislatures should be held to the closest responsibility in small things as well as in large. The newspapers do this fitfully. When legislation has reached the point that a sensation can be made out of an exposure, then the newspaper is of great use as a regulator. But connected with this valuable means of regulation is much that is mere idle gossip, much that is based upon personal bias, and still more that is trifling, so that, while the present system is in vogue, it is not safe to put sole trust in the press as an agency for protecting the public from legislative imposition. Until committee reports are made, the newspaper gets scarcely any news of the work of committees. In most cases it is then too late to stop bad legislation, or to render harmless the work of the lobby. If the measure is open to suspicion, or the legislative body more than ordinarily amenable to bad influences, the mischief is done before the public knows anything about it; and the people's sole dependence is upon the veto of a president or a governor. In some cases this is effective; but in many States the veto power of the governor is less than nothing, for the reason that the same majority that passed the bill originally may pass it again, in spite of executive objection. It is also true that too much dependence is thus placed upon one man, and that in such a way as to excite popular opposition to this method. In this way bad laws are enacted, and selfish interests triumph. The lobby takes its pay, the promoters get their profit, and political committees, bosses, or candidates are allotted their share of the plunder in order the more effectually to corrupt the suffrage and make still worse legislation possible in the future.

Nothing but an aroused public sentiment can reach the bargains made by candidates for speaker, or for political management, under which committee appointments are bartered for votes. A simple device — though it may not be the only one necessary — for correcting lobby abuses is *publicity in the proceedings of committees*. Let arguments be heard on every bill that comes

before a committee, with full notice to all concerned — opponents as well as friends. These should be open to the public, and there the merits of every measure would be thoroughly debated before report had been made upon it. This would enable the committees to get the very best knowledge obtainable on every question. It would take away from the lobby its dark-lantern character, and from the committee its star-chamber element. It would throw the light upon every measure. In due time the newspapers would make it plain that, while the proceedings of a legislature are important, the proceedings of its committees are still more so. The system would bring before these committees men interested in legislation, and, as a rule, the interests involved would employ only the most intelligent to be found. Such a process would inform not only the public but legislators themselves. After these arguments had been heard the chances for bad motives to assert themselves would be greatly diminished. Committees would hear both sides and then decide. Now they often hear one side only, and that many times in an unintelligible if not a corrupt way.

When this has been adopted as a policy let nobody be admitted to the floor of legislative halls other than members and officers, with such occasional guests as should be so honored. Thus the character of legislative promoters would be changed. It would largely fall into the hands of men of ability and character, because the arguments of no others would be likely to affect legislation favorably. It is clear that with a free ballot — that is, a secret ballot, the universal adoption of which seems to be assured — and open legislative action the public interests would be conserved. It cannot be expected that bad measures would entirely disappear, but nothing is more certain than that they would decline in number and become less and less dangerous. Legislators and governors would have the information to which they are entitled, and the public an opportunity to know what is going on. It ought thus to be able at all times to protect its own interests, as it would have no excuse for ignorance, while legislators would be protected from unnatural and dangerous importunity, and their reputation improved.

The Salary Problem.

"THE scholar in politics" is hard enough to get at best, and it is exasperating to run the risk of losing him because he "cannot afford it." This is what we have narrowly escaped in the case of a West Virginian, who was professor in a Washington college and president of the university of his State before he was elected to Congress in 1882, and who has made a most excellent record as a Representative at Washington. He is now serving his fourth term, and has gained that experience in legislative methods which must supplement ability before the most talented man can do his best in the Capitol. Yet a few months ago he threatened to end his career in public life, declaring that, in justice to the interests of his family, he must retire from Congress and earn more money, as he could easily do in his profession as a lawyer. Happily he was prevailed upon to change his mind and accept a reëlection.

Mr. Wilson's case is not exceptional. Every Congress sees the withdrawal of more than one man who is admirably equipped for the public service, and who heartily enjoys its opportunities for usefulness, simply because he is poor and cannot support his family upon the salary. Nor is it a rare event to find a judge of a Federal court surrendering his life commission because the pay is not large enough to relieve him from constant pecuniary worry. Moreover, such cases do not begin to tell the whole story. Not only do many men make the trial of living upon the salary of a congressman or a judge and give it up as "a bad job," but many more decline to be considered candidates for such offices because they know well enough without trying how the experiment would work. Much the same thing is as true of the States as of the nation. A judgeship of the Massachusetts Supreme Court recently fell vacant, and a Boston paper told what every reader knew to be the simple truth, that a number of the State's ablest lawyers were outside the range of choice because of the smallness of the salary as compared with what they earn at the bar.

The case is too plain for argument. The highest salary paid a judge of the United States District Court is $5000 a year, and four-fifths of the number receive only $3500; Circuit judges are allowed $6000 a year, but must pay out of it the expenses of traveling over the several States included in each circuit; Supreme Court judges receive $10,000, but they also have to defray the expenses of some work on circuit. Senators and Representatives receive $5000, with an allowance for traveling expenses. The judges, with a very few exceptions among the District judges in agricultural States, live in cities, including, of course, all the largest cities in the country. Congressmen must spend in Washington more than three months during the short session of Congress, and seven or eight months, at least, during the long session, with a chance of not getting away until the tenth or the eleventh month.

Consider the situation of a District judge in one of our larger cities who has a family of four or five children at those ages when the expenses connected with their education are most heavy; reflect that, however modest his tastes, he must live in a style not unworthy of his high office; and show, if you can, how he may "make both ends meet" on a salary of $3500 or $4000 a year. Or take the case of a congressman with like family, who has no private fortune, who is conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and who consequently has little time or strength left for making additions to his official income, even if he has the opportunity. He has his home in the city or town of his residence, which of course he wishes to retain. But he also desires to enjoy home life in Washington, and to rent a house at the capital, where he may have with him during the sessions his wife and such of their children as need not be away at school or college. "Never separate yourself from your family while you are a member of Congress," was the advice which Nathaniel P. Banks says that Edward Everett gave him when he first went to Washington as a Representative. It was good advice for the congressman of a generation ago, and it is equally wise counsel for the congressman of to-day. But no congressman of to-day can follow it unless he has a private fortune. To talk about doing it on $5000 a year is simply a waste of words. "I live here," once said a New England Senator of inexpensive tastes, who had long maintained a modest home in Washington, "as economically as I know how, — certainly not so well as I do at my quiet home in a New England town, —

and yet my salary will not pay my expenses." This was nearly twenty years ago, and the cost of such an establishment must have increased fully fifty per cent., at the lowest estimate, during the interval, while the salary of the Senator is not larger now than then. The fact is that no Senator or Representative who is dependent upon his salary ever thinks of "keeping house" in Washington. He boards, often without the company of his wife and children. Another New England Senator has recently confessed that during twenty years' service at one end or the other of the Capitol he has never been able to hire a house, and that his wife and he have "experienced the varying fortune of Washington boarding-houses, sometimes very comfortable, and a good deal of the time living in a fashion to which no Pittsburg mechanic earning two dollars a day would subject his household."

There is absolutely nothing to be said in defense of such a system. The only excuse which could ever be made for parsimony would be necessity. A poor people, but recently emerged from a long war and still suffering from all sorts of financial complications, might properly have fixed a low scale of compensation for the officials of the new Government, although the scale adopted a hundred years ago was really much higher than the present system, allowing for the great difference in the purchasing power of money and the large increase in the cost of living. It has, indeed, often been urged that public officials should be paid only small salaries in order that they may set an example of frugality. Oddly enough, this argument is oftenest advanced by those officials who are not dependent upon their salaries. The New England Senator whose private fortune enabled him to maintain a home in Washington as well as in his State opposed an increase of congressional salaries when the question was last agitated, seventeen years ago, holding that "we ought to set an example of frugality at the capital of our country." But one cannot help wondering if he would have been so enamored of a "frugal" salary if lack of private means had forced him and his wife to experience "the varying fortune of Washington boarding-houses," and to live a good deal of the time "in a fashion to which no Pittsburg mechanic earning two dollars a day would subject his household." An Ohio demagogue who resorted to the "frugality" plea, in a debate on this subject in the House of 1873, was very neatly cornered by an inquisitive colleague. "We get enough now," he said, "for economical living, enough for plain, comfortable living, if we will only be satisfied with it. We should rather return to the old-fashioned, solid, plain, substantial habits of our fathers." Here he was interrupted with the question if he did not himself pay more for his board and rooms than he received as pay for his services in Congress, and the voluble champion of "economical living" was compelled to confess that such was the fact. No wonder his interlocutor retorted with some bitterness that "we poor fellows who have no means outside of our salary cannot do as the gentleman does," and that "gentlemen who have private incomes of $25,000 or $30,000 a year are very conservative on this subject."

Frugality is undoubtedly a virtue which should be cultivated, but it is by no means a synonym for meanness. The congressman who received $6 a day during the first twenty-five years of our history, or $8 a day in the forty years after 1816, was able to live in much better style relatively than he who draws $5000 a year in 1891; for it is a matter of record that so late as during the administration of Andrew Jackson the charges at "the very best hotel" in Washington were only one dollar a day for a man's board, and half a dollar extra if he kept a horse. The system of payment originally adopted enabled the Senator or Representative to live on much the same plane as the successful professional man of a century ago; but during the hundred years the income of leading lawyers, physicians—yes, and clergymen too—has grown out of all proportion to that of the congressman. We do not ask the minister to be content with a salary so small that he must be denied the pleasures of a home, and a great nation should be ashamed to demand such a sacrifice of its lawmakers.

It would be bad enough if the evil were restricted to those who are thus really fined for their willingness to render the public service. No man can do his best work when he must live in a Washington boarding-house, or be harassed by money troubles if he tries to support a family in a house not unworthy a judge of a United States court, on a salary of $3500 or $4000 a year. Simply as a matter of economy, the nation "loses money" by giving niggardly salaries, because it does not get as good service as the same men would render if they were well paid. But this is not the worst of it. Love of public life, ambition for distinction, an honorable desire to do one's duty by one's country, will suffice to draw some men of the best type into the service and to keep them there, despite the discomforts imposed by poor pay. But many more of this class will soon be driven out, or, warned by the experience of others, will never enter public life.

"If any provide not for his own he is worse than an infidel," even if he neglects his family to make laws or to interpret them for his country. A man who is dependent upon what he earns, and who can earn $10,000 or $15,000 or $20,000 a year outside Congress, is going to think twice before he sacrifices that income for a salary on which he cannot have a home in the city where he must live more than half the time, and cannot give his children the education which he had planned for them. And if he thinks twice, the chances are greatly against his going to Washington, or tying himself down to an even smaller salary if he be a lawyer and the path opens for him to a seat in a Federal court.

The present system operates to fill Congress with men whose wealth is so great that the size of the salary is a matter of indifference. The tendency to elect to the Senate and the House men who are rich, and who would never have been thought of for such office except for their riches, is already so strong as to be alarming, and yet the nation goes on year after year neglecting one perfectly obvious way to resist it. Make the salary of a congressman large enough for one to live as well at the close of the century as a Senator or a Representative lived at its beginning, and seats which now often go without a contest to unqualified millionaires will again be sought by men who are capable of rendering the best service to the State.

Early Education in Literature.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in a recent "Atlantic" essay, ridiculed, with entire moderation and justice, the efforts which are made in so many of our schools and colleges to teach literature by means of a

text-book. His contention is that the only way by which literature can be taught is by planting early in the mind of the child a love for good reading, for literature of the best kind. When the seed has been sown early in that way there is little doubt about the future crop. The great difficulty in our country, with its hard-working, money-getting population, has been to find the parents who had the time to see to the sowing of the seed, for it is the parent who must be depended upon to do it rather than the teacher. Here and there may be found a teacher who will have both the disposition and the time, as well as the ability, to inculcate a love of reading with the dry humdrum instruction of learning how to read; but such a one will be the exception. In the rural district schools, as well as in the crowded city public schools, the vast majority of the teachers are so absorbed in and so exhausted by the daily drudgery of their work that they have no strength, if they had the taste and inclination, to inculcate in the pupil's mind a love of letters with his knowledge of the pronunciation, spelling, and meaning of words.

Between the tired and mechanical teacher and the overworked or indifferent parents the average American child reaches the high school, the academy, and even the college with no knowledge whatever of literature in its best sense. A few novels or poorly written histories may have been read, but beyond that no glimpse has been afforded into the fair land of letters. It would be something gained if, after the pupil had reached this stage in his education, a teacher of the inspiring and stimulating kind could always be assured to him. In many cases such a teacher is found, but in many others he is not, and the sole instruction accorded is that of perfunctory recitations from a text-book on "English Literature." Anything more absurd in the form of education could scarcely be devised than this effort to cram a student's mind with a knowledge of literature by making him commit to memory a bookful of names and dates of authors and their works. If he had any love of letters in his mind at the outset, the process would be more likely to destroy than to enlarge it.

It comes to this, therefore, that unless the parent does the early work, it is in danger of not being done at all. No one who has ever tried the experiment can doubt that a love of good literature can be created at a very early age. The child who is permitted to hear only wholesome, well-written little stories from his parents' knees before he learns to read himself, and who is given only the same kind for his first struggles, will develop a taste for those alone which will help him to reject all others as repulsive.

As for pictures, Henry James has told in THE CENTURY of the delight which he took as a child in poring over bound volumes of "Punch," and of the education which his eye gained thereby in regard to correct drawing. Hundreds of children have repeated his experience and are repeating it to-day, both from "Punch" and from our illustrated magazines and children's periodicals. They will early learn to detect poor drawing and to reject it as quickly as older people, and often with much less ceremony. The taste for good reading is just as quickly developed. A child who has read only stories and books of the best kind will care less for the dime novel, blood and thunder kind of stories which are so delightful to the bootblack and the messenger boy. Nothing is more surprising than the sureness of the taste of the child thus developed. It chooses instinctively the best in every field, and one of the most gratifying phases of it is the frequency with which it turns to the field of history. The childish imagination, kindled by the fairy tales of the nursery, turns naturally to the heroes and battles of history, and the story of the world becomes, not dry study, but delightful reading.

In this home development of the youthful mind, this early sowing of the seed of a love of learning, the children's magazines of the present day, with their high standards of writing and illustration, are forces of incalculable power for good. They have in countless cases done the work which the parent has for one reason or another failed to do. They have by creating a solid love for the best made it forever impossible for the worst to gain a foothold in thousands of households. No more valuable educational work than this could be performed. Montaigne says that he read books that he "might learn to live and die well." The youth who comes to manhood with the love of learning firmly planted in his heart has in him the highest equipment for a useful citizen, for he will constantly read more books, will year by year shape his course more in accordance with the "garnered experience of all the ages," and will thus live and die well.

Women.

A WOMAN, known to honorable fame, said the other day, in conversation, that she did not wish her work to be judged with reference to her sex; that she feared that women who work in literature and art were praised unduly; and that, in fact, she was greatly tired of Woman with a big W. And yet it seems just now especially difficult to escape the consideration of the big W. Women are so active nowadays in advancing the cause not only of woman but of man, including woman, that no watcher of the signs of the times can fail to note this very apparent and important sign.

Some recent evidences of this activity suggest themselves immediately. The Open Letters in this number of THE CENTURY relate to a movement of the greatest significance. The opening to women of the very highest advantages in medical education on a complete equality with men; the ease with which the lately destroyed Wells College, at Aurora, New York, has been able to obtain the means beautifully to rebuild itself; the establishment of Barnard College in connection with Columbia, in the city of New York — these are matters of interest in connection with the cause of woman's higher education.

But other occurrences of the day in which women are prominent have quite as much significance — occurrences which the newspapers have not failed to keep constant note of. The work that women who have enjoyed the "higher education" are doing for their less fortunate sisters, by means of clubs, college settlements, and periodicals, is a form of endeavor which is sure to have many valuable results for the higher education, not only of the uneducated girl, but of the educated. The latter will learn — is learning — many things she has not been fully aware of concerning human nature in general, and philanthropic methods in particular. The Society for Political

Study, formed several years ago by certain women in New York, where municipal government in all its branches was first taken up and discussed,—after that coming the study of our State and general governments, and political economy in general,—is a very notable "sign"; but not more notable than, perhaps not as notable as, the practical work of the Ladies' Health Protective Association of New York, which was organized in 1884, and ever since has been heroically fighting the battle for cleanliness and health in the metropolis. To come still nearer for "signs" we need only mention the appeal, in the recent municipal campaign, for clean streets and clean government, on the part of thirteen hundred women of our city—rich and poor, well known and obscure, laborers all, either in works of beneficence or in the winning of their daily bread.

Many who look with approval on all the "signs" mentioned above regard with a sort of apprehension the Western experiments in woman suffrage, and the serious agitation in the East for limited municipal suffrage for women, in addition to their present suffrage rights in matters of education. "Can it be," they say, "that when wise men are looking rather to the restriction of the suffrage, there is to be a tremendous addition to it of a novel and almost revolutionary character? If in our great cities the ignorant vote is to be increased to a greater extent by the new element than by the intelligent vote, where is the advantage?" There are others who say that just as conservative England is drifting towards socialism, so conservative America is drifting towards woman suffrage; and that just as England will move slowly, and experimentally, and wisely in the direction of socialism, stopping at the right point, so will America drift towards socialism and stop at the right point; and also drift slowly, and with many experiments and experiences, towards woman suffrage, stopping there at the right point also—even if that right point is this side of the present limitations in all suffrage; even if, by that time, male suffrage itself is restricted; the two suffrages being one wisely restricted, sacred, honorable suffrage, and not a suffrage degraded, as now, by crime and densest foreign and home-bred ignorance.

The suffrage, whatever happens, and whether or not women are generally admitted thereto, must be purged of crime against itself: those who bribe and are bribed should forfeit citizenship; habitual offenders against the laws should not have the right to make the laws; invincible ignorance should not pretend to instruct and govern at the polls; and foreigners should not be made citizens and voters without knowing anything of the rights and duties of American citizenship, or of the Constitution to which they swear allegiance.

OPEN LETTERS.

On the Opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical School to Women.

IT is perhaps not sufficiently understood that there is no obstacle in ecclesiastical or canon law to the education of women for the medical profession. Among the persons inhibited by the Church from pursuing the profession of medicine are included priests, monks, and clergymen generally, but not women. There are indeed canonists who would deny the right of women to teach, though not to practise, medicine—notably Schmalzgrüber, the well-known compiler of canon law: but even he, although he has taken the pains to collect, in his well-known work on Decretals, all adverse evidence, gives no explicit arguments against it; and several ecclesiastical jurists are distinctly in favor of the study of medicine by women.

If we consult history we shall find, not only that the art of midwifery during the Middle Ages, and virtually till the beginning of the eighteenth century, was exclusively in the hands of women, but also that women were from time to time engaged, during this period, in different departments of medicine. In the University of Salerno, which flourished in the Middle Ages, and was noted especially for the learning of its theologians, and in the oldest of the Italian universities, Bologna, which has recently been celebrating its eight hundredth anniversary, women were not only students but professors of medicine. The portrait of the celebrated professor of anatomy Anna Manzolini, together with those of the four other women who were professors there, may still be seen on the walls of the University of Bologna, and some of her wax anatomical models are still shown in the museum.

I do not hesitate to say, with due deference to the judgment of others, that in my opinion it is important to the well-being of society that the study of medicine by Christian women should be continued and extended. The difficulties that are said to attend their pursuing the necessary studies in the same schools with men may be obviated by judicious precautions, and these difficulties should not debar women from the profession of medicine. We permit women to exercise the art of painting, though its successful pursuit is not always free from danger to female modesty. In my judgment, in anatomical demonstrations men and women should be separated; but I learn that in the anatomical departments of Paris and Geneva, Zurich, Berne, and Basle, and in the universities of Belgium, Spain, and Italy, women work side by side with men, and that this, in the opinion of the professors, has been attended by good rather than bad results. I believe that in other departments, and wherever the proper restrictions are observed, the coeducation of the male and the female sex will exert a beneficial influence on the male.

The prejudice that allows women to enter the profession of nursing and excludes them from the profession of medicine cannot be too strongly censured, and its existence can be explained only by the force of habit. It has been urged that women do not as a rule possess the intellectual powers of men, but their ability to pursue the usual medical studies has been sufficiently demonstrated; and it is admitted, even by those who concede to men a higher order of intellect and greater powers of ratiocination, that what women may lack in that direction seems to be supplied by that logical instinct with which they have been endowed by God. It

is evident also that if female nurses may with propriety attend men as well as women, that privilege cannot reasonably be withheld from the female physician; indeed, the position of the nurse might be regarded as open to much graver objections, inasmuch as the physician makes but a transient visit to the patient, while the nurse occupies the sickroom day and night. The attendance of female physicians upon women is often of incalculable benefit. Much serious and continued suffering is undergone by women, and many beginnings of grave illness are neglected, because of the sense of delicacy which prevents them from submitting to the professional services of men. There is also an infinite number of cases, known to all who have been concerned in charitable or reformatory work, in which no influence or assistance can be so effectual as that of a physician who is also a woman and a Christian.

The alleviation of suffering, for women of all classes, which would result from the presence among us of an adequate number of well-trained female physicians cannot but be evident to all; but I wish to emphasize as strongly as possible the moral influence of such a body, than which there could be no more potent factor in the moral regeneration of society.

James, Card. Gibbons.

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE, BALTIMORE.

SEVERAL months ago I was asked to state the reasons which appeared to me to show that it was both just and important to permit women medical students to attend the superior medical schools that are beginning to grow up under the direction of universities. At the time the movement had just been initiated to secure the admission of women to the medical school of the Johns Hopkins University. This movement has just been crowned with success. The generous energy of the group of women who have been working for the intellectual advancement of their sex has been cordially met by the liberal spirit of the University trustees, whose wise and just action is well befitting the responsibility of the noble trust they administer; still the moment has not yet arrived when the above mentioned "statement of reasons" has become happily superfluous.

Unless all the opportunities, privileges, honors, and rewards of medical education and the medical profession are as accessible to women as to men, women physicians cannot fail to be regarded as a special and distinctly inferior class of practitioners. Such habitual lack of social consideration will, moreover, constantly tend to render women inferior, by depressing honorable ambition, felt to be useless, and by depriving all women of the opportunities and responsibilities where individual superiority could be achieved or demonstrated, for which many at least are fitted. It is essential to the efficiency and the reputation of women's colleges that women should not be educated exclusively in them. Women's medical colleges were founded in America simply because all other means of securing a medical education for women were vehemently refused. On the European continent the foundation of such small, isolated schools would have been impossible. Women would either have been refused all legal right to study or practise medicine, or they would have been at once admitted to the schools directed by universities and controlled by the state. The first course has been pursued in Germany, the second (since 1866) in Switzerland, France, Italy, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Belgium. In America, although for more than a century there have been among us not only acute but learned physicians, it is only recently that medicine has been regarded as a learned profession. Schools have been founded as private business enterprises whenever any group of irresponsible young men chose to "organize a college" as a means of personal advertisement. Women were excluded from these schools for the same ingenuous reason which led them to keep the standard of medical education as low as possible. The professors expected to repay themselves for their trouble out of the fees of the students: clearly the more students, the more pay; but the more severe the conditions of matriculation and graduation, the fewer the students. Similarly it was feared that the admission of women would be unpopular among students, known to be as tenacious of their "dignity" as they were careless of their instruction. Women were therefore excluded, together with the conditions necessary for a superior or learned or logical education, and may thus be said to have found themselves in good company. Now that the modern European view of medicine has gradually penetrated the American consciousness, it is perceived that the study of medicine necessitates an amplitude and complexity of intellectual and material resource greater than is required for any other branch of education. There is needed the culture of the philosophic faculty; there are needed the expensive laboratories of physical science; and in addition there is needed the equally expensive equipment of hospital and amphitheater, which especially belong to medicine. When this has once been perceived, the hope of compassing such requirements by means of small, isolated, voluntary schools, especially if unendowed and dependent on the capricious fees of their students, is seen to be futile and absurd. These schools, then, fall into their proper rank, as feeders for the university.

The relations of women's medical colleges to a university medical school, such as that of Harvard, or more especially of Johns Hopkins as the latter is designed to be, would be twofold. Certain standards imposed at the university would be accepted at the colleges as the guide for their own work — work which, without such guide, has often floundered about in woful uncertainty. And the students who should be found capable of accomplishing more than the average work proper to such colleges should be enabled to pass up to the higher schools, and work upon a plane fitted to superior abilities.

The change slowly effected in the views of medical education is an important factor in creating a new situation for the medical education of women. A second factor, not less important, consists in the change which has taken place in the general education of women. Twenty-five years ago academic studies were inaccessible to them. . . . But to-day, with Vassar, and Smith, and Wellesley, and Bryn Mawr, and Cornell University, and with admission secured to the State universities throughout the West, there are every year an increasing number of well-educated women who are qualified for the higher grades of medical work, and who are more and more in a position to demand facilities for the higher degrees of medical instruction.

A third factor in the present situation is the admission of women to the European schools, whence they return, both Europeans and Americans, to practise medicine among colleagues who have been forcibly placed at an educational disadvantage with them. Thus, out of a dozen women physicians now practising in San Francisco, three have graduated in Paris.

That the women of America, the country which, in comparison with the rest of the world, has not unjustly been called the "paradise of women," should be compelled to seek in Europe opportunities for the highest education; that in America, where the medical profession freely admits women to its national, State, and city societies, and to a share in many public medical responsibilities, women should have fewer educational advantages than in Europe, where these privileges are still denied; that in America, where physicians are beginning to be fairly liberal, just, and even kind, women should have less opportunity for winning honors than in England, where the doctors are still opposed to women physicians; that in America, with its free social manners, and habitual confidence in the dignity and purity of its women, an artificial outcry should be raised against "coeducation," and difficulties imagined, unthought of in Europe, where the honorable association of young men and women is really a social innovation; that on the Atlantic coast human beings must be deprived of intellectual rights because of alleged scruples of prudery that have vanished from the portals of universities throughout the West — all these circumstances are so anomalous, the situation thus created is so illogical and contradictory, that it cannot, one would imagine, be much longer sustained.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which women physicians in America still labor, there is one circumstance which renders their position more solid than it is as yet in Europe. In America the admission of women to medicine was effected in response to a popular demand — it came from below, and had a democratic basis of support. In Europe it came from above, from the councils of ministers, or from the deliberations of small groups of highly cultivated people. Thus it has often come about that in Europe women have had the education but not the patients, and in America they have had the patients and not the education. The time has come to unite the two.

NEW YORK. *Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D.*

DR. SUSAN DIMOCK was but twenty-eight years old when her body, rescued from the wreck of the *Schiller*, was borne to its last resting place by eight of the physicians of Boston, who had known her and been in practice with her for three years before her death. Among them was Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, who, speaking from an experience of more than forty years' professional life, said of her, "I found her one of the most accomplished physicians I have met." Dr. Samuel Cabot, for years one of the leading surgeons of Boston, was also one of the pall-bearers. "In her short life," he said afterward, "she acquired, in the face of many obstacles, an amount of medical knowledge and of surgical skill such as but few possess. Her skill and self-command in operating no one can appreciate who has not witnessed it. Her brief and highly honorable career points surely to the high position she would have attained had her life been spared." In lecturing to her students she said, "If I were obliged, in my practice, to do without sympathy or medicine, I should say do without medicine"; and to a class in the training-school for nurses, "I wish you, of all my instructions, especially to remember this: when you go to nurse a patient, imagine that it is *your own sister* before you in that bed, and treat her in every respect as you would wish your own sister to be treated."

It was her inherent womanliness which constituted Dr. Dimock the ideal woman physician, and it is upon the womanliness of educated women that is based the strongest argument in favor of placing under their care women who are suffering from disease, either physical or mental, and women who have lost their womanliness.

To the strong, to the well, to the good, to the happy, sympathy is not an essential — they can live without it: but to the weak, the suffering, the crushed, and the wicked, sympathy is the first necessity: they must have it or they cannot be lifted and cured.

Now the sympathy which one woman can give to another it is impossible that a man should give to a woman. Even the superficial sympathy with physical suffering which arises from like experience is rendered impossible by their different organizations; a man does not know what a woman is feeling, because he never has felt and never can feel the same. This, where women are simply ill, is sufficient to make the attendance of a woman physician of value; but to women who are suffering from disease, mental or moral, women who are torn from their natural relations and place in life and shut away in insane asylums, prisons, or reformatories, for their own cure and the safety of others, the ministrations of educated, high-minded, womanly women are almost a necessity.

To have men as physicians in a prison for women, or in an insane asylum in charge of women, is simply to throw away the strongest influence for good which can possibly be available for the reformation and cure of either prisoners or patients.

To an insane patient, peace and quiet of mind, a sense of safety and repose, are essential, and to many such rest and freedom from anxiety are not possible if under the charge of a man. There is a sensitive shrinking and dread of men, often amounting to positive fear, in nervous women which may become so intensified in insane patients as to make it impossible for a man to approach them without injury to them. Apart from such extreme cases, however, the daily and hourly oversight of a woman physician is of a far more searching and intimate character than that of a man can possibly be, and it is sad that the unhappy patients should lose the comfort and advantage which the care of educated women would afford them. A woman can know a woman as a man cannot.

But to the vicious woman or girl the blessing of the presence of a woman physician seems to be almost greater than to any other. To such a one, accustomed to regard men and women from a point of view incomprehensible to other women, the entrance into her life of an absolutely pure-minded woman, who is also strong, intelligent, and kind, is a revelation. She stands self-condemned in her presence, her life for the first time presents itself to her as revolting; for the first time she sees herself as she is, defiled, degraded,

and cast out; and when such a woman stoops to perform for her the most revolting offices, shows that she loves her, that she is full of tender pity for her, the elevating influence is wonderful. To a depraved woman no man dares to show tenderness or pity; he must feel and show to her only the moral repulsion which her degradation arouses in him. Should he long to help her, to lift and succor her, he is powerless, and he cannot show her even the common pity of one human being for another who is suffering; she will not understand it, and she will pervert it in her mind, and it can do her no good, but only harm. The contact of pure men with such women can only be hardening and injurious to both, but the pure woman may give free vent to all the overpowering pity of her heart, and it serves only to soften and chasten the heart of the miserable outcast.

To one more class of the unfortunate the woman physician may come as a savior. The young girl beginning life, wayward, ignorant, unbalanced, needing help and guidance, will often conceive for a high-minded, steady-minded woman such devotion as will serve to keep her from wrong through life; and where is such a girl, beating her angry heart out against the walls of a reformatory, so likely to find her ideal as in the calm and noble woman who comes as physician and friend to cure and help her? Here, again, no man can take such a place, no man can stand in such a relation to the girl. It must be a woman who saves her, or she is lost. It is to be remembered that it is their very degradation which renders it necessary that vicious women should have the protection of good women. They cannot be left to the care of brutal men, to be at once tempters and victims; they cannot be left to the care of men of better feelings, forcing these to repress all that is best in them: they must be placed in the hands of women to whom impurity is horrible and revolting; of women who will protect them from themselves, and lead them with strong and gentle guidance out from darkness into light.

NEW YORK. *Josephine Lowell.*

HOW far it may be expedient to encourage women to enter the medical profession, the work of which is often disagreeable and always laborious, is a question which receives very diverse answers; but the right of women to study medicine is now granted on all sides.

The question at issue is really one of principle, and eighteen months ago, when the Johns Hopkins Hospital was opened, it was then settled that in the opinion of the medical staff of the hospital, so far as ward work and clinics were concerned, there should be complete freedom. And this is right: if any woman feels that the medical profession is her vocation, no obstacles should be placed in the way of her obtaining the best possible education, and every facility should be offered, so that, as a practitioner, she should have a fair start in the race.

It was with great interest that I saw something of the practical working, this summer, of the Swiss medical schools, to all four of which women are now admitted on equal terms with men. It is coeducation in the fullest sense of the term, and even in the dissecting room no difference whatever is made between the sexes.

It is interesting to note, on this question, that the Basle faculty sent a communication to Zurich, asking for a definite statement as to the feasibility of coeducation in medicine; and I believe it was on the strength of the favorable reply from the Zurich faculty that women were admitted to Basle. Professor Gaule kindly sent me a copy of the memorandum of the Zurich faculty, which in my wanderings has so far failed to reach me. One of the most distinguished members of the Berne faculty confessed to me that he had not favored coeducation, but that he had not met with any difficulties in his laboratory. He made the important observation that the success of the women students depended very much on the character of their preliminary training, and unless this was thorough they met with incessant difficulties. A member of the Zurich faculty expressed himself in the same way.

At the Paris school the utmost freedom is allowed to women, and here too it is coeducation in all departments. At lectures and demonstrations it was evident every day that the hearers and seers were considered as students only, quite irrespective of sex. Their success is shown by the increasing number of those who obtain positions as interns; at least four or five of the hospitals have now women on the house staff.

Such unrestricted coeducation is, of course, possible in America, and I do not think that the women students themselves would object to it. As a rule, I believe, they prefer to be treated as ordinary students. Many teachers complain that they feel hampered and cannot talk so plainly to a class containing women. This is true, but with practice even the most delicate subjects may be discussed from a scientific standpoint, with the utmost freedom, before a mixed class.

From the outset it was felt that a foundation like the Johns Hopkins Hospital would not fulfil its highest mission if the courses of instruction were not free to all, and they have been thus open from the beginning. No better example could be followed than that of the Paris faculty, which throws open laboratories, classrooms, and hospitals without asking any question other than that of the necessary qualifications. When organized, the Johns Hopkins Medical School will prove a new departure in medical education in this country, exacting a higher standard and a more prolonged term of study, and the only qualification for admission should be proof that the candidate has had proper preliminary training.

The success of the laboratories of a university rests in great part upon the men in control, and the extent of the equipment. The past history of the chemical, physiological, and pathological departments of the Johns Hopkins University is a sufficient guarantee for the character of the scientific work of the medical school. The success of a hospital, as a teaching center, depends partly on the men in charge, but very largely on the amount of material available for clinical instruction, and it has been stated that this would not be forthcoming in Baltimore. That the Johns Hopkins Hospital will be able to offer, in all lines, the fullest and most extensive clinical advantages, is conclusively demonstrated by the fact that already, in exactly eighteen months from the date of the opening of the institution, nearly twenty-five thousand patients have been treated in the different departments, and the hospital thus ranks with the first clinical schools of the continent.

JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL. *William Osler, M. D.,*
Physician-in-Chief.

WITH more than a score of women in a dozen States filling medical appointments which are by law open to their sex only; with the number of women doctors in this country now reaching the thousands, and with a demand for their services so great that even if inadequately trained they only too readily find employment; when women are admitted in Europe to opportunities for medical education on the same terms with men — it seems almost a work of supererogation to explain and defend such facts, or to attempt to reason why they should or should not be.

> "The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
> Moves on."

The position of women, except of those who have incomes or the capacity to earn them, is, in the main, too dependent for the maintenance of the highest character and self-respect under the various vicissitudes of life, and for self-support when other sources fail. Were there no other reason, this is enough to throw wide open to them all the avenues of work which they choose to enter. The higher education of women, as I read the evidence, has already shown that the firmer mental balance which they get thereby is already telling in improved physical health. If they are naturally more emotional than men, and have less self-control, so much the more do they need training to steady them, and at the same time to bring outside interests which will prove a resource against indoor cares.

If it be argued that women have not the self-reliance, uniformly good judgment, physical strength, and power of unremitting labor necessary to the practice of medicine, the most that can be reasonably claimed is that any conspicuous lack of those qualities belongs only to certain, not to all, women, as it applies to some men, and that it is often compensated by quicker intuition. The choice of doctors between women and men, so far as these considerations are concerned, will naturally be governed by the same laws as a selection between different men, and, including such matters as night-work, exposure, kinds of practice taken up, may safely be left to the women who study medicine and to those who employ them.

Finally, many people who have studied the evolution of the human brain through its instinctive, social, and various intellectual stages until the highest cerebral attributes are reached in the great moral qualities, have not been able to understand that the study of medicine, admitted to be ennobling to men, should be degrading to women, and robs them of their finest traits.

The belief that a sort of social convulsion might follow the general practice of medicine by women, disinclining them to marry, and unfitting them for maternal duties, may be easily corrected by a study of human nature and the observance of individual cases, or by the Massachusetts census of 1885, which, in a population of 1,942,111, shows 48,843 more women than men between the ages of twenty and forty-nine inclusive, 140,160 women in professional, government, trade, and manufacturing occupations, and only 4236 persons practising medicine of all the kinds known to the census. Women physicians are needed for the care and protection of young girls, to save them from ill-informed or misguided mothers, who by not teaching daughters what they should know may entail upon them injury or unhappiness for life, through their ignorance of simple physiological laws. It is true that in this respect and in special treatment the woman physician has opportunities to do harm which men cannot have. But the remedy is to offer abundant facilities for education beyond that danger line.

I am quite sure that there is no risk of lowering the intellectual standard of medical education if women and men study together. On the contrary, it should be raised by a free competition from a new standpoint. While there is no indelicacy in a woman's consulting her physician upon any point on which she desires information or treatment, the choice should always be open to her to ask advice from one thoroughly informed of her own sex, whenever she so prefers. The community needs, too, a woman's educational view of morality, rectifying and raising standards; and therein, perhaps, is one opportunity of many for the woman physician of the future to help. By bringing the work of the best women into the practice of medicine the medical profession must be benefited and the world may be improved.

Until money is freely available for endowing new medical schools, the only way in which women can have equal terms with men is to be allowed the same. Will, then, our leading medical schools, all of which need money, lose anything by giving women the same advantages with men, and requiring their work to be judged by precisely the same standards? Not to quote Paris, Zurich, Basle, it is claimed that no harm has come from coeducation in the thirty-eight medical schools which announce their courses as open to both sexes in this country; and it may be added that time generally proves repressive measures in education to be at best unwise. It was logical, perhaps inevitable, that the Johns Hopkins Medical School, starting without traditions or prejudices, and with its special facilities for advanced study, should admit women on the same terms with men, and the first great university to give to women medical students the same advantages as to men is likely to find it profitable to do so, and will gain the support of those people who are enough interested in the movement in time to give their money freely to it.

BOSTON. *Charles F. Folsom, M. D.*

THE admission of women to the medical school of the Johns Hopkins University affects very closely those interested in the intellectual life of women.

The requirements for admission are in themselves of great importance to women's colleges, because the preliminary medical course organized by the Johns Hopkins University is such as can be given in all colleges properly equipped for collegiate instruction in science, and cannot be given where there is lack of scientific apparatus or neglect of scientific methods. Little by little, we may hope, those institutions where it cannot be obtained will be discredited; and in those colleges where it raises the standard of scientific instruction it will necessarily, by reason of the interdependence which exists among college courses, raise the standard of all other work as well. It may be said that as a comparatively small number of students of science intend to embrace the profession of medicine, the effect of the requirements for admission to a medical school on the ordinary scientific course of a college can be but slight. This, however, is an error. More and more, as

women realize that there is for them, as for men, a choice of futures, the determination will grow not to be excluded in advance from any portion of this choice. Though the number of girls that go to college remains comparatively small, the custom will, I believe, soon cease of sending girls to schools that make admission to college impossible, or possible only after half-wasted years of supplementary instruction; and the habit of choosing college studies as though for the term of college existence only, without reference to the possibility of their continuance or application in future years, will cease, I think, still sooner. More and more, for women as for men, graduate study, and the continuity of the intellectual life implied in graduate study, is the question of the day.

Medicine is not only to students of the natural sciences one of the most important branches of graduate study. It is also, broadly speaking, the only one of the so-called learned professions as yet fully open to women, and the recent action of the Johns Hopkins University will, for the first time, put the women who are about to engage in it on an equal footing with the most fortunate of the men. For the present, at least, the medical profession occupies the foreground of the attention of those concerned for women's intellectual advancement, and it will always, as it seems to me, retain a peculiar interest; for of other professions, even should they become as easily accessible to women as that of medicine, it can at most be said that women are as well fitted for them as men, whereas there is an infinite amount of good to be effected in the practice of medicine which can be effected by none but women.

What this good is in many other directions has been said by others; but I wish to point out how much may be achieved by the woman physician — above all by the woman physician who has herself had a college education, or its equivalent, and has then passed to the study of medicine at such a school as that of the Johns Hopkins — for the furtherance of the intellectual life of women in general. My experience among college students has shown me the need of such a physician, and I think that for the present, or until men have learned that for women as well as for themselves intellectual activity is the keenest of possible lifelong pleasures and a safeguard against a multitude of evils, the skilled and sympathetic woman physician, rather than the man, should accompany young girls through their school and college life. She will be less ready to secure physical health for her patients at the expense of intellectual development, and less hopeful of so securing it. She will prescribe sheer idleness as a remedy neither for the indispositions of girls in their teens, nor for the ill-health of college students. She will have constantly present to her an adequate conception of the ideal or normal life of women, and will understand and know how to remove or diminish the difficulties in the way of its realization. Moreover, her assistance will be available where that of men is not, and will serve to avoid and alleviate much needless suffering; for every one who has had the good fortune to be the friend and adviser of young girls must feel that there are cases in which she could not advise them to consult a male physician.

It will be asked by some, why the studies necessary to place women in the front rank of the medical profession cannot be pursued in a college or university intended for women only. There may be alleged in answer, the difficulty of duplicating such costly apparatus, and the non-existence in America of a hospital for the use of women students like the Johns Hopkins Hospital; but perhaps the best answer is this, that these studies are graduate studies. The difference between graduate and undergraduate coeducation is seldom sufficiently insisted on, and yet it is a vital one, and whenever the battle of coeducation is fought the two should be carefully distinguished. In graduate study, where the students are necessarily mature in age, richer in knowledge, fewer in numbers, tried and sifted by the tests of examinations, of perseverance, of life with its embarrassments, hindrances, and vicissitudes, the disadvantages of coeducation are at a minimum, and its advantages are at a maximum.

Again, it is almost essential for those who are to devote their lives to any branch of knowledge that they should come into contact with those of their contemporaries who are destined to succeed in it, and should measure themselves against them. The few in whom lies the future of any science are all but indispensable associates to one another; to exclude women from such association is, speaking generally, to exclude them from the delights of intellectual competition and the possibility of fame.

The Johns Hopkins University is the center of graduate instruction in this country: the main stress of its activity has been laid, and its American and European reputation rests, on its graduate schools. It purposes, as soon as it shall have amassed the requisite supplementary endowment, to open the first school of medicine ever organized in the United States as a graduate school, and it has marked its sense of the difference between graduate and undergraduate coeducation by resolving, in response to a widespread movement on the part of the women of America, to admit women to this school, whenever it shall open, on the same terms as men. That women on their part realize the difference between a graduate and an undergraduate school, in influence, in range of activity, and in national importance, is shown by the rapid organization in every part of the United States from Boston to New Orleans, and from Baltimore to San Francisco, of the committees for the Women's Fund of the Medical School of the Johns Hopkins University.

In this movement it may be noted with satisfaction that women have from the beginning come forward not only asking but offering. In October they had already secured one-fifth the sum requisite for opening the medical school. The proportion should be so largely increased before March 15 as to give emphatic evidence that a school all the advantages of which are for women as well as for men may count not only on public sympathy but on the fullest measure of financial support.

M. Carey Thomas.

DEAN'S OFFICE, BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

The Artist Bunker.

THE beautiful picture "The Mirror" engraved for this number of the magazine, is one of Mr. Bunker's most recent works, having been painted in the spring of 1890, and shown for the first time at the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists. It attracted a great deal of attention at this exhibition, and when shown later at the Art Institute of Chicago was awarded the James W. Ellsworth prize of three hundred dollars

for the best picture in the exhibition painted by a living American artist.

Dennis Miller Bunker was born in New York, November 6, 1861, and began drawing while he was going to school in the city, entering the Academy schools afterwards as a regular pupil in 1878. He did not remain there very long, but attended the classes in drawing and painting from life at the Art Students' League, working there until the autumn of 1881, when he sailed for Paris. After spending three months at the Académie Julian and in the class of Hébert at the École des Beaux-Arts, he became a pupil of Gérôme and worked in his class at the Beaux-Arts until 1884, when he returned to New York. He has been abroad once since, having spent the summer of 1888 with John S. Sargent at Calcott, near Reading, in England, where he painted landscapes.

Mr. Bunker's first pictures were exhibited at the Academy and elsewhere several years before he went abroad. Most of these were landscapes, and while he was a student in New York he painted and sold a good many pictures, and was well known during this period as a water-color painter. The first picture he exhibited after his study in Paris was a figure of a young man in a studio playing a guitar, and was called "Bohemia." For this picture he received the third Hallgarten prize at the exhibition at the Academy in 1885, and he was elected a member of the Society of American Artists the same year. In 1886 he went to Boston, where he was the principal instructor in drawing and painting from life at the Cowles Art School. During his stay in Boston he painted a large number of portraits and sent two or three pictures to the New York exhibitions. He came back to New York last year, and died in Boston, December 28, 1890.

Although not lacking in refinement and delicacy, his work is essentially robust and virile. His portraits invariably show that he has striven to represent character as well as the more superficial qualities that go to make a likeness, and they are marked by an evident love of truth. His work, whether in figure or landscape painting, is serious in intention and is distinguished by excellent color quality. In "The Mirror" sincerity and grace are very happily blended, and the picture is especially notable for elegance of line and beauty of expression. The color scheme — a simple one of whites and grays — is harmonious, and the canvas is excellent in *ensemble*.

William A. Coffin.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

SONGS OF IRELAND.

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

I Axed Her to Marry Me.

THE first time I met her, I axed her to marry me;
She said go away an' why will y' harry me;
To marry so young is nothing but slavery,
And to harry me thus is the deepest o' knavery:
In spite of it all she was trying to tarry me,
But I said, I will go an' some day you 'll marry me!

I waited a week, an' I axed her to pity me,
I said you are older, an' surely will marry me;
If yiz die an old maid jist think on your sorrow,
An offer to-day is not good on the morrow;
She said she was shocked along o' the brass o' me,
An' if I waited a year she never would marry me!

I thought it all over, an' then it did worry me,
I waited a day an' axed her to marry me;
Down on my knees most humbly a-kneeling,
I told her my love wid the deepest o' feeling;
She said here again, get out o' the sight o' me,
There is a nice man who is going to marry me!

Then the divil he rose, an' he ruled in the breast o' me,
Says I an' begor she will yet be the best o' me!
We passed widout speaking, me eyes on the ground,
But faix an' the colleen kept turning around;
Says I to meself, I am sure she will marry me,
If 't is scorning enough I only will carry me!

Me coat wid a tail I put on the back o' me,
An' me cousin Noreen I hung on the arm o' me,
An' the scornin' colleen, be she this or be there,
I kicked up me heels wid a divil me care —
An' Noreen is so sweet I 'm crazy to tarry me,
An' t' other colleen is crazy to marry me!

Sweet Nora, leave your Cloak with Me.

THE night is long before me,
And lonely is the night,
With thee, my treasure, stolen
From out my tender sight;
Oh, slowly hasten parting,
Thy love is all forlorn —
Sweet Nora, leave your cloak with me,
For comfort till the morn.

I 'll cuddle close beside thy gate,
And guard thy slumbers sweet,
Until 'vourneen at break o' day
We once again may meet;
In thy bright dreams I pray one thought,
Thou 'lt give thy love forlorn —
Sweet Nora, leave your cloak with me,
For comfort till the morn.

I 'll wrap its folds about me close,
And, in my fancy bold,
I 'll think sweet Nora's golden head
Upon my breast I hold;
I 'll dream of all the happy days
We 've wandered ne'er forlorn —
Sweet Nora, leave your cloak with me,
For comfort till the morn.

Dressed in yi' Sunday Clothes.

OCH, turn yi'self aboot, what 's the matter, gossoon?
Dressed in yi' Sunday clothes, only Saturday noon!
Foin as a tailor's lad — what is it out o' tune?
Dressed in yi' Sunday clothes, only Saturday noon!

Sixty years on my head, what is coming to pass?
Dressed in yi' Sunday clothes, costing a mint o' brass!
The old man is a fool, or the young man is an ass —
Dressed in his Sunday clothes, costing a mint o' brass!

Then up spoke the old woman. "Och, old man, don't yi see,
'T is jist the way yi did when yi kim courtin' me,
Forty years ago when yi' blood was bold and free,
'T is jist the way yi did when yi kim courtin' me!"

Peggy gin me a pogue — wa'n't I a fine gossoon,
Dressed in me Sunday clothes, only Saturday noon!
Pat is a chip o' the block — only once a gossoon,
Lit him dress in his Sunday clothes only Saturday noon!

Good News.

OCH, Katty, I 've a bit o' news,
Good news to tell to thee —
The luck of Ireland has been found,
It lies across the sea:
Then budget up a bit o' bread,
An' we will sail away,
An' when we touch Ameriky
Good luck will come to stay.

Yet I will tarry, though in haste,
To let the word be heard,
The luck of Ireland has been found —
There is no better word:
An' when the Irish all have left,
An' all are Yankees born,
We 'll straggle back to Ireland
Upon some sunny morn,
An' have a glorious picnic
Wid poteen held in store,
Thin sail away to Yankee land,
An' stay forevermore.

The Dead Letther.

OCH, hone —
Me old man 's dead!
Weirasthru,
Sure it is thrue!
Dead, bad cess to me!
Dead in the old counthree —
Dead —
Never me old man to see!
Och, Mistress McCrew,
Has yi heerd the news? —
Me old man 's dead!

(Faix, Mistress Moriarty, me heart bleeds for yi, an' as soon as I was afther hearing that yi' old man was dead, I slipped me feet into a pair o' shoes, an' putting me shawl over me head, hurried along to be wid yi. Faix, what is it yi be afther hearing?)

Och, hone,
Me old man 's dead!
Weirasthru,
'T is a letther thrue,
A dead letther to me,
Dead, from the old counthree,
Dead —
A dead letther, dead as can be!
Och, Mistress McCrew,
Jimmy Crane brought the news —
A dead letther you see!

(Jimmy Crane kim a-running as fast as his two legs could lay to the ground, an' says he: "Mistress Moriarty, 't is a dead letther I has for yi." An' thin I set up my weeping an' wailing, for I knew, search high or low for me old man, I 'd niver see the likes o' him ag'in. But here comes Dermot O'Shan, who weeks agone writ the letther to me old man, sending him me scrapings to bring him to Ameriky.)

Och, hone,
Me old man 's dead!
Weirasthru,
It is thrue!
Dead,
Bad cess to me,
Dead, Dermot — the letther you see;
Dead,
Me old man dead, an' the letther, och me!
Och, Dermot O'Shan,
Dead, dead, me old man,
The dead letther, och me!

(Why, Mistress Moriarty, don't yi see that the letther yi holds is the same letther I writ for yi; 't is the letther that 's dead, not yi' old man: the letther, a dead letther, yi understand, an' not yi' old man — a dead letther!)

Och, hone —
Me old man not dead!
Weirasthru —
An' can it be thrue?
Me old man alive — och me!
Alive in the old counthree —
Alive!
An' me old man I 'll see alive!
Alive — och, Dermot O'Shan,
Alive, me old man —
Me old man alive!

(But the dead letther, sure I 'm not afther understanding. Bad luck to Ameriky that would be afther desaving a lone woman like meself, an' making a widdy o' her along wid a dead letther! It 's not dead letthers we have in the ould dart; if yiz dead, yiz dead there! Bad cess to Ameriky for a ch'ating schoundrel!)

But, weirasthru,
It is blessed thrue,
Me old man is alive!

A Snow Fancy.

THE yellow-girted things of June
Whose hum is like a dull bassoon,
Sweet homes they have on swaying beds
When are unpacked the clover heads —
Those bursting globes of purple fire.
The fuzzy coats upon each spire
Of blossoms perch, to search the rim
Lest it with honey overbrim.

But unlike these the wild, white bees
That swarm upon the leafless trees;
For our dull ears they have no song,
They do not to the earth belong,
No stirring of the soft white wing
Was ever heard or fluttering.
Although the darkened air they crowd,
Their happy hive is in the cloud,
And they for the sky-children there
In unseen pastures of the air
Distil the dew. O happy bees
That swarm among the winter trees!

Annie Bronson King.

An Anglomaniac.

SHE stepped aboard the gliding car
And rode from Boutillier's —
A sable cape rose round her throat,
To — quite — her pretty ears.
One glance,— her profile next the pane,—
It made my senses whirl.
Good gracious! How I must have stared
At that sweet English girl!

Her hair was of that ruddy gold
That ends where red begins;
Her eyes were sapphire-depths of blue,
And, heavens! those English skins!
How trim her figure as she sat —
Unconscious, airy, free!
Oh, why would she, beneath her hat,
Not waste one look on me?

I heard her say, in confidence,
She liked our "shops" so well;
The horse-car was a "tram" to her
(Her voice was like a bell).
Then, lo! "our luggage" was her theme,
And — sudden dose of sorrow —
An ocean-racer named, she said,
"We sail for home to-morrow."

Small thought had I my heart should voyage
Beyond the Stripes and Stars.
It 's gone! Nor jest at love's deep wound,
You who can hide your scars.
Ah, "Yankee Doodle," towards your strain
No more my fancies lean.
"Rule, rule, Britannia!" I cry,
And may "God save *my* Queen!"

Edward Irenæus Stevenson.

Our Engine-House.

OH, the cornet is leading the violins
In the gay little engine-house;
So forget your sorrows, forgive your sins,
Be merry for once when the frolic begins,
For the town thinks well of its engine-house.

The moon and the stars seem listening, too,
To the strains from the engine-house;
Sad waltzes that break the heart of you,
In a mirthful way, come melting through
The windows of our bright engine-house.

Then a love-song drops its proud despair,
Dear to all, from the engine-house;
Till the dulcet tenor voice fades on the air,
And "Home, Sweet Home!" from the band bids fair
To make eyes moist in the engine-house.

Oh, it is wisdom an evening to spare
For melody in the engine-house;
It soothes the day-worn wight of his care
And gives him a gladness to do and dare:
Tune up, there, in the engine-house!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

The Poet's Trial.

I SENT my verses to the maid who 'd turned my head,
Which she acknowledged ere the waning of the noon.
"So much obliged to you, dear friend," she wrote and said;
"And as to-morrow morn at ten I 'm to be wed,
I 'll read them to my husband on our honeymoon."

John Kendrick Bangs.

To a Lady in London.

(FROM ONE WHO KNOWS ONE OF THE MUSES.)

YOU say the gods and muses all
From earth now banished be?
Will you believe that yester-eve
I saw Terpsichore?

Her robe of snow and gossamer
Enclad a form most neat,
Such sandals green were never seen
As shod her twinkling feet.

Her every step was melody,
Her every motion grace,
That one might prize a thousand eyes
To note both form and face.

The motes that dance in sunny beams
Tripped never in such wise;
This lovely sprite danced in the light
That beamed from her own eyes.

A man's head once was danced away —
You know how it befell?
My dainty fay danced yesterday
Men's hearts away as well.

What 's that? 'T was but a graceful girl
That took the hearts for pelf?
Nay, I was there, and 't was, I swear,
Terpsichore herself.

Back from Town.

OLD friends allus is the best,
Halest-like and heartiest:
Knowed us first, and don't allow
We 're so blame much better now!
They was standin' at the bars
When we grabbed "the kivvered kyars"
And lit out fer town, to make
Money — and that old mistake!

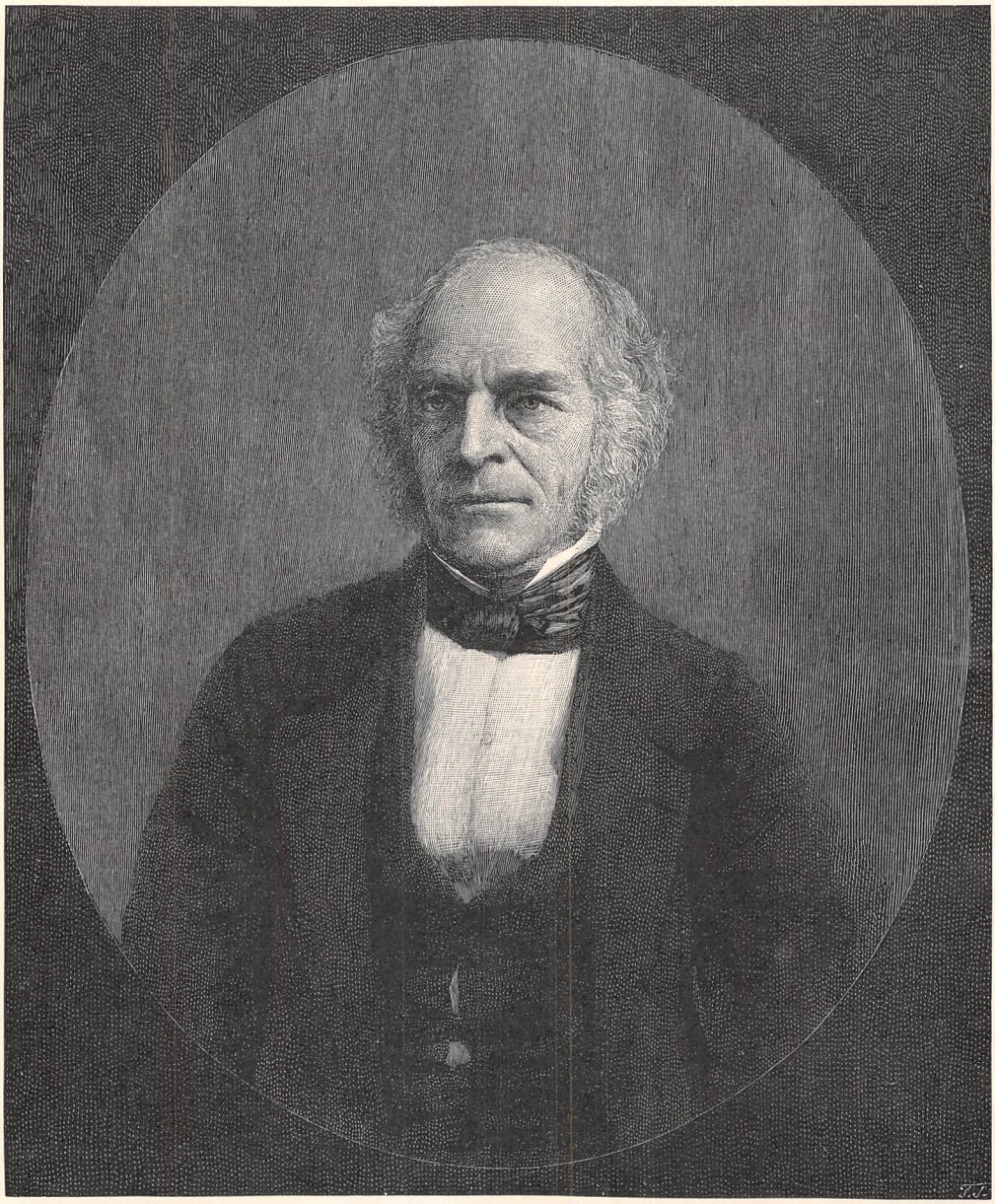
We thought then the *world* we went
Into beat "The Settlement,"
And the friends 'at we 'd make there
Would beat any *anywhere!*
And they *do* — fer that 's their biz:
They beat all the friends they is —
'Cept the raal old friends like you
'At staid home, like *I* 'd ort to!

W'y, of all the good things yit
I ain't *shet* of, is to *quit*
Business, and git back to sheer
These old comforts waitin' here —
These old friends; and these old hands
'At a feller understands;
These old winter nights, and old
Young folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Times 'll come ag'in
No More!" and neighbors all jine in!
Here 's a feller come from town
Wants that-air old fiddle down
From the chimbly! Git the floor
Cleared fer one cowtillion more!—
It 's poke the kitchen fire, says he,
And shake a friendly leg with me!

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. AFTER A DAGUERREOTYPE IN POSSESSION OF THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. MARCH, 1891. No. 5.

GENERAL CROOK IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

THERE must be many readers of THE CENTURY who are old enough to have seen in the geographies maps that described the vast region between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean as the "Great American Desert—inhabited by various wild tribes"; there may be others who even recall the debates in Congress which demonstrated the inutility, the absurdity, the extravagance of attempting to traverse this waste land by railroad and telegraph lines; but, on the other hand, there must be a good-sized legion, scarcely yet old enough to begin the battle of life in dead earnest, who have heard the cheap jokes upon the pretensions of the young Western communities that are rising into vigorous health upon this same "American Desert." To all these classes of readers my remarks may be directed in the confidence that they will listen with interest to one who has seen the last of the buffalo and the last of the savage tribes—who has looked upon the bleak prairie touched by the wand of Progress and seen great cities spring into life over the burrows of the prairie dog and the coyote, and the "Great Desert" of fable, spanned by the iron rail, become golden with the tasseled glories of Kansas cornfields, plethoric with the promise of Wyoming and Montana, green with the interminable fertility of Nebraska.

The progress of the great West has been so phenomenally rapid that it astonishes no one so much as him who has watched this development going on under his own eyes. It sounds indeed like a fairy tale to read that the supposed "barren" area west of the Missouri is now sending to market more than 600,000,000 bushels of the cereals annually; that the cotton crop of Texas is over 1,000,000 bales; that Nevada has poured into the Treasury of the Union $400,000,000 of bullion; that Montana and Colorado have become rich and progressive States, extracting treasure in immense quantities from the bowels of the earth; that the oil wells of Wyoming are attracting the attention of capitalists; and that the tin mines of the Black Hills are knocking at the doors of Congress, demanding to be recognized in the revision of the tariff.

To describe some of the more important military movements of General Crook which had an important bearing on the transformation effected over the larger portion of the area indicated is the purpose of this article. In brief space I shall strive to trace out for the general reader all he may desire to know, at the same time marking for the special student of military affairs the lines along which his investigations may be safely and profitably pursued.

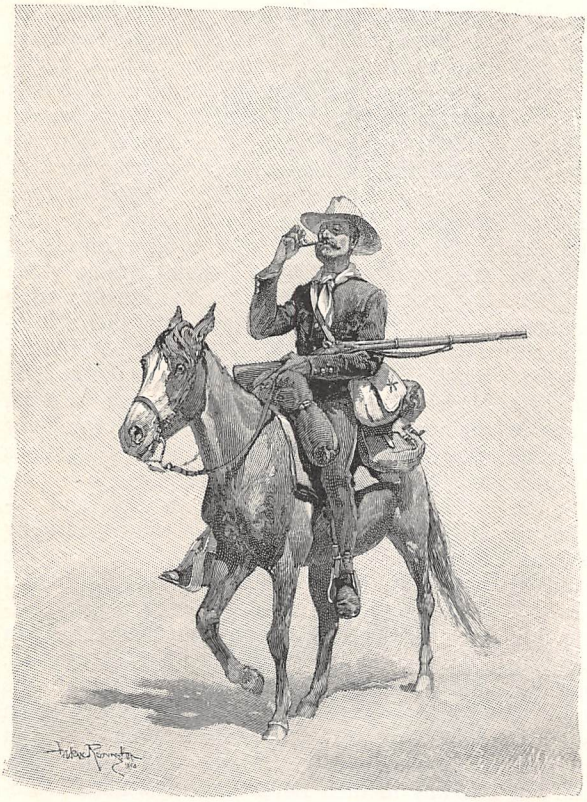
If the reader will open an atlas and examine upon the proper map the topography of the region at the point of junction of the States of California, Nevada, and Idaho, he will find a number of lakes—Harney, Goose, Malheur, Abert, and others; the Malheur, John Day, and Owyhee rivers; the Steen's Mountain, and all other places to be mentioned in the first part of this sketch, over which roamed an unsubdued and apparently indomitable band of savages, generally classed as Pi-Utes, but including in their ranks some Shoshones, Bannocks, and even renegade Modocs.

These Indians had waged bitter persecution upon the immigrants from the first days of the discovery of gold in California. Punishment had been threatened with frequency and attempted with spasmodic energy, but had invariably proved abortive from the peculiar tactics adopted by these wily savages, who never combined except to attack, and who, being pursued, scattered in every direction and led the regular cavalry or the volunteers from

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

the mining camps in a will-o'-the-wisp chase which ended in disappointment and disgust in the lava beds of northern California or the sage-brush-covered alkali deserts on the line of northern Nevada. These savages, it may be well to state, were related to the great Shoshone family which enveloped the North American continent in crescentic curve from the missions of southern California, the manners of whose inhabitants have been so charmingly described in the story of "Ramona," to the "Bolson de Mapimi," in the northern part of the Mexican Republic, where the fierce Comanche held undisputed sway.

The dominion of the Pi-Ute and Shoshone or Snake had been exercised so long and so uninterruptedly over northern Nevada, northeast California, northeast Oregon, and western Idaho that the miners seeking to develop the rich mineral deposits of those vast regions had become almost reconciled to the situation, and had begun to look upon the presence of hostile Indians as something to counterbalance the glorious climate of which so much has been said, until, in 1866, the savages, somewhat more daring than usual, attacked and massacred the last of a party of eighty-six Chinamen on their way to the mines near Boisé, when even frontier stoicism and military apathy were roused into a semblance of vitality, and everybody agreed with owl-like solemnity that "something must be done." But who was to do it? Who was to bell this cat that, with the subtlety of the serpent, the agility of the tiger, and the cruelty of both, preyed upon ranchos and mines and wagon-trains? Fortunately the question suggested its own answer, and without a dissentient voice that answer was George Crook, an officer whose youth had been decorated with laurels in this very region, and who now, returned from the superadded glories of his campaigns in Virginia and Tennessee, was present in the full flush and vigor of mind and body to undertake the solution of the problem upon which such vast and varied interests depended.



A MOUNTED INFANTRYMAN.

He lost not a moment, but set out with his troops from the Dalles in Oregon, in the dreary winter of 1866, and moved with several converging columns, each able to take care of itself under any and all circumstances, upon the center of the zone of operations—old Camp Warner, in southeastern Oregon.

His plans were simple and comprehensible: to get into the center of operations, and thence to move out, as necessity dictated, in any and every direction, securing the advantage of operating on interior lines, and of conducting movements which would allow the enemy no rest.

Each column was provided with an effective train of pack-mules, and with a corps of Indian guides, selected first from among the Wascoes and Warm Springs (allied to the Modocs) and latterly from the Bannocks and the Shoshones.

The first results of this campaign were more important in disciplining and hardening Crook's officers and men, in teaching them that military operations could be conducted in the severest of seasons, and that, with the aid of Indian scouts, the wiliest of savages could eventually be brought to bay and forced to a fight, than productive of decisive results; or, to be more exact, just as such results were on the eve of fruition, the Pi-Utes, who had already lost twenty warriors killed and had succeeded in killing only two of our scouts, and who were beginning to see that the Americans had placed a new man at the helm, were fortunate enough, during a very cold, stormy winter's night, to

stampede Crook's herd of horses and mules, and set the major portion of his command on foot. He patiently began all his work over again, sent to the Dalles for a remount, and devoted the late spring and early summer of 1867 to breaking in the broncos to saddle and pack. His efforts were ably and intelligently seconded by those of the command who had been out under his orders during the preceding winter, belonging to detachments of the 1st and 8th Cavalry and the 9th and 23d Infantry, and before summer was half over Crook was once more in the saddle.

Warner Lake, on the east side of which Crook was encamped at this time, is a long, narrow sheet of water, lying due north and south, of no great depth and very constricted at its middle point. The savages had always been on the lookout for military expeditions rounding either extremity of this lake, but Crook conceived the idea of building a causeway of rock across the narrow neck, and was successful beyond anticipation. The work was finished in less time than had been expected, and the troops were across and making rapid and stealthy night marches in the direction of the enemy before their presence was suspected. This may be called, so far as this article is concerned, the beginning of the campaign.

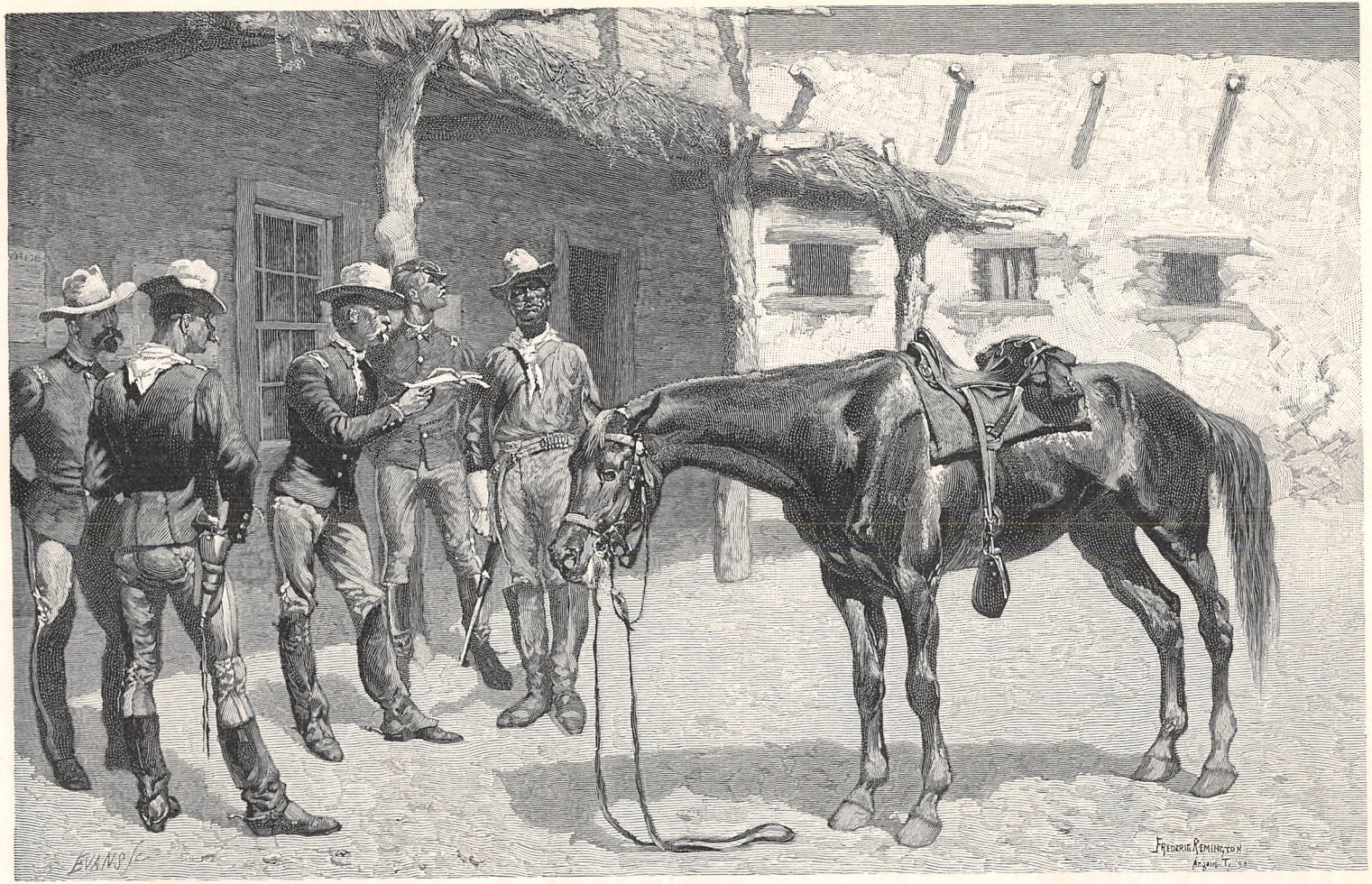
The Indian scouts were kept from one to two days in advance, and covered not only the front of the columns, but fifty miles of the country on each flank. All marching was made by night, and the general direction was towards the lava beds of northern California. The bronco mules and horses were the source of great anxiety, as they were likely at any moment to stampede or to make off into the brush: a number of them did break away, and, with the rations they carried, were never again found.

Skirmishes occurred each day between the advance of the Indian scouts and the hostiles, Crook being careful not to march the same distance on two consecutive days. Some days, or nights rather, he would advance so far, and the next march would be twice as far. On one occasion the march began at sundown and lasted through the night and all the next day until close on to sunset, the command halting only to tighten cinches. This greatly fatigued officers and men, but it perplexed the enemy and prevented them from calculating accurately upon the place and moment for an ambuscade.

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK ON THE TRAIL.

Archie MacIntosh, a half-breed Indian in charge of the friendly Bannocks, captured two Pi-Ute women engaged in digging camass bulbs, one of the favorite foods of the savages of the Northwest. This capture, however, nearly proved disastrous, as the men of the village to which the squaws belonged made a bold attack upon Archie and the Bannocks, who had foolishly undertaken to fight a foe of unknown strength without waiting for the arrival of the cavalry support, which had been purposely kept at a distance, although only a short distance, in the rear.

The condition of the whole command was by this time distressing. Over three hundred miles had been marched from the base of supplies at Camp Warner, nearly all of it by night; the men were fatigued and disheartened by constant but profitless skirmishing with an enemy who seemed proof against all wiles and blandishments to coax him into a general engagement; everybody was in rags, and in the thinnest of rags at that, since the movement had begun during the heat of summer and the freezing snows of early winter were now falling; horses and mules were worn down, rations were about exhausted, and there was nothing to show for it all but twelve dead Indians.



ARRIVAL OF A COURIER.

Then it was that his subordinates began to notice one of Crook's peculiarities which he retained through life. He held his first "council of war." Crook's councils of war differed from those of any other general, living or dead. He never asked any one for an opinion, never gave one of his own, but, taking his rifle in hand, strolled a short distance away from camp, sat down under a rock, crossed one knee over the other, clasped his arms about his shins, and occasionally rubbed the tip of his nose with the back of his right hand. This last was the infallible sign by which the troops afterward learned to know that one of Crook's councils of war was in progress. He communed with himself, canvassed all the pros and cons of his predicament, and reasoned thus: It was just as far and would be just as tedious to go back as to go forward. The savages must be nearly as worn out as his own people, since they had been kept on the alert for months, uncertain when and where to expect an attack. If he could get away from the treeless, grassless region in which he now was, and make the march to the head of Lost River in the lava beds of northeastern California, as originally intended, he had every reason to look for plenty of wood, grass, and good water on the line, and might fall in with some friendly Modocs who could supply information.

He thought carefully, decided wisely, acted promptly. "Forward!" was the word; Lost River, the objective point. As expected, he discovered an eligible camping ground, with plenty of water, timber, and pasturage, and there he rested his weary command during the greater part of three days. While in this bivouac he was visited by "Captain Jack" and other Modocs, who had known Crook when a lieutenant of the 4th Infantry, at Fort Jones, California. From them he extracted the information that the hostile Indians, after scattering, had turned to the southeast, and would reunite farther down the country.

This "Captain Jack" was afterward one of the prominent chiefs of the Modocs in their struggle to hold their homes in the lava beds. Crook resumed his march in the direction indicated, and the next day struck the Pi-Ute trail; this he followed for four days, and upon reaching the East Fork of the Pitt River, at a point where the stream had expanded into a tule swamp, six miles long and one or two miles wide, and impassable for man or beast, the hostiles were suddenly discovered. A charge was made to keep them from taking refuge in the tules. This was successful, and the hostiles were driven up the slope of a hill which began to rise a couple of hundred yards from the swamp. This hill, or bluff, was steep for the first two or three hundred feet, and covered with large boulders and chaparral. Above this was a pleasant-looking grassy slope, extending back from one-half to three-quarters of a mile, when it again became rocky and continued on to a belt of timber, scraggy juniper, stunted pine, and mountain mahogany. This belt of timber was seized by the scouts and held by them under strict orders to make no attack until the troops could get into position. The hostiles were seen hurrying from every direction and secreting themselves in a little rim of basalt cropping above the grassy slope between the timbered crest held by the scouts and the swamp below. Crook saw his chance to bring on the general engagement for which he had been anxious so long, but he wondered and wondered what became of all the redskins after reaching that basalt ledge. It curved round his position on three sides of the horizon, he being on the west, and, although not four hundred yards from him, effectually concealed every Indian who took refuge in it. Nothing could be seen, and the proximity of the savages was betrayed only by the occasional yelp of a dog, or the half-stifled wail of a baby.

The mysterious basalt ledge was understood better after the fight was over. I may anticipate and say here that it was the rim of an extinct crater, broken off at one side, but in the rest of its outline a forbidding mass of cruel basalt, piled up in great masses, impregnable to attack save on the one weak side which Crook's forces had occupied. The name of the Hell Caves or the Infernal Caverns was aptly bestowed, and is highly suggestive of the general type of the den in which the Pi-Utes and Shoshones fondly dreamed they could bid defiance to the world. The crater was not much over two hundred yards from north to south, and probably as much as one hundred and fifty yards from east to west, filled in with slabs of basalt loosely jumbled together in such a manner that the garrison of the place could crawl from point to point in perfect security; or, if desirous of rapidly concentrating in presence of an enemy, could come out on the flat upper surface of the slabs and skip from one to another. Following down the devious pathways and trails between these great slabs, one descended sixty feet below the surface to a cave or chamber of fair size, with a floor of volcanic ashes and obsidian sand, and high enough to permit a man to stand erect. Besides the principal chamber there were several of smaller dimensions, connected by galleries along which one had to creep on hands and knees, but all were dimly lighted by narrow, crooked crevices in the roof; there was a small amount of spring water, and passages leading in every direction afforded exits for

A FRIENDLY SCOUT SIGNALING THE MAIN COLUMN.

escape, or means for gaining the rear of an attacking party.

The scouts held the position already gained in the narrow fringe of timber to the west, and another along the narrow edge of the tule swamp, while Perry with his command of the 1st Cavalry, and Madigan with his company of the 23d Infantry, made a desperate charge on the east and south sides respectively. The hostiles, thinking that Crook's whole force had made the charge, ran out on top of the rocks, thus exposing themselves to the fire of our Indian scouts, who crawled down from their first position on the west side to one within a stone's throw of the garrison. But in this first charge Lieutenant Madigan, a gallant and able soldier, was killed; six or seven men fell with him, and nine were wounded, nearly all in the rush which secured possession of the rim of the crater and changed the fight into a siege. The soldiers were able to throw rocks down into the crater, or to fire at any Indian the moment he dared to assert his presence.

The Pi-Utes had had all the fighting they wanted, and during the night wriggled their way out through the passages in the rocks beneath the soldiers, scattering to every wind and leaving no trail. How many of them were killed and wounded never could be fully learned; the crater was so full of channels and alleys reaching to all points of the compass that no count could be made. One of the dead bodies found was that of a little baby, strangled by having a forked stick pressed down against its neck, probably to silence its crying while the Indians were sneaking away.

The tactics of the Pi-Utes now changed completely: instead of seeking to commit new depredations, they thought only of seclusion and flight. Crook's blood was up, and he was not the man to let go of a task once begun. He returned with his forces to Camp Warner, Oregon, and after caring for his sick and wounded was again in the field without delay. Winter had set in very early that year, and from September there had been falls of snow, culminating in a furious storm on the 6th of November, blockading the roads and trails so that the supplies ordered could not get in. A pack-train was despatched to Virginia City, Nevada, three hundred and thirty miles to the south, to obtain such subsistence stores as were procurable. Scouting parties were kept out from Camps Warner, Bidwell, Harney, Boisé (Idaho), and Owyhee; on one of these scouts from Bidwell, Lieutenant Hayden Delaney, of the 9th Infantry, was severely wounded.

None of these posts could be called elysiums. The quarters of officers and men were exactly alike and were made in this manner: a hole three feet deep was dug in the ground of an area equal to that of the tent which was to cover it; the sides of the excavation were filled in with logs which were built up for three feet more and then covered with the tent; a smaller hole was broken out at one side for a fireplace and the necessary chimney of sticks covering one another at the angles and daubed with mud. In such palatial residences as these Mrs. Crook, Mrs. Gilliss, the wife of the quartermaster, Mrs. Pollock, and other ladies who had joined their husbands in this dreary spot were compelled to live all winter.

The snow lay so deep in the mountains that the hostile Indians had no resource but to come down into the valleys, where the troops found and fought them without let-up. Captains Harris and Perry of the 1st Cavalry, and Kelly of the 8th, had very effective engagements in the vicinity of Malheur Lake, driving the enemy over to the Dunder and Blixen, where Crook's own command caught them and knocked them pretty well to pieces. This was in the month of February, 1868. But the snow which lay so deep all over the country, and had been covered with a frozen crust, suddenly melted into mush under the influence of what is known on the coast as a "chinook." This is a wind from the northwest and north-northwest, tempered by blowing across the Japanese warm current in the Pacific Ocean, and possessing the power of melting and evaporating the hardest and deepest snow-drifts. It was a godsend for the discomfited redskins, but not regarded in the same cheerful light by the soldiers, who were unable to continue pursuit, but floundered back, as best they could, through the mud to Camp Warner. Between this and Bidwell the frozen snow was in places fifteen feet deep, and as no signs of a chinook had been perceptible in that belt of country it was hoped that the pack-trains sent over to Bidwell for supplies would be able to make their way back to Warner without difficulty. These hopes were not realized. It was only after herculean exertion that the return trip was completed, fifteen days being occupied in marching less than seventy-five miles, while the packers and their mules were almost dead from exhaustion. In many places twigs and branches of all kinds, and sage-brush where procurable in the snow, had to be cut and laid on the soft spots to give the mules a footing. Nothing but the consciousness that the garrison at Camp Warner was in dire need of supplies to reopen the campaign kept those in charge of the train from turning back and abandoning the journey. The moment it reached Camp Warner, Crook resumed his work, and in a severe storm of snow on the 17th of March, 1868, struck the Pi-Utes an-

other and final blow which brought them to their knees. Before the end of the month the whole tribe had sued for peace and been granted the terms of unconditional surrender and work. The district thus freed from depredation and disaster was some six hundred miles long by three hundred in breadth, and embraced parts of Nevada where the silver industry, pursued under the protection of peace, within the next ten years yielded hundreds of millions of ounces of silver bullion.

Wonderful as had been Crook's success in the campaign outlined above, his modesty induced him to regard it as a simple duty performed in obedience to orders, and in all likelihood the outside world would never have heard of it had not General Grant, our greatest soldier, been at the head of military affairs, and soon after in the presidential chair. Accordingly, when the condition of chronic bloodshed in Arizona, always frightful, had become indescribable; when the people of that unfortunate Territory, grappling in a death struggle with the astutest and fiercest of all the tribes encountered by the Caucasian since he crossed the Mississippi, had sent up a wail of agony imploring relief, President Grant wasted no time in red tape, but assigned Crook to the command.

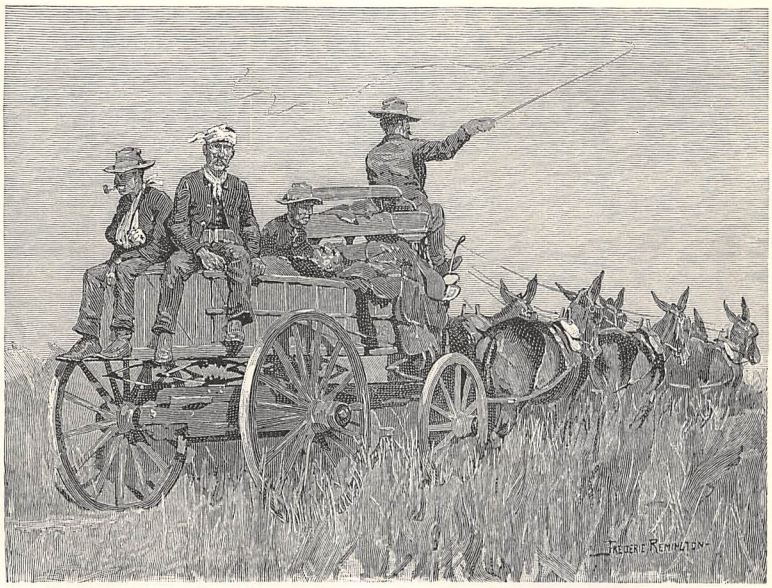
I was serving in Arizona for two years before Crook's arrival, which was not until June, 1871. I know that a book could be written regarding the black night of despair, unrelieved by the glint of one kindly star, in which all that pertained to that Territory was involved. I have in my possession copies of the Arizona newspapers of those years which are filled with accounts of Apache raids and murders and of counter-raids and counter-murders. No man's life was safe for a moment outside the half-dozen large towns, while in the smaller villages and ranchos sentinels were kept posted by day and packs of dogs were turned loose at night. All travel, even on the main roads, had to be done between sunset and sunrise; the terrorized ranchmen who endeavored to till a few acres of barley or corn in the bottoms did so with cocked revolvers on hip and loaded rifles slung to the plow-handles.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MARCH.

There is a history of this land of Arizona, one full of strange stories of all that is horrible, much that is romantic, and not a little that is beautiful. It is too long to receive even scant attention here, but so much of it is written in blood that perhaps my readers may feel grateful for the omission.

The immediate cause of the transfer of Crook to Arizona was the petition above mentioned addressed to General Grant by the settlers, many of whom, having known Crook in California and Nevada, respected his abilities, ad-

mired his character, and felt that he was the man for the place. The killing of Lieutenant H. B. Cushing, and a number of his men, of the 3d Cavalry, in a most desperate fight with the whole band of Chiricahua Apaches, in the Mustang or Whetstone Mountains, and the outrage known as the "Camp Grant Massacre," had given a mournful emphasis to the demands of the people for a change of military administration. In the latter tragedy Papago Indians, led by white men from Tucson, and smarting under the losses of recent raids committed by bands of Apaches still in hostility, had followed the raiders to the reservation at Camp Grant, at the junction of the Arivaypa and the San Pedro, close to which some eight hundred peaceably disposed Apaches were living under what they supposed to be the shelter of the American flag, and had there butchered scores of women and children in cold blood.



WOUNDED SOLDIERS ON AN ESCORT WAGON.

There are two great divisions of Indians in Arizona — those who cut the front hair at the level of the eyebrows, and those that do not. The latter belong to the widely disseminated Apache-Navajo family, one of the branches of the Tinneh stock which has conquered its way down from the circumpolar regions of the north, where many bands speaking the same language still live on the affluents of the Yukon in Alaska, of the Mackenzie in the Dominion of Canada, and of the Great Bear and Great Slave lakes in the same desolate region. The other tribes of Arizona are, or have been until a comparatively recent period, sedentary Indians, who in manners, customs, and personal appearance strongly resemble the Pueblos of New Mexico. Among these are to be named the Cocopahs and Yumas, living on the lower Colorado and at the mouth of the Gila; the Maricopas and Pimas, on the Gila at or near the Big Bend; the Papagoes, of the same language as the Pimas, but brought into the Christian fold by Jesuit missionaries nearly two centuries ago; the Mojaves, who plant in the lowlands of the Colorado below the Grand Cañon; the Moquis, who live in houses of stone on the apexes of lofty cliffs, and who are a patient, industrious set of farmers of a very religious turn of mind. Their "Snake Dance," in which live rattlers are carried in the mouths of the medicine men, occurs biennially, and is an invocation to their rain gods for help for their crops. I was the first white man to describe it, which I did after one of my visits to their villages in 1881.

The Navajo differs from the Apache only in having absorbed whole communities of Pueblos, and in having come to a considerable degree under the influence of Catholic missionaries of the Franciscan order, who supplied him with horses, sheep, peach trees, and other necessaries which gradually brought about a change in his character. He has become not only a grazier, but a weaver and a silversmith, and of the wool of his flocks makes blankets which delight the eyes with the beauty of their designs and comfort the body by the solidity of their texture.

But the Apache stands as one of the divisions of the American aborigines (the others being the Lacandones of Guatemala and the Araucanians of Chili) who scorned the religious teachings and despised the military power of the Castilian, and the Apache differs from these others not only in having kept his own boundaries intact, but in having raided and plundered without cessation since the days of Cortez, over a zone of the viceroyalty of Mexico or New Spain, which was greater in area than the territory of Germany, Italy, France, and Great Britain put together, and comprehended the southwestern corner of what we

now call Colorado, half of Texas, all of Arizona, New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Sonora, and Durango, and, on occasion, even as far south as Zacatecas.

Physically, the Apache is perfect; he might be a trifle taller for artistic effect, but his apparent "squattiness" is due more to great girth of chest than to diminutive stature. His

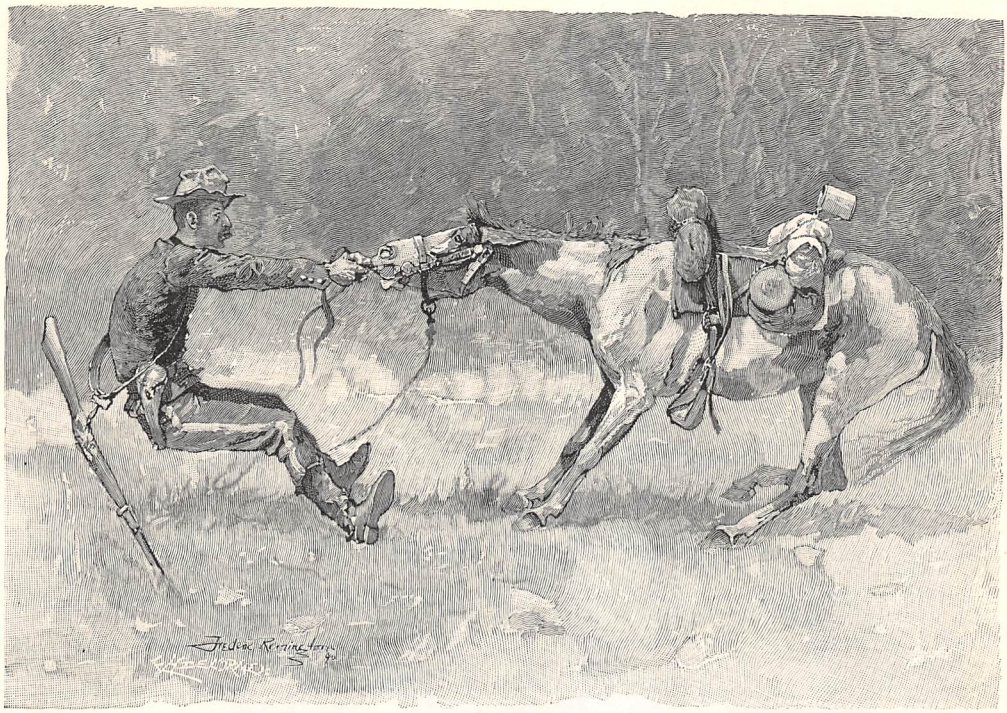
A GOVERNMENT SCOUT.

muscles are hard as bone, and I have seen one light a match on the sole of his naked foot. Twenty years ago, when Crook took him in hand, the Apache had few wants and cared for no luxuries. War was his business, his life, and victory his dream. To attack a Mexican camp or isolated village, and run off a herd of cattle, mules, or sheep, he would gladly travel hundreds of miles, incurring every risk and displaying a courage which would have been extolled in an historical novel as having happened in a raid by Highlanders upon Southrons; but when it was *your* stock, or your friend's stock, it became quite a different matter. He wore no clothing whatever save a narrow piece of calico or buckskin about the loins, a helmet, also of buckskin, plentifully crested with the plumage of the wild turkey and eagle, and long-legged moccasins, held to the waist by a string, and turned up at the toes in a shield which protected him from stones and "cholla" cactus. If he felt thirsty, he drank from the nearest brook; if there was no brook near by, he went without, and, putting a stone or a twig in his mouth to induce a flow of saliva, journeyed on. When he desired to communicate with friends at home, or to put himself in correspondence with persons whose coöperation had been promised, he rubbed two sticks together, and dense signal smoke rolled to the zenith and was answered from peaks twenty and thirty miles away. By nightfall his bivouac was pitched at a distance from water, generally on the flank of a rocky mountain, along which no trail would be left, and up which no force of cavalry could hope to ascend without making noise enough to wake the dead.

Such was Arizona, and such in meager description was the Apache Indian, in June, 1871, when Crook was pitted against him. Of the American troops and their officers in general nothing can fairly be said but words of praise: they were conscientious, brave, energetic, and intelligent; anxious to do their whole duty, but not acquainted with every foot of the ground as the Apaches were. In a word, they were not savages.

To fight savages successfully one of two things must be done — either the savages must be divided into hostile bands and made to fight each other, or the civilized soldier must be trained down as closely as possible to the level of the savage. No matter how well disposed or how brave and bright a soldier might be, it took time and attention to teach him how to take care of himself in face of so subtle an enemy as the Apache. Under our then system of recruiting from the slums of the great cities our army often got very inferior material, and generally any candidate was accepted whose chest measurement, weight, and stature were in accordance with official requirements. I know that many an officer's heart sank within him when, on glancing over the muster-roll of a detachment of recruits assigned to his troop, he read some such legend as this: "Maloney, age 29. Height 5, 11; born in Clonakilty; occupation when enlisted, umbrella-maker. — Potztausend, etc., etc., born in Germany; occupation, etc., brewer" — and reflected upon the amount of instruction and setting-up of every kind the man would require before he could be trusted with even the apparently unimportant duty of riding from post to post with despatches.

At the date of which I am now writing General Crook was an ideal soldier in every sense. He stood about six feet in his stockings, was straight as an arrow, broad-shouldered,



RECREATIONS OF A "MOUNTED INFANTRYMAN."

lithe, sinewy as a cat, and able to bear any amount of any kind of fatigue. It mattered not under what guise vicissitude and privation came, they never seemed to affect him. Hunger and thirst, rain or sunshine, snow and cold, the climbing up or down of rugged, slippery mountains, or the monotonous march, day after day, along deserts bristling with spines of the cactus, Spanish bayonet, mescal, and palo verde — his placid equanimity was never disturbed in the slightest degree. He was at that period of his life fond of taking his rifle and wandering off on his trusty mule alone in the mountains. At sunset he would picket his animal to a mesquit bush near grass, make a little fire, cook some of the game he had killed, erect a small "wind-break" of brush and flat stones such as the Indians make, cut an armful of twigs for a bed, wrap himself up in his blanket, and sleep till the first peep of dawn.

"You ask me to tell you about Indians," said an old Apache chief whom I was boring about some ethnological matter — "go to the Nantan [the Chief — Crook's name abbreviated]; he 'll tell you. He 's more of an Indian than I am."

But Crook did not go on "tizwin" sprees like the Apaches; he never touched stimulants in any form unless it might be something prescribed by a physician; he never drank coffee, and rarely tasted tea. Milk was his favorite beverage when he could get it, and pure water when he could not.

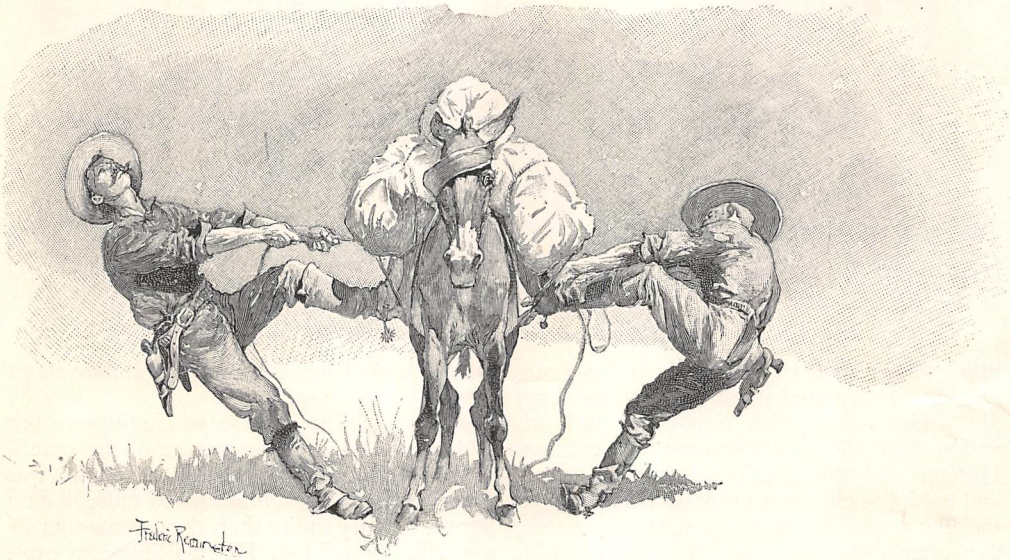
His personal appearance was impressive, but without the slightest suggestion of the pompous and overdressed military man; he was plain as an old stick, and looked more like an honest country squire than the commander of a warlike expedition. He had blue-gray eyes, quick and penetrating in glance, a finely chiseled Roman nose, a firm and yet kindly mouth, a well-arched head, a good brow, and a general expression of indomitable resolution, honest purpose, sagacity, and good intentions. He had an aversion to wearing uniform and to the glitter and filigree of the military profession. He was essentially a man of action and spoke but little, and to the point, but was fond of listening to the conversation of others. He was at all times accessible to the humblest soldier or the poorest "prospector," without ever losing a certain dignity which repelled familiarity but had no semblance of haughtiness. He never used profanity and indulged in no equivocal language.

Probably no officer of equal rank in our army issued fewer orders or letters of instructions. "Example is always the best general order," he said to me once when we were seated side by side on a fallen log in the lower Powder Valley, Montana, in a most exasperating drizzle of rain in the summer of 1876. It certainly was true of campaigning in Ari-

zona, and no officer or soldier hesitated to endure any hardship when he saw the commanding general at the head of the column, eating the same rations as himself, and not carrying enough extra clothing to wad a shotgun. There is one character in American history whom Crook, saving his better education and broader experience, very strongly resembled — and that is Daniel Boone.

The vacillating policy of the Government towards the Apaches hampered and delayed Crook's operations for more than twelve months. During the interval he traveled on mule-back over hundreds of miles of the roughest mountains in his new department, and familiarized himself with its topographical features in a manner that could never be learned from maps; he visited the various reservations and made the personal acquaintance of many of the chiefs and head-men upon whose assistance he would have to count when the hour of struggle came.

There was a considerable element among the Apaches strongly inclined towards peace with the whites, and opposed to the idea of being drawn into complications with those of their own tribe who preferred to resort to hostilities. Among the peaceably disposed were chiefs like "One-eyed Miguel,"— who in his own language was called Skopus,— "The Strong Man," Eskititizla, Pedro, and one or two others of great influence. Corydon E. Cooley, a very bright man, had married one of the women of this band, and exerted himself to get these chiefs to agree to help General Crook in every way, and to permit a number of their best young men to be enlisted as scouts. One of the first so to enlist was Nocky-do-klunni, called "Bobby-do-klinny" by the soldiers, who years after became a prophet and announced that he was able to raise the dead. He was killed on the Cibicu in 1881, and numbers of our brave men died at the same time. I have never been quite able to divest myself of the notion that it would have been wiser and cheaper to offer this prophet fifty cents a head for all the ghosts he could resuscitate, and thus expose the absurdity of his pretensions, than to shed so much blood and incur so much expense to prove to the savages that the boasts of their charlatans ruffled our serenity so deeply. So long as our forefathers quivered with fear at the sight of a witch, the crop of old hags who claimed the power of riding on broomsticks and of talking to Thomas cats never diminished; and just so it has been and always will be with the spiritual counselors of the Indians. I speak in this matter from personal experience. A medicine man — a big one, too — of the Cheyennes was very fond of asserting the wonders of his "medicine," but after I had quietly sent a charge of electricity through him from an old battery and doubled him up like a jack-knife, he sang a different tune altogether.



THE PATIENT PACK-MULE.

Numbers of the Apache scouts were marvels of physical endurance and manly beauty. Alchisay, "The Little One," was a perfect Adonis in figure, a mass of muscle and sinew, of wonderful courage, great sagacity, and as faithful as an Irish hound. Esquinosquiz, "Big

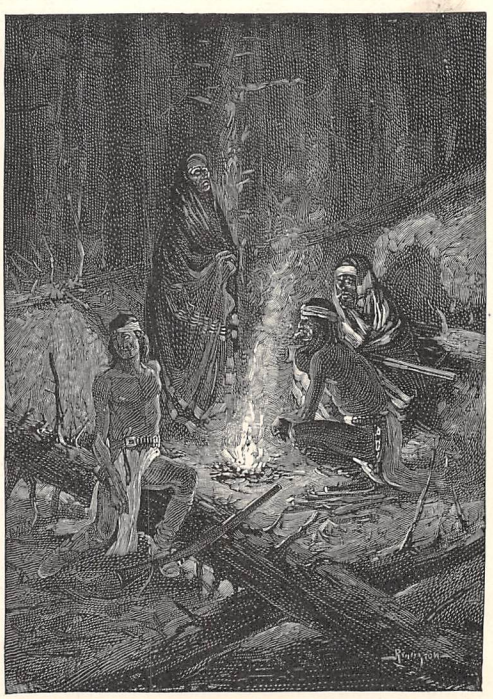
INFANTRYMAN IN FIELD COSTUME.

Mouth," was an excellent soldier, wily as a cat, and a born general. He told me one afternoon that he had noticed that all the white captains, big and little, wore swords, while he, a big Apache chief, had no such emblem of office. Satisfied that my aboriginal friend was fairly entering upon "the white man's road," I exerted myself to get him an old cavalry saber, but my enthusiasm was materially lessened when I was informed that Esquinosquiz wanted the weapon to aid him in beating his two wives; for, as he said, "Me catchee one, me lickee him; me catchee two, him lickee me damnsight." Esquinosquiz would drink the Apache intoxicant, "tizwin," whenever he could get it. This beer, made from fermented corn, was at an early date prohibited by the military authorities, but its preparation in secret has always been kept up, to the ruin of those addicted to its use. Esquinosquiz, for example, got into a tizwin row and was shot dead near the Gila Cañon by one of his own tribe.

All arrangements for the new campaign had been perfected by the ninth day of December, 1872, when the word was given for the different columns to converge upon the "Tonto Basin," the stronghold of the worst elements of the tribe. These were known as the Tonto Apaches and the Apache-Mojaves, the former being of true Tinneh or Apache stock, with a goodly infusion of Mojave blood from captives taken in war; and the latter, the same people as the Mojaves, but crowded out of their old habitat in the Colorado bottom and compelled to live in the mountains. Their language was entirely different from that of the Apaches, and they wore their hair differently, but their rancor towards the whites was the same, and they were equally dangerous.

The "Tonto Basin" is a misnomer, unless we recognize it as an example of gentle frontier satire. It is the seat of the warfare of the Titans, and Ossa has here been upon Pelion piled until the eye grows weary trying to count the wrinkles in Dame Nature's bosom. Yet rough as the "Basin" itself is, the loftier mountains inclosing it are rougher, and each of these — the Mogollon, the Mazatzal, and the Sierra Ancha — are thickly matted with timber and white with deep snow during the winter months. The "Basin" is well watered, and has an abundance of acorn-bearing oak, Spanish bayonet, mescal, and other foods dear to the savage palate.

Crook himself took station at old Camp Grant, which enjoyed the distinction of being the meanest, dirtiest, and most squalid post in the United States, and that was saying a great deal. It has long since been broken up and the garrison established in a more salubrious position at the foot of Mount Graham.



APACHE SIGNAL FIRE.

LIEUTENANT ROSS'S ATTACK.

As nearly as possible on the same date the different columns were set in motion, each with a liberal number of Indian guides, Pi-Utes, Hualpais, Apaches, Pimas, Maricopas, and Yumas. Major Thomas MacGregor, 1st Cavalry, was in charge of affairs at Prescott; Colonel J. W. Mason, 5th Cavalry, at Camp Verde; Major George M. Randall, 23d Infantry, at Camp Apache; Captain Thomas Byrne, 12th Infantry, at Beale's Springs; Major George F. Price, 5th Cavalry, at Date Creek; Majors James Burns and John M. Hamilton, 5th Cavalry, of the troops moving out from Camp McDowell, and Major William H. Brown, 5th Cavalry, of those leaving Camp Grant. It was my fortune to be one of Brown's command, the other officers being Captain A. B. Taylor, Lieutenants Almy and Rockwell, all of the 5th Cavalry, Lieutenant William J. Ross, 21st Infantry, and after we got into the Tonto Basin Captain James Burns and Lieutenant E. D. Thomas joined us with another company of the 5th Cavalry and a force of one hundred and ten Pima Indian scouts, which made a very respectable total. We had three white guides, Archie MacIntosh, Joe Felmer, and Antonio Besias, who, as well as Al Seiber, Mason McCoy, Al Speers, Lew Elliott, Willard Rice, and others, attached to the other detachment, rendered gallant and invaluable service at all hours during the campaign.

The essentials of the Crook system of fighting Indians made themselves manifest in very short order. A subordinate was never asked by Crook to go anywhere, but was shown the way and made to follow. Baggage was cut down to the lowest notch; officers wore the same style of canvas clothing as the men, ate their meals with the pack-trains, and were allowed all the baggage they could carry on their own backs, or in the exceedingly limited supply of bedding each could send to the pack-train attached to the command.

Crook recognized, as every one recognized who ever had any practical experience in the country, that a white man's strength and sagacity were no match for the cunning of savages who had been running about in these hills and mountains since childhood. Unless the fullest use were made of scouts to the manner born, thoroughly posted in the minutest details of the country, able to detect the slightest mark on the trail and to interpret it correctly — in short, unless savage should be pitted against savage, the white man would be outwitted, exhausted, circumvented, possibly ambuscaded and destroyed.

The white soldiers, meantime, had no holiday; they followed close on the heels of the scouts, and, after a time, kept up to the front with them. The scouts were on foot and so were the cavalry, because the "epizoötic"

during that winter swept over the country and dismounted them. Bright, active officers were designated for each separate detachment, and rarely did the selection prove a wrong one. No harder or more efficient work was ever done by any small army in the same limited time, on the same inadequate means, and in the face of so great obstacles, than was accomplished by the troops of the Department of Arizona in 1872–73, under General Crook.

Lastly, but by no means least, the condition of the pack-trains was most jealously scrutinized by General Crook. He made the great question of military transportation the study of his life. Every pack-train in our army to-day has grown from a nucleus arranged by General Crook; and although he picked out such skilled assistants as Tom Moore, Uncle Dick Kloster, "Hank 'n' Yank," Harry Hawes, Frank Monach, Jack Long, Charlie Hopkins, "Long Jim" Cook and "Short Jim" Cook, Henry Dailey, Jim O'Neil, and others, it is the statement of a fact known to all in that command that Crook knew every packer by name, what his peculiarities were and how he cared for his animals, and besides knew every mule in the outfit. Some of these packers were men of unusual intelligence and extended experience. Harry Hawes has since those days wandered to the diamond fields of Africa, where Sir Garnet Wolseley was quick to discern his merits and to employ him in organizing a pack-train for the Zulu campaign and afterward for the work to be carried on in Egypt. Tom Moore, a native of Virginia, living on the Pacific slope since the first days of the mining fever, knew more about a mule than any other man in America: his treatise on the management of mules and pack-trains has long been the accepted standard. He was studious in his habits and a reader of good books, from which he extracted a fund of general information of a very wide range. He had all the courage of a lion, with a woman's gentleness and a high sense of honor. In the great scheme of Nature there is nothing perfect: even the sun has spots; and Moore with all his virtues had one grave defect — he sang. He wooed the Muses, and would now and then favor us with one of his own compositions; for which reason some of our camp-fires were lonelier than others.

Hank 'n' Yank were two of the best men on the Pacific coast; they never knew what it was to say no to an appeal for charity, and no matter how much their generosity might be abused — and it was abused — they never learned to tie a knot in their purse-strings. Jack Long was a man whom Bret Harte or Mark Twain ought to have known; he was a character modeled after himself. There never was but one Jack Long, and another is an impossibility. He had seen all the ins and outs and experienced all the ups and downs of the Pacific coast in its most hilarious age, and where all men were wild, Jack had been just a tiny bit wilder than anybody else; but under all this, in spite of all this, there was a stratum of rugged, honest, truthful manliness in Jack Long's composition that made him friends wherever he went.

From the moment the campaign began in the first week of December, 1872, until it ended in the surrender of the principal hostile chiefs and twenty-five hundred of their followers at Camp Verde, in the month of April, 1873, there was not one hour of respite granted the enemy. The Apaches, cunning as snakes, found themselves beaten at their own game; neither on mountain-top nor in cañon-depth could they find safety. To shoot game attracted the attention of our Indian scouts, who were on the watch for every such sound as well as for the wreathing smoke which betrayed the hidden "rancheria." True to their usual policy under such circumstances, the Apaches scattered like quail among the rocks, generally keeping not more than two or three families together until they fancied that the pursuit had calmed down, and then reuniting in some one of their numerous places of rendezvous.

After a few of these small parties had been rounded up the young men and boys belonging to them were employed as guides and trailers, and our larger and more unwieldy bodies of scouts from other tribes were dismissed to their homes. The Pi-Utes had proved themselves efficient, but were unacquainted with Arizona, as they were five or six hundred miles from their own habitat.

The Pimas were of no account whatever. My judgment was that they were cowardly, and anxious to kill women and children, just as their brothers the Papagoes had done at the Camp Grant massacre, and having such a religious cast of mind that the killing of only one of the enemy imposed upon the whole party the duty of returning to their own villages, there to undergo a protracted purgation from the defilement. Sweat-baths, smoking, singing, and fasting make up the round of this ceremonial observance, which became a source of annoyance to the officers who had to depend upon them for assistance in the prosecution of a campaign. In the present instance they deviated from established custom, after a successful attack upon a "rancheria" on the lofty peaks of the Mazatzal, in which half a dozen Tonto Apaches were killed and as many more taken prisoners, because it was pointed out to them that the expedition would not delay by reason of their superstitious scruples, and that the Apache scouts who were to remain with us would assuredly make off with the Pima ponies

which might be recaptured from the hostiles. So the medicine-men after a long powwow concluded that the Pimas and Maricopas might just as well stay a while longer and do their bathing and smoking all at once.

I have said that I was attached to Brown's column which swept through the Mescal, Pinal, Superstition, Sierra Ancha, and Mazatzal ranges, and afterward the southern end of the Bradshaw and the southern and western extremity of the great Mogollon plateau. The different detachments crossed and recrossed each other's trails, frequently meeting and always being within supporting distance of one another. The Apaches were unable to reassemble in rear of any passing column, as had so uniformly been done on previous occasions, and had to keep an eye open for danger from all points of the compass in darkness as well as in daylight. In this extremity they concentrated in their strongholds, the most impregnable being the cave in the cañon of Salt River, the summit of Turret Butte, and the cliffs of the Superstition Mountains.

The first of the three was struck by Major Brown's command at the first peep of day of a very cold morning, December 28, 1872.[1] The evening before, our Apache scouts told Major Brown that, although the command had been very successful in its work thus far, yet there was a big "rancheria" only a short distance off in which the hostile Apaches felt that they were perfectly invincible. One of the scouts had been brought up in this fortress, for such he claimed it to be, and would guide us there because he bore enmity to the chief and some others of the band.

By starting from our present bivouac, which was in a small box cañon on the east side of the Mazatzal Mountains, at the first appearance of a certain star in the east, and marching briskly all night, we could reach by first dawn of the morning the cañon of the Salt River, where in a cave, half way down the face of the vertical cliff, the Apaches dwelt. A dangerous trail led to this spot, and it would be all we could do to reach there by the time fixed. If we were fortunate enough to get down there before the enemy discovered our presence, we could count upon destroying the whole band; if we did not, the last of the Americans would die on the trail, trying to escape out of that cañon.

Did his American brothers have the "sand" to follow him? They did. There was very little bustle or confusion, as we were all ready for a fight at a moment's notice. All that was really done was to examine our carbines and ammunition and see that everything was slick; put some crackers, bacon, and coffee in the blanket which each was to sling over his shoulder; fill canteens with water, and give a final look at our moccasins, which we wore through preference because they made no noise going over the rocks. The mules and horses were to be left back in this bivouac, under a strong guard, and there was plenty of time for all who so desired to scratch off a line to the folks at home, for whom this might, in some cases at least, be the last letter.

The Apache scouts wasted no time in this sentimental way. They gathered about little fires and stuffed themselves with the meat of one of our mules which had died that day: its ribs were picked clean and not a particle left. This kind of feasting before going into battle is the ceremony described by the French missionaries in Canada two centuries ago under the title *festins à manger tout.* The medicine-men of the Apaches and Pimas told their followers what they were expected to do, and by eight in the evening Nantaje's star twinkled on the horizon and we were on the trail.

For half an hour or more our progress was leisurely. The top of a high mesa was reached, and there we halted to let the column close up and every man get his second wind. The air blew keenly across this barren mountain, dotted here and there with a scraggly growth of cedar, and we were all glad when Nantaje took up a brisk gait which started the blood into better circulation. We moved like a long file of specters: not a word was spoken; there was no whistling, humming of tunes, coughing, or anything to betoken that we were anything else than a battalion of ghosts coming in on the keen breath of the north wind. At the crest of each hill the front of the column halted for a few minutes until a warning "*Tzit! Tzit!*" hissed from the rear, signaled that the last man had reached his place.

About midnight Nantaje suddenly turned and seizing Major Brown with both arms about the body held him firmly in place. The Indian's foot had struck a depression in a sandy spot on the trail, and his keen instinct told him it was the imprint of a human foot. He lay down on the trail, and with some comrades alongside of him, with their blankets spread over their heads so that not the slightest gleam of light could escape, struck a few matches and inspected the "sign." It was the track of a big bear's foot, which is not at all unlike a man's, and had been made only an hour or so before. The Apaches believe that if Bruin crosses the trail of a war party it is an omen that they will soon meet the enemy, consequently our scouts were in a flutter of excitement.

We moved onward again for three or four hours until we reached a small grassy glade, where we discovered fifteen Pima ponies, which must have been driven up the mountain by

[1] I am following briefly my journal of the time.

Apache raiders that very night; the sweat was hardly crusted on their flanks, and their hoofs were banged against the rocks, and their knees were full of the thorns of the cholla cactus, against which they had been driven in the dark. There was no moon, but the glint of stars gave enough light to show that we were in a country filled with huge rocks and adapted most admirably for defense. There in front, almost within touch of the hand, that line of blackness blacker than all the other blackness about us was the cañon of the Salt River. We looked at it well, since it might be our grave in an hour, for we were now within rifle-shot of our quarry.

Nantaje now asked that a dozen picked men be sent forward with him, to climb down the face of the precipice and get into place in front of the cave in order to open the attack; immediately behind them should come fifty more, who should make no delay in their advance; a strong detachment should hold the edge of the precipice to prevent any of the hostiles from getting above them and killing our people with their rifles. The rest of our force could come down more at leisure, if the movement of the first two detachments secured the key of the field; if not, they could cover the retreat of the survivors up the face of the escarpment.

Lieutenant William J. Ross, of the 21st Infantry, was assigned to lead the first detachment, which contained the best shots from among the soldiers, packers, and scouts. The second detachment came under my own orders. Our pioneer party slipped down the face of the precipice without accident, following a trail from which an incautious step would have caused them to be dashed to pieces; after a couple of hundred yards this brought them face to face with the cave, and not two hundred feet from it. In front of the cave was the party of raiders, just returned from their successful trip of killing and robbing in the settlements near Florence, on the Gila River. They were dancing to keep themselves warm and to express their joy over their safe return. Half a dozen or more of the squaws had arisen from their slumbers and were bending over a fire and hurriedly preparing refreshments for their valorous kinsmen. The fitful gleam of the glowing flame gave a Macbethian tinge to the weird scene and brought into bold relief the grim outlines of the cliffs between whose steep walls, hundreds of feet below, growled the rushing current of the swift Salado.

The Indians, men and women, were in high good humor, and why should they not be? Sheltered in the bosom of these grim precipices only the eagle, the hawk, the turkey-buzzard, or the mountain sheep could venture to intrude upon them. But hark! What is that noise? Can it be the breeze of morning which sounds "Click, click"? You will know in one second more, poor, deluded, red-skinned wretches, when the "Bang! Boom!" of rifles and carbines, reverberating like the roar of cannon from peak to peak, shall lay six of your number dead in the dust.

The cold, gray dawn of that chill December morning was sending its first rays above the horizon and looking down upon one of the worst bands of Apaches in Arizona, caught like wolves in a trap. They rejected with scorn our summons to surrender, and defiantly shrieked that not one of our party should escape from that cañon. We heard their death song chanted, and then out of the cave and over the great pile of rock which protected the entrance like a parapet swarmed the warriors. But we outnumbered them three to one, and poured in lead by the bucketful. The bullets, striking the roof and mouth of the cave, glanced among the savages in rear of the parapet and wounded some of the women and children, whose wails filled the air.

During the heaviest part of the firing a little boy, not more than four years old, absolutely naked, ran out at the side of the parapet and stood dumfounded between the two fires. Nantaje, without a moment's pause, rushed forward, grasped the trembling infant by the arm, and escaped unhurt with him inside our lines. A bullet, probably deflected from the rocks, had struck the boy on the top of the head and plowed round to the back of the neck, leaving a welt an eighth of an inch thick, but not injuring him seriously. Our men suspended their firing to cheer Nantaje and welcome the new arrival: such is the inconsistency of human nature.

Again the Apaches were summoned to surrender, or, if they would not do that, to let such of their women and children as so desired pass out between the lines; and again they yelled their defiant refusal. Their end had come. The detachment left by Major Brown at the top of the precipice, to protect our retreat in case of necessity, had worked its way over to a high shelf of rock overlooking the enemy beneath, and began to tumble down great boulders which speedily crushed the greater number of the Apaches. The Indians on the San Carlos reservation still mourn periodically for the seventy-six of their relatives who yielded up the ghost that morning. Every warrior died at his post. The women and children had hidden themselves in the inner recesses of the cave, which was of no great depth, and were captured and taken to Camp McDowell. A number of them had been struck by glancing bullets or fragments of falling rock. As soon as our pack-trains could be brought up we mounted the captives on our horses and

mules and started for the nearest military station, the one just named, over fifty miles away.

This was the worst blow ever received by hostile Indians in America: in their chosen fortress, red-handed with plunder and blood, the whole band was wiped out of existence, with a loss to us of only one killed.

In less than a week Major Randall, of the 23d Infantry, had crept upon the Indians at Turret Butte and inflicted a blow almost equal in severity to the fight at the caves; and before a fortnight more the garrison of the stronghold in the Superstition Mountains, one hundred and ten in number, surrendered to Major Brown's command in open day and accompanied us back to Camp Grant.

In April, 1873, Cha-ut-lipun, "Buckskin Hat," head chief of all the Indians in the Tonto Basin, said to General Crook: "My friend, I have come to surrender my people, because you have too many copper cartridges. I want to be your friend; I want my women and children to be able to sleep at night, and to make fires to cook their food without bringing your troops down upon us. We are not afraid of the Americans alone, but we cannot fight you and our own people together." Crook took Cha-ut-lipun's hand and said: "If your people will only behave yourselves and stop killing the whites, I will be the best friend you ever had. I will teach you to work, and will find you a market for everything you can sell."

It sounds like a fairy tale, I know, but the official records can be overhauled and will show that before the end of May, 1873, Crook had all the Apaches in Arizona (excepting the Chiricahuas, who had been specially exempted from his jurisdiction) hard at work at Camp Apache and Camp Verde, digging irrigating ditches, planting vegetables of all kinds,—corn, melons, and squashes,—cutting hay and wood to sell to the quartermaster's department for the use of the troops, living in houses arranged in neatly swept streets, and in every way on the high road to prosperity and civilization. Major George M. Randall and Lieutenant Rice, of the 23d Infantry, were assigned to the care of those at Camp Apache; Colonel J. W. Mason and Lieutenant W. S. Schuyler, of the 5th Cavalry, to the superintendence of those at Camp Verde.

The transformation effected was marvelous. Here were six thousand of the worst Indians in America sloughing off the old skin and taking on a new life. Detachments of the scouts were retained in service to maintain order; and also because money would in that way be distributed among the tribes. Some few at first spent their pay foolishly, but the majority clubbed together and sent to California for ponies and sheep. Trials by juries of their own people were introduced among them for the punishment of minor offenses, the cutting off of women's noses was declared a crime, the manufacture of the intoxicant tizwin was broken up by every possible means, and the future of these Indians looked most promising, when a gang of politicians and contractors, remembered in the Territory as the "Tucson Ring," exerted an influence in Washington, and had the Apaches ordered down to the desolate sand waste of the San Carlos, where the water is brackish, the soil poor, and the flies a plague. It is the old, old story of Indian mismanagement.

There is no brighter page in our Indian history than that which records the progress of the subjugated Apaches at Camp Apache and Camp Verde, nor is there a fouler blot than that which conceals the knavery which secured their removal to the junction of the San Carlos and Gila.

Could my readers have seated themselves about our camp-fires as the various detachments assembled at Camp Verde in the early months of 1873 and listened to the tales which circulated, describing the sections traversed and the varying wonders seen, they would have learned much of the land of Arizona. One comrade had stood on the Natural Bridge over the Piney, a worthy rival of its better known brother in the Valley of Virginia; another had sat by the brink of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and gazed upon the muddy waters of the great river dashing along a mile beneath; two others were exchanging notes about the Zuñis and Moquis, the dwellers in villages of stone; and the whole circle would have something to say about visits to cliff dwellings, to the six-storied ruin in the Beaver Cañon, Montezuma's Well, the Casa Grande, the quaint mission church of San Xavier del Bac, and last, but not least, the petrified forests, where all portions except the leaves of giant trees lie on the ground, half embedded in sand, transmuted into precious stone — jasper, agate, or carnelian. No better description of this great forest, which is now easy of access, has ever been given than the one made by the first American trapper who visited it fifty years ago. "Podners," he said to his comrades on returning to Taos, New Mexico, for the winter, "I seed a pewtrified forest of pewtrified trees, with their pewtrified limbs chock-full of pewtrified birds, a-singin' of pewtrified songs."

John G. Bourke,
Captain, 3d Cavalry, U. S. A.

[*BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.*]

THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

VI.

PHILLIDA CALLENDER.

"HILBROUGH has sent for me," said Millard to Philip Gouverneur, who was sitting so as to draw his small form into the easy-chair as he smoked by the open fire in the newspaper room at the Terrapin Club. Millard, who had never liked tobacco, was pretending to smoke a cigarette because smoking seemed to him the right thing to do. He had no taste for any more desperate vice, and tobacco smoke served to take the gloss off a character which seemed too highly finished for artistic effect.

"Hilbrough"—Charley smiled as he recalled it—"always gets uneasy when he 's talking to me. He takes his foot off the chair and puts it on the floor. Then he throws himself forward on the table with his elbows outward, and then he straightens up. He 's a jolly kind of man, though, and a good banker. But his wife—she is the daughter of a Yankee school-teacher that taught in Brooklyn till he died—is a vigorous little woman. She has n't come to New York to live quietly. She 's been head and front of her set in Brooklyn, and the Lord knows what she won't undertake now that Hilbrough 's getting rich very fast. I have n't seen her yet, but I rather like her in advance. She did n't try to trap me into an acquaintance, but sent me word that she wanted advice. There 's a woman who knows what she wants, and goes for it with a clear head. But what can I do for her? She 'll be wanting to give a tea or a ball before she has acquaintances enough. It 's awfully ticklish making such people understand that they must go slow and take what they can get to begin with."

"Why," said Gouverneur, "you can tell her to take the religious or moral reform dodge, and invite all the friends of some cause to meet some distinguished leader of that cause. Bishop Whipple, if she could capture him, would bring all the Friends of the Red Man, just as Miss Willard or Mrs. Livermore would fetch the temperance and woman-suffrage people. You remember the converted Hindu princess they had over here last winter? Between her rank, and her piety, and her coming from the antipodes, and her heathen antecedents, she drew beautifully. Fine woman, too. Even my mother forgave her for not having a drop of Dutch or Revolutionary blood in her veins, and we all liked her very much. Give Mrs. Hilbrough that tip."

Millard shook his head, and smiled. He had the appreciative smile of a man with a genius for listening, which is a better, because a rarer, contribution to conversation than good speech. Philip, crouched in his chair with his face averted from the electric lights, went on:

"Well, then you know there is the literary dodge. Have papers read, not enough to bore people too deeply, but to bore them just enough to give those who attend an impression of intellectuality. Have discussions of literary questions, seasoned with stewed terrapin, and decorated with dress coats and external anatomy gowns. Those who go to such places flatter themselves that they are getting into literary circles and improving their minds, especially if a popular magazinist or the son of some great author can be persuaded to read one of his rejected articles or make a few remarks now and then. Then there is the musical dodge on the drawing-room scale, or by wholesale, like the Seidl Society, for example. One is able by this means to promote a beautiful art and increase one's social conspicuousness at the same time. Then there is the distinguished-foreigner dodge. Give a reception in honor of—"

"Hang it, Philip; I 'll tell Mrs. Hilbrough to send for you," said Millard, laughing as he got up and threw his cigarette into the grate. "I don't like to interrupt your lecture, but it 's eleven o'clock, and I 'm going home. Good-night."

Philip sat there alone and listened to the rain against the windows, and smoked until his cigar went out. The mere turning of things over in his mind, and tacking witty labels to them, afforded so much amusement that inactivity and revery were his favorite indulgences.

Mrs. Hilbrough gave a good deal of thought to her dinner on the next evening after the conversation between Philip Gouverneur and

1 Copyright, 1891, by EDWARD EGGLESTON. All rights reserved.

Millard. To have it elegant, and yet not to appear vulgar by making too much fuss over a dinner *en famille*, taxed her thought and taste. Half an hour before dinner she met her husband with a perturbed face.

"It 's too bad that Phillida Callender should have come this evening. That 's just the way with an indefinite invitation. Poor girl, I 've been asking her to come any evening, and now she has hit on the only one in the year on which I would rather she should have stayed at home."

"I 'm sure Phillida is nice enough for anybody," said Hilbrough, sturdily. "I don't see how she interferes with your plan."

"Well, Mr. Millard 'll think I 've asked her specially to help entertain him, and Phillida is so peculiar. She 's nobody in particular, socially, and it will seem an unskillful thing to have asked her — and then she has ideas. Young girls with notions of their own are — well — you know."

"Yes, I know, home-made ideas are a little out of fashion," laughed Hilbrough. "But I 'll bet he likes her. Millard is n't a fool if he does part his hair in the middle and carry his cane balanced in his fingers like a pair of steelyards."

"If he takes me to dinner, you must follow with Phillida. Give your left arm —"

"I 'll feel like a fool escorting Phillida —"

"But you must if Mr. Millard escorts me."

Hilbrough could have cursed Millard. He hated what he called "flummery." Why could n't people walk to the table without hooking themselves together, and why could n't they eat their food without nonsense. But he showed his vexation in a characteristic way by laughing to himself at his wife and Millard, and most of all at himself for an old fool.

Phillida Callender was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister who had gone as missionary to one of the Oriental countries. After years of life in the East, Mr. Callender had returned to America on account of his wife's health, and had settled in Brooklyn. If illusions of his youth had been dispelled in the attempt to convert Orientals to a belief in the Shorter Catechism he never confessed it, even to himself, and he cherished the notion that he would some day return to his missionary vocation. The family had an income from the rent of a house in New York that had been inherited by Mrs. Callender, and the husband received considerable sums for supplying the pulpits of vacant churches. He had occupied the pulpit of the church that the Hilbroughs attended during the whole time of Dr. North's journey to the Holy Land, and had thus come into a half-pastoral relation to the Hilbrough family. Mr. Callender sickened and died; the fragile wife and two daughters were left to plan their lives without him. The sudden shock and the new draft upon Mrs. Callender's energies had completed her restoration to a tolerable degree of health and activity. Between the elder daughter, whom the father had fancifully named Phillida, from the leafy grove in which stood the house where she was born, and Mrs. Hilbrough there had grown up a friendship in spite of the difference in age and temperament — a friendship that had survived the shock of prosperity. Lately the Callenders had found it prudent to remove to their house situate in the region near Second Avenue below Fourteenth street, a quarter which, having once been fashionable, abides now in the merest twilight of its former grandeur. The letting of the upper rooms of the house was a main source of income.

Born in Siam, bred in a family pervaded with religious and propagandist ideas, and having led a half-recluse life, Phillida Callender did not seem to Mrs. Hilbrough just the sort of person to entertain a man of the world.

When dinner was announced Millard did give Mrs. Hilbrough his arm, and Phillida was startled and amused, when Mr. Hilbrough, after pausing an instant to remember which of his stout arms he was to offer, presented his left elbow. Despite much internal levity and external clumsiness, Hilbrough played his rôle to the satisfaction of his anxious wife, and Phillida looked at him inquiringly after she was seated as though to discover what transformation had taken place in him.

Millard could not but feel curious about the fine-looking, dark young woman opposite him. But with his unfailing sense of propriety he gave the major part of his attention to the elder lady, and, without uttering one word of flattery, he contrived, by listening well, and by an almost undivided attention to her when he spoke, to make Mrs. Hilbrough very content with herself, her dinner, and her guest. This is the sort of politeness not acquired in dancing-school nor learned in books of decorum; it is art, and of all the fine arts perhaps the one that gives the most substantial pleasure to human beings in general. Even Hilbrough was pleased with Millard's appreciation of Mrs. Hilbrough; to think well of Jenny was an evidence of sound judgment, like the making of a prudent investment.

Meantime Millard somewhat furtively observed Miss Callender. From the small contributions she made to the table-talk, she seemed, to him, rather out of the common run. Those little touches of inflection and gesture, which one woman in society picks up from another, and which are the most evanescent bubbles of fashion, were wanting in her,

and this convinced him that she was not accustomed to see much of the world. On the other hand, there was no lack of refinement either in speech or manner. That disagreeable quality in the voice which in an American woman is often the most easily perceptible note of underbreeding was not there. Her speech was correct without effort, as of one accustomed to hear good English from infancy; her voice in conversation was an alto, with something sympathetic in its vibration, as though a powerful emotional nature lay dormant under the calm exterior. Millard was not the person to formulate this, but with very little direct conversation he perceived that she was outside the category to which he was accustomed, and that her personality might prove interesting, if one had an opportunity of knowing it. He reasoned that with such a voice she ought to be fond of music.

"Have you heard much of Wagner, Miss Callender?" he said when there was a pause in the conversation. He felt before he had finished the question that it was a false beginning, and he was helped to this perception by a movement of uneasiness on the part of Mrs. Hilbrough, who was afraid that Phillida's disqualifications might be too plainly revealed. But if Mrs. Hilbrough was rendered uneasy by the question, Phillida was not. She turned her dark eyes upon Millard, and smiled with genuine amusement as she answered:

"I have heard but one opera in my life, Mr. Millard, and that was not Wagner's."

"Miss Callender," said Mrs. Hilbrough, quickly, "is one who has sacrificed social opportunities to her care for an invalid mother—a great sacrifice to one at her time of life."

"I don't think I have sacrificed much," answered Phillida with a trace of embarrassment. "My social opportunities could not have been many at best, and I would rather have led,"—she hesitated a moment,—"I don't know but I would rather have led my quiet life than—the other."

In her effort to say this so as neither to boast of her own pursuits nor to condemn those of others, Miss Callender's color was a little heightened. Millard was sorry that his innocent question had led the conversation into channels so personal. Mrs. Hilbrough was inwardly vexed that Phillida should be so frank, and express views so opposed to those of good society.

"You find Brooklyn a pleasant place to live, no doubt," said Millard, taking it for granted that Phillida was from Brooklyn, because of her friendship for the Hilbroughs.

"I liked it when we lived there. I like New York very well. My relatives all live on this side of East River, and so I am rather more at home here."

"Then you don't find New York lonesome," said Millard, with a falling cadence, seeking to drop the conversation.

"Oh, no! I live near Stuyvesant Square, and I have an aunt in Washington Square of whom I am very fond."

"I am often at the Gouverneurs, on the north side of the Square. I like Washington Square very much," said Millard, getting on solid ground again.

"We visit at the same house. Mrs. Gouverneur is my aunt," said Phillida.

Millard was a little stunned at this announcement. But his habitual tact kept him from disclosing his surprise at finding Miss Callender's affiliations better than he could have imagined. He only said with unaffected pleasure in his voice:

"The Gouverneurs are the best of people and my best friends."

Mr. Hilbrough looked in amusement at his wife, who was manifestly pleased to find that in Phillida she was entertaining an angel unawares. Millard's passion for personal details came to his relief.

"Mrs. Gouverneur," he said, "had a brother and two sisters. You must be the daughter of one of her sisters. One lives, or used to live, in San Francisco, and the other married a missionary."

"I am the missionary's daughter," said Phillida.

Millard felt impelled to redeem his default by saying something to Miss Callender about the antiquity and excellence of her mother's family. If he had been less skillful than he was he might have given way to this impulse; but with the knack of a conversational artist he contrived in talking chiefly to Mrs. Hilbrough to lead the conversation to Miss Callender's distinguished great-grandfather of the Revolutionary period, who was supposed to shed an ever-brightening luster all the way down the line of his family, and Millard added some traditional anecdotes of other ancestors of her family on the mother's side who had played a conspicuous part in the commercial or civic history of New York. All of which was flattering to Miss Callender, the more that it seemed to be uttered in the way of general conversation and with no particular reference to her.

Hilbrough listened with much interest to this very creditable account of Phillida's illustrious descent, and longed for the time when he should have the fun of reminding his wife that he had held the opinion from the beginning that Phillida Callender was good enough for anybody.

Mrs. Hilbrough took Phillida and left the table, Mr. Hilbrough rising as the ladies passed out, as he had been instructed. When he and Millard had resumed their seats the cigars were brought, but when Millard saw that his host did not smoke he did not see why he should punish himself with a cigar and a tête-à-tête with Hilbrough, whom he could see any day at the bank. So by agreement the sitting was soon cut short, and the gentlemen followed the ladies to the drawing-room. Mrs. Hilbrough had planned a conversation with Millard about her reception while Phillida should be left to talk with Mr. Hilbrough. But Phillida's position had been changed during dinner. Mrs. Hilbrough found a new card in her hand. She drew Miss Callender into the talk about the reception, leaving her husband to excuse himself, and to climb the stairs to the third floor, as was his wont, to see that the children had gone to bed well and were not quarreling, and to have a few cheery words with Jack and the smaller ones before they went to sleep. Receptions were nothing to him: the beds on the third floor contained the greater part of the world.

Millard was relieved to find that Mrs. Hilbrough proposed nothing more ambitious than an evening reception. He commended her for beginning in new surroundings with a reception.

"You see, Mrs. Hilbrough," he said, "a reception seems to me more flexible than a ball. It is, in a sense, more democratic. There are many good people — people of some position — who do not care to attend a ball, who would be out of place at a ball, indeed, which should be a very fashionable assembly. The party with dancing can come after."

This commendation had an effect opposite to that intended. Mrs. Hilbrough had n't thought of a ball, and she now suspected that she was going wrong. In proposing a reception she was imitating Mrs. Masters, and she had fancied herself doing the most proper thing of all. To have a reception called democratic, and treated as something comparatively easy of achievement, disturbed her.

"If you think a reception is not the thing, Mr. Millard, I will follow your advice. You see I only know Brooklyn, and if a reception is going to compromise our position in the future I wish you would tell me. I am afraid I can hardly accomplish even that."

But Millard again said that a reception was a very proper thing to begin with. By degrees he drew out a statement of Mrs. Hilbrough's resources for a reception, and he could not conceal from her the fact that they seemed too small, for numerousness is rather indispensable to this species of entertainment. A reception is in its essence entertainment by wholesale.

"If you could give a reception in honor of somebody," he suggested, remembering Philip Gouverneur's suggestion, "it might serve to attract many beyond your own circle, and — and — give you a reason for asking people whom — you know but slightly, if at all."

But Mrs. Hilbrough did not know any proper person to honor with a reception. Her embarrassment was considerable at finding herself so poorly provided with ways and means, and she was slowly coming to the conclusion that she must wait another winter, or take other means of widening her acquaintance. A plan had occurred to Millard by which he could help her out of the difficulty. But as it involved considerable trouble and risk on his part, he rejected it. There was no reason why he should go too far in helping the Hilbroughs. It was not a case for self-sacrifice.

Hilbrough, in the nursery, had found the youngest little girl suffering with a slight cold,— nothing more than a case of infantile sniffles, — but Hilbrough's affection had magnified it into incipient croup or pneumonia, and, after a fruitless search for the vial of tolu and squills, he despatched the maid to call Mrs. Hilbrough.

When they were left alone, Millard turned to Phillida, who had shown nearly as much disappointment over the possible postponement of Mrs. Hilbrough's project as the projector herself.

"You are deeply interested in this affair, too, Miss Callender," he said.

"I don't care much for such things myself, but I should dislike to see Mrs. Hilbrough disappointed," answered Phillida. "She has been such a good friend to me, and in time of the greatest trouble she was such a friend to my family, and especially "— she hesitated — "to my father, who died two years ago, that I am interested in whatever concerns her happiness or even her pleasure."

Somehow this changed the color of the enterprise in the eyes of Charles Millard. The personality of Miss Callender was interesting to him, and besides she was Mrs. Gouverneur's niece. It seemed worth while gratifying Mrs. Hilbrough at considerable cost if it would give pleasure to this peculiar young lady.

"Well, with such a certificate of Mrs. Hilbrough's qualities," said Millard, after a pause, "we must strain a point and get up this reception for her. We must be good to the good. We can carry this through together, you and I, Miss Callender," he said.

"What can I do?" asked Phillida, opening her large, dark eyes with innocent surprise. "I know nobody."

"You can get Mrs. Gouverneur's countenance, perhaps. That will be a great deal for Mrs. Hilbrough hereafter."

"Perhaps I can get it, with your help, Mr. Millard. My aunt is good hearted, but she has queer notions. She has a great opinion of the social importance of her family." And Mrs. Gouverneur's niece laughed in a way which went to show that she treated with some levity her aunt's estimate of the value of ancestry.

"One could n't avoid being proud of such forefathers," answered Millard.

"Perhaps she will help if I ask her. She is very obliging to me—I belong to the royal family too, you know," she said archly.

"Together we can get her to lend her influence to Mrs. Hilbrough," said Millard, "or at least to attend the reception. And I think I know how the whole thing can be managed."

"I am so glad, and so much obliged to you, Mr. Millard," said Phillida, a gleam of enthusiastic feeling, almost childlike, suddenly showing itself through the grave exterior. This little revelation of the self shut within the disciplined self without puzzled Millard and piqued the curiosity he felt to understand what manner of young girl this was, habitually so self-mastered, and apparently so full of unknown power or of unawakened sensibilities. An apprehension of potencies undeveloped in Miss Callender gave her new acquaintance the feeling of an explorer who stands on the margin of a land virgin and unknown, eager to discover what is beyond his sight. For Millard's main interest in life lay in the study of the personalities about him, and here was one the like of which he had never seen. The social naturalist had lighted on a new genus.

Mrs. Hilbrough returned with her husband, and Millard explained to her that a certain Baron von Pohlsen, a famous archæologist, was at that time in Mexico studying the remains of Aztec civilization with the view of enriching the pages of his great work on the "Culturgeschichte" of the ancient Americans. He was to return by way of New York, where his money had been remitted to the Bank of Manhadoes, and he had been socially consigned to Mr. Millard by a friend in Dresden. Pohlsen was obliged to observe some economy in traveling, and had asked Millard to find him a good boarding-house. If Mrs. Hilbrough cared to receive the Baron as a guest for a fortnight, Millard would advise him to accept the invitation, and, as far as possible, would relieve Mr. Hilbrough of his share of the burden by taking the Baron about. This would furnish Mrs. Hilbrough with a good excuse for giving a reception to the nobleman, and then, without any appearance of pushing, she could invite people far afield.

It was not in the nature of things that a woman in Mrs. Hilbrough's position should refuse to entertain a baron. She saw many incidental advantages in the plan, not the least of which was that Mr. Millard would be a familiar in the house during the Baron's stay. Hilbrough acquiesced with a rueful sense that he should be clumsy enough at entertaining a foreigner and a man of title. Mrs. Hilbrough thanked Millard heartily for his obliging kindness, but what he cared most for was that Miss Callender's serious face shone with pleasure and gratitude.

Having accepted another invitation for the evening, Millard took his leave soon after ten o'clock, proposing to come at a later time to help Mrs. Hilbrough—"and Miss Callender, I hope," he added with a bow to Phillida—to make up the list. Having but two blocks to go, he declined, in favor of Miss Callender, the Hilbrough carriage, which stood ready at the door.

The close carriage, with only Phillida for occupant, rattled down Fifth Avenue to Madison Square, and along Broadway to Union Square, then over eastward by Fourteenth street, until after a turn or two it waked the echoes rudely in a quiet cross street, stopping at length before a three-story house somewhat antique and a little broader than its neighbors. Phillida closed and bolted the outer doors, and then opened one of the inner ones with a night-key, and made her way to what had been the back parlor of the house. In that densification of population which proceeds so incessantly on Manhattan Island this old house, like many another, was modernly compelled to hold more people than it had been meant for in the halcyon days when Second Avenue was a fashionable thoroughfare. The second floor of the house had been let, without board, to a gentleman and his wife, and the rooms above to single gentlemen. The parlor floor and the basement were made to accommodate the mother and her two daughters with their single servant. The simple, old back parlor, with no division but a screen, had two beds for mother and daughters, while the well-lighted extension made them a sitting room in pleasant weather. Mrs. Callender clung to one luxury persistently—there was always a grate fire in the back parlor on cold evenings.

To this back parlor came Phillida with a disagreeable sense that Mrs. Hilbrough's retreating carriage was rousing the quiet neighborhood as the sleepy and impatient coachman banged his way over the pavement, the hummocky irregularities of which saved this thoroughfare from all traffic that could avoid it; for only the drivers of reckless butcher carts, and one or two shouting milkmen, habitually braved its perils.

Phillida, as she approached the old-fashioned mahogany door of the back parlor, in the dim light shed by the half-turned-down gas jet at the other end of the hall, raised her hand to the knob; but it eluded her, for the door was opened from within by some one who stood behind it. Then the head of a girl of seventeen with long, loose blond tresses peered around the edge of the door as Phillida entered.

"Come in, Philly, and tell us all about it," was the greeting she got from her sister, clad in a red wrapper covering her night-dress, and shod with worsted bedroom slippers. "Mama wanted me to go bed; but I knew you 'd have something interesting to tell about the Hilbroughs, and so I stuck it out and kept mama company while she did the mending. Come now, Philly, tell me everything all at once."

The mother sat by the drop-light mending a stocking, and she looked up at Phillida with a gentle, brightening expression of pleasure — that silent welcome of affection for which the daughters always looked on entering.

"What, mama, not in bed yet?" exclaimed Phillida, as she laid off her outer garments, and proceeded to bend over and kiss her mother, trying to take away her work at the same time. "Come now, you ought to be in bed; and, besides, this old stocking of mine is darned all over already, and ought to be thrown away."

"Ah, Phillida," said her mother with a sweet, entreating voice, holding fast to the stocking all the time, "if it gives me pleasure let me do it. If I like to save old things I 'm sure it 's no harm."

"But you ought to have been in bed at nine o'clock," said Phillida, her hold on the stocking weakening perceptibly under the spell of her mother's irresistible entreaty.

"It will take but a minute more if you will let me alone," was all the mother said as Phillida released the work, and the elaborate darning went on.

"There 's a good deal more darn than stocking to that now," said the younger sister. "It 's a work of genius. I 'll tell you, Phillida: we 'll take it to the picture framer's to-morrow and have it put under glass, and then we 'll get a prize for it as a specimen of fancy work at the American Institute Fair. But now tell me, what did you have for dinner? How many courses were there? Was there anybody else there? What sort of china have they got? Do they keep a butler? How does Mr. Hilbrough take to the new fixings? And, oh, say! are they going to give any parties? And —"

"Give me a chance, Frisky, and I 'll answer you," said Phillida, who began at the beginning and told all that she could think of, even to describing the doilies and finger-bowls.

"You said there was a gentleman there. Who was he?" said Agatha, the younger.

"That Mr. Millard that Cousin Phil is so fond of. He is at Aunt Harriet's often on Sunday evenings. He 's a good looking young man, dressed with the greatest neatness, and is very polite to everybody in an easy way."

"Did he talk with you?"

"Not at first. He paid as much attention to Mrs. Hilbrough as he could have paid to a queen; treating her with a great deal of deference. You could see that she was pleased. Just think, he asked me if I liked Wagner's music."

"How did you get out of it?"

"I did n't get out of it at all. I just told him I had never heard anything of Wagner's. But when he found that I was Mrs. Gouverneur's niece it made things all right with him, and he made as handsome a speech about my great-grandfather and all the rest as Aunt Harriet could have done herself."

"Was n't Mrs. Hilbrough surprised to hear that you were somebody?"

"I don't know."

"Well, don't you think she was?"

"May be so."

"Did n't she seem pleased?"

"I think she was relieved, for my confession that I had n't heard many operas bothered her."

"You said Mr. Millard was polite. How was he polite?"

"He made you feel that he liked you, and admired you; I can't tell you how. He did n't say a single flattering word to me, but when he promised to meet Mrs. Hilbrough again, to arrange about the people she is to have at the reception, he bowed to me and said, 'And Miss Callender, I hope.'"

"I 'll tell you what, Phillida, I 'll bet he took a fancy to you."

"Nonsense, Agatha Callender; don't talk such stuff. He 's been for years in society, and knows all the fine people in New York."

"Nonsense, yourself, Phillida; you're better than any of the fine ladies in New York. Mr. Millard is n't good enough for you. But I just know he was taken with you."

"Do you think I 'm going to have my head turned by bows and fine speeches that have been made to five hundred other women?"

"There never was any other woman in New York as fine as you, Phillida."

"Not among your acquaintance, and in your opinion, my dear, seeing you hardly know any other young woman but me."

"I know more than you think I do. If you

had any common sense, Phillida, you 'd make the most of Aunt Harriet, and marry some man that would furnish you with a horse and a carriage of your own. But you won't. You 're just a goosey. You spend your time on the urchins down in Mackerelville. The consequence is you 'll never get married, and I shall have you on my hands an old maid who never improved her opportunities."

"What stuff!" laughed Phillida.

"You 've got a fine figure — a splendid figure," proceeded the younger, "and a face that is sweet and charming, if I do say it. It 's a dreadful waste of woman. You wrap your talent in a Sunday-school lesson-paper and bury it down in Mackerelville."

At this point Mrs. Callender put away her elaborate hand-finished stocking, saying softly,

"Agatha, why do you tease Phillida so?"

"Because she 's such a goose," said the younger sister, stubbornly.

Twenty minutes later Agatha, looking from her bedside in the dark corner of the room, saw her sister kneeling by a chair near the fireside. The sight of Phillida at prayer always awed her. Agatha herself was accustomed to say, before jumping into bed, a conventional little prayer, very inclusive as to subjects embraced, and very thin in texture, but Phillida's prayers were different. Agatha regarded the form of her sister, well developed and yet delicately graceful, now more graceful than ever as she knelt in her long night-dress, her two hands folded naturally the one across the other, and her head bowed. Agatha, as she arranged the bed, followed mentally what she imagined to be the tenor of the prayer — she fancied that Phillida was praying to be saved from vanity and worldliness; she knew that each of the little urchins in the mission Sunday-school class was prayed for by name. She turned away a moment, and then caught sight of Phillida as she unclasped her hands and rested them on the chair. Agatha knew that when Phillida changed her position at the close of her prayer it was to recite, as she always did, the "Now I lay me," which was associated in her mind, as in Agatha's, with an oriental environment, a swarthy nurse in waistcloth and shoulder scarf, and, more than all, was linked with her earliest memories of the revered father at whose knees the children were accustomed to repeat it. When Phillida rose to her feet in that state of exaltation which prayer brings to one who has a natural genius for devotion, the now penitent and awe-stricken Agatha went to her sister, put her arms about her neck, and leaned her head upon her shoulder, saying softly:

"You dear, good Phillida!"

VII.

THE LION SOIRÉE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the romancing of her sister, Phillida built no castles. Millard's politeness to her had been very agreeable, but she knew that it was only politeness. Almost every man's and every woman's imagination is combustible on one side or another. Many young women are set a-dreaming by any hint of love or marriage. But Phillida had read only sober books — knowing little of romances, there was no stock of incendiary material in her memory. Her fancy was easily touched off on the side of her religious hopes; all her education had intensified the natural inflammability of her religious emotions, but in affairs of this world she was by nature and education unusually self-contained for a woman of one and twenty.

Millard, on his part, had been exposed to the charms of many women, and his special interest in Phillida amounted only to a lively curiosity. Always susceptible to the charm of a woman's presence, this susceptibility had been acted on from so many sides as to make his interest in women superficial and volatile. The man who is too much interested in women to be specially interested in a woman is pretty sure not to marry at all, or to marry late.

Baron Pohlsen arrived, and was duly installed at Mrs. Hilbrough's. He was greatly pleased with the hospitality shown him by this wealthy household, and fancied that Americans were the most generous of peoples. Millard, as in duty bound, took pains to introduce him in many desirable quarters, and showed him the lions of the city in Hilbrough's carriage. But in spite of Millard's care to relieve him, Hilbrough afterward confessed that the panic of 1873 had not taxed his patience and cheerfulness so deeply as this entertainment for two weeks of a great German antiquary. Dutifully the banker attended a session of the Geographical Society to listen to an address made by his guest in broken English, on the ancient importance of Uxmal and Palenque. Hilbrough also heard with attentive perplexity the Baron's account before the Historical Society of the Aztec Calendar Stone, and his theory of its real purpose.

When the American banker was left alone with the learned High Dutchman, it became very serious business. Von Pohlsen, with all his erudition, was extremely ignorant of the art of banking as practised in New York. He did not know, at least in English, the difference between collateral and real estate security, and "gilt-edged" paper was more foreign than papyrus to him. Nor could Hilbrough interest him much in the remarkable rise in Brooklyn real estate since 1860. Brooklyn was too new by

a millennium for the Baron to care for it. Hilbrough tried the plan of shunting the antiquary to his main lines of American hieroglyphs, aboriginal architecture, and Pueblo domestic economy. But this only shifted the difficulty, for under the steady downpour of Pohlsen's erudition, Hilbrough had continually to change position, now putting the right knee over the left and now placing the left atop, to keep from nodding, and he was even reduced to pinching himself, sometimes, in order to keep awake, just as the learned and ingenious baron had got his pyramid of inference ready to balance on its rather slender apex of fact. Archæology was new to Hilbrough, and deductive profits so large from inductive investments so small always seemed to the financier to indicate bad security.

Mrs. Hilbrough, clever woman, appeared to understand it all. She had crammed on a copy of Stephens's Travels in Yucatan that had belonged to her father, and she gave Pohlsen no end of pleasure by asking him about such things as the four-headed altars before the great idols at Copan, and the nature of the great closed house at Labphak. If you will look in Pohlsen's book of travels in America (Reise durch Amerika: Leipzig, 1888) you will discover in his chapter on New York that in this metropolis the ladies take a remarkable interest in science, and are generally better informed regarding such matters than their husbands, these latter being deeply immersed in mere dollar-hunting.

But Mrs. Hilbrough was much more interested in her reception to be given in honor of Baron Pohlsen than she was in the four-headed altars of the remoter Aztecs. If she could not fill her house with those very richest and most exclusive people who in a plutocratic society always try to think themselves for some reason or other the best people, she found that under Millard's guidance she could succeed in getting some people of wealth and distinction who were desirous of being presented to a baron, and, what was better, she could get a considerable number from that class of lettered men and their families and the admirers of literature, art, and learning, who, together, form the really best people in every metropolis. Most of these knew little of Pohlsen's researches, and cared less for his title, but since he was vouched for as a foreigner who had acquired distinction in his department of knowledge, they were ready to do him honor with that generous hospitality for which Americans blame themselves while they practise it; as though it were not better for us to be good-hearted, remembering that in the studious preservation of national dignity and social perpendicularity we can never hope to emulate our English cousins.

How was it all arranged? How, without violating the sanctities of etiquette, did Mrs. Hilbrough contrive to invite people whom she did not know, and how did they accept with no sacrifice of dignity? Millard was an expert adviser; he knew that just as counters are made to stand for money in a game of cards, so do little oblong bits of pasteboard with the sender's name upon them pass current under certain conditions as substitutes for visits, acquaintance, esteem, and friendship. By a juggle with these social chips Mrs. Hilbrough became technically, and for the time being, acquainted with a great many people, and that without much sacrifice of time. Do not expect details here; your fashionable stationer is the best reliance in such a case, unless you chance to know Mr. Millard, or can find the law laid down in Mrs. Sherwood's tactfully vague chapters, which, like the utterances of the Delphic oracle, are sure to hit the mark one way or the other.

Now that Millard had taken Mrs. Hilbrough for a client he could not bear to be balked. The attendance of Mrs. Gouverneur he considered of the first importance, but this was not easily secured. If anything could have persuaded that lady to sacrifice her principles as an exclusive so far as to attend, it would have been her dislike of refusing Phillida; but as it was, she made excuses without positively refusing. In telling Mrs. Hilbrough of her lack of success Phillida took pains to repeat Mrs. Gouverneur's pretexts, and not to betray what she knew to be her aunt's real reason for hesitation. Millard encountered Mrs. Hilbrough at the opera, and heard from her of the failure of Phillida's endeavors. He felt himself put on his mettle.

Knowing that the next day was Mrs. Gouverneur's day for receiving, he made himself her first caller before the rest began to arrive. Looking from the old-fashioned windows of Mrs. Gouverneur's front parlor, he praised the beauty of the winter scene, and admired especially the spotted boles of the great buttonwoods in Washington Square. He thought to make his call seem less on purpose by such commonplace civilities, but Mrs. Gouverneur, who was a soft-spoken lady of much cleverness, with a talent for diplomacy probably inherited from her grandfather, asked herself, while she replied in the same vein to Millard's preliminary vapidities, what on earth so formal a call and such a waste of adroitness might lead up to. But Millard, even after this preparation, provided an inclined plane for approaching his proposition.

"I had the pleasure of meeting a niece of yours the other evening, a Miss Callender," he said. "I found her very agreeable."

"Oh! You met Phillida Callender at Mrs. Hilbrough's, probably," said Mrs. Gouverneur

with a flush of pleasure. "She 's as good as goodness itself, and very clever. But rather peculiar also. She has a great deal of Callender in her. Her father gave up good prospects in this country to preach in Siam. He might have had the pastorate of one of the best Presbyterian churches in New York, but nothing could dissuade him from what he fancied to be his duty. It only proves what I have always said, that 'blood will tell.' It is related in some of the old books that Philip has upstairs that one of the women of the Callender family, before the Revolution, felt it her duty to go through the streets of Newport, crying, 'Repent, repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' She was a refined and delicate lady, and the people of the town felt so much chagrin to see her expose herself to mortification in the public street that they shut up their windows or turned away, which I think was very nice of them. I fancy that Phillida, with all her superior intelligence, has a good deal of this great-great-aunt of her father's in her. I was talking to her once about this story of Mary Callender's preaching in the streets, and she really seemed to take more interest in that Quaker lady's delusion than she did in her ancestors on our side; and you know, Mr. Millard, we think a good deal of our descent, though of course we never say anything about it."

It was inevitable that a courteous man like Millard should meet this speech by saying, "When one has ancestors whose position is not one of mere social prominence but whose acts are a part of the history of a nation, it must be hard to forget so important a fact." It was equally inevitable that even the wary Mrs. Gouverneur could not help appreciating flattery so apropos of the subject in hand.

"But I have a notion," Millard continued, "that if we could get Miss Callender to take an interest in society she would prove an ornament to it and a credit to her family."

Mrs. Gouverneur shook her head doubtfully. "I don't believe it can be done, though I should be glad if it could."

"Did she tell you that she is deeply interested in that reception to Baron Pohlsen next week?"

"Yes; she is attached to Mrs. Hilbrough. She makes friends without the least regard to social consequences, and I believe even has friendships among the people with whom she is only connected by her mission Sunday-school class. She stoutly maintained here last night that she knew a real lady living in three rooms with a husband and four children! I declare, I like Phillida all the better for this. Her impulses are very noble, but I can't help wishing she would n't do it. It does n't do for one at her time of life to be too disinterested, you know."

This turn in the talk threw Millard off the track for a moment. The mention of people living narrowly brought to his mind his own early life in a farmhouse, and reminded him of his amiable but socially unpresentable aunt, whom he was wont faithfully to visit on one Sunday afternoon in every month. There was just a little cowardly feeling that should his relations with the family in Avenue C become known among his friends, his social position might become compromised. He did not know that all exclusive people in New York have unpresentable kinsfolk hidden away somewhere, and are ever trembling lest the fact should be known to some other family that is doing its best also to hide some never-get-on relatives.

Mrs. Gouverneur noticed Millard's heightened color, and feared her slighting allusion to Mrs. Hilbrough might have annoyed him. Before he could pull his wits together to reply to her last remark, she added, "I have no doubt your friend Mrs. Hilbrough is a very worthy person, Mr. Millard. But she is new in New York society."

"Indeed I cannot call her my friend, Mrs. Gouverneur. Her husband is the real head of our bank at present; he is likely to be a very rich man in a few years, and he has obliged me in many ways. But I have only a few weeks' acquaintance with Mrs. Hilbrough, whose chief recommendation to me, I must confess, is that she is a friend of Miss Callender, who is your niece. But Mrs. Hilbrough seems to have many admirable qualities. She is sure to make herself recognized, and I do not see any advantage in delaying the recognition. For my part, I think she will do a great service at the outset if she adds so attractive and clever a young lady as Miss Callender to society."

"Now, Mr. Millard, you are playing a strong game against me," laughed Mrs. Gouverneur. "You know my dislike for new acquaintances — for enlarging my circle. But when you propose to persuade my niece to see a little more of the world you are taking advantage of my only weakness. You play a deep game."

"I 'll show you my whole hand at once," said Millard, seeing that Mrs. Gouverneur's penetration had left him no resource but candor. "I very much desire to be Miss Callender's escort at Mrs. Hilbrough's reception, if she will accept me. Mrs. Callender, I fear, cannot be persuaded to go."

"You want me for chaperon," interposed Mrs. Gouverneur. "What a clever scheme! How could you dare to set such a trap for an old friend?"

"It will prove a clever scheme if it succeeds. But it was n't clever enough to deceive you."

"Well, you and Phillida together have won. Of course I cannot refuse if Phillida consents."

"Thank you from my heart," said Millard, rising at hearing the door-bell ring. "I will see Miss Callender, and if she refuses me for escort you will be able to laugh at me. I 'm sure I 'm greatly your debtor."

A notion, a mere notion, such as will enter the soberest woman's head sometimes, had bobbed to the surface of Mrs. Gouverneur's thoughts as she talked with Millard. It was that her niece's future might somehow hang on her decision. She was not a matchmaker, but she had a diplomatic faculty for persuading things to come out as she wished. Mr. Millard would be a most eligible husband for any woman whose expectations in life were not unreasonably great. Her practical mind went a step farther and saw that in the event of anything so improbable happening as that Millard should fall in love with a lady without fortune, say, for example, a clergyman's daughter, his acquaintance with so prosperous a man as Hilbrough, who could help him to lucrative investments, might be very desirable. These thoughts were the mere bubbles of fancy floating in her mind. The consideration which most affected her decision was that the presentation of her niece under the auspices of Millard and herself might prove of great social advantage to Phillida.

Millard left Mrs. Gouverneur with the intention of calling at once on Miss Callender, but when he reached Broadway he was smitten with a scruple, not of conscience, but of etiquette. Phillida had not asked him to call. After staring for a full minute in perplexity at the passing vehicles and the façade of the ancient theater on the opposite side of Broadway, then in its last days of existence, he presently concluded that Miss Callender, being a young woman somewhat unsophisticated, and having therefore nothing better than good sense to guide her, would probably not be shocked by the audacity of an uninvited call from a gentleman whose character was well known to her.

When the bell rang Mrs. Callender was just about to try a dress on her daughter Agatha. Callers were not a frequent interruption to their pursuits, and when the steps of a man ushered into the front parlor were heard through the sliding doors, they concluded that it was some one calling on the gentleman or his wife who occupied the second floor. Mrs. Callender and her daughters lowered their voices to a whisper, that they might not be heard through the doors; but Sarah, the servant, came to the back parlor, and said loud enough to be distinctly audible to the visitor:

"It 's some cards for Mrs. Callender and Miss Callender." Then she shut the door and descended the basement stairs, without waiting to carry a reply.

Agatha took the cards and whispered, "Mr. Millard," biting her lower lip and making big eyes at Phillida, with an "I-told-you-so" nod of the head, and then she proceeded to give vent to her feelings by dancing softly about the room, a picturesque figure in her red petticoat and white waist, with her bare arms flying about her head. If the doors had not been so thin her excitement would have found vent in more noisy ways. As noise was precluded there was nothing left for her but this dumb show. In her muffled gyrations she at length knocked a chair over upon the fender, making a loud clatter. She quickly picked it up and sat down upon it in great confusion, with a remorseful feeling that by her imprudent excitement she had probably blasted Phillida's prospects in life.

"Come, mother, you must get ready and go in," whispered Phillida.

"No, please, Phillida. He does n't really want to see me. It 's only a matter of good form to ask for us both. You must beg him to excuse me. I do so want to get this dress done."

Agatha, recovering from her remorse by this time, helped Phillida to do a little hurried prinking. Luckily the latter had been getting ready to go out and had on the gown that served her on all except extraordinary occasions for both street and drawing-room.

Millard had amused himself while waiting by noting the various antiques about the parlor, heirlooms of former family greatness, arranged with an eye to tasteful effect. On the shelves in the corner some articles connected with family history were intermingled with curiosities brought from the East. A pair of brass-bound pattens hinged in the middle, once worn instead of overshoes by some colonial ancestress, sat alongside a pair of oriental sandals. Millard thought nothing could be more in keeping with the ancient desk and table than the unaffected and straightforward manner in which Miss Callender greeted him, holding out her hand with modest friendliness and just a touch of diffidence. This last was due to the innuendos and antics of Agatha.

"I ventured to call without permission, Miss Callender," said Millard, with hesitation.

"I 'm glad you did, Mr. Millard." Phillida could not see why any respectable gentleman should wait for an invitation to call on a lady, or how a young lady could ever be so bold as to ask a gentleman to call. She added, "My mother wished me to beg you to excuse her. She has some troublesome affairs on hand just now."

"Certainly; don't let me interrupt her. I came on business with you. I want to have the pleasure of escorting you to Mrs. Hilbrough's party with your mother, if she will kindly accompany us."

Phillida hesitated. She knew that chaperonage was required on such occasions. "Thank you. I should like to accept your kind offer, but my mother rarely goes out," she said. "I don't believe I could persuade her to go, and I 've no other chaperon."

"How would Mrs. Gouverneur do?"

"But Aunt Harriet won't go."

"I 've just come from her house, and she assured me that if you needed her for a chaperon—if Mrs. Callender could not go—she would keep us company."

"You have managed Aunt Harriet very well," said Phillida, with some elation. "Better than I could have done."

"I must have done well. Mrs. Gouverneur gives me great credit for my nice little scheme, as she calls it. But if she thinks I wish to be your escort solely in order to get her to attend, I assure you that Mrs. Gouverneur with all her penetration is mistaken."

Phillida colored a little at this polite speech as she said, "It will please Mrs. Hilbrough to have my aunt there."

"Yes, Mrs. Hilbrough also will give me great credit where I do not deserve it. I may call for you with Mrs. Gouverneur?"

"Thank you, it will give me a great deal of pleasure." Phillida said this with a momentary fear of hearing Agatha overturn another chair behind the sliding doors; but Mrs. Callender had taken herself and Agatha to the basement, from motives of delicacy which Agatha was hardly old enough to appreciate.

Mrs. Gouverneur never did anything by halves. She made herself agreeable to Mrs. Hilbrough on the evening of the reception and complimented her heartily on the distinguished people she had brought together. For there was the learned president of the Geographical, with overhanging brows and slow and gentle speech; there was the foreign corresponding secretary of the Historical, a man better known as a diplomatist and an author, whose long years abroad had liberalized his mind without spoiling his open-hearted American manners. There were some of the directors of the Metropolitan Museum, to which institution Pohlsen had given some Central American pottery. The senior New York poet wandered in his childlike way among the guests, making gentle and affectionate speeches to friends, who wondered at the widely contrary moods to which his susceptible nature is subject. Bolton, known in two hemispheres by his prose and poetry, had come out of complaisance, protesting rather indignantly to his friends that he did n't believe in Americans making such an ado over a mere baron. In him the stranger saw a slight figure full of character and not in any way to be trifled with; only men of letters and his friends knew what pains he could be at to oblige and to help the humblest of struggling fellow-craftsmen, provided he was not forbidden to accompany the unstinted assistance with a little grumbling at the fearful wreck of his time which all sorts of people, even the tramps of the literary profession, make without remorse.

"Charley," said Philip Gouverneur, when he got Millard into a corner, "what have you been doing? This is society and it is n't; it is more like what Carlyle calls a 'lion soirée.'"

"Well," said Millard, "it 's either society or better. You understand that the Baron's reputation as a scholar has modified things."

"I say, Charley," said Philip, "I was ashamed to find my little self lost among these know-it-alls until I met Mrs. Maginnis. She said, 'Oh, Mr. Gouverneur, I am so glad to see somebody that I know. Who are all these people?' So I pointed out the university president over there; and I told her that St. John was our great sculptor, though I 'm not sure she makes any clear distinctions between a sculptor and a maker of gravestones; and I assured her that we had several magazine editors, and writers, and illustrators, and painters, and leading journalists, and some of the very foremost of our German citizens. 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'newspaper men, artists, and Germans! Just what I thought; but there are not more than a dozen people here who were invited to Marshmallow's great ball last winter.'"

"It might n't be a bad thing," said Millard, "if Marshmallow, who pretends to be the boss of society, were to include more people of artistic and literary distinction such as we have here to-night."

"Nonsense, Charley! he could n't do it. There are a few men who contrive to be great and to be men of the world at the same time. But what society wants is polish. You can put gloss on varnish, but some of these men are too original to be sand-papered down to a fashionable uniformity. No, no! Old Red Sandstone and his wife over there are well enough at a lion soirée, but how would their Silurian manners shine at the Patriarchs' ball? You see my cousin Phillida, with all her seriousness, is getting too much of his talk."

At this hint from Philip Millard moved away and glanced hurriedly about the room. His eye lighted on Lucas, who is a natural adept as a man of the world and a clever man of letters. Approaching him, Millard said:

"Mr. Lucas, let me introduce you to an interesting being."

"That 's what I 've been looking for in vain all the evening," said Lucas.

The two forced a sinuous way to where Phillida was trying to enjoy the granular small talk of a man who was incapable of profitable speech

at a depth of less than fifty fathoms. Millard presented Lucas first to Mrs. Gouverneur on a chair in the corner, and then bowed politely to the geologist as he interrupted his remarks on the curiosities of the Bad Lands, and made Lucas acquainted with Miss Callender. The latter showed her pleasure at thus encountering a favorite writer, but she had the good sense not to assure him that she had "long known him through his books." She reflected in time that such a man must have heard remarks of this sort rather frequently. But when Millard had moved away he turned about to note the change in Miss Callender's countenance under the influence of that stream of sparkling talk that Lucas never fails to give forth when confronted with an inspiring listener.

Later in the evening when the reception had passed its climax, and the antiquaries, geographers, historical investigators, and other lions, grown sleepy, were looking up their wives and daughters to be gone, Millard found time for talk with his companion of the evening, who had drifted away from her chaperon, for chaperonage only half flourishes in our society, and is indeed quite out of place at a New York lion soirée, where a maiden's heart is pretty safe without guardianship.

"You have had a pleasant evening, Miss Callender, I hope. I 'm sure you 've helped the rest of us to a pleasant evening."

"Indeed, I have enjoyed myself, Mr. Millard. I have met my favorite poet, have talked with the editor of my magazine, and have found that Mr. Lucas makes amends for the bores."

"I hope this will not be the last time we shall meet you in society," said Millard. "It would be a pity for one who can do so much to make an evening delightful to others, not to go more into society."

"It takes a great deal of time, Mr. Millard. I don't think society any harm as a recreation, but as a pursuit—" Here she checked herself.

"It gives a great deal of happiness, though."

"Yes; but only to those whose lot is fortunate enough anyhow. It seems to me that we have something else to do in the world than just to amuse ourselves." At this point it occurred to Phillida that in defending her own view of life she was reflecting on her companion's. "I don't mean to find fault with anybody else's pursuits, Mr. Millard, but rather to defend my own."

This last remark, by focusing what she had said before upon Millard, only made the matter worse. But the talk was interrupted at this point by Mrs. Gouverneur, who came to inquire if her younger companions were ready to go. Millard was a little sorry for the interruption. He could not but feel that he was in some sort under condemnation by Miss Callender, and there was something about Miss Callender which made one respect her moral judgment and desire to stand well in her estimation. But the conversation in the carriage took another turn, and as she approached her own home it occurred to Phillida that Millard's remark at the time of his call implied that his acquaintance with the family might depend on her inviting him. She felt grateful to him for his graceful attentions during the evening, and when he left her at the door she extended her hand and said:

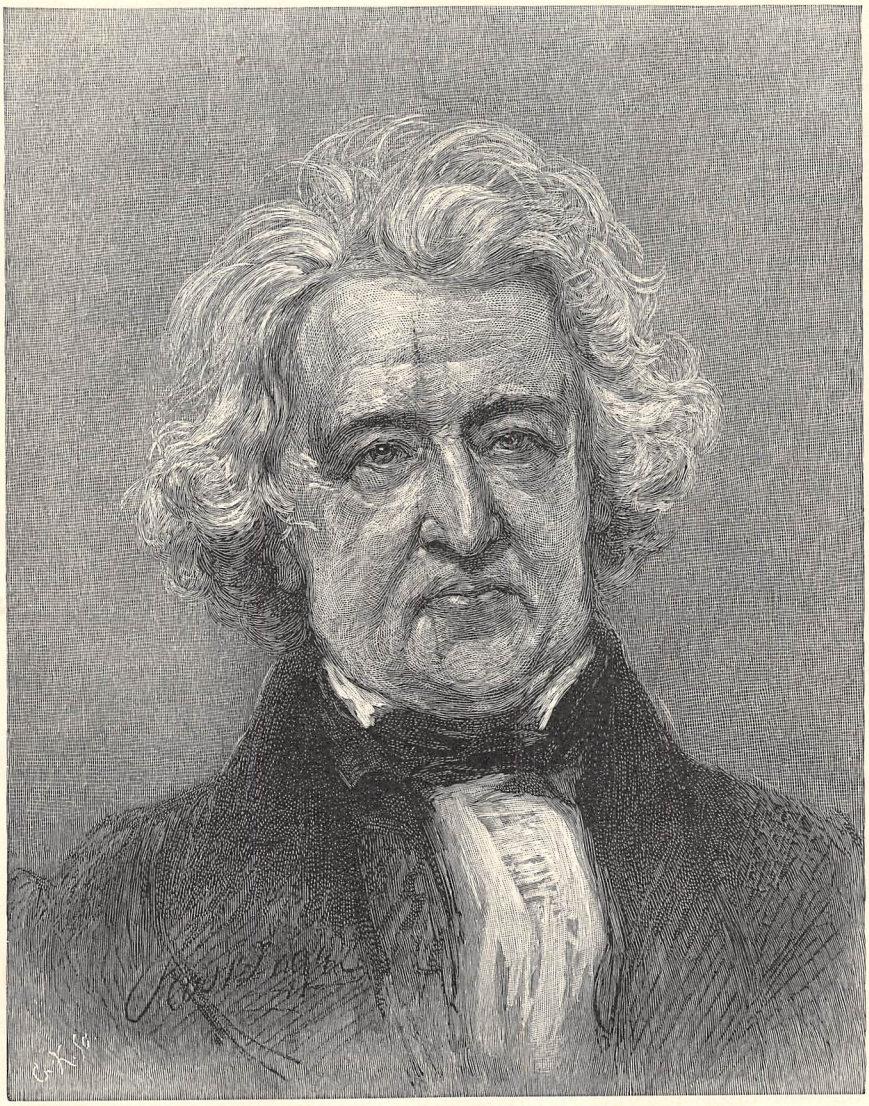
"We shall be glad to see you, Mr. Millard."

When Millard had landed Mrs. Gouverneur in Washington Square, with many polite speeches on both sides, and had reached his bachelor apartment, he sat down in front of the grate with a comfortable feeling of complacency. He had helped Mrs. Hilbrough to launch her little bark without any untoward accident; he had secured for the Baron an honor which the latter would certainly not underestimate. Then, too, he had obliged Mrs. Gouverneur while he gratified his own inclinations in escorting Miss Callender to the reception. Whenever he came around to Phillida he found the only uncomfortable spot in his meditations. He had never dreamed that anybody could think the life of a consummate gentleman like himself deserving of anything but commendation. The rector of St. Mathias, who was a genial man of the world himself, with just the amount of devoutness admixed that was indispensable to his professional character, had never for a moment found fault with Millard, who was liberal in parish affairs and an ornament to the church. Here was a young lady with a very different standard, who thought it a Christian duty to be useful not so much to the church as to people less fortunate than herself. Millard tried to dismiss the matter from his mind by reflecting that Miss Callender's father must have been a peculiar man. But there was an elevation about Phillida's nature that made him feel his own to be something less than was desirable. Yet it was clear to him that Miss Callender misjudged society people from ignorance of them. He would call some day and set her right. Then he laughed at the notion. What did it matter to him whether this young woman judged rightly or wrongly of people in society generally, and of himself in particular. He dismissed the matter from his mind. But by the time he had taken off his ties, which were a trifle too narrow in the toes to be comfortable, he had somehow returned to his first resolution to set Miss Callender right in the matter if he should have opportunity.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

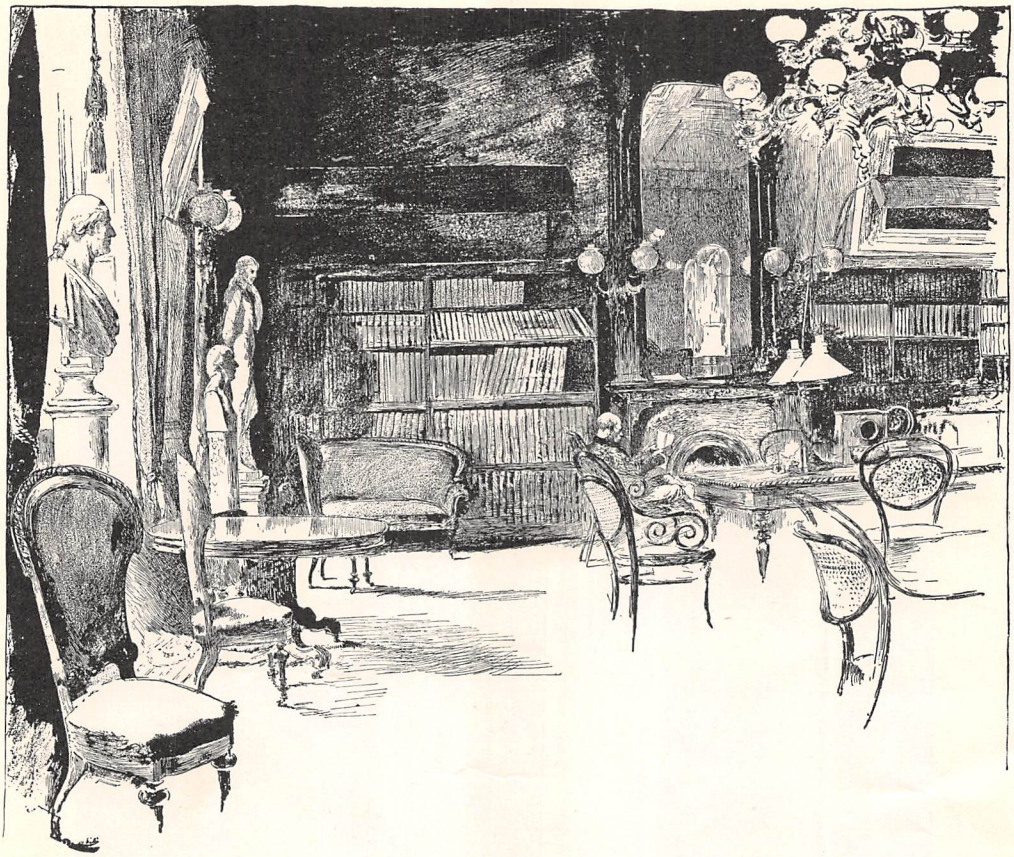
THE CENTURY CLUB.



GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION.

IF a club can be regarded as having any parentage, and can thus be treated as subject to the law of heredity, then the Century Club may boast a remote and reputable ancestry, and display its pedigree in proof of transmitted virtues. It is linked by descent with the earliest recognition in this city of the claims of art, and in advancing the cause of literature it continues a task begun by its progenitors.

It is not to its age that the Century owes its name, for though fairly claiming an earlier origin than that of any other of the existing city clubs, it must still wait six years to celebrate the semi-centennial of its formal organization. The elements that combined to assume its present character and name had long been ac-

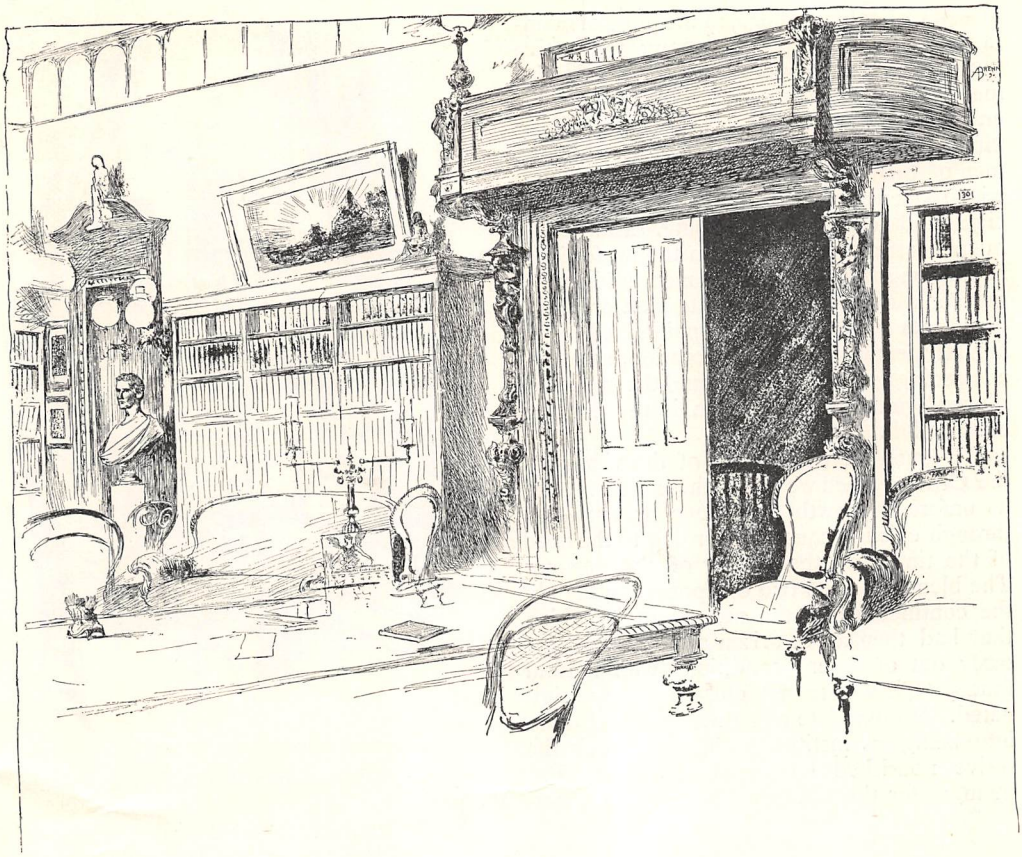


VIEW IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOM OF THE OLD BUILDING,

tive societies. Each of them contributed to the new body its special qualities, and as they had much in common, it is more remarkable that the Sketch Club and the Column, fed from neighboring sources, should so long have flowed apart than that at last they should have mingled their streams to form the Century.

The old question whether Art can flourish in a state through its own vigor, without the fostering aid of government, presented itself for solution in this country very soon after its political independence was gained. Probably the men in New York who founded the American Academy of Art in 1802 did not delude themselves with the theory inspiring some of the politicians of that day, that a new nation meant new human nature. Such practical men of affairs among its promoters as Robert Fulton, the two Livingstons, and DeWitt Clinton understood that they were trying an experiment under new and doubtful conditions. They asked for public support where state aid was not to be hoped for, and no public of patrons existed. Formed on the model of the Royal Academy, with established schools and provision for lectures and periodical exhibitions, to be kept up without income from endowment, the new institution failed to win public favor. For twenty-three years it struggled on, until in spite of the efforts and sacrifices of its accomplished president, John Trumbull, it died of neglect and want of adaptation to its surroundings. The secession of a number of students, who disliked its autocratic rule and threw off its irksome restrictions in 1825, produced a war of pamphlets, and led to the establishment, on a broader basis and under more elastic forms, of the National Academy of Design, which still flourishes in better fortunes through a clearer perception of the conditions influencing art in this country.

It was at that time a fashion in England to publish a yearly collection of the lighter — usually the lightest — productions of pen and pencil under such titles, familiar to our grandmothers, as annuals, keepsakes, or tokens. The contributors were often men of some note in their respective arts, though their labors were probably less fruitful in improvement of public taste than in profit to the booksellers. The fashion, crossing the sea, passed by Boston, then the country's literary focus, and perhaps too



109 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

serious for such trifling, and made its way to New York. Several of the scholars and wits of the town,— there were, even then, such phenomena outside of New England,— among them Verplanck and Bryant, in combination with some of the younger members of the Academy, gave to the public an annual of the English pattern for three successive years, under the title of "The Talisman." The distinction which the volumes certainly showed, considering the resources of either art at the time, is not so noticeable as the fact that their creation suggested common objects of interest and pursuit to the artists and literary men of that day. The occasion for a closer communion, with a definite object, was not neglected; and out of this intercourse grew the project for a social club, which in 1829 took shape and name as the Sketch Club.

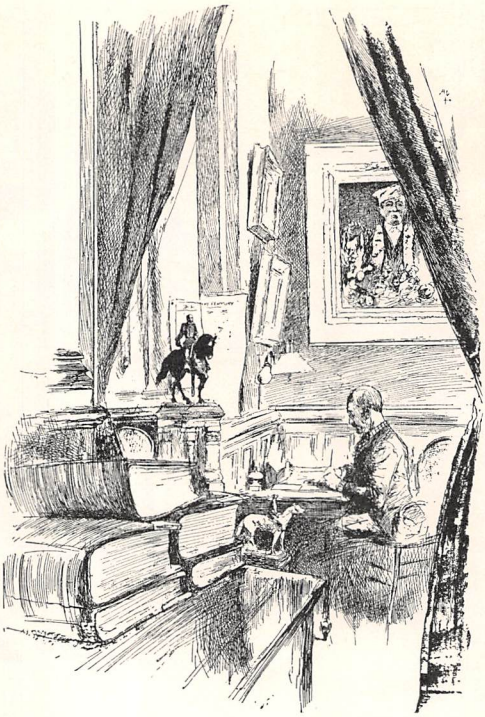
Mutual improvement in art was the professed object of the Sketch Club, its meetings being devoted to drawings from subjects proposed by the member at whose house, each taking his turn, its Friday evening meetings were held. The plan of a club publication, as an annual, was also projected, but not carried out. Some fear of encouraging a sensual element seems to have inspired a sumptuary law limiting its suppers to sandwiches, coffee, and wine. A breach of this rule once put the club's life in peril, and the incident may be either heeded as a warning, or accepted as an inevitable step in the progress of all clubs that are to grow and prosper. The anomaly of a rich man appeared among its members, who, with less tact than liberality, spread before his associates an elaborate supper when his turn came to entertain them. They sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to avenge their offended honor. The club dissolved, and after an interval of some months was formed anew, "on a more suitable plan"— omitting Crœsus.

The last record of meeting of the Sketch Club, in 1869, indicates that its name and distinctive membership still existed then, though only as a survival. Its body had been transformed, and its vitality transfused into the Century, more than twenty years earlier.

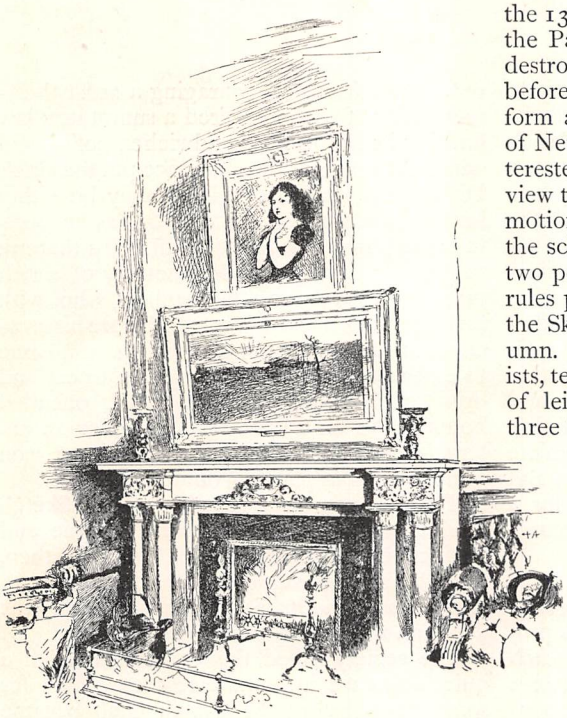
The society called the Column had led a quiet existence in a more restricted field for some years before the Sketch Club became known. It was established in 1825 by gradu-

ates of Columbia College, in the hope of maintaining scholarly culture among the active pursuits of life, and with the purpose of training its members, through the discussion of literary and political subjects having a living interest, for the best performance by educated men of their duties to the State. Beginning with sixteen members, it has included forty-eight, and counts ten now living. Many of its members rose to leadership in the professions, and among the survivors are men holding the first rank in the nation as statesmen or publicists. Its existence is still maintained by an annual meeting of commemoration, at which a lessening group gathers around the miniature silver Corinthian pillar which is the emblem of the club.

We touch the true source of the vitality of the Century when we recall these elements of its unforced growth, and trace its evolution through existing causes, according to the need of the time and the quality of the persons. The blending of its two components was only the continuance of the movement by which they had themselves arisen almost spontaneously out of urgent conditions, with natural fitness. They were not created — they originated. No mandate of authority called them into being as institutions, nor did their life thrive nourished by any endowment. For them, as for the Century, their product, *nascitur, non fit*, is as fair a distinction as it is for the poet.



A CORNER OF THE SMOKING ROOM IN THE OLD BUILDING.



A FIREPLACE IN THE SMOKING ROOM.

The Century was founded on the evening of the 13th of January, 1847. At the Rotunda in the Park, then used as a gallery of art, now destroyed and almost forgotten, a committee before appointed reported the proposal "to form an association of gentlemen of the city of New York and its vicinity, engaged or interested in literature and the fine arts, with a view to their advancement, as well as the promotion of social intercourse," and presented the scheme of its constitution. Of the forty-two persons who then accepted the plan and rules proposed, twenty-five were members of the Sketch Club, and six members of the Column. Of these primary members ten were artists, ten merchants, four authors, and three men of leisure; there were three physicians, and three bankers; two were clergymen, two lawyers, one was an editor, and one a diplomatist. The name of the Century was given to the new institution, partly signifying its intended limit as to members, and partly in expression of its hope of presenting in little "the very form and pressure of the time" among men of culture.

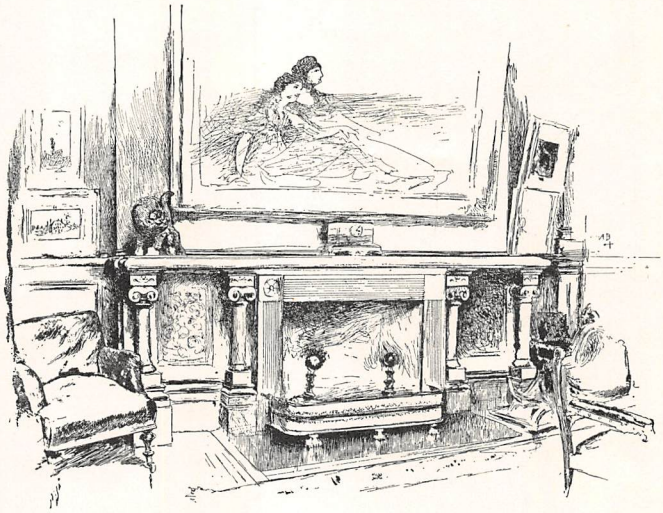
In its plan, as in its rise, the association was original. It copied neither such literary coteries, famous in English history, as the Kit-Cat, the

Beefsteak, and the Garrick clubs, nor those large and aristocratic clubs which in London gather the cream of particular classes, or professions, or parties. It aimed only to bring together men of every variety of taste, provided always that they had cultivated tastes, under the most simple and independent conditions of intercourse. It promised to give them "plain living," and asked that each should contribute his share of "high thinking."

These, then, were the main piers of the Century's edifice — Literature and Art. But these were not the only ones. Its founders forecasted wisely. It was not their plan to narrow the club into an esthetic academy. The advancement of art and literature with the active aid of those who were interested in those pursuits, together with those engaged in them, meant much more than the mutual improvement of members in a limited society. The population of six hundred thousand then filling the island of New York and its vicinity offered them a missionary field. It seemed to them a worthy purpose to turn the thoughts of those busy multitudes to higher objects than material gain, opening their minds to perceive beauty and excellence in art and letters, and inviting them to improve the neglected half of their natures.

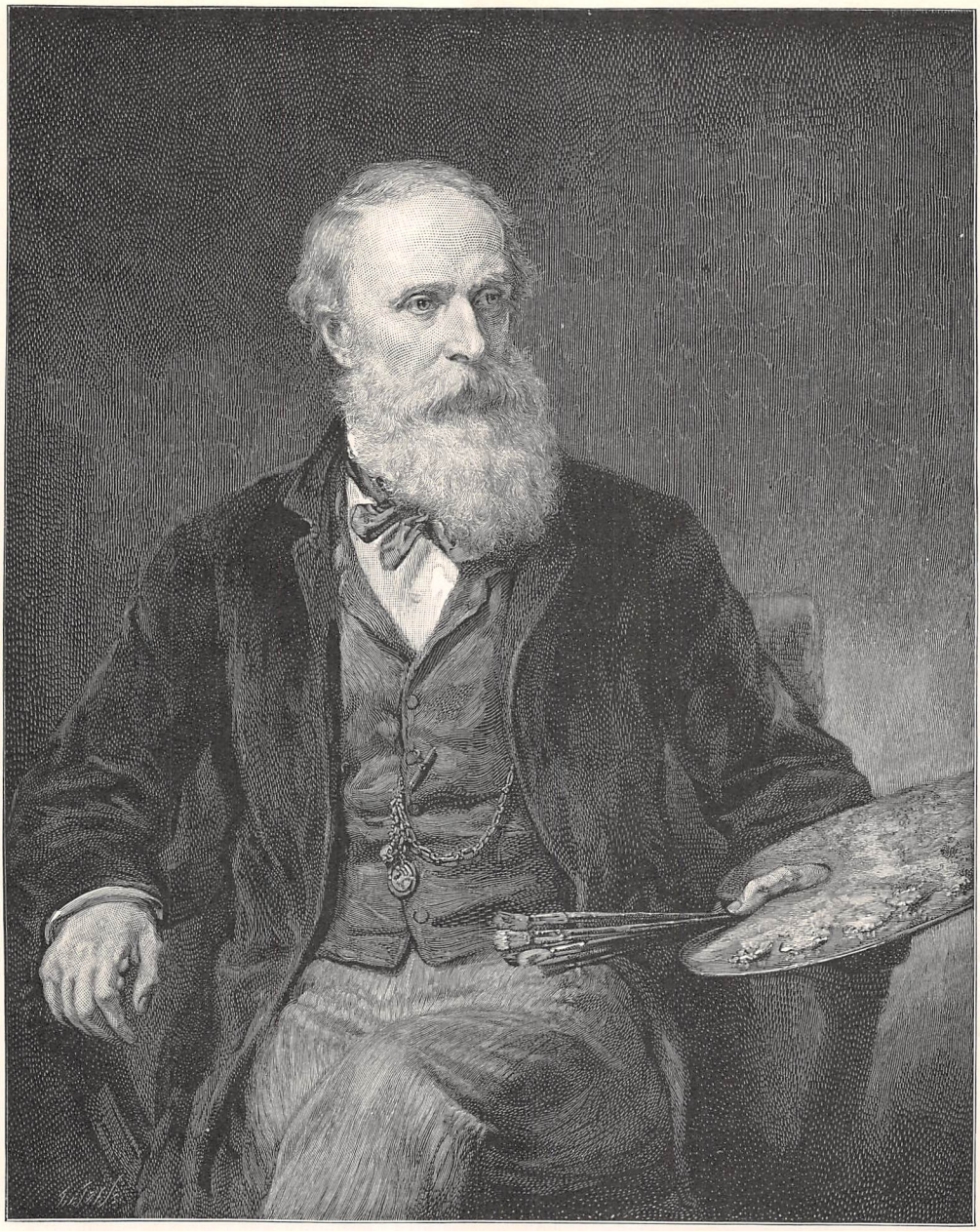
Their plan contemplated, as the only possible means for effecting this purpose, first, concentration for study, discussion, and production among the qualified few, and then the widest dissemination of approved results among the many. It implied an element of practical action, holding a middle place between creators or adepts in art and the general public — an instrumentality for the transformation of esthetic ideas into definite and permanent methods of public influence. Probably not all who encouraged the movement calculated its scope. Very likely even those who took the broadest views of the club's future did not foresee all the subtle and indirect operations of the forces they set at work. Building with materials whose combination on such a scale had never before been tried among us, they builded better than they knew. At all events, to the reproach of complete absorption in material interests, and exclusive worship of wealth, the Century Club was at its beginning, and has ever since been, a steadfast answer of denial.

The impact of two bodies thus fusing into one evolved new force and fire, and it was for the due direction of this that under the designation of those interested in literature and the arts practical men of action were introduced as members of the club. Out of the best of the life around them the founders brought into it as an essential working power, to give it breadth and impulse, the chosen men of affairs of the time. Leaders in each profession, jurists, merchants, physicians, journalists, teachers, men of brains who had coined their brains into hard work and fairly won distinction by doing the state or the community some service, came in to aid, strengthen, and diversify the Century. Points of mental contact and interaction of character multiplied, ideas and knowledge mingled from different spheres, criticism of both art and life grew broad and practical, and innumerable outlets for influence upon the community were opened.



FIREPLACE IN THE ART GALLERY IN THE OLD BUILDING.

Assured that the spirit of the club was a serious and a living one, its members cared little at first for the few and simple rules controlling its action. Its government has matured to its present solidity through a series of changes. Equality was and is the atmosphere of this little republic of letters. At first a pure democracy, it controlled its expenditures and its accessions of members by direct vote of the body, only delegating to a managing committee the task of suggestions, and to keepers of the keys and the pen the details of its records and finances. After thriving eight years under this informal practice, its enlargement required the creation of a committee on admissions, to reconcile conflicting preferences for candidates, and of a committee on supplies, the original of the present house committee, to provide for



DANIEL HUNTINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION.
(FROM A PAINTING BY HIMSELF IN POSSESSION OF THE ASSOCIATION.)

its material comfort. Still expanding, it marked its tenth year by the added dignity of a charter, the change to a representative government guided by a president and board of managers, and the adoption of a formal constitution. In the year 1870 the powers reserved to the association in general and those delegated to its managers were more precisely defined, and the functions of its several committees more distinctly marked out, by the adoption, after long discussions, of the constitution which fixes the club's present form of government.

The Century is often called a conservative body. But its members would not be Americans if they were not apt to raise nice questions touching this instrument, and to bring its provisions under the light of interpretation. Such debates were usually highly entertaining, from the complete lack of parliamentary practice attending them—a curious irregularity in an

assembly containing so many lawyers. They commonly ended, as the only escape from a tangle of points of order, by some one moving, with enthusiastic assent, to lay the whole subject on the table. Such watchfulness may be trusted to prevent "power stealing from the many to the few." The conservatism of the older checking fresh enthusiasm among the newer members may preserve a healthy balance and guide its action securely along the tried paths. Still it has been feared on more than one critical occasion that the general powers reserved to the association were guarded more jealously than wisely. The weakness of its central authority has been sometimes felt—the balance has at times inclined dangerously under the sway of temporary impulse. The lack of strong disciplinary powers in individual cases has been especially an evil, and the great enlargement of the club, and the growing diversity among its members, must in time imperatively call for a remedy.

The first president of the society was Gulian C. Verplanck, a man of singular mental versatility, threefold eminent as a theologian, a jurist, and a critic, whose performances in those diverse fields of learning are still admired and consulted. It was he who wrote of Irving and his History of New York that his mind "wasted the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humor in a coarse caricature." His gentleness forbade him to reproach in the classic phrase he might have used the insult to his race. And it was he of whom Irving wrote in answer, "He said nothing of my work that I have not long thought of it myself." It became him to resent this dishonor done to the Dutch strain that mingles in our city's best life, because he was the most finished example of that race the country has known, expressing its highest qualities in "his benignant dignity of form and character."

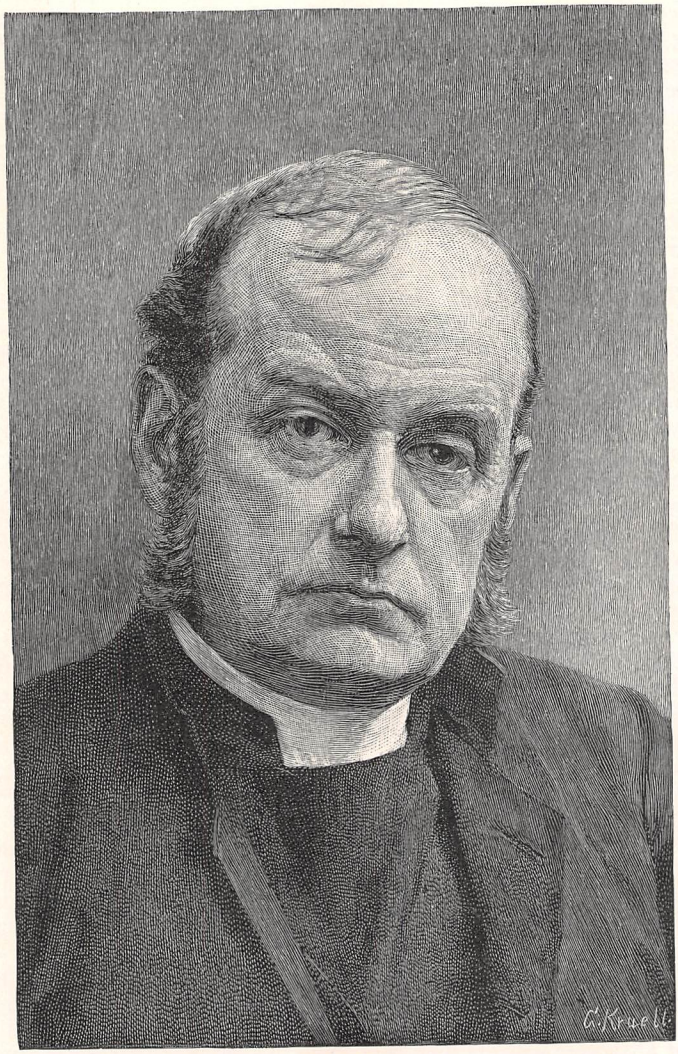
With Verplanck began that line of the Century's chiefs each one of whom has ranked as chief in all the land in his chosen pursuit. He became a present and pervading power for the club, in touch at all points with its members, ripe in critical faculty, rich in reminiscence, ready to share and suggest in talk. Under his rule the society doubled in numbers, widened its range of selection, grew compact and homogeneous, and rose to the place of a recognized force in the social life of the city. His love for the club led him to dedicate to it the most characteristic of his minor works. Twelfth Night, having been, as it continues to be, its peculiar festival, it was honored with unusual ceremony on the removal to a new house, its present abode, in 1857. To grace the time Verplanck wrote a charming monograph on the history and romance of Three Kings' Day, adorning sixty pages with curious learning and delicate sentiment.

After its manner, in common with all institutions, the Century underwent the influence of the civil war, agitating but not endangering its stability. Perhaps within its walls the passion of the hour was less vehement, discussion less acrid, than without. Yet division crept in, growing to friction, heat, and explosion. Verplanck invited its stroke. He gave free expression to his old-fashioned ideas of federal power, hardened, as was the case with many great lawyers of the day, by rigid judicial training, and he questioned the authority of the Government to issue a forced currency, and the probability of its redemption. If his contention could not be answered, it might be punished. Therefore at the election held by the club in 1864 a very large adverse vote defeated him, virtually deposing him from the presidency, and substituting Bancroft as his successor. Bryant, however, voted for him. Verplanck was too magnanimous to feel from the incident any chill in his attachment to the club, or to withdraw from its circle. Had he lived, he might have read his complete vindication by Bancroft himself, twenty-two years later, in the powerful published argument "A Plea for the Constitution," by which the latter demolishes the claim made by the Government of a constitutional right to emit legal tenders.

In the same year an incident growing out of the war gave occasion for more harmonious action. Among the bright spirits whose wit kindled in that highly charged atmosphere like a light in oxygen, Peter A. Porter was the most accomplished. He edited the "Century Journal," made up of contributed sketches, read occasionally at meetings, and discontinued only when its supporters preferred serving the public as professed authors. It did not contain some of his keen sayings, epigrammatic enough to recall. At that time a Count ——, a malignant and insolent Russian, of uncertain origin, singularly ill-favored and ill-mannered, was tolerated in diplomatic circles at the capital and in New York society for unexplained reasons. Some one asking what his means of support were, Porter answered that, so far as he had remarked, the count lived mainly on cold shoulder. Going from the muddy street into an avenue club-house one rainy Easter when the wearers of spring dresses were picking their way across, he reproved a friend for not keeping the church festival. "I see," he said, "you prefer to observe the passover." Porter became a soldier, as his father had been, sacrificing all to patriotism, and fell, struck by six balls, at the head of a charge on the enemy's works at Cold Harbor, the 3d of June, 1864. His body lay for two days within a few rods of the

trenches, and was recovered on a rainy night by five soldiers of his regiment risking their lives by crawling on hands and knees through the darkness to bring it off. The Century honored the gallant act of devotion by causing to be struck, and presenting to each of the men who could be traced, a gold medal. The disk of this medal is an inch and three-quarters across, engraved on the obverse with the figures of four soldiers carrying a body, the reverse bearing the legend, "A tribute by the Century to . . . for a rare act of heroic devotion in rescuing the body of Colonel Peter A. Porter, 8th N. Y. Artillery, from under the guns of the enemy, Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864," and the rim being inscribed, "Valor and affection triumphant in life and death."

It is by a strange coincidence that after twenty-six years of silence, and while this page is in the press, the missing one of those five comrades in arms reappears and claims the medal inscribed with his name.



RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., BISHOP OF NEW YORK, 1ST VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.)

Bancroft ruled the Century for the term between 1864 and 1868, while the passionate interest of the country in questions of reconstruction found reflection in informal and spirited discussions at the club gatherings. Lieber and Bellows were leaders in conversation. No good object ever wanted sincere and sympathetic support from Bellows. Here the great fair of the Sanitary Commission was devised and shaped by his aid, and the plan of the Metropolitan Museum ripened here through his suggestion. His theories were rounded into

beauty and his sentences were fervent with conviction. But as he had emerged into public life from the Temple through the Beautiful Gate of charity, he bore his *idola specûs* with him, and saw them attacked and sometimes shattered in the unsparing debates he stimulated. It would be ungracious and ungrateful to refrain from saying that no one believed more firmly in the Century's meaning than Bellows did, or helped its purposes more freely and wisely, or lent to its repute more of personal character. Lieber, rich with European experience, skilled in dialectics, aggressive and suggestive, provoked many an argument. His mind, combining in an unusual degree subtlety with solidity, carried historical speculation to the verge of paradox. It was his favorite contention, proceeding on refined distinctions, that at the Revolution this country was already, if unconsciously, a national unity, and not a mere group of colonies, forming a potential nation. Eighty years earlier he would have been more monarchic than Hamilton. In his public teachings he fully grasped and clearly expounded the true doctrine, that the Union created a federated and not a consolidated nation, with a government limited to a delegated sovereignty, and supreme only in its permitted sphere. In conversation he maintained the theory that the United States would and should emerge from the civil war transformed to a far more compact State, closely resembling European nations. His arguments on this theme with jurists of the Century filled many an evening with eager and instructive debate, of which the conclusions, seldom those he labored for, often found their way to the public through the press.

Though punctual in his official duties, Bancroft never became a familiar figure at the club. So serious was his sense of its character and purposes that he always spoke of it with intention as the Century Association, never as the Century Club. One of his tributes to it is his address welcoming Bryant at the festival offered by the Century in honor of the poet's seventieth birthday, which is preserved in the sumptuous volume published as a memorial of the meeting of November 5, 1864, when Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Boker, sent greetings from the East and from the South. During his four years of rule the club increased to half a thousand and gained some of its most conspicuous additions. A glance at the lists will show how strictly at that time the club regarded its professed objects in applying the rule of selection. The note of quality in admitted candidates has never been higher. More than forty names may be marked, including those of painters, poets, authors, lawyers, professors, of men attracted to its membership during Bancroft's presidency, who have inspired it with fresh vigor and variety, and contributed with zeal to sustain and spread its reputation. No richer infusion of new blood has vitalized the body, even during its years Consule Verplancko.

Bancroft passed from the chair, or, as it is said that his humor put it, stepped down into the public service as Minister to Berlin in 1868. To mark its respect for its translated chief the club created for him the rank, unknown to its laws, of honorary member, and consented to live under an interregnum, leaving his place vacant for several months.

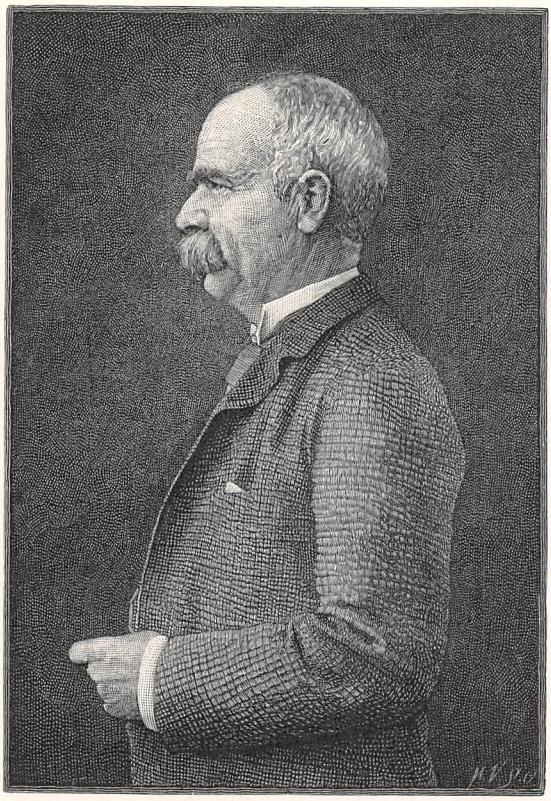
The hope expressed in the salutation *Redeunt Saturnia regna*, welcoming Bryant, fulfilled itself in the eleven years of his presidency. The outward signs of the club's prosperity through that period were an enlargement in numbers, the orderly management promoted by an improved constitution, and its increase in possessions. An inward grace, a secret harmonious growth of strength, and a sincere public respect rising and gathering about it, were in great part the fruit of his personality. It became a mark of distinction to be a Centurion, under the leadership of the first literary man of the country. Those among the hundreds eagerly pressing at its doors who gained entrance brought with them new vigor, the changing ideas of the time, and certain consequent slowly working but sure modifications of its character.

Averse to crowds, even to select ones, Bryant was not often seen at the club except in official meetings. The careless vivacity and mental undress fashion of the place hardly suited his serious and somewhat punctilious habits of thought and phrase. On rare evenings he would join a group around the classic mantelpiece in the smoking-room, and decide an appeal on a point of criticism, or answer the challenge of some paradox. One such occasion came in a discussion on the claim of Watts to the name of poet. He listened quietly to the differing opinions. A few agreed with Jean Ingelow that Watts wrote, as in his "Cradle Hymn," "a good many sweet and musical lines," and that "this was poetry." Others maintained, as the scientific authority of Huxley has since pronounced, that "as poetry, good Dr. Watts's pious doggerel is undoubtedly naught." There was a touch of kindly sympathy, one could not remark even a trace of condescension in Bryant's tone, as he admitted Watts's right to a place among poets, dwelling on his pure feeling, his simple directness, and his command of melodious cadences, and citing, as an instance:

> Cold mountains and the midnight air
> Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer.

We yielded to the master's authority, but irreverently asked whether he might not be influenced by some special attraction for the cold mountains.

At the date of Bryant's death, in 1878, the Century had been in existence for thirty-one years, about the term of a generation of men. Of that generation in this city it had brought together most of the choicest spirits in freest intercourse. Without formality or design, it had become an institute of mutual enlightenment among men knowing the worth of one another's work, likened by Bellows, more than half seriously, to the French Academy. A sure result of this communion was absolute equality among those who shared it. No true Centurion ever assumed anything, each standing in his real place. The atmosphere killed pretension and stifled shams. The pedant or the conceited person silently drifted away. How could it be otherwise, while a famous painter was describing some scene, or a noted philosopher illustrating some theory, or an acute statesman drawing some historical parallel, than that the egotist should drop himself, and the proser forget to prose?



HENRY E. HOWLAND, SECRETARY OF THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COX.)

The strain of driving the business and social machinery of this great city unbent at evening here, finding rest in interchange of fresh thoughts. Out of this friction of minds flashed incessant currents, conveying force and light. Art, seeking the ideal in life, and practice, working with its realities, instructed and invigorated each other. Conversation ranged animated over boundless fields—from Hindu codes to the latest case in court; from Michael Angelo to "Punch"; from the Decalogue to the newest guesses of science; from Gladstone's politics to the morning's editorials; from Calvinism to Darwinism; from ancient legends to yesterday's gossip; from cosmogonies to the freshest nonsense in puns. Hardly a question of those the human mind can solve that, if proposed here, would not have met from some one a fit answer or a keen surmise. Is some apt quotation or curious literary fact wanted? Bayard Taylor, or Porter, or Bristed, can give it. Some fair sentence on a new play, or nice judgment on an old author? Verplanck and Slosson are arbiters. If you need light on some fresh scientific theory, in yonder corner Renwick and Craven and Youmans are probably discussing it. Cross the room, and you may consult Durand and Kensett and Gifford about canons of art, or their experience of patronage. John Van Buren and Samuel J. Tilden can entertain you with old state secrets, or Clarkson Potter and Chester A. Arthur with new ones. Inquiring into the history of old New York, you find in Mount and Ruggles a mine of information. That spirited talk going on round the fireplace on the moral effect of some political measure is between Bryant and Lieber and Bellows. Bowman will discourse to you of music; Sands and Agnew of medicine; Gillmore or Macfarland will give you narratives of war.

Here were sifted by inquiry the philosophy of politics, the realities of religion, the principles of social reforms. No subject was too high or too small to be attacked in talk. Thus no one at the supper-table felt any surprise when one evening Roelker, of Teutonic build and heroic digestion, both corporeal and mental, after explaining some veiled passages in Goethe's "Italienische Reise" by extracts from his correspondence, looked up with a twinkle in his eye from his beefsteak and pint of Chambertin, and discharged this bombshell of a proposition: "The entropy of the universe tends to zero." At once there was commotion, and after ten minutes spent in settling definitions the combat began, raging between divines, astronomers, and poets, till the house

J. HAMPDEN ROBB, TREASURER.

doors closed on it, still undecided, at three o'clock in the morning.

Some striking instances remain in memory of the way in which at those meetings not only the best informed imparted knowledge, but the most experienced contributed also a kind of prescience upon subjects within their cognizance. Years before the electoral commission awarded Hayes the presidency, a statesman who afterwards became counsel in that contest, in the course of a discussion at the club on the limits of State and Federal powers, instanced the possible state of facts which actually arose in 1876, and maintained the very theory on which that decision proceeded. The success of the German invasion of France was confidently foretold, and even the probable lines of advance and points of attack correctly indicated by military experts among us when the telegraph delayed to send so much as reports. While Wagner was half a myth at home, and derided as a charlatan at Paris, one of our members explained his theories to those who cared to listen, predicting their triumph and promising the vogue of German opera presenting his works among us at no distant day. Before foreign savants had offered any explanation of those crimson mists that suffused the sky after the eruption of Krakatoa, we accepted at the club from scientific observers, not hazarded as a guess, but affirmed as a solution, the drift of its volcanic dust in the air as their probable cause.

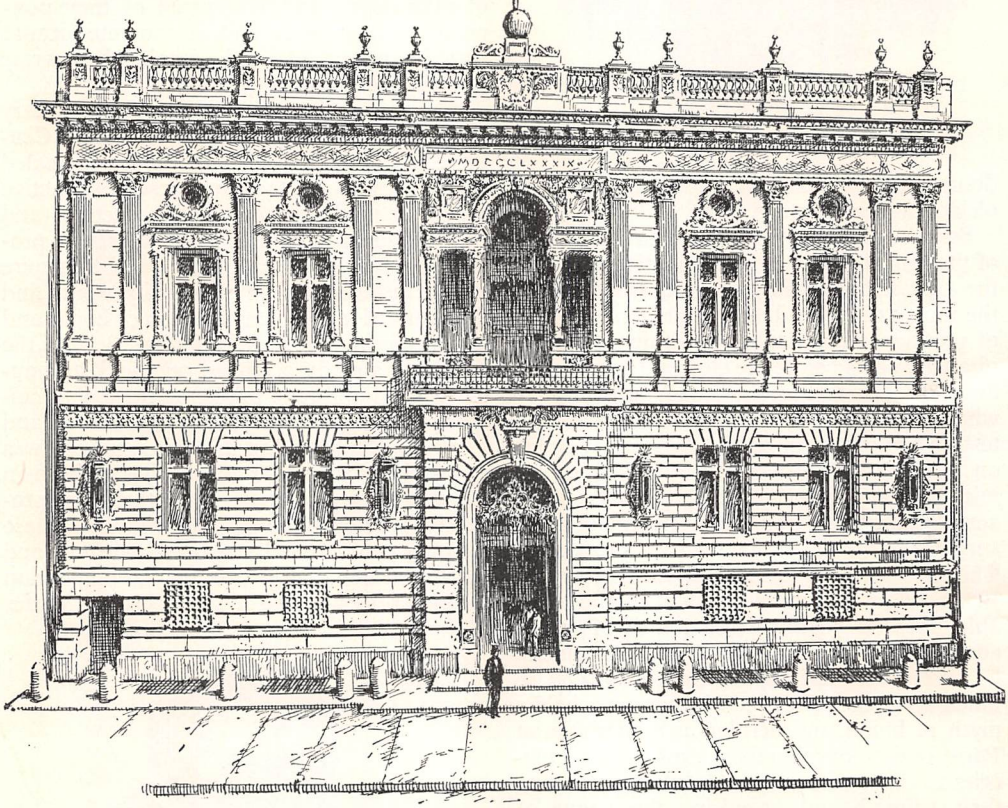
Nothing is more intangible than the genius of conversation, and no reputation more evanescent than one which rises from felicity in it. Yet the men who have just been named — all of whom ceased long ago to animate the Century with their living presence — did succeed in infusing something of their own spirit into its corporate life, and in preserving for it continuity in that reputation which they did so much to create. Departing one by one, and one by one replaced, they occasioned no sudden break in its growth, and gave over its care to like successors of their own choice. As no generation has a monopoly of talent, no art ever dies, and no accomplishment misses new cultivators, men never have been wanting to accept and improve this intellectual inheritance. Forty years hence the Century will cite these men of to-day among the lights of the time, as they themselves now designate the Centurions of the earlier date. Some test of their claims and some proof of their powers remain for us in such a concrete form as may be preserved in the books they wrote and the pictures they painted.

The foundation of a gallery or a library formed no part of the original plan of the Century. It enjoyed no endowment and appealed to no patrons for these purposes. Its active members were creators, not collectors, and they judged rightly that their efforts to promote the love of art and letters, and to inspire correct taste among the community, would find their reward in the accumulation of books and pictures through private liberality. Besides, the Academy already occupied one field, and authors and publishers might be trusted to cultivate the other. What the club could do, and what it faithfully did in its limited sphere, was to provide for regular exhibitions in its own rooms and by its own artists of their best productions. For more than thirty years these monthly exhibitions have been repeated, and the experiment fairly tried of a competition without prizes before a sifted jury of critics

THE LATE WALTER HOWE,
FORMERLY CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE.

from the chosen men of all professions — a miniature Salon open only to a little public of competent and impartial spectators. It could not be that this mingling of ripe experience and eager aspiration among artist-spirits, their frank regard, their sure judgment and varied mutual comparison under the comment of keen unprofessional observers, should have failed to correct, to inspire, to elevate those who took part in it, or should have missed its developing power upon the culture of art in the country. During its earlier years the occasional reading at meetings of a "Century Journal" gave an opportunity for young authors to test their powers and to invite criticism on their rehearsals from masters whose approval carried the prediction of that distinction and public favor since won by many of those aspirants.

For the reasons given, among the canvases composing the club's gallery, not grouped in one room, but lining all its walls as a decoration, no famous or costly works can be expected to have found a place. There are eight or ten portraits of exceptional merit, painted by the earlier and the later leaders in that branch of American art. There are examples of most of the conspicuous painters who have at any time been members, all of them interesting for their individual note, many of them valued as memorials of those holders of the brush whose last strokes they preserve. For the rest it displays a rather hap-hazard collection, brought together on no regular system, made up of pictures some of which were bequeathed *en bloc* as the treasure of an early amateur, some acquired through subscription, and others accepted in lieu of initiation fees, as the first-fruits of young artists' ambitions. Many of these last are characteristic and clever. As to most of them, their authors, recognizing the promise of their earlier theories and experiments, and comparing that with their recent clearer views and fuller performance, probably look on them with a feeling the reverse of that affecting most of the members as they now regard their own photographs inserted in the club album at the date of their admission, hardly repressing a sigh that the features and figures there presented are not those of to-day.



THE NEW BUILDING, 7, 9, 11, AND 13 WEST FORTY-THIRD STREET. McKIM, MEAD, & WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

It was an easier undertaking for the club to evolve at least the framework of a library

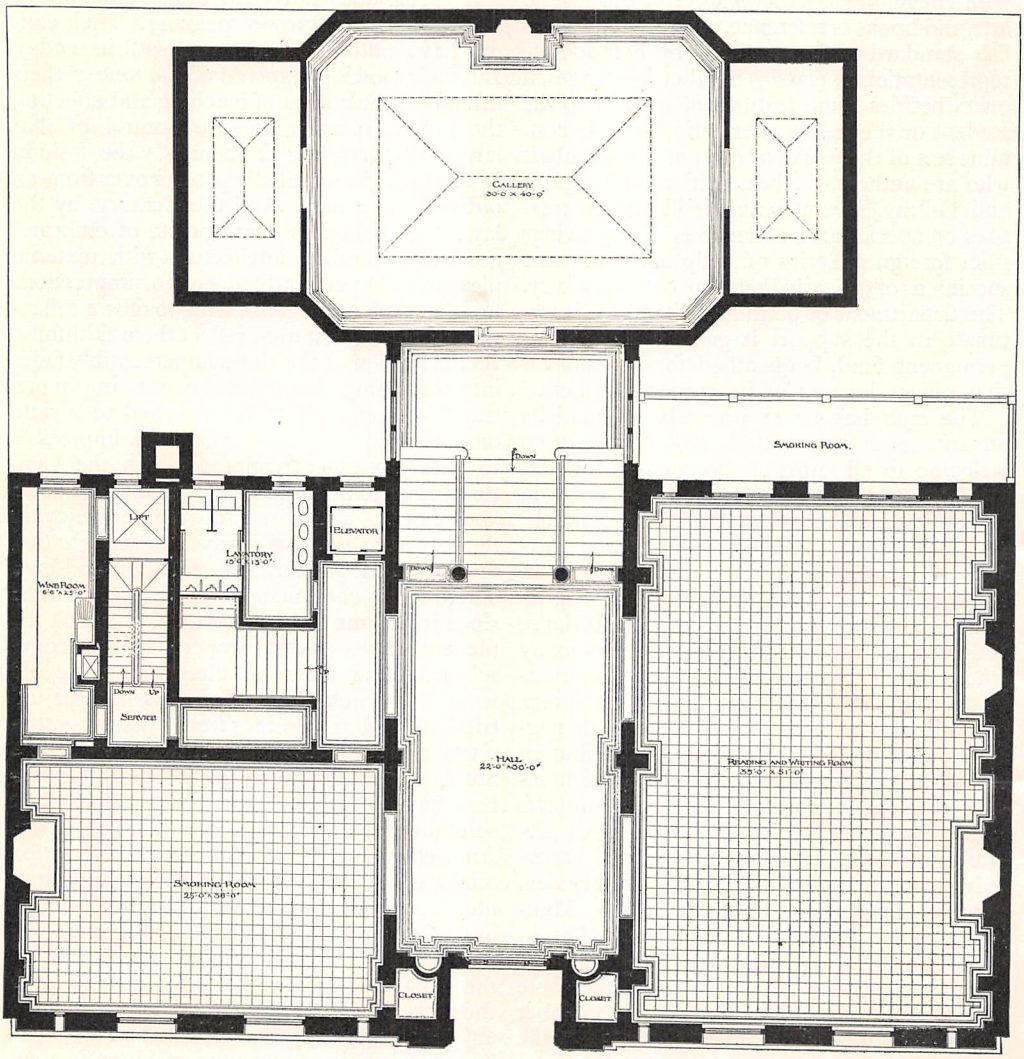
from its own resources. An author can offer a set of his works when a painter cannot afford a replica. Beginning with presentation copies and other gifts, and nourished by a liberal yearly allowance, this collection of 7600 bound volumes now forms a very respectable nucleus for an all-round club library. Well furnished with encyclopedias, dictionaries of the several arts, and books of reference, supplied with English standard authors, varied by a moderate representation of classics in other languages, it offers besides some features of interest to the student or the seeker after curiosities. It contains sets of the works of most of the members who are authors, the best editions of Hogarth and Gillray, several valuable illustrated treatises on special arts, collections of engravings from foreign galleries of sculpture, and some specimens of the early literature of this country. The department of periodical literature is fortunate in the support it gains from a small permanent fund, bequeathed to the club for that object by one of its earlier members.

The club has never jealously confined its advantages to the initiated. Noted for its open welcome to all forms of thought,—which invited in its early days the malicious epigram styling it a club of artists, atheists, and infidels, — it has been as freely hospitable to all persons who came bringing the fruits of thought. Its doors are open, under reasonable restrictions, to resident friends of members. Its large welcome has brought into our meetings many whose only claim was that they were curious to see men who are talked of. Few foreigners of note who come to study New York neglect a visit to the Century as a contribution to its due understanding. The discretion intrusted to the managers of receiving strangers distinguished in art or literature, most liberally construed, has given us personal knowledge of such men as Thackeray, Huxley, Arnold, Herkomer, Froude, Freeman, Munkacsy, and a score of other masters. Thackeray cherished a particular liking for the Century, describing it as the most agreeable club he knew, and frequenting it as a member completely at home whenever he was in the city. A special chafing-dish, devoted to celebrating his warm preference for the American oyster, with his initials scratched on the bowl, was long preserved in memory of his cookery and the wit that seasoned it.

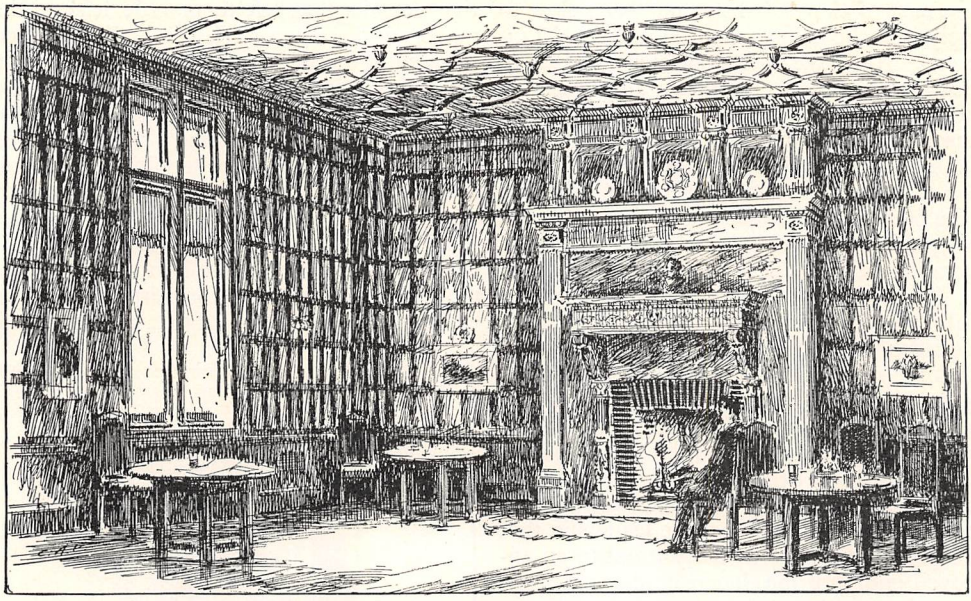
Looking back forty-five years, it is easily perceived that the Century and its ways at the beginning seem old fashioned, just as the men of that date now appear to us, and that it could not have continued to this time precisely the same as it then was. As to fashion in the restricted sense, it has never had anything to do with that. There have always been, as there now are, men of fashion among its members, but it was not by that quality that they became members. The club has never been a fashionable one by either its locality, or the tone of its frequenters, or the standards it set up. The essential character of those things about which its interest centers, and for the sake of which it arose and still exists, does not yield to the fluctuations of fashion in its narrower meaning. Their canons have nothing in common with its codes. But their modes of expression, the tone of their utterance, their ways of reaching and affecting the public, must admit the control of that larger all-pervading influence, "the fashion of the times," continually passing over from an old order to a new. And the Century, by the law of its being, as a composite of club and academy, blending intellectual with material pleasures, is peculiarly open to impressions from such change. Professing to offer a reflection of the times, it must reflect them faithfully. As the fashion of the times imperceptibly fades into something else, "never continuing in one stay" long enough to be attached to a date or attributed to a personality, it is impossible to note the exact point at which the Century began to be more of a club and less of an association. There was always tendency in that course; there was always resistance to that progress through fear of its direction and end. There have continually been heard, at least since it became a chartered body and took the place of a tax-paying property owner, counsels from the elders of clinging to the old ways, and forebodings of danger in steps untried, as well as warnings from younger enthusiasts against suffering a dry rot to set in. Stubborn debates over each increase of members have followed these lines, and as their solution the inevitable has always come. Amusement, except such as conversation might afford, was excluded by the early statutes, yet chess soon gained tolerance, though looked at askance as a withdrawal from sociality. Not for thirteen years was the click of the billiard ball allowed to break the repose of the club, which only condescended then to the enjoyment of the game by select subscribers. The list remains among the archives as a curious record of the innovators of the year 1860. The latest advance in this persistent drift took the form of a proposed amendment to the constitution, permitting card-playing, which was summarily rejected. Yet it was discussed: ten years ago it would not have been even seconded. And as the most material change of all in its habits, steadily pressed through contests for twenty years between conservatives and innovators, after failure of many experiments, the plain living of the club's infancy has become legally sublimated into the steam

of rich distilled perfumes which to-day salutes the Centurion as he passes the dining-room of its established restaurant. There is still hope that it will be merely as a convenience, and not as a symbol, that the crown and apex of its new building is to be held by the kitchen.

All these positive marks of modification in its outward habit of life do not touch the question whether the spirit of the Century has undergone any change during its growth. It came into being in 1847 with the professed purpose of "the advancement of art and literature, as well as the promotion of social intercourse." Its charter of 1857 prescribes that the former object should be pursued "by establishing and maintaining a library, reading-room, and gallery of art," while its added clause, "and by such other means as shall be expedient and proper for that purpose," implies, rather obscurely and indefinitely, the permission to cultivate social intercourse as a means to that end. It has been shown that the establishment of a gallery and library on any large scale was out of the question. The spirit of the Century could not fit into its legal body — the charter was a sounding program, not a living law. The promotion of social intercourse became at once, and has ever since continued to be, its primary motive force, through the indirect operation of which the advancement of art and letters was to be brought about. Now, in its slow and necessitated transformation from an association to a club, has that advancement been lost sight of, or is there danger that it may become superseded and extinguished by the ascendancy of



ARCHITECT'S PLAN OF THE SECOND FLOOR (NEW BUILDING).



GRILL ROOM IN THE NEW BUILDING.

that social intercourse? It is a question which hangs yet upon decision.

The living force of the Century is its flexibility in adaptation to the needs of the time. It grew naturally out of such fitness and has prospered through such adjustments. Probably the strongest influence that ever pressed upon it from without is that impulse thrust on social life by the consequences of the civil war. Sudden wealth abounded, and the seed took root of that luxury which to-day in our city flowers into splendid materialism, imitating under very similar conditions the social life of a Genoa or a Venice in its prime. How could the Century escape that ferment in the community of which it is a component part?

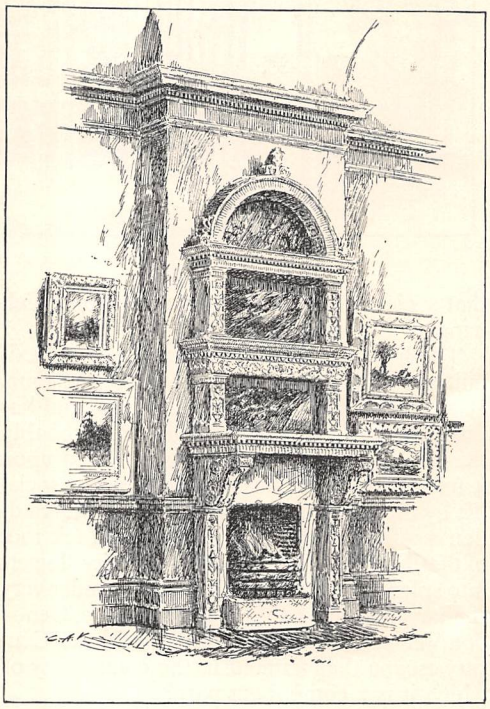
Its history in this period may yield some hints for the solution of the question whether it is to lead a transformed life in its more splendid home. The great increase in applications for membership — for the Century itself had become one of the luxuries — induced an expanded interpretation of its rules, which allowed them to include as amateurs of arts and letters a wide range of those professedly, rather than practically, so interested. A like extension of its invitation to men of affairs permitted such a construction of the terms of admission as to call in many whose ability in any pursuit whatever of business life had proved itself by accumulation of wealth. It is plain that the club was aware what it was doing in accepting this widening of its base, since an adverse vote of one-third the ballots cast in any individual case would at once have checked the tendency. It feared no danger to its prestige, certainly none to its prosperity, in opening a channel for the glittering if sometimes turbid floods of Pactolus to mingle with the clear waters of Helicon.

One effect of this tendency appeared, in spite of the carefully balanced composition of the Committee on Admissions, in a disturbance of the equipoise long maintained as a tradition in the relative numbers of the several classes of members. In the young Century artists and business men shared the control, being of equal force, and composing together half the body. Twenty-five years later the proportions had sensibly changed. The legal profession then supplied one-fourth of the membership, the mercantile about one-fifth, and artists one-eighth. At the present time the artists, still, as always, the flower and crown of the Century, represent one-seventh of the club, while merchants and financiers engross one-fourth its voting power, leaving to lawyers the second place, in the proportion of one-fifth. Men of other professions, who are really the salt of the club, sprinkled through it in relatively small numbers, but dominant in character and influence, are so grouped that of its 700 members about one in 25 is a clergyman, a journalist, or a publisher, one in 36 a physician, a man of science, or a professor, and one in 40 an author. That it has lost none of its attractions for cultivated men who do not pursue any profession appears from the fact that the proportion of men of leisure remains nearly the same that it has been for twenty years — that of one-eleventh.

Recognizing this preponderance, the busi-

ness men of the club have not been slow to apply it in the management of its material interests. Nor have their associates hesitated to trust their experience in affairs, and to accept their leadership, being aware of the imperative reasons for still further modifications in its ways if the Century would remain true to its profession of representing the times. In reflecting them fairly it must confess to having outgrown many things—its simplicity in living, corresponding ill with the luxury of society about it; its modest accommodations, contrasted with those of other clubs; even its habitation, left stranded and solitary by the currents of town life sweeping past and away from it. It determined therefore to dismiss one of the most permanent and interesting of its subjects for debate, the removal of its site, closing that long controversy before the difficulty of choice might make the decision too late, and trusting the prudence and ability of the leaders in that accepted movement to carry it out to an approved end. For the change implies much not appearing on the surface. It involves an enlarged scale of expenditure, a greatly increased membership, and almost certainly the exclusion as candidates for the future of many men of promise who could afford to accept from the old Century a welcome that the new Century cannot afford to offer. In a word, it implies the last change in that transformation, so slowly and surely evolving, of the association into a club. It implies, since it was inevitable, that the Century Association has really fulfilled its function. The conditions of its origin and course, imposed by time, place, and persons, could not be maintained here, and cannot be reproduced elsewhere.

Another element, and a congenital one, has worked yet more continuously to modify the character of the Century. It might have been foreseen that the diversity of seeds sown in its strong soil while it was virgin must in due time come to grow up and flower independently. Enlarging its borders and building up its repute, the club drew within it not only the leaders in each art or profession, but a throng of acolytes besides, those who aspired following those who had attained. These expanding groups, conscious of their special needs and sufficient in numbers and confidence, outgrew the state of representatives of their respective arts in a congress of intellect, and became instead each the nucleus of a new organization, recruited by their associates of equal value, whom the Century would gladly have received had its limits permitted. Thus were fostered within the Century and formed as direct offshoots from it, the Authors Club, the University, the Architects', the Engineers', and not a few artists' clubs. Becoming engrossed in active pursuits that left them little leisure, the makers of these new circles naturally preferred to spend it among the followers of their own art, and without quitting the Century or losing their love for it, they lost the habit of frequent visits, leaving their place and work in it to later comers slow to assimilate its spirit. Add to this that the steady increase in numbers gradually relaxed that close sympathy knitting together the members of a compact body, and forbade the diffusion among seven hundred of a common force of sentiment or purpose that had easily permeated one-third that number, and it



FIREPLACE IN THE PICTURE GALLERY (NEW BUILDING).

will readily be seen how a twofold element of segregation has profoundly invaded the original unity of the Century.

This rule of disassociation was inherent though not foreseen at its origin. To combine, in order afterward to separate, was part of its necessary if undesigned law. This is truly the function of evolution which the Century has unconsciously discharged. Forty years ago the intellectual forces of New York, dissipated among pursuits that had no common interest, needed a focus. This the Century created. It concentrated mental light and heat from all sources. It brought the elements of culture and aspiration into working contact. Then when it had fostered them by sympathy and fused them by interaction into a homogeneous whole, with a character and a purpose of its

own, it obeyed the universal law of evolution, and proceeded to differentiate them.

Beyond question the Century has been a power for good, the more so because it assumed no authority, and wrought unconscious of itself. It has transcended its chartered function of promoting the advancement of art and literature. Not only have the teachings of older artists and the questionings of younger ones here combined to stimulate the tone and diffuse the culture of the arts; not only have wits and authors, now famous, gained suggestion and encouragement here. No one ever left the Century after one of its spirited gatherings of the older time without carrying away some new fact, or impression, or conviction to spread in ever-widening circles among his associates in the outer community. As the chiefs of all professions met here, so were the standards of conduct in each tested by comparison, illustrated by instances from diverse experience of other lives. The artist learned the artistic needs of the lay public; the author absorbed the passing spirit of the time; the politician rose to broader views; the scientist found his limitations; the divine came in touch with liberal inquiry; the editor caught the tone of living convictions. Sincere and free seeking for truth by discussion gave every man who took a worthy part in it, if only a listener's, better hope and light for the better conduct of life. And this is the virtue which has steadily gone forth from the Century, not without influence on the community: a spirit subtle, elusive, hard to define, but none the less real — the spirit and the habit of search for the best in all things.

The new house of the Century is built a mile and a half farther up town than its old one, occupying a space one hundred feet square on the north side of Forty-third street, a little distance from its junction with Fifth Avenue, at the point where the process of degrading that royal road into a shopping street seems for the moment to have paused. Its style is that Italian Renaissance brought into such vogue of late years for both public and private buildings. The material is a pale brick, in color a little warmer than gray, rather colder than yellow, somewhat raw as yet, but promising mellowness with time, and relieved over much of its surface with terra-cotta ornamentation of a harmonizing tint. It rises to the height of three stories, the lowest one finished in dressed gray stone crossed by narrow horizontal bands of terra-cotta, forming such an elevation as to serve for a massive base to the whole structure, and each of the upper ones gaining in height upon the one below it. The entrance is through a graceful and stately arch of gray stone, piercing the two lower stories, and supporting at the base of the third a broad entablature crowned with an exquisite recessed loggia, which, after the Florentine manner, is open to the air, and with which the dining-room connects. Low pilasters, parting the window-bays, two on each side, relieve the flatness of the front and inclose spaces enriched but not crowded with wreaths and other decorative forms in terra-cotta. The effect yielded by the simple contour, pure lines, and large treatment of surface of the building, aided by its color, is that of blended dignity and delicacy.

The interior arrangement preserves throughout that scheme of large communicating spaces which made so agreeable a feature in the old building. At the rear of the ground floor, given to offices and strangers' rooms, a broad stairway mounts on each side to a platform, midway of the height of this story, giving access to the gallery, detached from the main structure, built nearly across the width of the ground, and lighted from above and on three sides. The billiard room is below the gallery. Turning again towards the front, the double stairway rises to the second floor, divided into spacious halls for meetings and conversation, and gaining the third floor leads to the library and the dining and smoking rooms. Following the plan of all modern clubs, which civilization is strangely slow in adapting to private houses, the processes and odors of cooking are confined to the region just below the roof. It is curious that the ridgepole and the hearth, both of which were once synonyms for the home, should at length have met in one place.

An air of severe simplicity reigns in these marble-lined halls and oak-wainscoted apartments, relieved by color of onyx panels, by graceful curves of classic chimneypieces, by columns of dark wood and veined marble, and by the gilding of capital and balustrade. So free are the spaces that from almost any point there opens a striking perspective of arch and pillar and stairway. The many members who have surveyed the world of clubdom from Calcutta to San Francisco pronounce the Century's new home to be, among buildings so occupied, unique and complete.

In January last the Century began in the new house the forty-fifth year of its existence and the first of a new era. It relinquished the old abode to a club of brewers, together with the furniture and whatever of old associations may be supposed to dwell in and about these material relics of their owners for a generation. The new possessors, as experts, will enjoy with peculiar zest the fruits of the promise —

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu.

A. R. Macdonough.

AUSTRALIAN CITIES.[1]

THE ANGLO-SAXON IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

POPULATION flocks into the towns of Australia in a proportion not known anywhere else. Melbourne contains nearly one-half of the people of Victoria, Sydney more than a third of the population of New South Wales. In all the colonies the capital cities grow in like proportion at the expense of the smaller towns and country districts. The increase of urban population is marked enough in Europe and America. That it should find its greatest excess in this new country is a peculiar fact, and one that gives some anxiety to Australians themselves, as the proportion goes on increasing from year to year. Land laws which favored the formation of large estates rather than small holdings were at one time thought to explain this centralization of population, but changes in the law have not checked the tendency. Other causes are apparent. Australia has an exceptionally large mining population, and the successful miner rarely settles upon the field of his labors, but prefers to go to the city to spend his gains. In the pastoral areas the isolation of the great estates makes the education of families and social intercourse difficult, and for this reason the rich squatter is apt to make his station a temporary residence while he fixes his permanent home in the city. The absence of accommodation on the stations for the families of employees is the most conspicuous social want of the country. Either unmarried men are preferred, or, if married, the wives and families often remain behind in town. The contrast again between the activity of city life and the quiet of the country is accentuated here. Life on a remote sheep station is for the workman concentrated monotony, while the cities are particularly full of movement. The prevailing state socialism is filling the larger towns with good things — excellent museums, splendid libraries, free reading-rooms, parks, botanical gardens, manifold places of interest or amusement. These are for the multitude, and the multitude in Australia is unquestionably becoming southern in its taste for excitement and amusements. For the rich are music, the theater, and clubs as expensive and almost as luxurious as those of Pall Mall or Piccadilly. For the children of all, excellent schools and universities. So rich and poor alike crowd into the towns, which become large without becoming crowded, so wide is the room for expansion, so perfect the appliances of tram, rail, and boat for the suburban residence. Thus the cities have acquired not only an excess of population, but also a social and political dominance which is neither British nor American, and for which only a continental parallel can be found. To an outside observer the resulting condition of things seems artificial and not without grave dangers, but curiously interesting, as illustrating new forms of national growth, possibly incidental to extreme democratic development. The concentration of population has enabled the artisan class to secure unequaled present advantages, but there is justification for the view entertained by many Australians that it will sap the foundations of permanent prosperity unless a check can be found. The gravest problem before Australia is apparently how to get a sufficient agricultural population to stay upon the land. The temper of the country is not favorable to the patient industry of the farm, with its remote results and slow accumulation. Within the last few years the curious phenomenon has occasionally presented itself of a serious dearth of labor in country places, while in the towns masses of unemployed were besieging the government offices with demands for relief works. Sent, sometimes at the government expense, to the rural districts, the "unemployed" soon drift back to the mingled wants and delights of city life.

The cities of Australia have thus come to concentrate in an unusual degree the life of the whole country, and to furnish the key to it. They have, among cities, a type of their own, curiously marked, when we consider that they are largely the growth of fifty years. They are, moreover, interesting, which is not always true of new cities. Melbourne, a mere village when gold was discovered in Victoria, has now more than 400,000 people. It is a city where one feels that men count for more than anything else in the making of a place. Victoria received the cream of the great immigration after 1851, and the splendid and adventurous energy of the gold period still shows itself in the population, with something, it must be added, of its fever

[1] "Uppingham," in this magazine for September, 1888, and "The Reorganization of the British Empire," in December, 1888, are by the same author.

and restlessness. The superfluous vigor of the people makes itself felt to the remotest corners of Australia and beyond. Victorian capital and energy give the impulse to enterprise and business in Queensland, large parts of New South Wales and South Australia, and is reaching out to West Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand as well. A cooler climate assists the native vigor of the people and gives Melbourne a great advantage over Brisbane, Sydney, or Adelaide. What it finds to do it does with all its might, either for amusement or for serious work. Its race-course in the Flemington suburb has been pronounced by good judges to be the best and most thoroughly equipped in the world. Its tram system is unquestionably the best in existence, surpassing in efficiency that of San Francisco, on which it was modeled. A few years ago defenses had to be provided for its harbor, and now authorities pronounce it the best defended port in the British Empire. Magnificent public and private buildings are fast taking the place of the earlier and more temporary structures. Land has sold for the same price on Collins street as in the heart of London — an exaggerated value, but showing faith in the city's future. The public parks and gardens, the grounds and buildings of the University, the Free Library, the churches, clubs, coffee palaces, and municipal edifices, are all planned or completed on a scale worthy of a great city.

Curiously English in all external forms of life, Melbourne is often described as American in the pushing business energy which characterizes its people. It is American with a clear note of difference. There is a strenuousness like that of Chicago or San Francisco, but it can relax itself. In the American taking a holiday we mark an undercurrent of restlessness, as if he were oppressed with the thought of losing time; an Australian gives himself up to the enjoyment, and feels that he has gained a day. In holiday-making Melbourne is neither English nor American, but Italian. Still more is this true of Sydney. Energetic Melbourne looks upon its rival city as inert, and climatic influence gives some color of truth to the criticism. Sydney has the disadvantage of being some hundreds of miles nearer the tropics, and where the contiguity of the sea results in relaxing moistness of atmosphere rather than coolness. But if Sydney suffers something from its latitude, in other respects its advantage of geographical position insures it a place among the great cities of the future. Its harbor is the best in the southern seas, and one of the two or three best in the world. The immediate neighborhood of large coal measures increases indefinitely its naval and commercial importance. With trade from America, New Zealand, the Pacific islands, and the China seas, as well as England, tending to center here, it is the Australasian counterpart of San Francisco, which it already surpasses in size. Of the beauty of Port Jackson, the wonderful bay on the shores of which Sydney is built, much has been said and written in what might seem terms of exaggeration. Yet one may fairly doubt if ever traveler felt any sense of disappointment as, sailing in from the Pacific through the narrow channel which separates the harbor heads, he sees its picturesque outlines unfold before him. It is one of the sights of the world. The magnificence of the general prospect is more than matched by the beauty and variety of detail. So complicated is the maze of winding waters and narrow, prolonged bays that one is not surprised to learn that the water line of the harbor within the heads is measured by many hundreds of miles. Low hills and numerous islands, with woods sloping down to shining bits of sandy beach, everywhere form the background for the quiet waters of the bay, and complete a scene of beauty which might satisfy the most critical taste. Wealth and art assist nature. Graceful yachts float over the waters, and beautiful villas are scattered around the various coves and bays. I doubt if any public pleasure grounds in the world contain so many attractions as do the Park and Botanic Gardens bordering on the bay. Inclosing one large arm of the harbor, facing another, and looking out upon the waters where navies can float at ease, their position is unrivaled. The climate favors the growth of sub-tropical vegetation, as well as that of the temperate zones, and great skill has been shown in making the most of such an opportunity for effective landscape gardening and interesting botanical experiments. A good beginning has been made in embellishing the gardens with statuary, to which exposure in the open air is as little harmful here as in Greece or Italy. The grounds are large enough to furnish ample room for the thousands who flock to them on Sundays and holidays.

Beautiful public gardens are not confined to Sydney, but form a striking feature of Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Ballarat, and every considerable Australian town. They enter into the life of the people both for pleasure and for instruction. The services of highly skilled botanists are secured to give them scientific interest. Experiments in acclimatization are constantly carried on, and have a wide range from the advantages of climate. Several have attached to them zoölogical collections of considerable interest. At Ballarat private generosity has added a beautiful collection of Italian marbles. The brilliancy and profusion of the semi-

tropical flowers, and the ease with which large numbers of tree ferns are reared in light structures of lattice work, make possible effects in gardening which are very striking to northern eyes.

The free way in which money is thus spent on what is simply beautiful, the pride taken in these gardens by all classes, and the evident sense of proprietorship with which the humblest workingman enjoys them as public property maintained for the pleasure of all, seemed to me among the most interesting and satisfactory developments of an extremely democratic condition of society. One fancied that he could already detect in the masses a refinement of taste and softening of manner such as contact with art appears to have given to the Italian and the Greek, and which intimacy with nature in its most beautiful forms might be expected to produce here.

In Australia the thought constantly recurs that if ever the esthetic side of the Anglo-Saxon is to receive full development it will be in these southern seas.

Another parallel with ancient life no traveler can help observing in this new land.

Since the days of Greece and her Olympic and Isthmian games there certainly has been nothing to match the devotion of the Australians to athletic sports. Football has been for the last two or three years the favorite amusement, but almost equal attention is given to cricket and rowing. Cricket teams are sent to England every year, and have, even in that chosen home of the sport, more than held their own against all comers. In rowing, too, England has had to resign her old supremacy, and now for many years has been content to watch the contests of Australians and Canadians for the championship of the oar. But it is not the success of a few specialists which marks the athleticism of Australia. The heart of the people is in it far more than in England, infinitely more than in America. The great cities empty themselves on holidays to watch the matches that are always going on. The eager rush of the crowd to the grounds as the trains or trams arrive is a curious sight. At a football match which I saw near Melbourne twenty-five thousand people were packed around the arena, and I was told that at the same time crowds of several thousands would be watching the game at various grounds in other parts of the suburbs. But the interest, or rather passion, of the crowd seemed to me more significant than the numbers. Every man, woman, and child among that twenty-five thousand people watched the match for hours with complete absorption and with manifest knowledge of the intricacies of the game. The instant spontaneous applause which greeted successful play, the storm of groans for failure, were alike graduated with nice reference to the merits or demerits of the players. A friend told me that a mile away his accustomed ear could easily judge of the progress of the game as this measured *fremitus* announced touch, or point, or goal.

This popularity of games involving severe exertion and strict physical training shared in by the many, and not left to professionals, is showing distinct results in the splendid physique of the young men. It may well be a corrective for the enervating influences of an easy climate and a comparatively luxurious life, no slight consideration in such a land as Australia. There are corresponding dangers. Thoughtful men, and particularly business men, complain of a want of earnestness in the younger generation. It is asserted that they refuse to take life seriously. A leading bank manager of wide experience told me that he found it best to get the majority of his employees from England or Scotland. On such a point it is perhaps too soon to generalize or judge. A more distinct danger appears in a growth of the coarser spirit of the arena. During a single week I saw several announcements of matches at which the umpires or the winners had to leave the grounds under the protection of the police to preserve them from excited mobs, and the public journals directed attention to the fact. Previously nothing had struck me more than the wonderful good nature, not to say light-heartedness, of Australian crowds. The passion of the south may slumber beneath its love of pleasure and excitement. Public opinion is at present strong enough to crush out anything of this kind, but the tendency is not to be overlooked. The passion for sport is not confined to athletics. Racing is extremely popular, and no town of any size is without its race-course and annual or semi-annual meetings. Already Australians aspire to win the Derby, and have sent horses to compete on English courses. Cup Day at Melbourne is universally looked upon as the great event of the Australian year, and has almost taken the place of a national holiday. Visitors flock from every part of the continent to attend it, and there are sometimes 150,000 people upon the grounds. It is doubtful if so well dressed, respectable, and orderly a multitude could be seen elsewhere gathered for such a purpose as in Australia. It seemed to me that a much smaller portion of society than in Great Britain or America looked upon such amusement as harmful. Yet though its evils are minimized by this respectability, it unquestionably ministers, as elsewhere, to the gambling spirit, which needs no cherishing here. In connection with this another scene also has left a strong impression on my mind. It was at a large race meeting. Sitting among

a group of ladies and gentlemen, apparently of the most cultured class, we watched a large field of horses go off. Every glass followed the exciting struggle. Half way round the course a jockey tumbled into the midst of the mêlée of horses which swept over him like a whirlwind. "One is off," a lady near me calmly said. The glasses followed the race; the horses swept in, the one with an empty saddle conspicuous; the cheers for the winner filled the air; but not another glance was cast towards the fallen jockey, nor was the slightest further remark made about him by man or woman of the party. He lay on the course as if dead till some one came to carry him away. Next morning I observed in the papers that his case was thought to be concussion of the brain and the chance of his recovery doubtful. An excellent hospital is provided for accidents by the racing club, and provision made for disabled jockeys, who of course accept the chances of their calling, yet the absence of any expression of human sympathy among the holiday makers struck me as having about it a slight flavor of the amphitheater.

Perhaps a more just explanation may be found in the habits of the people, which make of them fearless and splendid riders, and therefore thoughtless of dangers and chances which are daily faced. The English taste for riding and the English love for a good horse prevail everywhere. Men live in the saddle from morning to night on the great stations, or when driving their herds of cattle over the thousand miles which separate Queensland pastures from the southern markets. If ever Australia has to put cavalry into the field she will have a large population of the best riders in the world to draw upon.

The concentration of population in the cities doubtless accentuates tendencies to which I have referred. Other far more significant results are to be noted.

Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane have each one or two daily journals of which any city in the world might be proud, and which in matter and manner compare favorably with anything that appears in England or America. With one or two striking exceptions the tone of the press is remarkably high. Columns of European and American news are received every day by cable, and the best Australian dailies seem to me to combine English excellence and weight of leader-writing with the energy in collecting information which characterizes the American press. The encyclopedic weeklies of forty or fifty pages issued by the leading city papers for country circulation are marvelous compilations touching on every human interest under the sun.

But the excellence of the city journalism stifles that of the smaller places and increases indefinitely the political and social supremacy of the towns.

Again one remarks how distinctive a feature club life has come to be in Australian cities. Apparently transplanted at first as a part of English social habits, the circumstances of the country have favored the growth of clubs to an extent unusual in a new country. The wealthy squatters who come in from their stations wish to enjoy and are willing to pay for the better things of civilization. The city merchant who lives far out in the suburbs requires some place in town where he can meet business men or entertain his friends. A social and gregarious habit supplements these practical needs. The more expensive clubs are supported by entrance fees and subscriptions on the scale of the best in London or New York. Professional men of simpler taste congregate in others. All are thrown open with wonderful hospitality to the stranger who brings sufficient introductions, and as the clubs have arrangements for residence, it is possible to pass through the country without going to a hotel, and under conditions extremely favorable for easy intercourse with the people most worth meeting. The gregarious habit to which I have referred, or the coöperative spirit which prevails, makes this taste for club life extend downward, and clubs exist for almost every grade of society. Where they are not found for workingmen, the trade halls furnish a substitute. All this tends to focus public opinion in the cities and give them greater dominance. I cannot but think that we may find here a partial explanation of the tendency of things in Australia towards state socialism, to which I have referred.

Compared with anything known in Great Britain, the United States, or Canada, a great deal is left in Australia to the initiative of the Government, and to central administration. The control of the telegraph system is considered as much a function of the Government as the direction of the post-offices. If later English example has been copied in this particular, the same cannot be said of the state ownership of railways, now practically universal throughout the colonies. It is an idea to which the mind of the country has become entirely habituated. The evils of having a large railway patronage exercised, and large sums of public money spent by a government which depends upon the popular vote, have been encountered here as elsewhere, but they have been met or mitigated by putting the railways under the control of commissions, composed partly of experts, and set free as far as possible from political pressure. The very considerable public debts of the colonies have been chiefly incurred in

railway construction, and the people look with satisfaction upon the assets which the country has to show for its borrowings, in the form of substantial railway lines, the increase in value of which will be for the public benefit.

Not only the maintenance of systems of public schools, but also the establishment of universities, is in the same way left largely to the state. On all sides, indeed, there seems to be a growing inclination to pledge the credit and employ the resources of the community for enterprises and objects which we have been accustomed to leave to the initiative of the individual citizen. The state is expected to take the lead in paths of progress. Not seldom it is asked to furnish employment to those who want it. Such an outcome of pure democratic growth is certainly one which differs much from what we see in all other English-speaking communities, where the prevailing tendency is to limit the functions of government, while enlarging the field of effort and stimulating the activity of the individual. The widening of the responsibilities of the state is necessarily accompanied by a centralization in administration which it is difficult to look upon as healthy. The local support and control of the common school, the municipal control of highroad, by-road, and like matters in country districts, the progressive devolution of responsibilities upon the district, the parish, the county, the state, or the province,—common alike to the systems of the United States and Canada, and becoming now the rule in England as well,—seem fitted to give a better political training to the individual citizen, and to insure greater prudence in public expenditure, than where all eyes are turned towards the central government for both money and management, for initiation and completion. English and American democracy appear to me to magnify the individual at the expense of the state; the tendency of Australian democracy is certainly to reverse the process.

It is clear that we have not exhausted the phenomena in the growth of popular power. The Australian experiment is being carried out under constitutions framed by the British Parliament and largely governed by British precedent, facts which illustrate the wonderful elasticity of the English political system under new conditions. Nevertheless it is a new and crucial experiment for English people to make, and the end is by no means in sight. Thinkers and public men in the colonies did not seem to me free from anxiety about the paths they are treading, or entirely confident about results, but the forces which are at work make it tolerably clear that in Australia, if anywhere, further attempts will be made to solve the larger problems of state socialism.

Looking at Australian life from some angles one is disposed to think that overflowing activity and energy are its main characteristics. There is another side to this. A traveler sees many things which prove that the warm climate and the easy conditions of living are great temptations to idleness and shiftlessness. There are not the natural compulsions to work which are found under sterner skies. The conditions which have produced the Neapolitan lazzaroni and the lazy Southern negro exist in parts of Australia, and even in the most virile race have their effect. For nine months out of twelve in much of the country sleeping in the open air is possible and pleasant. A canvas tent or a roof of bark furnishes a habitable dwelling throughout the year. Food is cheap and plentiful. The country is therefore the paradise of tramps as well as of the workingman. Under the name of the "swagger" or "sundowner" the tramp, as he moves from station to station in remote districts in supposed search for work, is a recognized element of society, who looks upon himself as having certain rights upon which he is disposed to insist, and he certainly has his claims allowed as in few other countries in the world.

The squatter or station owner who refuses a meal and a bed to the "swagger" may reckon with considerable certainty upon a retributive conflagration of his stacks or outbuildings. But the stimulus of such an anxiety is not needed to make the prosperous Australian considerate for social failures. Success and failure are alike questions of luck. The broken-down wanderer who asks for a sixpence or a night's lodging may be one who has just missed the opportunity of being a millionaire. He is to be pitied rather than blamed. At any rate he must not be allowed to suffer. Even his feelings must be considered. There are no workhouses in Australia. The state establishments which fill their place are called "benevolent asylums." The softening of the name is matched by the comparative respectability of the inmates. One of these institutions near Sydney contained eight hundred men when I saw it. Well fed and well clothed, enjoying their pipes in the pleasant sunshine, it was difficult to look upon many of them as objects of public charity. In England or America a large proportion of them would, I feel sure, be expected to carry on for themselves the struggle for existence. In Sydney itself a similar establishment also holds eight hundred women. Cottages were being built in order that married couples might live together and not be driven even by pauperism to the pain of separation.

These sixteen hundred accepted social failures already accumulated in one corner of so

young a community present a problem which arrests the attention.

The swarms of people who sleep every night in the park at Sydney, apparently as their only home, give additional proof that favorable conditions are not all that is necessary to make men thrifty and self-reliant. The man who goes to the wall in the old country because he is weak is apt to succumb at once to the seductions of the sunny climate and the lenient philanthropy which he finds in Australia, and become a burden on the community. He takes an easier view of the situation, moreover, and is sometimes not unwilling frankly to formulate his new conception of life. "I like to keep a straight back," was the explanation proffered to a friend of mine by an able-bodied beggar who objected to work. A New Englander, a Canadian, or an Englishman may come away from luxuriating in the sunny influences of the best Australian season without losing respect for his own more rigorous or even unpleasant climate. The east wind, the cold drenching rain, the northern blast, drive men back on home life, on work, on more rigid views of their relations to things. After all, the environment which makes a people most effective is the best. Great will be the glory of the Australian if he retains in the south that inherited energy which was bred in the north and which has made his country what it is.

A man born to fortune who overcomes the temptations of wealth deserves as much credit and is as truly a self-made man as one who surmounts the obstacles of poverty. The same is true of nations. "Australia's danger lies in the temptations of fullness," was the remark of a clear-headed clerical friend of mine, who has studied the country carefully from a moral point of view. An English statesman has described the Australian colonies politically as "the spoiled children of the Empire," rather perhaps in view of their relations with one another than with the motherland. "We are drunk with freedom," one of their own public men said to me.

Another pointed out that political leaders had to make allowance in the conduct of affairs for an impulsiveness of movement in public opinion different from anything he had observed in other English-speaking countries. Whatever measure of truth there may be in such judgments — and there is some — still any one who studies Australia will be struck with the generous directions in which this impulsiveness and untrammeled freedom assert themselves. An outburst of political sympathy sent the troops of New South Wales to assist England in the Soudan, and the example would have been followed by other colonies had the British Government encouraged the idea. The step was illogical and perhaps foolish under the present constitution of the Empire, but thoroughly characteristic. It might or might not now be repeated under like conditions, but in a war which Australian opinion fully indorsed all the resources of the country would be given with equal enthusiasm to the support of the Empire. An outburst of industrial sympathy last year sent many thousands of pounds of Australian money to the support of the strikers in the London docks, and was largely instrumental in winning the victory for industry in that battle of labor against capital. It is a deeply interesting fact, also, that the wealth and thought of Australia largely supported the trades councils which organized this assistance, apparently proving that, even where the combination of the working classes is most effective for the assertion of their views, the general sympathy of the country, and even of capitalists, may follow the lead of the workingman.

Australia lacks in her history the moral motive of the fathers of New England, or the patriotic motive of the loyalist founders of British Canada. She has known little of the severe national discipline by which other people have fought out a way to freedom. As in the Western and Pacific States of America, the dominant tone of life has been given by an overmastering spirit of energy and enterprise and by effort after material success. Moral strenuousness can scarcely be looked for as a characteristic of the popular mind, and circumstances are not favorable to its development. Neither religious restriction nor political tyranny has existed to stimulate the severe virtues. The people have never been called upon for any great effort of national self-sacrifice. Still there is abundant motive force in the life of the people, abundant stimulus to effort after social ideals. Nowhere does one find a larger public spirit, nowhere a finer enthusiasm pervading all classes for building up a worthy state and assimilating whatever is best from the outer world. The organized supremacy of the workingman in one way strengthens the social structure. The obedience to the will of the majority which is enforced by the trades unions ends in prevailing and ready obedience to law as the will of the whole social body. On the other hand, the instant pressure which can be brought upon a ministry under the system of responsible government which Australia has inherited from Great Britain offers great temptations for so closely organized a laboring class to exercise its powers for the interest of the moment, and equally tempts rulers to conciliate that class even in defiance of their better judgment.

An increasing tendency to pledge unduly the credit of the state to secure abundant employment and an artificial prosperity appears to be the risk which Australia incurs from the great and growing influence of a town democracy. The splendid resources of the country have hitherto proved sufficient for all the strain put upon them, but thoughtful Australians recognize that they have immediately before them a limit which cannot safely be passed, where the courage of statesmen and the moderation of the people will alike be put to the test.

The larger ideals and balanced policy of a united Australia will be a great advantage in facing this problem, and for the rest we may feel sure that our people have under their new conditions in the great continent of the south retained that "saving common sense" which has carried our race through many a crisis of social and political change.

George R. Parkin.

MOONLIGHT.

(PICTURE BY CHILDE HASSAM.)

THE salutation of the moonlit air,
Night's dewy breath, the fragrance of the brine,
The waste of moving waters everywhere,
The whispering of waves,— a hush divine,—
Leagues of soft murmuring dusk to the sea's rim,
The infinite, illimitable sky,
Wherein the great orb of the moon on high
In stillness down the quiet deeps doth swim:
Behold the awful beauty of the night,
The solemn tenderness, the peace profound,
The mystery,— God's glory in the light
And darkness both,—his voice in every sound!
Be silent and behold where hand in hand
Great Nature and great Art together stand!

Celia Thaxter.

AUX INVALIDES.

WHAT dead king ever knew sepulchral gloom
Lordlier than he in this last haughty home,
Below the Invalides' huge golden dome,
Twelve marble Victories ranging round his tomb?
Here from mosaics of laurel-pictured floor
We throng to mark his monolith high loom;
Here sculpture lauds for us his deeds and state;
Here lie his brothers—kings, too, since they bore
His name. As though to have breathed here were to be
By some reflected force of greatness great,
The insensate air itself seems charged with immortality!

And yet these proud memorial grandeurs, wed
With reverence for the regal dust they hide,
Are in their glory and pomp like petrified
Tears that by widow and orphan have been shed.
These porphyries and chalcedonies are cold
As once was his ambition; overhead,
St. Louis, offering Christ the martial blade,
Stares mockery; still in mockery we behold
On arch or spandrel saints of earlier times; . . .
Till now the twelve great marble Victories fade,
And in their stead tower twelve great ghosts of war's colossal crimes!

PARIS, October, 1890. *Edgar Fawcett.*

THE MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.[1]

NAPOLEON—JOSEPHINE—ALEXANDER.

TALLEYRAND, ALEXANDER, AND NAPOLEON.

[In connection with the Erfurt meeting between Napoleon and Alexander,—spoken of in the extracts printed in the February CENTURY,—here is Talleyrand's account of one of his secret interviews with the Czar, at the apartment of the Baronne de la Tour, late at night, after he had finished his work with Napoleon.]

"HAS the Emperor spoken to you these few days?" was his first inquiry.

"No, Sire," I replied; and I ventured to add, "Had I not seen M. de Vincent, I might believe that this Erfurt interview was nothing more than a pleasure party."

"What does M. de Vincent say?"

"Very sensible things, Sire; for he expresses the hope that your Majesty will not allow himself to be drawn by the Emperor Napoleon into *threatening*, or at least *offensive*, measures against Austria; and, if your Majesty will permit me to say so, I cherish the same hopes."

"I should like it too; but it is very hard, for the Emperor Napoleon strikes me as feeling very strongly in the matter."

"But, Sire, you have comments to make. Might not your Majesty consider as useless the clauses in which there is question of Austria, and say that they are contained implicitly in the Tilsit treaty? You might add, it seems to me, that tokens of confidence should be mutual; and that whereas your Majesty, in the draft under consideration, partly leaves it to the Emperor Napoleon to judge of the circumstances in which certain articles might be carried into execution, you have, on your part, the right to demand that he should leave you the judge of those cases in which Austria would become a real obstacle to the project adopted by both of you. This being once agreed upon, everything concerning Austria should be stricken out of the draft. And if your Majesty gives due thought to the panic which must needs have been caused at Vienna by this Erfurt meeting, prearranged as it was without the official knowledge of the Emperor Francis, you might perhaps think it well to write to him and reassure him concerning everything that touches him personally."

I could see that my words fell pleasantly on the Emperor's ear: he took pencil notes of what I was saying to him; but I had to convince him, and I had not succeeded so far yet. It was M de Caulaincourt who carried off this final victory by the weight of his own personal influence.

The following day the Emperor showed me his comments on the draft, and said to me, graciously, "You will recognize yourself in several passages; other additions are extracts from former conversations of the Emperor Napoleon with me." These comments seemed sufficient to meet the case. He stated to me his fixed determination to present them the next morning, at which I was highly pleased; for there was, in my mind, such a lack of independence about him that I was most desirous this first step should be over. My apprehensions proved groundless, however; for, during the three hours that his conference with the Emperor Napoleon lasted, he yielded nothing to him. The latter sent for me as soon as they separated.

"I have done nothing," said he to me, "with the Emperor Alexander. I turned him round in every way, but he is a short-sighted man. I did not get one step further ahead."

"Sire, I think your Majesty has moved many a step onward since you came here, for the Emperor Alexander seems completely under the spell."

"He gives you that idea; you are his dupe. If he has such regard for me, why does he not sign?"

"Sire, there is a touch of chivalry in him, which makes him feel hurt at too much caution being used towards him. He thinks himself more thoroughly bound to you by his own word and by his affectionate feeling towards you than by treaties. His correspondence, which your Majesty gave me to peruse, gives abundant proof of what I say."

"All that is utter nonsense!"

NAPOLEON'S DIVORCE FROM JOSEPHINE.

[This is the account given of Napoleon's instructions to Talleyrand, at Erfurt, in connection with his project for a divorce from Josephine.]

NAPOLEON, who was pleased with his day's work, had made me stay with him long after he had retired to bed. There was something

[1] Extracts from the Memoirs, printed in advance of the volumes by arrangement with Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., the English publishers. (See also THE CENTURY for January and February.)

(Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.)

strange in his restlessness: he would ask me questions and would not wait for my answers; he would fain speak to me, and what he said was different from what he meant; at last he uttered the big word "divorce."

"My destiny demands it," he said, "and the tranquillity of France requires it of me. I have no successor. Joseph is a nullity, and he has daughters only. It is I who ought to found a dynasty. I cannot found it save by a matrimonial alliance with a princess belonging to one of the great reigning houses of Europe. The Emperor Alexander has sisters; one of them is of an age to suit me. Broach that question to Romanzoff; tell him that after the settlement of my Spanish affairs I shall enter into all his views regarding the partition of Turkey. As to other arguments, you will have plenty; for I know that you are in favor of divorce, and so does the Empress Josephine, I warn you."

"Sire, if your Majesty permits, I will say nothing to M. de Romanzoff. Despite his being the hero in Madame de Genlis's 'Chevaliers du Cygne,' I do not think him clever enough. And then when M. de Romanzoff has been duly tutored, he will have to go and repeat to the Emperor everything I have told him. Will he repeat my words correctly? Will he be willing to do so? I know not. It is much more natural, and I might say much more easy to have, in this great affair, an earnest conversation with the Emperor Alexander himself; and, if your Majesty adopts my view, I undertake to introduce the matter."

"That is quite right," said the Emperor; "but take care you bear in mind that it is not as coming from me you are to speak to him. It is as a Frenchman you will address him, that he may ask me to take a step that may assure the stability of France, whose fate would be uncertain after my death. As a Frenchman you will be at liberty to say anything you choose. Joseph, Lucien, all the members of my family, afford you a vast field; say anything you like about them; they are nothing to France. Even my son — but this is unnecessary to say — would often have need of being my son in order to succeed me in peace."[1]

It was now late. Still, I ventured to go to the house of the Princesse de la Tour. The door was not closed yet. The Emperor Alexander had prolonged his stay later than usual. There he was, relating to the princess, with admirable good faith, all the melancholy details of the morning's interview. "Nobody," he said, "has a correct idea of that man's character. Whatever he does of a nature to cause anxiety to other countries, he is compelled to by his very position. People little know how good he is. You think so — do you not? — you who know him well."

"Sire, I have my personal motives to believe it, and I always give them with great pleasure. Might I ask your Majesty whether you could favor me with an audience to-morrow morning?"

"To-morrow — yes, with pleasure; before or after I see M. de Vincent. I have a letter to write to the Emperor Francis."

"Then, Sire, it will be after, with your permission. I should be very sorry to delay that good action; the Emperor Francis sadly needs to be tranquillized. I do not doubt but your Majesty's letter will produce this effect."

"It is my intention, at least, that it should do so." Whereupon the Emperor remarked, with surprise, that it was nearly two o'clock.

The next day, on his way to the audience to which he had been summoned, M. de Vincent called on me, and I had an opportunity to tell him how much he had cause to be pleased with everybody in general, and the Emperor Alexander in particular. His face brightened up, as much as it is capable of doing, and when he bade me adieu he pressed my hand with affectionate gratitude. He left for Vienna immediately after having his audience.

While it was going on, I mentally went over the means at my command in order to fulfil, to the satisfaction of all concerned and to my own, the mission I had undertaken. I confess I was frightened, for the sake of Europe, at the thought of one more bond between Russia and France. In my mind, what I should aim at was to get the idea of this alliance sufficiently admitted to satisfy Napoleon, and yet to leave reservations in the background which would render it difficult.

All the art I had thought I should call to my aid proved needless with the Emperor Alexander. From the first word he understood me, and he understood me exactly as I wished to be understood.

"If I were alone in question," he said to me, "I should readily give my consent; but mine is not the only consent to be obtained. My mother has kept an authority over her daughters that I must not contest. I can suggest the using of that authority in a particular direction; she is likely to comply, but I dare not answer for it. All this, inspired as it is by genuine friendship, should satisfy the Emperor Napoleon. Tell him that I shall be with him presently."

"Sire, your Majesty will not forget that this forthcoming conversation is to be imbued with friendly feeling and a consciousness of its mo-

[1] Mon fils même — mais cela est inutile à dire — aurait souvent besoin d'être mon fils pour me succéder tranquillement.

mentous import. Your Majesty is about to speak of the interest of Europe—of the interest of France. Europe needs to have the French throne protected against every storm, and your Majesty has come to propose the means of accomplishing this great object."

"I shall take that as my text; it is a very fruitful one. I shall see you, this evening, at the Princesse de la Tour's."

NAPOLEON AND THE ACADEMICIANS OF WEIMAR.

[He tells with evident satisfaction of Napoleon's ignoring the princes who surrounded him as he was leaving Erfurt, in order to distinguish men of letters.]

THE last morning spent by Napoleon at Erfurt was employed in receiving visitors. The spectacle presented at his palace on that last morning will never fade from my memory. He was surrounded by princes either whose armies had been destroyed by him, their states reduced, or their whole existence humbled. There was not one among them who dared address a single request to him; all they wished was to be seen, and to be seen last, so as to be remembered. This open servility went unrewarded. He took particular notice of no one but the academicians of Weimar; to them alone he spoke, and, in these last moments, he wished to make on their minds a new impression. He asked them if there were many ideologists in Germany.

"Yes, Sire," one of them answered; "quite a number."

"I pity you. I have some in Paris. They are dreamers, dangerous dreamers; they are all disguised, and rather ill-disguised, materialists. Gentlemen," and he now raised the tone of his voice, "philosophers tax all their ingenuity to create systems; in vain will they seek a better system than that of Christianity, which, while reconciling man with himself, secures at the same time public order and the peace of states. Your ideologists destroy all illusions, and the age of illusions is, for nations as for individuals, the age of happiness. I carry one away, when leaving you, which is precious to me: that is, that you will retain some kindly remembrance of me."

A few moments later he was driving off, on his way, as he thought, to achieve the conquest of Spain.

NAPOLEON CHOOSES A NEW BRIDE.

[The following is taken from Talleyrand's account of the council which Napoleon called to advise him as to the bride he should take in place of Josephine.]

WITH a certain embarrassment, and with an emotion which to me appeared genuine, the Emperor spoke somewhat as follows: "It has not been without regret, surely, that I have renounced the marriage which has made my life at home so sweet. In order to satisfy the hopes that the empire places in the new bonds I am about to contract, if I could consult my own feelings alone it is from the young pupils of the Legion of Honor, among the daughters of the brave sons of France, that I would select my bride, and I should give as an empress to the French the woman among them whose qualities and virtues rendered her the most worthy of the throne. But it is necessary to comply with the usages of the times, with those of other states, and above all with that code of propriety which politics impose as a duty. Sovereigns have sought alliances with my relatives, and I believe there is not one, now, to whom I might not confidently offer my own personal alliance. Three reigning families might give an empress to France—those of Austria, of Russia, and of Saxony. I have summoned you to examine with you as to which of these three possible alliances we might give the preference in the interest of the empire."

This speech was followed by a long silence, which the Emperor broke with the query, "M. Archchancellor, what is your opinion?"

Cambacérès, who struck me as having prepared what he was going to say, professes to have discovered, while a member of the committee of public safety, that Austria was and always would be our enemy. After having developed this idea at full length and supported it with a number of facts and precedents, he ended by expressing the hope that the Emperor might marry a grandduchess of Russia.

Lebrun, putting aside politics, employed in a plain, bourgeois-like kind of way every argument he could draw from strict morality, education, and simplicity of manners to obtain the preference for the court of Saxony, and voted accordingly. Murat and Fouché thought the revolutionary interests would be safer with a Russian alliance; both apparently felt more at ease with the descendants of the czars than with those of Rudolph of Hapsburg.

My turn came at last. On this ground I was at home, and I argued my case pretty well. I was able to maintain, with excellent reasons, that an Austrian alliance would be preferable for France. My own secret motive was that the preservation of Austria depended on the course the Emperor was about to adopt. But this was not to be said aloud. After briefly exposing the advantages and the inconveniences of a Russian and of an Austrian marriage respectively, I cast my vote for the latter. I appealed as a Frenchman to the Emperor, and asked him to bring an Austrian princess among us to absolve France, in the eyes of

Europe and in her own, of a crime which was not hers but was the exclusive deed of a faction. The words "European reconciliation," which I used several times, sounded pleasantly to several members of the council who had had enough of warfare. Despite some objections that the Emperor made to me, I saw very plainly that my opinion was to his taste. M. Mollien spoke after me, and upheld the same sentiment with the judgment and refined talent that were so characteristic of him.

After hearing everybody, the Emperor thanked the council, declared the sitting at an end, and retired. That same evening a courier was despatched to Vienna, and after a few days the French ambassador sent word that the Emperor Francis granted the hand of his daughter, the Archduchess Maria Louisa, to the Emperor Napoleon.

In order to connect this union with the glory of a conquest made by his army, Napoleon sent the Prince of Wagram (Berthier) as bridegroom by proxy, and gave to the Duchess of Montebello, the widow of Marshal Lannes, who had been killed at [Essling], the post of lady of honor.

As I must omit none of the *bizarre* events of those days, I ought to remark that at the very moment when the cannon proclaimed in Paris the performance of the betrothal ceremonies at Vienna, the French Ambassador's letters recounted how the last treaty with Austria was faithfully carried out, and that the fortifications of the town of Vienna were being blown down with cannon. This shows with what unyielding rigor the Emperor Napoleon treated his new father-in-law, and is proof evident that even then peace was for him but a truce which he employed in preparing new conquests for himself. And accordingly all the nations continued to suffer, all the sovereigns were kept in anxiety and trouble. All around him Napoleon gave rise to feelings of hatred and created difficulties which, in the long run, were to become insurmountable. And as though Europe did not afford him a sufficient number of them on his own account, he courted others by backing with his authority the ambitious views of members of his family. He had uttered one day the fatal expression that before his death his own dynasty would be the most ancient in Europe; and in accordance therewith he distributed to his brothers and to the husbands of his sisters the thrones and principalities that victory or perfidy placed in his hands. Thus it was that he disposed of Naples, of Westphalia, of Holland, of Spain, of Lucca, of Sweden even, since it was a desire to please him that had brought about the election of Bernadotte as a royal prince of Sweden.

NAPOLEON'S TREATMENT OF HIS CREATURES.

[The following remark is thrown in at the end of his account of Murat's treason, and suggests, if it was not suggested by, Talleyrand's personal experience.]

THERE was in Napoleon's power, at the stage it had now reached, a radical defect which seemed to me necessarily injurious to his stability, and even tending towards his final overthrow. Napoleon took delight in disquieting, in humiliating, in tormenting those that he himself had raised; and they, placed in a state of continual distrust and irritation, worked underhand against the power that had created them and that they already looked upon as their greatest enemy.

THE LUXURY OF THE BONAPARTES.

[This just comment on the luxury and vice of Napoleon's court derives a peculiar flavor coming from the pen of Talleyrand.]

THE luxury of the courts founded by Napoleon, it is opportune to observe here, was absurd. The luxury of the Bonapartes was neither German nor French; it was a medley, a kind of learned luxury. There was a touch of gravity in it, as in that of Austria; there was something half European, half Asiatic, borrowed from St. Petersburg; there were a few imperial mantles taken from the old Rome of the Cæsars; but, on the other hand, there was very little visible of that ancient court of France where the art of good taste veiled the gorgeousness of personal adornment. What this kind of luxury mostly displayed was an utter lack of propriety; and in France, whenever *les convenances* are lacking, ridicule is not far off.

This Bonaparte family, coming from a lonely isle which was barely French, and where it lived in mean circumstances, having for its chief a man of genius whose elevation was due to military laurels won at the head of republican armies, which armies were themselves the outcome of a democracy in a state of ferment —should not this family have discarded the old luxury and adopted a new method even in relation to the lighter side of life? Would not a noble simplicity have made it more imposing and inspired confidence in its power and its durability? Instead of this, the Bonapartes so far deluded themselves as to believe that a childish imitation of the kings whose thrones they had taken was one way of succeeding them.

I am desirous to avoid anything that might appear libelous, and indeed I have no need to mention proper names to show that by their manners also these new dynasties were harmful to the moral power of the Emperor Napoleon. The morals of the people in troublous times are often bad, but at the very time when

every vice is to be found in the multitude its code of morality is a strict one. "Men," said Montesquieu, "individually corrupt are very honest people collectively." And it is those honest people that pass judgment on kings and queens. When this judgment is adverse it is very difficult for a power, especially a new-born one, not to be shaken by it.

"I AM CHARLEMAGNE!"

[There is a long and minute account of the second Ecclesiastical Council to which the controversies with the Pope led. While this Council was in session an extraordinary scene with Napoleon occurred, which is thus narrated.]

THE report of the first sitting of the Council was given in the "Moniteur," which paper the Emperor held, or rather twisted, in his hands. He first attacked Cardinal Fesch, and, singularly enough, launched forth with uncommon volubility into a discussion on ecclesiastical principles and usages, without possessing the slightest notion, either historical or theological, of the subject.

"By what right, sir," said he to the Cardinal, "do you assume the title of Primate of the Gauls? What ridiculous pretension! And without having asked my authority, either! I understand your finesse; it is easy to see through it. You have aimed at raising yourself, sir, so as to draw attention to yourself, and thereby prepare the public for your climbing still higher in the future. Presuming on your relation to my mother, you endeavor to make people believe that I intend making you the head of the Church some day; for it will enter into nobody's head that you have had the audacity to take the title of Primate of the Gauls without being authorized by me. Europe will imagine that this is my way of preparing her to see a future pope in you. A fine pope, in truth! With that new title of yours you mean to scare Pius VII. and render him still more unmanageable!"

The Cardinal, deeply hurt, answered with firmness, and his dignified answer veiled for a time the lack of dignity of his countenance, of his tone, of his manners, and the memory of his former profession, characteristics of which lingered still too visibly in him; for the corsair reappeared frequently under the cloak of the archbishop. But there, face to face with the Emperor, he had every advantage: he explained how, in all ages, there had been in France not only a Primate of the Gauls, but a Primate of Aquitaine, and a Primate of Neustria. Napoleon, somewhat surprised, turned round to the Bishop of Nantes and asked him if this were true. "The fact is undeniable," said the Bishop.

Thereupon the Emperor gave up the Cardinal, against whom alone he had hitherto thundered, and now hurled his bolts promiscuously. On the word *obédience* which occurs in the oath, and which he confounded with *obéissance*, he became so excited that he called the fathers of the Council traitors. "For," he added, "that man is a traitor who takes two oaths of fidelity at the same time, and to two hostile sovereigns."

The Bishop of Nantes spoke a few words which the Emperor did not listen to. Nor did he pay the slightest heed to the sad, discontented, and thoughtful air of M. Duvoisin, to the downcast look of Messrs. de Barral and Mannay, to the Italian's submissive mien, or to the wrathful restlessness of Cardinal Fesch; and for a whole hour he continued to talk in an incoherent style which would have made no lasting impression on his hearers, beyond their astonishment at his ignorance and his loquacity, if the following phrase, which he repeated every three or four minutes, had not revealed his inner mind. "Gentlemen," he would exclaim, "you would fain treat me as if I were Louis le Débonnaire. Do not confound the son with the father. In me you see Charlemagne. I am Charlemagne, I am!—Yes, I am Charlemagne!" This "*I am Charlemagne!*" recurred every moment. After a few vain efforts to make him understand the difference between the word *obédience*, which is used only in a spiritual sense, and the word *obéissance*, which has a wider acceptation, the bishops grew weary of their fruitless toil. There was nothing left for them but to wait, in the deepest silence, until sheer fatigue would check this uncontrollable flow of language. The Bishop of Nantes, availing himself of a short pause for breath, asked of the Emperor the favor of a few words in private. Napoleon left the room, and he followed him to his study. It was almost midnight, and each one withdrew, carrying away from St. Cloud impressions of a most extraordinary character.

TALLEYRAND AND NAPOLEON'S MINISTER OF POLICE.

[Talleyrand has narrated how he and Napoleon were startled by the movements of the police while they were plotting the overthrow of the Directory.[1] In the second volume occurs this passage concerning his plot for the restoration of the Bourbons, and how rude an interruption he again experienced, this time from Napoleon's Minister of Police.]

WHEN, in 1812, Napoleon, rejecting every reasonable proposal of an agreement, rushed into his fatal Russian campaign, every thoughtful mind could almost fix beforehand the day when, pursued by all the powers he had humiliated, and compelled to recross the Rhine, he would lose all the prestige with

[1] See THE CENTURY for February, p. 615.

which fortune had crowned him. Napoleon, beaten, was to disappear from the world's stage; such is the fate of all vanquished usurpers. But France once invaded, how many chances against her! What possibility would there be to ward off the evils with which she was threatened? What form of government was she to adopt in the event of her surviving the terrible catastrophe? Those were grave questions for the meditation of all good Frenchmen; to study them was a duty for those who had been called by circumstances, or — if you will — by their own ambition, to exercise at other periods their influence on the fate of the country. For several years past I had deemed it my right to do so; and as I saw the dreaded dénouement drawing nearer and nearer, I examined and combined with greater attention and care the resources that would be left us. This was neither betraying Napoleon nor plotting against him, although he laid this charge against me on repeated occasions. Never did I plot in my life but when I had France as my accomplice, and when I sought with her the salvation of the country. Napoleon's suspicions and insults can in no way alter the truth of facts, and I proclaim it aloud once more, there never was a dangerous conspirator against Napoleon but himself. None the less, however, did he keep me under the most hateful surveillance during the last years of his reign. I might, indeed, point to this very surveillance to show how impossible I should have found it to conspire, even if I had been so minded.

Let me be excused if I recall here an incident of this surveillance which comes to my mind, and which will show how the imperial police regarded the privacy of home life.

One evening in February, 1814, several visitors were gathered in my drawing-room, among them Baron Louis, the Archbishop of Malines, M. de Pradt, M. Dalberg, and several others. We chatted of things generally, but more particularly of those momentous events of the times which naturally occupied every mind. Suddenly the door was flung open, and, without allowing the footman time to announce him, General Savary, the Minister of General Police, rushed into the room, exclaiming: "Ah! That is how I catch you all, in the very act of conspiring against the Government!" Despite the would-be serious tone of his remark, we soon saw he had meant it as a joke while endeavoring, in the mean time, to pick up some little item with which to swell his police reports to the Emperor. He failed, however, to disconcert us, and the state of things justified but too fully the anxiety we, each and all, expressed to him concerning Napoleon's perilous situation and the consequences that might result from it. I am rather inclined to believe that, had not the Emperor fallen, General Savary would not have failed to bring under his notice the boldness, and what he looked upon as the cleverness, of his conduct on this occasion. A nasty business, after all, is that of a Minister of Police!

THE CURIOUS RELATIONS BETWEEN TALLEYRAND AND NAPOLEON.

WHAT was strange in Napoleon's behavior towards me was, that at the very time that he showed himself most suspicious of me he was endeavoring to draw me nearer to him. Thus in the month of December, 1813, he asked me to resume the portfolio of Foreign Affairs — which I straightway declined, convinced as I was that we could never agree on the only possible way of his escape from the maze into which he had been brought by his folly. A few weeks later, in the month of January, 1814, before his departure to the army and when M. de Caulaincourt had already started for the Châtillon congress, the Emperor worked almost every evening with M. de la Besnardière, who had the foreign office in M. de Caulaincourt's absence. In the course of these conversations, which were kept up far into the night, he often opened his mind to him in a strange fashion. Thus he several times repeated to him, after reading the despatches in which the Duke of Vicenza told him of the progress of the Châtillon negotiations, "Ah! If Talleyrand were there, he would pull me through."

NAPOLEON AND MURAT.

NAPOLEON was mistaken, for I could not have pulled him through unless by taking it upon myself to accept the conditions of the enemy; and if, at that moment, he had happened to obtain the most trifling military success, he would have disavowed my signature.

M. de la Besnardière told me likewise of another scene at which he was present, and which deserves to be recorded, so characteristic is it. Murat, in return for his fidelity to the cause of his brother-in-law, desired that Italy should be given to him as far as the right bank of the Po. He had written several letters to Napoleon, who did not answer them, and he bitterly resented this as a mark of contempt.

"Why," said De la Besnardière to the Emperor, "does your Majesty leave him that pretext, and what objection can your Majesty have, not to granting him his wish, but to holding out some hope to him?"

Napoleon answered: "Can I answer a madman? Why does he not see that nothing but my extreme preponderance kept the Pope away from Rome? It was in the interest of all the powers that he should go back to Rome, and

now it is in my interest also. Murat is losing his head; I shall be called upon to give him alms some day; but I will get him locked up in the keep of some good old donjon, so that such black ingratitude may not go unpunished."

Can a man understand the follies of others so well and be so utterly blind to his own!

I said above that Napoleon never had any conspirator against him but himself, and I am in a position to prove the absolute accuracy of my statement; for it is plain that, to the very last minute which preceded his ruin, it depended only on himself to save himself. Not only, as I have already said, was it possible for him, in 1812, to consolidate his power forever by a general peace, but at Prague, in 1813, he could have obtained conditions, less brilliant, to be sure, than those of 1812, but still advantageous enough; and, in fine, even at the Châtillon congress in 1814, could he but have yielded at the right moment, he could have concluded a peace useful to France — which was then reduced to the last extremities, and which, even in the interest of his insane ambition, would have offered him opportunities of regaining some glory later on. The terror he had succeeded in inspiring in the different cabinets kept them, to the last moment, willing to treat with him.

NAPOLEON AND THE BOURBONS.

[Talleyrand argues at great length that no one excepting a Bourbon could at that period be called to govern France in Napoleon's stead.]

THOSE were the ideas and the considerations which fixed me in my determination to bring about the restoration of the Bourbons, should the Emperor Napoleon "render himself impossible," and should I be able to influence in any way the course of action that would be definitely adopted. Far from me to claim these ideas as exclusively my own; nay, I can quote one authority that shared these same ideas, and that was Napoleon himself.

In the course of his conversations with M. de la Besnardière, which I mentioned above, he said to him, the day he heard that the Allies had entered Champagne, "If they come as far as Paris, they will bring you the Bourbons, and there 's the end of it."

"But," answered M. de la Besnardière, "they are not here yet."

"Ah," he replied, "it is for me to prevent them; and that 's what I shall do."

Another day, he long dilated on the fact that he could not possibly bring himself to conclude peace on the basis of the former frontiers of France — "such a peace," he said, "as Bourbons alone could make." As to himself, he declared he would rather abdicate; he would return to private life without any repugnance; his wants were few; a dollar a day would be enough for him; his only passion had been a desire to make the French the greatest people on earth, and if he was compelled to give up that hope, all the rest was nothing to him. And he finished with these words: "If nobody wants to fight, I cannot wage war all by myself; if the nation wishes for peace on the basis of our old frontiers, my answer will be, 'Look for some one else to govern you; I am too great for you.'"[1]

It was thus that, forced to acknowledge the necessity of the return of the Bourbons, he reconciled his vanity with the misfortunes he had brought on his country.

TALLEYRAND AS KING-MAKER.

[His old friend with whom he had labored against Napoleon at Erfurt, the Czar Alexander, had now entered Paris, and was staying at Talleyrand's house. The next steps are thus described.]

THE first question spoken of between the Czar Alexander and myself could naturally be no other than the choice of the government to be adopted for France. I put forth the reasons I explained above, and did not hesitate to declare to him that the house of Bourbon was called back both by those who had dreams of the old monarchy with the principles and virtues of Louis XII., and by those who desired a new monarchy with a free constitution. . . .

Such was the unhesitating reply I gave to one of the questions of the Emperor of Russia. "How can I ascertain," he asked, "whether France desires the return of the house of Bourbon?" "Sire, by a motion which I undertake to get adopted by the Senate, and of which your Majesty will see the immediate effect." "You are sure of it?" "I answer for it."

I convened the Senate on the 2d of April, and at seven o'clock on the same evening I brought to the Emperor Alexander the famous deliberation which I had had signed individually by every member of that assembly. It pronounced the downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons, with constitutional guarantees.

[The Memoirs narrate, briefly, Talleyrand's appointment at the head of the provisional government, and his reception by Louis XVIII.]

I had had the honor of being placed, by a decree of the Senate on the 1st of April, at the head of the provisional government which for a few days conducted the affairs of France. . . . In one hour's time Napoleon's empire was no more; the kingdom of France once more existed, and already everything proved

[1] "Si personne ne veux se battre, je ne puis faire guerre tout seul; si la nation veut la paix sur la base des anciennes limites, je lui dirai, 'Cherchez qui vous gouverne, je suis trop grand pour vous.'"

easy and smooth for the little provisional government: it met no obstacles anywhere; the lack of police administration, the lack of money, passed unfelt; we did remarkably well without either. The whole expenditure of the provisional government, which lasted for seventeen days, and of the king's entrance into Paris, appears on the budget for that year as two hundred thousand francs.[1] It is true, we received help on every side. I feel sure that the expenses of various officers of Napoleon's army, whom I sent on errands from one end of France to the other, are still unpaid.

On the 12th of April, 1814, the Count of Artois, to whom I had sent M. de Vitrolles at Nancy, made his entrance into Paris and took the title of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. I found the same kindly nature in him still as on the night of the 17th of July, 1789, when he and I had parted, he to emigrate, and I to rush into the whirlwind that had ultimately brought me to the head of the provisional government. Strange destinies!

The duties of my position kept me in Paris and made it impossible for me to go and meet Louis XVIII. I saw him for the first time at Compiègne. He was in his study—M. de Duras brought me to it. The king, on seeing me, held out his hand, and said to me in the most amiable—nay, the most affectionate—manner: "I am very glad to see you; both our houses date from the same epoch. My ancestors were more clever than yours: had it been the reverse, you would say to me to-day, 'Take a chair, come here near me, let us speak of our affairs'; whereas to-day it is I who say to you, 'Sit down and let us talk.'"

I very soon did my uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims, the pleasure of repeating to him the compliments paid by the king to our family. I repeated them the same evening to the Emperor of Russia, who was at Compiègne, and who with much kindness asked me *if I was satisfied with the king*. These were his own words. I have not been weak enough to relate the opening of this interview to any other person.

TALLEYRAND REVIEWS NAPOLEON'S CAREER.

[In] the year 1807, when the Emperor had conquered, one after the other, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and held the whole destiny of Europe in his hands, what a grand and magnificent rôle might he not have played!

Napoleon is the first and only power that could have given to Europe a real balance; a goal which for centuries she had tried in vain to reach, and from which she is now more than ever distant.

For this he only needed, first, to urge Italy to unite, by giving it the house of Bavaria; secondly, to divide Germany between the house of Austria, which would stretch to the mouth of the Danube, and the house of Brandenburg, which could have been strengthened; and, thirdly, to reawaken Poland by giving it to the house of Saxony.

With a true balance of power Napoleon might have given Europe an organization in accord with the moral law. A true balance would have made war almost impossible. An appropriate organization would have brought to each people the highest civilization of which it was capable.

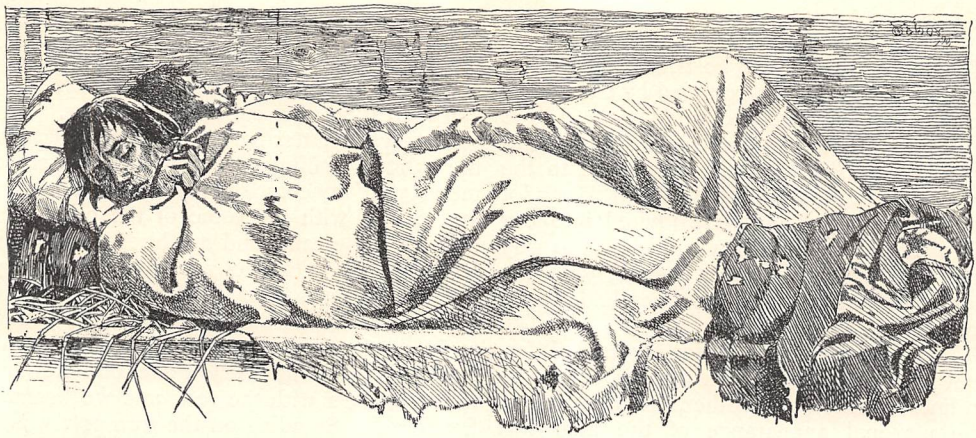
Napoleon could have done these things, and he did not do them. If he had done them, he would have had everywhere statues to mark the gratitude of the people; every nation would have bewailed his death. Instead, he prepared the way for the state of affairs which we now see, and brought upon us the dangers which threaten us from the Orient. It is by these results that he ought to be, and will be, judged. Posterity will say of him: This man had great intellectual force, but he did not know what true glory meant. His moral power was slight, almost absent. He could not bear success with moderation, or misfortune with dignity; thus the moral force which he lacked was the undoing of all Europe, and himself as well.

Placed as I was for so many years in the midst of his plans and in the very crater, so to speak, of his politics, and an eye-witness to what was done or plotted against him, it did not require great astuteness to see that the countries recently subdued to his rule, all these new principalities created for and placed under the dominion of his own family, would be the first to strike the blow at his power.

It was not without much sorrowful bitterness, I confess, that I watched these events. I loved Napoleon. I had a personal attachment for him in spite of his faults. In his early career I felt the fascination which great genius carries with it; his kindnesses filled me with true gratitude. Why should I hesitate to say that I profited by his glory and the reflection of it which shone upon those who aided him in his noble task?

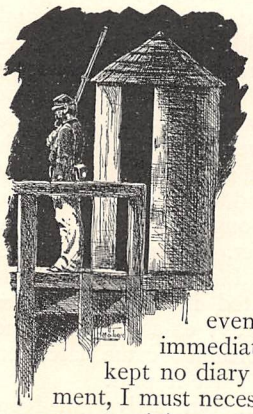
And I can justly give myself the credit of having served him with devotion—to the limit of my capacity, with an enlightened devotion. While he still could listen to the truth, I told him the truth loyally; I even told it him later when it was more difficult for the truth to reach his ears; and the disgrace consequent upon my honesty justifies me with my own conscience for abandoning first his political projects and then his person—when he had reached the point of imperiling the future of my country.

[1] Forty thousand dollars.



PLAIN LIVING AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

DESCRIBED BY A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.



IN giving my experience as a prisoner of war for eighteen months, sixteen of which were spent in the military prison on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, I shall confine myself strictly to an individual experience, or to such events as came under my immediate observation. As I kept no diary during my imprisonment, I must necessarily trust entirely to my memory, giving such facts as are indelibly impressed there and which are susceptible of proof. When the least doubt as to the correctness of a statement has arisen in my mind I have omitted it entirely. I shall endeavor to tell my story fairly and truthfully, without comment or criticism, assisted by the feeling that a quarter of a century has removed all vestige of bitterness.

I enlisted from St. Helena Parish, Louisiana, in a company commanded by Captain James H. Wingfield, which, on its arrival in New Orleans, was assigned to the 4th Louisiana Regiment, commanded by Colonel Henry W. Allen, afterward brigadier-general, and later governor of Louisiana. He died self-exiled in the city of Mexico. During the first year of service our regiment was distributed along the Mississippi Sound, and we despaired of active participation, fearing that the war would close before we could contribute our share towards a successful result; but this idea was dispelled at Shiloh. There were several firmly rooted ideas rudely shaken up before we got through.

From Shiloh to Vicksburg, thence with Breckinridge to Baton Rouge, it was in May, 1863, that I found myself as lieutenant in the 9th Louisiana Battalion doing duty in the trenches at Port Hudson.

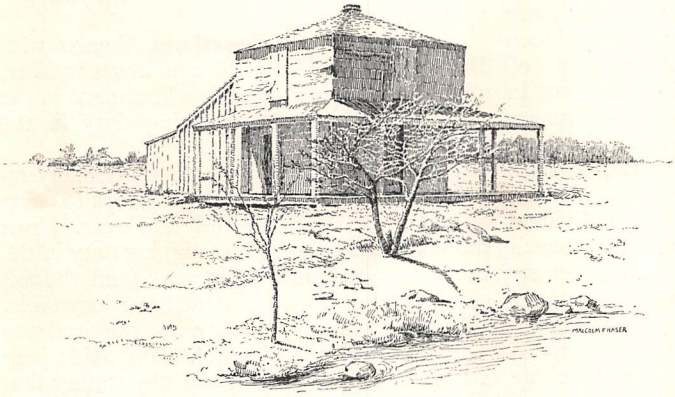
For nearly two months we successfully resisted all efforts of the Federal troops to effect an entrance. But the end was near. Short rations and constant and fatiguing duty in the trenches were doing their work, and the fall of Vicksburg simply hastened the inevitable. We were constantly on duty, and our food was neither savory nor plentiful. And right here I wish to be placed on record by stating that the patient mule as an edible is a pronounced failure, and no addition even to an army bill of fare.

I think that it was on the morning of July 7 that an unusual commotion in the enemy's camp excited our curiosity and sharpened our vigilance. Shouting, yelling, band-playing, and the wildest hurrahs showed that good news had come to them, which, if true, meant the reverse to us. It was good news,—too good to keep,—and we soon learned that Vicksburg had fallen. There was not a man in camp that did not realize the meaning of this, and we were anxious to know what surrender meant for us.

When the white flags went up on the works the space between the lines was soon filled by the men from both armies, and "Yanks" and "Rebs" fraternized in so friendly and amicable a spirit that it required some little effort to realize that these men had, only the day previous, been shooting at one another on purpose.

They now became our hosts, and invitations to supper were freely extended by the "Boys in Blue" and as freely accepted by the "Boys in Rags." I do not think that a single invitation was declined. I did full justice to the first "square meal" that had fallen to my lot in many days. They were invited into our lines with many courteous inquiries as to why they had not come over sooner, with the equally courteous reply that they had started to do so on several occasions.

In a day or two the Union forces took formal possession of the place, and as, drawn up in line, we faced each other, the difference in the personal appearance of the men was strongly marked, and most decidedly in favor of the "Yanks." As our men were not dressed with any degree of uniformity, they presented none of the pomp of war in their appearance, no two being dressed exactly alike, and strongly suggesting the nursery-rhyme beggars that caused the dogs to bark, "for some were in rags and some in tags"; but the velvet gowns were conspicuous by their absence. In common with many others who followed the fortunes of the Confederacy, it has been my fate at times to find my wardrobe in a most unsatisfactory condition; so much so that on several occasions, prompted by my innate modesty, I have backed up against some friendly fence or wall whenever a lady came in sight.

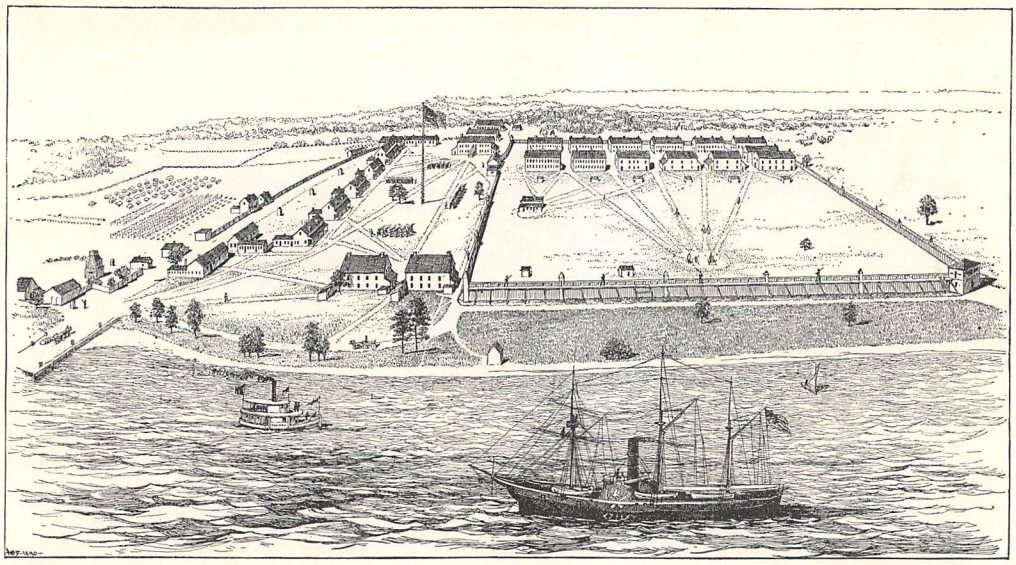


ONCE A BLOCKHOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1890.)

The terms of surrender paroled the non-commissioned officers and the privates. The officers were allowed to retain their side-arms and were to be held as prisoners of war. This was a gloomy outlook, but we were much relieved by the assurance that an early exchange was only a degree or so removed from a certainty —not too early, you know, but early. We philosophically accepted the situation, which, as there was no other course left open, was much the best thing to do under the circumstances. Besides, we felt that we had well earned a short vacation and were entitled to some rest and recreation after our arduous labors.

During the latter part of the siege I was in the habit of visiting the hospital where some members of my company lay wounded or sick, and carried with me some of the corn beer brewed in the camp and much relished by the convalescents. On a cot near one of these lay a young Union soldier, badly wounded in the hip. He was a mere boy and much too young to follow the fortunes of an army. I became interested in the little fellow; he soon drew his rations of beer with the rest, and we became fast friends. Standing on the transport which was to convey us to New Orleans, a Federal officer mentioned that a Union soldier wished to see me in the cabin. Going to him I found my little hospital friend, and at his request I assisted in removing him from a stretcher to his berth. Asking me to sit with him a while, he told me that in all probability we would be sent North, and should I at any time find myself free, either by escape or by parole, by all means to make my way to his home and be assured of any help he or his could give me. He gave me his address, and at the time I thought but little of the matter. But many times before I reached Dixie this slighted invitation weighed as heavy as a crime, for the opportunity came later on and I let it pass.

On our arrival in New Orleans we were assigned quarters in different parts of the city; the larger portion, myself among the number, being quartered in the custom-house building, where our treatment, rations, and bestowal were all that could be desired. We shook off the mud of the trenches with the clothes that held it, and, thanks to our friends in the city, were well clad, and dainty food was the order of the day. If such was to be the existence of a prisoner of war, it seemed strange that whole armies did not allow themselves to be captured. Visitors were admitted to the reception room, and giving the name of the officer they wished to see, he was immediately sent for. No restrictions nor limit seemed to be placed on the number or value of the presents given us, and even the confinement was broken by frequent leaves of absence from the building. Visits were paid in the city, though we never remained out all night unless "chaperoned" by some Federal officer, and it was pleasant asso-

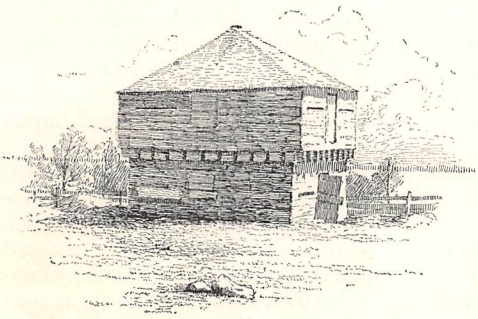


VIEW OF THE JOHNSON'S ISLAND PRISON.
(FROM A LITHOGRAPH AFTER A WAR-TIME SKETCH MADE BY EDWARD GOULD, COMPANY B, 128TH OHIO.)
In the foreground is the United States guard steamer *Michigan*. The long paths in the inclosure lead from two pumps to the prison blocks.

ciation with some of these that opened our eyes to the fact that, when not engaged in trying to kill you, a Yankee was a first-rate fellow. You see, we knew so little of each other before the war.

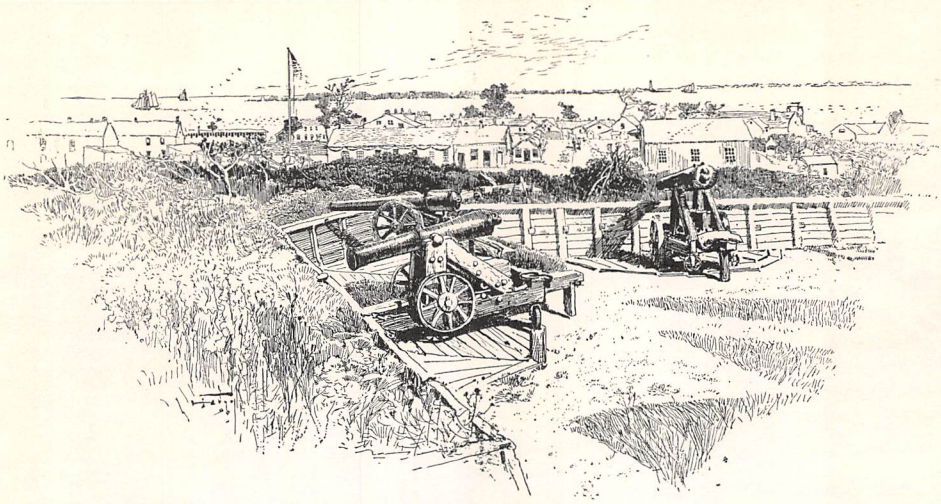
So pleasant were our surroundings, and so changed our mode of life, as compared with the discomforts of camp and trench, that we rather hoped that the exchange might be delayed yet a little longer and leave us in our fools' paradise. I do not think our wishes carried any weight in the matter, but we had our will — the exchange was delayed.

We had been occupants of the custom-house about two months when we were informed that we were to be sent North for exchange. By this time most of us were in full citizen's regalia, and uniforms were the exception. Side-arms were disposed of,— few carrying them North,—being distributed as souvenirs, or left for safe keeping, and in some instances given as presents to Federal officers. Preparations were made for departure, adieus exchanged, and in some cases simply "*au revoir*" — as we expected to return by way of New Orleans; and one day about the middle of September some three hundred well-dressed Confederates took passage on the steamship *Evening Star*, bound for New York City, as different outwardly from the "Rebs" who left Port Hudson as the butterfly from the grub. Many, many times in the near future, how we missed the grub days and wished them back again.



STILL A BLOCKHOUSE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1890.)

Nothing of importance occurred on the voyage save a seven days' fight with seasickness. We found waiting our arrival two lines of guards extending from the gangway; and after an hour or two I started ashore,— certainly not expecting that I would be allowed to pass beyond the limits,— with no other desire than to be on shore once more. I most certainly did not dream of escape. As I passed quietly along, dressed in civilian garb, I was roughly ordered by a voice shod in a rich Milesian brogue to "Get out of that"; the owner of the voice stepping aside at the same time to allow me to pass. I could scarcely think the man in earnest and looked at him to see if he meant it, and was fully convinced of his sincerity by the manner in which he emphasized his request with his bayonet. Passing to the rear, I got out of that, and walking into the streets of New York I found myself a free man. But now that I was free, of what use was my freedom? I was entirely without friends, not even an acquaintance, in a strange city. I was too well dressed to play the rôle of beggar with-



JOHNSON'S ISLAND PRISON, AS SEEN FROM FORT HILL.
(FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY L. S. JOHNSON, SANDUSKY, OHIO.)

out exciting suspicion, all the more that my absence would be noted. My funds were painfully limited, so much so that my last dollar deserted me at Sandusky. I had not the least idea of what the future had in store for me, and could judge nothing save by the past, which carried with it only pleasant recollections. The invitation of my little hospital friend was duly considered and dismissed. We were brought here to be exchanged. In a few weeks I would be once more in Dixie. Why escape at all? I hurried back, and had to explain that I belonged on board of the steamer before I was allowed to pass. On rejoining my comrades I mentioned the incident, and two of them tried the experiment. One reached home in safety, as I afterward learned. The fate of the other I do not know. During the long, weary months of confinement that followed I had ample leisure to curse my mistake, and, though hungry, cold, and sick, I cannot remember the time when I had not vitality enough left to improve the opportunity. Even at this late date, when thinking it over I feel that I am fairly entitled to share the reputation of "Thompson's colt." After a few days on Governor's Island we were informed as to our final destination: this we were given to understand was merely preliminary to an exchange. We were to be sent to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie.

Our route lay over the Erie Railroad, and we made the trip on parole. The guards placed at each door of our coach were for our comfort only, as we were objects of marked curiosity during the trip and would have been overrun with visitors had not admittance been refused. At the different stations we mingled freely with the people on the platform and found them, with few exceptions, courteous but inquisitive. We were, no doubt, a disappointing lot. There was nothing in our apparel to mark the Rebel soldier, and as we mingled with the crowd surprise was freely expressed that we were not as their fancy painted us, though just what shape that fancy took I never learned. The ladies, as was the case both North and South, were intensely patriotic, and read us severe and no doubt salutary lectures on the evil of our ways, which were submissively and courteously received and duly pondered.

There was one question that you could safely wager would be asked by five out of ten, and that was, "Do you honestly think you are right?" This conundrum was offered to me so often that where time allowed, being in President Lincoln's country, I answered in President Lincoln's style by stating that it "reminded me," and told them of the couple who took their bridal trip on an ocean steamer with the usual result. As the husband would return from sundry trips to the rail of the vessel his young wife would inquire, "Reginald, darling, are you sick?" To which he at last replied, "Good heavens! Rebecca, do you think I am doing this for fun?"

Sandusky reached, just across the bay we caught the first glimpse of our future quarters, the military prison on Johnson's Island.

Up to this time we had been kindly treated in many respects — far better than we had hoped for or expected. Our intercourse with the Union soldiers so far had been confined to men who had served in the field, and was uniformly of a pleasant nature. I am sure that the men both North and South will bear me out in the assertion that as soon as your enemy captured you he became your friend as far as consistent with his duty. We were soon to learn the distinction between front and rear. In or-

der to know how to treat prisoners you should have a hand in capturing them.

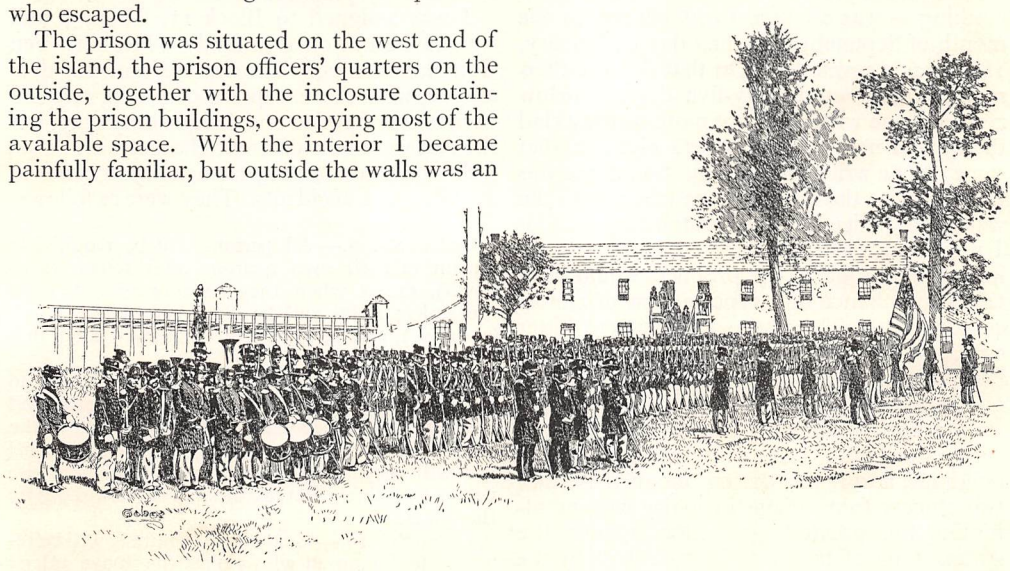
Leaving the ferry, which brought us across the bay, we walked into the office, where we were registered and searched, all money being surrendered and receipted for. Its equivalent in the prison was represented by sutlers' checks, a form of currency answering all purposes until, owing to the restrictions imposed upon us, it ceased to be of service.

All formalities completed, the big gate swung open to admit us, and greeted on all sides with cries of "Fresh fish!" "Fresh fish!" we entered and joined our comrades "not lost, but gone before." And so sometime in October, 1863, the writer took what at that time he supposed to be but temporary quarters in a Northern prison. His stay was prolonged far beyond what he expected, and it is the story of a sixteen months' forced visit that he tells as best he can without embellishment, assuring the reader that, while some few may have fared better, his experience is that of the majority and does not represent the worst.

Curiosity has never prompted me to revisit the island, and I have been told that there now remains nothing by which it could be recognized by its former occupants. In view of this fact it may not be amiss to give a description of the place as I remember it towards the close of the war.

Johnson's Island is situated about three miles north of Sandusky, Ohio, in Lake Erie, and was the place selected by the United States Government for the custody and storage of Confederate officers, and it was well adapted to its purpose. Notwithstanding frequent attempts, I cannot remember a single instance of a prisoner who escaped.

The prison was situated on the west end of the island, the prison officers' quarters on the outside, together with the inclosure containing the prison buildings, occupying most of the available space. With the interior I became painfully familiar, but outside the walls was an unknown country, as my outings were extremely limited as to frequency. As a matter of fact few of us went out—such as did go staid out. The buildings for the use of the prisoners were 13 in number (an unlucky number), forming two rows facing each other and separated by a street about 150 feet in width, which formed a campus or parade ground. The first winter of our stay it served as a baseball park, and was also the battlefield for snowball fights in which every private engaged was an officer. These buildings were called "blocks" and were numbered from west to east, the odd numbers being on the south side. They stood six in each row, Block 13 occupying the middle space between Nos. 11 and 12. Block 8 was in use as the prison hospital. The blocks were two stories in height, and there was no marked difference in their construction except that about four of the upper blocks were subdivided into smaller rooms which afforded greater privacy to their occupants. It seems that when the prison was first opened it was used as a mixed or general prison, and these upper blocks were assigned to the officers, who were not allowed to mingle with the enlisted men, the line of separation being marked by stakes, but latterly it was used as an officers' prison only. With this exception each block contained three rooms on the upper and two on the lower floor, the middle room upstairs being much the smallest. They were the ordinary frame houses, weather-boarded but unsealed on the inside, and it can be readily noted that while they were well enough in summer,—except towards the last, when overcrowded,—they offered but slight protection against the



PARADE OF THE HOFFMAN BATTALION AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY L. S. JOHNSON.)

A WARNING.

rigors of a Northern winter. They were better, however, than outdoors, as they protected us from wind and rain. The sinks were situated in the rear of the buildings, one for each block, and but two or at most three men were allowed to visit them at one and the same time, and this notwithstanding that the blocks contained on an average over two hundred and fifty men each.

It was the severity of the winters that told so heavily on us. Many were from the extreme South, and some had never seen a fall of snow. Coming from New Orleans, and wearing such clothing as was adapted to its climate in the month of September, the first day of January, 1864, was a revelation. On that day the thermometer marked twenty-five degrees below zero, and the writer was not more warmly clad than when now on a summer's night in that same city he writes these lines. So intense was the cold that the sentries were taken from the walls and the ice king kept watch and ward for Uncle Sam. The big gate could have been left open and few of the prisoners would have taken the chance of escape in view of almost certain death. The entire winters were bitter cold, and from our exposed position I am satisfied that the cold was much more intense than on the mainland.

Occasional gales would now and then sweep across the island, testing the strength of our buildings, and it was during one of these that two officers took refuge in a dry well as affording the greatest protection against the storm. One of these, on being asked by the other to offer up a prayer for their preservation, replied that he was acquainted only with the Lord's Prayer, and there was nothing in that to cover the emergency.

Around and forming the inclosure was a board fence about twelve feet high, lighted at night by lanterns which told tales on such prowling "Rebs" as violated the prison regulations. On the south the lower portion of this fence was formed of upright stakes with narrow spaces between, which permitted a view of the bay; the rest was planked solid, while on the outside ran a gallery on which the sentinels walked their rounds, showing hip high above the parapet. The whole inclosure was technically called the "Bull Pen," and was invariably spoken of as such. A guard-house, sutler's shop, and some few other buildings were scattered here and there on the grounds. The south fence lay within a few yards of the bay, from which source we drew our supply of water in winter, cutting a hole in the thick ice for that purpose.

The bay was guarded by the United States steamer *Michigan*, which, when the season permitted, lay within a few hundred yards of the shore. Other steamers, loaded with excursionists, would occasionally run close in, prompted by curiosity, and taunt us with their shouts and jeers. Their favorite pastime was, or seemed to be, the singing of patriotic songs, which was admissible, and I could find no reasonable cause of complaint as to the sopranos and contraltos, but when basso-profondos and barytones musically expressed their intention to "rally round the flag," I thought of thousands of Northern men already engaged in that occupation far to the front, who, if not so vocalistic, were at least equally patriotic.

I was assigned to Block 11, Room 3, and was advised at once to study "Pierson's Ten Commandments." The first eight of this decalogue, with the exception of No. 6, referred to matters of police and fatigue duty only, but the rest were of a different character and were well worth committing to memory in order to avoid serious accidents. They were as follows:

Order No. 6.— All persons will be required to remain in their own quarters after retreat (sundown), except when they have occasion to visit the sinks; lights will be extinguished at "taps" (10 P. M.), and no fires will be allowed after that time.

Order No. 9.— No prisoner will be allowed to loiter between the buildings and the north and west fences, and they will be permitted north of the buildings only when passing to and from the sinks; nor will they approach the fences anywhere else nearer than thirty feet, as the line is marked out by the stakes.

Order No. 10.— Guards and sentinels will be required to fire on all who violate the above orders. Prisoners will therefore bear them carefully in mind

and be governed by them; to forget under such circumstances is inexcusable, and may prove fatal.

By order of LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM S. PIERSON.

B. W. WELLS, *Lieut. and Post Adjutant.*

Thirty feet from the fence was the "dead-line" referred to in Order No. 9. It consisted of stakes driven into the ground, about twenty-five or thirty feet apart, and as they stood unconnected by either rope or railing it will be readily understood that the intervening space was necessarily an imaginary line. On the north side the sinks were situated in the rear of the buildings, about ten feet from the fence, and consequently they lay twenty feet within the dead-line. It was on this side of the inclosure that Captain J. D. Meadows of the 1st Alabama Regiment was shot by the guard on Post 13 and severely wounded.

I have read articles in which the terrible dead-line was held up and denounced as brutal and inhuman, but I doubt if there existed an inclosed military prison North or South that did not possess this distinctive feature. Its use was to prevent prisoners crowding against the fence, and I do not remember that we regarded it in any other light than a very necessary precaution. We knew that the sentinel was required to shoot without warning the prisoner who crossed that line, and we felt that most of them were willing to do so; hence, if we violated Order No. 9 we were liable to be killed under Order No. 10. The matter rested entirely with ourselves. We had to bear evils of a far more serious nature over which we had no control, and such trifles as dead-lines worried us but little.

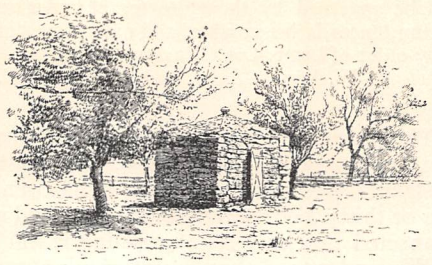
At the time I was at Johnson's Island there were about 2500 officers in confinement, and the quarters were well crowded. The sleeping arrangements consisted of bunks in tiers of three, each furnished with the usual army bedtick stuffed with straw, and far superior to the earth and ditch which had been our beds for months previous to our capture. The crowded condition of the prison necessitated that two men should occupy each bunk, which had the redeeming feature in winter that the occupants were sheltered by two blankets instead of one.

It was an evil genius that selected my bunk, for it lay just under the roof, and sometimes the snow, finding its way in, would cover me with a wet blanket. I have a vivid recollection of the result in the form of an attack of lumbago that sent my forehead to my knees and put it beyond my power to assume the position of a soldier for many days. With the thermometer well down in the tube, scantiest of bedclothing, and no fire, you can well imagine what portion of "tired nature's sweet restorer" fell to our lot. Under the circumstances it is not strange that pulmonary and rheumatic complaints should have prevailed to a great extent. I know one man who is now, after the lapse of twenty-five years, chained to his chair hopelessly crippled, a souvenir of his imprisonment.

Rations of wood were brought in daily, and to each mess was delivered an ax and a buck-saw. These were collected and taken out each night, and should any mess fail to return them no wood was brought in until the missing tools were given up. This happened once during my stay, but private enterprise, looking to the escape of a few, had to give way to the public weal, and the ax and saw "showed up." Details from the mess were made each

day for police and fatigue duty, and the most fatiguing duty, as I remember it, was sawing wood; not that there was so much to saw, but the most of us were not used to it. Shortly after reveille a non-commissioned officer and guard entered the room and we were mustered for roll-call. Sometimes the guard would bring us the newspaper, giving double-leaded information, oft-times revised and corrected in subsequent issues. After roll-call we were free to kill the monotony of confinement as best we could, all parts of the inclosure being for our use except the north side and beyond the dead-line. "Retreat" sent us to our quarters, and, knowing the penalty, we were strict observers of this rule. It was for an alleged violation of this rule that Lieutenant Gibson of the 11th Arkansas lost his life. He was visiting some friends in a neighboring block, and hearing "retreat" sounded he started to his room, and was about to enter when the sentinel ordered him back to his quarters. He endeavored to explain that he was then going into his room, but the explanation was evidently unsatisfactory. The sentinel fired and killed him.

The only antidote to the terrible ennui of prison life was occupation, and very few were without employment of some kind. In fact, during the latter part of our stay it was an infallible sign of surrender when the men became listless and no longer cared for the things which had heretofore been either their work or their recreation. Work-benches sprang up in every available spot; rings were made of gutta-percha buttons; rulers and oyster shells were transformed into charms, rings, and breast-pins, equal in artistic design and execution to the best specimens of professional handiwork. In one instance, with nothing better than the wood-pile on which to draw for material, one of the men fashioned a violin; and a four-bladed penknife, complete in all its parts, attested the skill of one of my messmates. Articles manufactured by the prisoners were in demand and found a ready sale, the medium of traffic being

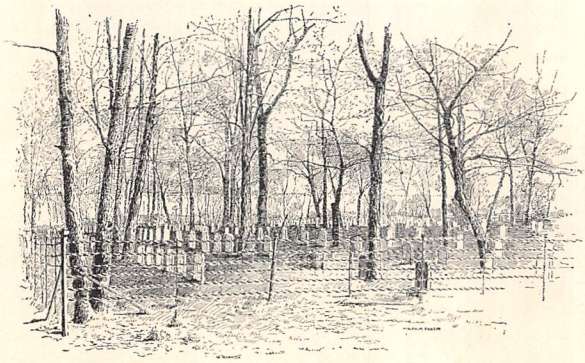


THE POWDER MAGAZINE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1890.)

the prison officials, who sold them on the outside, returning the proceeds to the manufacturer, who was enabled to better his condition until such time as money lost its purchasing power. I do not remember that a visitor was ever allowed inside the prison walls, but I do recall that a wife once obtained permission to visit the island, and, standing on the outside of the "pen," was allowed to look at her husband as he stood on the landing of the stairs of Block 2. I do not think the termination of the war would have been delayed five seconds had they taken him under guard to the wife or allowed her to enter the prison.

Books and newspapers were admitted after due examination, and with many of us formed our sole refuge. Classes were opened, old studies resumed or new ones begun. A first-class minstrel band known as the "Rebellonians" gave entertainments from time to time and played to crowded houses. All the popular airs of the day were conscripted and the words rewritten to express our peculiar views of the situation. The dramatic element had its innings, and I think that Peeler's "Battle of Gettysburg" had the unprecedented run of three weeks, at one performance per week. We never succeeded in putting on a first-class ballet. These performances took place in the afternoon, for, as before stated, the guards had very pronounced views as to our being absent from quarters after retreat.

All letters to and from the prisoners were opened and examined by our jailers, and, if found in order, were stamped with "Examined" and the initials of the man who had read the letter and passed it. Our correspondence was limited only as to the number per diem, space, expression of political sentiment, and ability to pay postage. With these exceptions there were no restrictions. We were allowed to write on one side of a half-sheet of paper, and our correspondents were subjected to the same rule. I have received notifi-



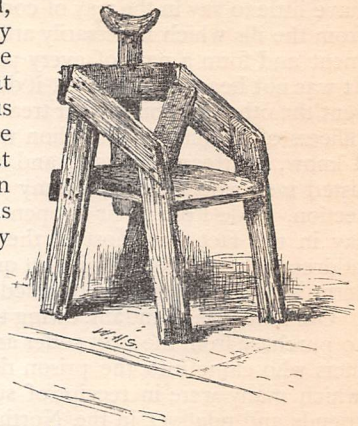
THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1890.)

cations that letters addressed to me were held because they violated this rule, and have been instructed to inform the writers accordingly. To be placed on the black-list meant stoppage of our mail, and in order to realize the severity of the punishment you must put yourself in the position of a prisoner with letters your only communication with the outside world. It must have been from this cause that I acquired a terse, jerky style that has clung to me ever since. Sentimentally, "cleanliness is indeed next to godliness"; practically, it is conducive to health and comfort, and we tried to enforce its unwritten laws. When a "fresh fish" was assigned to our room he was initiated by being required to take a bath and to boil his clothes, long experience in army matters having proven that this was the only way of getting rid of that energetic little pest known as the *Pediculus vestimenti*—it was one of the species crawling on a lady's bonnet-string that suggested an ode to the poet Burns.

As our clothing gradually grew worse, soap and water seemed to lose their powers, and we resorted to dyeing such garments as needed renovation, using for that purpose a liquid dye. You simply emptied the vial into a pot of boiling water, immersed the garment to be operated on, and *voilà!* One of my mess was a Lieutenant Blank, who knew some things very well, and he, wishing to improve the appearance of an old flannel shirt, sought out the hospital steward who sold the liquid and put the question, "What is it you fellows dye with here?" The steward, supposing that he had some inquisitive statistician on his hands, answered that they died of different things, but thought that pneumonia had the call just then. "Well," said B., "give me a two-bit bottle." Of course the story leaked out, and the lieutenant ran the gantlet. Some mornings afterward B. mounted a chair and made a speech. In crude but unmistakable words, and with a depth of meaning in their utterance, he announced that the next man who said "pneumonia" in his hearing would have him to whip. Most of us, knowing the difficulty of the undertaking, were so much on our guard that we did not dare to cough or to give in any manner the least suggestion of a pulmonary complaint, lest we should have cause to regret our indiscretion.

Retreat found us in our quarters, and at 10 P. M. "taps" extinguished our lights. I have heard that for a violation of this rule the guards would often fire into the block. Believing this to be true, I can vouch for its having happened at least once during my stay. It was during the evening that we gathered around the stove or the long table and discussed matters of interest, —the war, the absorbing question of exchange, —swapped yarns, some of the number being exceptionally good *raconteurs*, or listened while some "Truthful James" taxed our credulity to the verge of courtesy. And here, lest I forget it, I desire to apologize in behalf of our stove. I have known it, when doing its best, fail to melt the frost on the window-panes less than eight feet distant.

"Taps" sent us to our bunks, except such night-owls as grouped together and conversed in undertones. Sometimes a voice would start in song, another and another would join, and though neither voices nor execution were of a high order, the wet eyelids of many a homesick "Reb" would pay tribute to "Home, Sweet Home," or "Only Waiting." It was at night, alone with our thoughts, that we carried the heaviest load, when fancy bridged the distance that separated us from the homes that had been silent to us for many months.



BARBER'S CHAIR USED BY THE PRISONERS. (SKETCHED FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN THE POSSESSION OF C. H. JENKINS, JOHNSON'S ISLAND.)

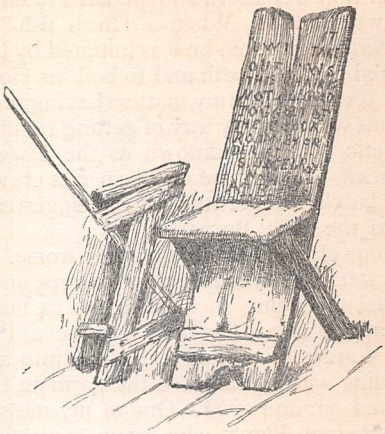
I do not know how nostalgia ranks as a separate and specific disease, but I do know that it handicaps a man terribly in his struggle for life. Later on, during my convalescence in the hospital, one of my command lay near me, and I could hear him murmur to himself, "I shall never see home again"; and, steadily sinking, Lieutenant Starns turned his face to the wall and died.

During the earlier portion of our stay we constantly looked forward to exchange, and it was this hope that served in a great measure to mitigate the ills of our prison life. The "grape-vine" spoke to us of little else. The main feature of this prison telegraph was its complete unreliability. As I remember, it was never correct, even by accident; but it sang songs of exchange and release, and, while feeling the notes to be false, we yet liked the music and hoped it true. It was towards the fall of 1864 that I began to give up all hope of exchange, and could see no prospect of release save the close of the war, or death. I looked the matter squarely in the face, and could see no rational reason why the North should either desire or consent to an exchange. The South-

ern army, unable to recruit its losses, was being depleted; for every man killed, wounded, or missing made a permanent vacancy. With grim humor it was said that our conscript officers had been ordered to take every man not over two weeks dead. Why, then, should the North make the mistake of recruiting the Southern army with fifty thousand veteran soldiers, and they with experience enough of prison life to justify extra exertions in avoiding a second visit? I could then see no reason for it; and though I have since read much concerning the reasons for a non-exchange, I am satisfied that the above is about the correct solution of the problem.[1]

Were I to write only the experience of the first four months of our imprisonment, I could have little to say in the way of complaint aside from the ills which necessarily attend confinement and form a part of every prisoner's lot. It was not heaven, but as yet it did not represent the other extreme. Our treatment by the officers of Hoffman's Battalion was, as far as I know, courteous enough; and as to the enlisted men who guarded us, my principal objection, aside from their propensity to shoot, lay in the fact that most of them could not address us as "Rebels" without qualifying the term with the adjective "damned."

Our food was abundant, owing to our ability to purchase from the post sutler and the hucksters who came into the prison daily, besides which many were in receipt of supplies from friends and relatives in the North, and hence were entirely independent of the prison rations and fed on dainties not found on the prison *menu*. The men looked well and strong, and in marked contrast with their appearance later on. Just when the change took place I do not remember, but it came suddenly. I connect it in some way with the spring of 1864. We bade a final adieu to sutler and purveyors of every kind, and realized that a limited ration would hereafter be our only supply; that we must content ourselves as best we could with such quantity as the Government saw fit to give. Money could buy nothing in the way of food; and speaking for myself I reached at last that stage when, were it in my power, I



THE COOK'S CHAIR. (SKETCHED FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN THE POSSESSION OF C. H. JENKINS, JOHNSON'S ISLAND.)

would have bartered gold for bread, ounce for ounce. We were forbidden to write for food, and it was only by strategy that, if written, such letters reached their destination. It sometimes happened that the post surgeon

[1] In 1863–64 the exchange of prisoners was interrupted by disagreements growing out of the claims of the Union authorities that the Confederates who had been paroled at Vicksburg and Port Hudson (and afterward ordered again to the front by the Richmond authorities) must be credited to the United States on the balance-sheet of the officers of exchange; that the exchange must be officer for officer and man for man, and not proportioned to the number of prisoners held by each side; and finally, that colored soldiers, when captured by the Confederates, must receive the same protection as white prisoners of war, and not be excepted from the terms of exchange. The communications received from the Confederate authorities were regarded as evasions of the real issues, particularly as to the colored prisoners. It was believed by the Union authorities that colored prisoners (under an order of the Confederate War Department of November 30, 1862) were given no quarter, and it was known that white officers and men captured with them were turned over to the authorities of States to be treated according to local laws for "exciting servile insurrection," and it is a matter of record that the Confederate commissioner, Mr. Ould, in writing to the Confederate Secretary of War on May 2, 1864, said:

As yet the Federals do not appear to have found any well-authenticated case of the retention of a negro prisoner. They have made several specific inquiries, but in each case there was no record of any such party, and I so responded. Having no especial desire to find any such case, it is more than probable that the same answer will be returned to every such inquiry.

Reprisals were mingled with the disputes, which also involved other minor questions. General Grant would yield no point that had been insisted upon, as above. That he thought the failure to obtain what he regarded as an equitable exchange was not without military compensations is shown by the following letter, which he wrote to General Butler from City Point on August 18, 1864:

I am satisfied that the object of your interview had the proper sanction, and therefore meets with my entire approval. I have seen, from Southern papers, that a system of retaliation is going on in the South, which they keep from us and which we should stop in some way.

On the subject of exchange, however, I differ with General Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man we hold, when released on parole or otherwise, becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time, to release all rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here.

—EDITOR.

would allow such packages as reached the island to be delivered to their owners. He evidently had a professional dislike to sickness and suffering. The vital question with us was the victuals question. As to the daily ration, I remember that it consisted of a loaf of bread and a small piece of fresh meat. Its actual weight I do not remember, if I ever knew; I do know that it was insufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and left us each day with a little less life and strength with which to fight the battle of the day to follow. I heard that our surgeons (Confederate) formulated a protest in which they asserted that the quantity of food furnished each man was not more than sufficient to sustain life. Coffee was unknown, and I remember on several occasions far apart receiving two potatoes and an onion. If these were given medicinally the dose was homeopathic, and it was certainly scurvy treatment. As the months passed on a marked change was noticeable in the appearance of the men. They became depressed and listless, and unsuspected traits of disposition cropped to the surface. The parade-ground was dotted with gaunt, cadaverous men, with a far-away look in their eyes and with hunger and privation showing in every line of their emaciated bodies. It was believed by many among us that this mode of treatment was enforced as a retaliatory measure, and this belief certainly received strong support when, looking across the bay, we saw a city whose waste alone would have supplied our wants. I have seen a hungry "Reb" plunge his hand into the swill-barrel of some mess, and, letting the water drain through his fingers, greedily devour what chance had given him—if anything. Speaking for myself, and well aware of what I state, I assert that for months I was not free from the cravings of hunger. One-half of my loaf and the meat portion of my ration was eaten for dinner. I supped on the remaining piece of bread, and breakfasted with "Duke Humphrey." I sometimes dreamed of food, but cannot remember in my dreams ever to have eaten it, becoming, as it were, a sort of Johnson's Island Tantalus.

When we arrived on the island the rats were so numerous that they were common sights on the parade-ground. Later on they disappeared. Many of the prisoners ate them. If asked if I myself have ever eaten one I answer no, because to cook a rat properly (like Mrs. Glasse's hare) you must first catch him. I have sat half frozen in our mess kitchen armed with a stick, spiked with a nail, but was never fortunate enough to secure the game. A dog would have served the purpose better, but the chances were that some hungry "Reb" would have eaten the dog.

One of the Northern illustrated papers published a picture of one of the Belle Isle prisoners which certainly showed an extreme state of emaciation. Some of the mess suggested that I compete with him, kindly offering to back the Confederate entry. I think they would have won their bets; for, though regretting that I must acknowledge the fact, I am confident that I was the worse-looking specimen of the two. I had entered the prison weighing over 140 pounds, and then weighed less than 100. To a demonstrator of anatomy I would have been invaluable as a living osteological text-book. The prolonged confinement had told severely on us, and the men could not but yield to its depressing influence. There was little to vary the dreary monotony that made each day the repetition of the day before and the type of the day to follow. This alone would have been sufficient, but when scant food and cold were thrown into the scale it is little wonder that both mind and body should yield under the constant strain. Many of us were far into the second winter of our confinement, and with all hope of release gone we had nothing left—only to wait for the end, whatever that end might be; and it was weary waiting. It was generally known among us that some mitigation of our condition would be afforded such as took the oath of allegiance, and as this meant increased food and better clothing some few availed themselves of the offer. But one case came under my notice—that of a member of the mess; he, I presume, could not help it, as it was with him simply a question of endurance, and he gave up. It was said of him that he froze up early in the first November and did not thaw out until the following June. The prospect of a repetition was too much for him.

It is small wonder, then, that many found their way into the prison hospital (then managed by Confederate physicians, prisoners like ourselves), and thence to the prison graveyard. Thanks to the generosity of a Louisiana officer (Colonel J. O. Nixon, I think), who furnished the lumber, headboards were placed at the graves of our dead, and as very many of these were carved in our room I have some personal knowledge as to their being numerous, though I cannot speak with certainty as to the actual number of deaths or the percentage of mortality. I would here state incidentally that the only occasion on which I passed beyond the limits of the inclosure was when, with two or three others, I assisted in placing these boards in the graveyard. I met and conversed with a couple of ladies, the first with whom I had spoken for more than a year. Our appearance roused their womanly sympathy, and being Rebel prisoners we excited their feminine curiosity. I waited, and at last it came: "Do you

REBELLONIANS.

LESSEE AND MANAGER, ... Lieut. THOS. D. HOUSTON.
STAGE MANAGER, ... Capt. C. S. SHERWIN.
MUSICAL DIRECTOR, ... Lieut. A. E. NEWTON.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1864,

2½ P. M. AT BLOCK 11.

COMPANY:

CAPT. C. S. SHERWIN, of Tennessee.
CAPT. G. H. HENCHY, of Louisiana.
CAPT. G. F. OTEY, of Arkansas.
CAPT. J. W. YOUNGBLOOD, of Tennessee.
CAPT. J. C. WARD, of Virginia.
CAPT. B. PALMER, of Tennessee.
CAPT. J. B. WITHERS, of Virginia.
CAPT. W. E. PENN, of Tennessee.
LIEUT. A. E. NEWTON, of Mississippi.
LIEUT. HORACE CARPENTER, of Louisiana.
LIEUT. S. G. COOKE, of Mississippi.
LIEUT. D. DUNHAM, of Florida
LIEUT. D. E. MAHER, of Alabama.
LIEUT. J. J. LOUGHLIN, of N. Carolina.
CHARLES CRANDEL, of Maryland.

Price of Admission, 25 Cents. - - Reserved Seats 50 Cents.

☞ Tickets for Reserved Seats to be obtained from the Manager, on the day preceding the performance, at Block 11, middle room, up stairs.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

1. Overture, ... Band
2. Opening Chorus, ... Company
3. Her bright smile haunts me still, ... Withers
4. Gentle Jennie Gray, ... Henchy
5. Unhappy Jeremiah, ... Carpenter
6. My Own Native Land, ... Maher
7. Dollie Day, ... Sherwin
8. Finale, (instrumental,) ..... Band

PART SECOND.

1. Irish Comic Song, (original,) ..... Sherwin
2. Banjo Solo, ... Otey
3. Lecture, (original,) ..... Herr Von Youngblud
4. Song—Our Flag, (original,) ..... Henchy
5. Bob Ridley, ... Sherwin

PART THIRD.

The highly colored Extravaganza of

THE BLACK PRINCE!

With a plagiarized plot and an original score, written expressly for the Rebellonians.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julius Snow—a type of his class, ... Sherwin
Ginger—an adventurer of varied experience, ... Palmer
Possum—a philosopher of the epicurean school, ... Otey
Bug-a-boo—the great King of Dahomey, ... Loughlin
Jak-kas—his Prime Minister, ... Youngblood
Prince Tchad—rightful heir to the crown of Dahomey, ... Maher
Li-li-wite—Princess of Dahomey, ... Dooley
Royal Messenger, Guards, &c., &c., ...

BILL OF THE PLAY OF THE "REBELLONIANS" (REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL COPY, IN THE POSSESSION OF LIEUTENANT HORACE CARPENTER).

think you are right?" Seated on a grave I told of Reginald and Rebecca for the last time, the application all the more apropos for the extra year of imprisonment and what it brought.

It was early in January, 1865, that the writer fortunately found himself occupying a cot in the hospital and slowly recovering from an attack of fever. I use the term "fortunately" advisedly, since convalescence brought with it comforts in the way of food to which we had long since been strangers. Like Little Dorrit's protégé, Maggy, I have pleasant recollections of the hospital. Not "such d'licious broth and wine," perhaps, nor yet "chicking"; but I renewed my acquaintance with the almost forgotten taste of coffee, and while a slice of fat pork would scarcely rank now as a sick-room dainty, the surroundings then were different, and I regretted the improvement that sent me back to the old life.

Sickness proved a blessing in disguise, for orders came that the sick should parade for inspection, the worst cases to be sent South on parole. Many succeeded in passing muster, and one day in February the big gate swung open and a number of us took up our line of march across the frozen bay — homeward bound — and bid a final adieu to a spot unmarked by a single pleasant recollection.

We left Sandusky knowing nothing, caring nothing, of our route so long as our course pointed towards "Dixie." The passenger-coaches which brought some of us sixteen months before were replaced by box-cars which we warmed by packing the floors with earth, on which we built a fire which afforded a minimum of heat with a maximum of smoke. It was at Grafton, West Virginia, that we side-tracked long enough to enable us to sit regularly at table and indulge in the novelty of a first-class meal. It was *table d'hôte*, and I fear the landlord realized but scant profit at so much a stomach, and they such chronic cases of vacuum. One of "ours" stated that he felt the first mouthful of food swallowed by him strike on the sole of his foot; but as this statement has its foundation on an anatomical impossibility, I give it no credence.

It was here or at some neighboring station that we met a batch of Federal soldiers returning from the South. We learned that they were from Andersonville, and as usual we mingled together, comparing notes, and indulging in the usual chaff which was generally a fea-

ture of such meetings. As we separated they expressed their intention of again visiting us, and in turn were solicited to bring their guns with them. This practice of poking fun, in spite of its frequency, was rarely carried beyond the bounds of good temper.

In this connection I would mention an incident which occurred on the island in which the "Reb" came out second-best.

A regiment of hundred days' men was in camp outside the "pen," and when Morgan was on one of his raids this regiment was sent out to meet him. As they marched by, one of their number sang out, "Boys, we 're going to bring John Morgan to keep you company." In due time they returned. They had met Morgan, and had exchanged their accoutrements for a parole. As they went by, one of our number shouted, "Boys, where 's your guns?" and quickly came back the retort, "Morgan 's got them; where 's yours?" No reply was made to this. Under the circumstances there was none to make, and the rest of us wished the fellow had kept quiet.

A slow, fatiguing, and uncomfortable trip brought us *via* the outskirts of Baltimore to Fort McHenry, and thence to Point Lookout, where we were turned loose in that "pen." Thinking that we had exhausted the capacity of prison life for harm, we were little prepared for the sight which met our eyes as we entered this place, but seeing these unfortunates we felt that we stood in the presence of men who had touched depths of suffering that we had not reached. All along the route we were fearful lest some evil chance should turn us back again to the old life; but that fear became secondary to the dread lest we should call a permanent halt at this point, and we drew a long breath of relief when we marched out of the place.

There was little need to ask questions. It was entirely unnecessary to mine for information — the nuggets of misery lay scattered on the surface and told the pitiful story without assistance from human tongue. Since that time I have conversed and compared notes with men who had a story of imprisonment to tell, and am satisfied that, as compared with the enlisted men at Point Lookout, Elmira, Rock Island, Camps Morton, Chase, and Douglas, the officers at Johnson's Island merely tasted purgatory; the men went beyond that.

A few hours too many and we were checked off and counted and loaded on the steamer that was to carry us to City Point — the last stage of our journey, and for that reason the most satisfactory portion of our trip.

As we came alongside the vessel a voice hailed us with, "Have you fellers ever had the small-pox?" and then gave the cheering information that there was plenty of it aboard. He was correct in his statement; but in view of what had already fallen to our share I think we looked upon small-pox as one of the lesser evils and scarce gave the matter a thought. It remembered me, however.

We were placed in the lower hold of the vessel, the space between decks being occupied by the sick, and it required skillful manœuvering to mount by the ladders up the hatchway and avoid the filth that trickled down. The contrast between this steamer and the *Evening Star* was much more marked than the distance between the passenger-coach and the box-car; but our journey was so near an end that a few extra discomforts scarce added to the already heavy load which was to drop from our shoulders in a few days.

After the James River, City Point, the flag of truce, the usual formalities, and the march to Richmond, the late inmate of Block 11, Mess 3 drew his forced accumulations of pay and registered at the Spottswood Hotel, paying sixty dollars per diem — not an exorbitant price when we consider that at the time a cord of wood on the lower Mississippi might without much exaggeration have been said to be the equivalent of a cord of Confederate money. Still the pay of a modest lieutenant would not justify a prolonged stay at these figures, and finding myself seriously ill without in the least suspecting the cause, I left by rail, going as far as Charlotte, N. C., where that mode of transportation came to an abrupt termination.

Blazing with fever and dazed from its effects, in company with several who were bound for the extreme South I took up the tedious walk which slowly carried me through the State of South Carolina, and it was when nearing Milledgeville, Ga., that I thought for the first time that the eruption which had made its appearance on my body was in some manner connected with the small-pox on the steamer; and all doubts, if any existed, were dispelled when, on reaching Montgomery, Ala., I was ordered to the pest-house.

It was in April, 1865, that General Wilson captured the place; but thanks to the pest-house, backed by a parole, I was unmolested, and once more started for home. I was indeed a veritable tramp — walking, or having an occasional lift on a wagon, and wholly dependent for food on the bounty of such as lived on my line of march; often scanty, for the South had been raided until it seemed as though all had been swept away. It was when nearing Jackson, Miss., that I learned of Appomattox and that our service had been in vain; that the voluntary contribution of death and suffering had been given to a "Lost Cause." We were all prisoners of war.

Two years to the month had passed since I

was locked up in Port Hudson, and during that period I had heard actually nothing from my home. I opened the gate, and, walking up the lane that led to the house, I could see the female portion of the family sitting on the gallery, none missing. In fact, there was a little niece that had put in an appearance since my departure. Soldiers were too common a sight to excite curiosity, but a half-look of recognition swept over their faces, and as they rose from their seats to get a better view I dropped my valise and sung out, "Come on; it 's me!" I know I should have said "It is I," but I did n't. Then followed a rush and a hugging match, in which the odds were four to one against me.

This happened over twenty-five years ago, and I am not yet exchanged.

H. Carpenter.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

A TRUE STORY.

IN the summer of 1884 I was coming across the Indian Ocean in the steamship *Glenearn*, homeward-bound from Shanghai with a cargo of tea. We had passed Ceylon, catching a glimpse of the distant island and a whiff of the spicy breeze offshore, and were nearing the treacherous chain of coral reefs known as the Maldive Islands, when I came up from the cabin after dinner for a stroll on deck. The evening sky glowed with the beauty of a rich sunset such as is rarely seen outside the tropics. The good ship rocked easily upon a long, smooth swell, and plowed her way into a sea of molten gold, turning it, as by the touch of a magician's rod, into blue depths of water beneath her keel. The vessel's wake, churned into foam and shot through with countless flashes of phosphorescence, stretched far astern like a silvery path leading to the very edge of the full moon which hung just above the horizon.

I found the chief engineer leaning against the rail and enjoying the glorious beauty of the evening. For some time neither of us spoke. At length he remarked in a meditative way:

"It was just here that we met the Portuguese brig when we were coming out."

Now Nesbitt was a clear-headed Scot who had studied in one of the English universities and taken his degree; then, giving way to his passion for a roving life, he had gone to sea and spent twenty years afloat. He had doubled more than once the Horn and the Cape, made a dozen voyages to China and Japan, and, as an engineer in the Portuguese navy, had visited the whole coast of Africa, and once crossed the Dark Continent on foot just below the equator. In short, he had seen much of the world, and taken good note of what he saw.

The chief engineer, therefore, was a man who had in his head much material for a good story; and it was in the hope of getting a story now that I asked:

"Well, what about the Portuguese brig?"

He looked up in surprise.

"What! Have n't you heard of the adventure we had on the last trip out? No? 'Bout as curious a thing as I ever came within hail of. But it 's a long yarn; so let 's find some seats first, and then I 'll spin it for you."

We took possession of a couple of steamer chairs on the after-deck, and forthwith the chief spun his yarn as follows:

"We came out in February loaded mostly with iron; had a rough time of it in the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, but when we had gotten past those cussed Frenchmen on the Suez Canal our troubles for that voyage were over. Those canal pilots make an engineer swear more than a storm at sea.

"Well, just in this place, one day about noon, we passed a brig about four miles north of us. The sun was hot, there was not a breath of wind, and the brig lay rocking on the swell with all sail set and flapping. She showed no colors, and failed to answer the signals which we made to her. The captain swore a little at her want of manners and we went on; but when we had passed her some distance, perhaps a couple of miles, I went on the bridge and found him still leveling his glass at her. As I came up he said, 'I don't like the looks of that craft at all. She is n't ship-shape, and I am going to run over to her and find out what 's wrong.'

"He put the steamer's head for the brig, and soon we were as close as the swell would allow. We hailed her, but got no reply. Then the old man began to get excited, and ordered the mate to call away the crew of the cutter

and investigate. When the mate came close alongside he hailed again. Still no reply. She lay with her starboard beam towards us. He pulled around her stern and found the port gangway open. A man in a red shirt and a pair of trousers sat there on the deck, his legs hanging over the side. He was leaning back upon a box under his left arm, and a red handkerchief trailed from his right hand across his lap. A loud hail at close quarters brought no movement or response, and a sudden awe fell upon the boat's crew. The man was dead!

"The mate pulled forward to the bow and climbed up the chains to the deck. He said afterward that nothing would have hired him to climb into the gangway beside that silent figure. Four men lay on the deck around the forward hatch. They had been dead a long time, and the burning sun poured down upon ghastly bodies which were almost skeletons, they were so thin.

"The crew of the cutter were ordered up, and they searched the ship from stem to stern. They found no one in the forecastle or the hold, and no one in the cabin; but in the galley they found the Malay cook and the cabin-boy, both dead, the cook lying upon his face with his fingers twisted in his long black hair. All the men except the captain seemed to have died in agony, for their bodies were writhed and twisted.

"There was plenty of food aboard — a cask of salt beef, several hundred-weight of rice, and some flour. There were plenty of coals for the galley fire. The ship was perfectly sound, not a sail was split, not a halyard started; the masts and spars were all secure, and the wheel and rudder in good order. *But there was not a drop of water aboard.* Here was the secret of the tragedy. Every water-cask was dry, every butt had been upset and drained to the last drop. The little cabin-boy lay with his head and shoulders inside one of the overturned casks, and his stiff fingers grasped a tin cup into which he had been trying to drain a few drops of water.

"The ship's papers and two or three hundred Mexican dollars were in the despatch-box under the captain's elbow. I translated the papers — which were in Portuguese — when they were brought aboard the steamer. They showed that the brig was Portuguese, registered at Goa. Her name was the *Santa Maria*, and she had cleared from Goa three months before for a trading voyage along the west coast of India. Her master was also her owner; his name was signed to the papers with a cross. There was not, as it seemed, a single man on board who could write, for no log was found. There was a compass and a crude chart of the Indian coast in the cabin, but no sextant or chronometer and no signal-flags.

"So these poor wretches had probably been blown off the coast by a storm, and once out of sight of land they lost their bearings and could not find the way back again. Their supply of water gave out, and they died. But judging from the size of the brig, she required a crew of about fifteen men to handle her, and there were only seven bodies on board. What became of the others no one can tell. They may have drunk salt water, gone mad, and jumped into the sea to end their misery. There were lots of sharks swimming about the brig when we found her.

"I said there was no log on board. Perhaps that is true and perhaps it is not. On the deck by the captain's side was a little heap of pebbles which had evidently been brought up from the ballast, and carefully piled in one corner of the despatch-box beside the ship's papers were seventeen of these same pebbles. It is not unlikely that each pebble represented a day of thirst and watching. It makes me shudder, even now — the picture of that red-shirted captain sitting in the waist of the ship watching for a sail, and seeing his crew, maddened by thirst or by salt water, jump down one by one into the jaws of the sharks waiting below. I always think of that captain as catching sight of some steamer on the horizon and raising himself to wave his red handkerchief, his only signal of distress, then, as the steamer keeps on her course, falling back in despair — to die!"

We sat for a long time in silence, while the steady throb of the steamer's iron heart drove her forward into the night. At length I asked:

"What did you do with her?"

"We could not take her into port, and it is against the law to leave a vessel adrift upon the high seas. So when the mate had come back with a white face and told his story the captain sent the crew over to the brig and dismantled her. We took out her stores, cordage, sails, and everything we could move. Then the carpenter went down and bored a lot of holes in her bottom. We put all the bodies in the cabin and laid the ship's flag over them. The captain read the prayer from the burial service. Then we locked the cabin-door and left her; and as we steamed away we could see her slowly settling down.

"We turned over everything belonging to her to the Portuguese consul at Singapore; and if you will ask the captain he will show you the letter of thanks he got from Portugal, with King Luis's own signature. The consul wrote to Goa and advertised in all the eastern papers three months for some one who could claim the things, but without success. At length they were sold and converted to the crown, for no living soul could be found who knew anything about the *Santa Maria* or her crew."

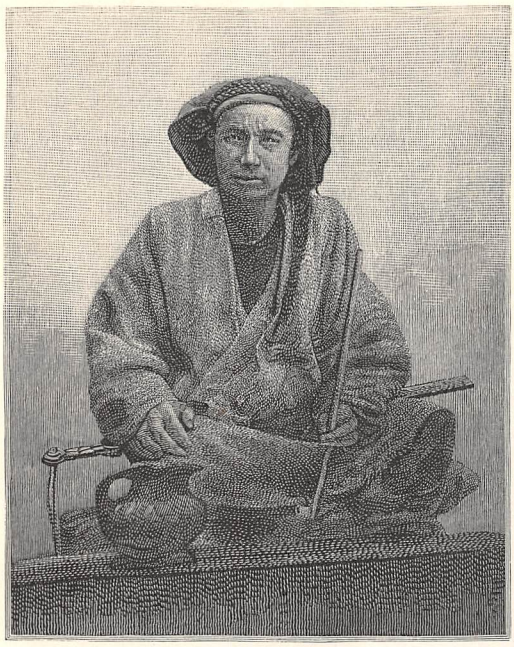
Edwin K. Buttolph.

THROUGH EASTERN TIBET AND CENTRAL CHINA.

JYÉKUNDO is a small town on an affluent of the Dré ch'u, and was the first place of any importance we had yet seen in Tibet. The town contains about a hundred and fifty houses, and a fine lamasery is built on a steep hill behind it. Here converge several important trade routes leading to all parts of the country. I purposed taking the one to Ch'amdo, and, as I had friends there among the lamas, I hoped to be able to push on southward towards Assam, or, if prevented and forced to return to China, I should at all events be able to add considerably to our geographical knowledge. From Jyékundo to Ch'amdo the country was unexplored, and the only Europeans who had gone from Bat'ang to Ch'amdo had not surveyed the route.[1] But fate and the lamas had something else in store for me. The first day of my stay in Jyékundo the yard in which I was camping was crowded with people of all ages and conditions, eager to see what goods I had for sale and to know what I wished to purchase; for, as I was not traveling on official business, trade was the only reason they could assign for my presence among them. Fortunately I bought enough tsamba and butter to last for a day or two, for on the morrow the courtyard was deserted, and I learned that the Déba, who was also abbot of the lamasery, considered me a suspicious character, because I was without the pass from the Amban at Hsi-ning with which all persons coming from the north are provided, and had issued orders forbidding trade with me. Any one disobeying was to be severely beaten, or, if a lama, his nose and ears were to be slit; and a reward of ten packages of tea was offered to informers. The people were told that these measures were taken for their protection, for it had been ascertained beyond a doubt that I was a man deeply versed in the black art, with power to make my money or other belongings return to me in three days after giving them in exchange for goods; to trade with me was therefore a sure means of bringing loss to traders and a great gain to me. This notice was duly posted all over the town, and lamas were sent to supply the people with verbal commentaries on the text. Just before the publication of this taboo I had bought a turquoise ring from the girl who owned the place where I was staying, and it was amusing to see her anxiety for the next three days. Each time I met her she clutched the little leather purse she carried at her belt and felt if the money was safe, and great was her relief when the dreaded time had elapsed and the rupees were still hers.

Fortunately for me there were in the town a number of Chinese traders from Ssu-ch'uan, and also a man from Hsi-ning who had been sent here by my friend the T'ung-shih to make ready a home for him and to await his arrival from Tendo, a town some four days' ride to the north of Jyékundo. These men did all in their power for me, and tried to dispel the suspicions of the lamas and the people. The man from Hsi-ning said I was a well-known T'ung-shih from Peking, as his chief, who would be here in a few days, would certify, and that any impoliteness to or ill treatment of me would be deeply resented by him and by the Chinese Government. This disturbed the Déba so much that he decided to go at once and consult with some other chiefs. As soon as he had gone my Chinese friends came and advised me to leave the town at once if I wished to cross Tibet, for as long as the Déba was away no new measures would be taken against me, and even his former orders would not be strictly obeyed. If I awaited his return it was possible that I would be forbidden to advance southward. My horses were so weak they could hardly stand and nobody would sell or hire me any. What was to be done? To leave two of my men here with all the goods, and to take the three best ponies and go as fast as they could carry me, was my only chance of getting through the country: the Chinese traders would try to send the other men and my traps back to China at the first opportunity. This was the conclusion we arrived at, and I decided to carry it out if my friends could get me a guide. After long *pourparlers*, and only on paying a large sum of money, did they finally secure the services of a man from Kanzé, a blear-eyed, drunken, wasted little fellow, who, besides his long, matted, grizzly locks, had a huge cue of different colored silks plaited with his hair, a concession to Chinese ideas frequently made by the Tibetans. He was to accompany me to his

[1] Mgr. Tomine Desmazures and Abbé Desgodins, in 1861. Huc also traveled over this route on his way to China, but his narrative has no geographical value. Since writing the above I have learned, from a letter from Ta-chien-lu, dated May 24, 1890, that a party of thirteen foreigners (Gabriel Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans?) had reached Larego, five hundred miles west of Ch'amdo, and was making its way to Ta-chien-lu.



A NATIVE.

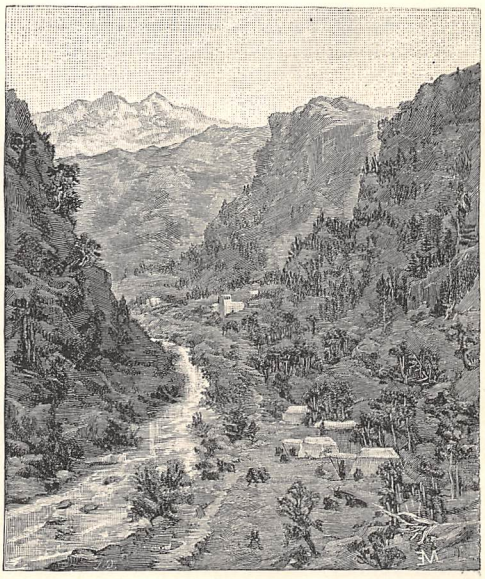
native town, a thirteen days' ride to the south of Jyékundo. I tried to get him to take me to Ch'amdo, which was three days nearer; but he said he had never traveled that road, and with so few men he was afraid to try it as the country was full of brigands. I offered him double the sum he had asked to take me to Kanzé, but to no avail. The buxom woman accompanying him — whom he apologetically introduced as his Jyékundo wife, not nearly as good-looking as his *po-niang* at Kanzé — insisted on his refusing the tempting offer, and I had to resign myself to the inevitable.

So far on my journey I had been able to use silver bullion, but at Jyékundo Indian rupees alone were current, and when coins of smaller value were wanted they were chopped into halves or quarters. My gold was marketable only at such a heavy loss that I could not afford to sell it,[1] and my silver was reluctantly changed for coin by the Chinese as a personal favor, for they said they could do nothing with it. The old Tibetan guide had a diminutive mule which we loaded with a bag of feed for the horses and a few odds and ends for ourselves, and having, by the advice of my friends, changed my Chinese felt hat for the red turban worn throughout Tibet, and put on my horsehair blinkers, which hid my obnoxious blue eyes and half my face, I was ready to start.

The two men I left behind me I never saw again, but from letters I have received since my return home I have learned of their adventures. The Déba on his return to Jyékundo brought orders to prevent by any and every means my journey southward — to kill me, if necessary. Finding the bird flown, he gratified his animosity by seizing my men, chaining them, and throwing them into prison. It was only after great trouble on the part of my friend the T'ung-shih that he got them released a fortnight later, and my goods and horses returned to them. They then set out to follow me; but the country was now aroused, and soon they were seized again by a party of lamas, carried off in chains, and their horses and goods abandoned. This time they recovered their liberty by paying their captors a ransom: on returning to their camp they found that two of their horses had been eaten by wolves. Finally, after many tribulations, they reached Kanzé, and eventually Ta-chien-lu, where they were most kindly received by the bishop and the fathers of the Tibetan mission, and in due time sent back to their homes.

The adventures of these men show how providential had been my hasty departure from Jyékundo; for if Chinese, who can travel about this country with perfect freedom, were submitted to such treatment simply because they were in the service of a suspect, what would have been my fate if the lamas had caught me?

As far as Jyékundo I had found the country desolate and stony, with only here and there a little brush growing in the more sheltered



BELOW JYÉKUNDO.

[1] Gold is worth twenty times its weight in silver at Peking, eighteen at Hsi-ning, and from twelve to thirteen in Tibet. It never exceeds 850 fine.

TEA PORTERS ON THE ROAD.

nooks among the hills, but on the morning of the second day after leaving the town we entered a small cañon which opened on the Dré ch'u, and the scene changed as if by magic. Cypress and juniper, pine and birch, covered the mountain sides, and along the brook, flowing between banks of velvety grass powdered with little pink and white flowers, grew plum trees and wild gooseberry bushes; honeysuckle and other shrubs, all in full bloom, filled the air with the fragrance of their blossoms. From the cavities in the tufa rocks hung ferns and creepers, from which the water dripped in glistening drops. The change was so sudden and so delightful that even my stolid Chinese grew enthusiastic over the beauty of the surroundings, or availed themselves of my admiration for the scenery to suggest breakfast in order that we might enjoy it the longer, for soon we should surely leave this dreamland behind. But their fears were groundless. For miles the country remained the same, becoming even grander along the Dré ch'u. There the road was high up on the steep mountain, 600 or 700 feet above the broad, blue river, and on each side in the background were dazzling peaks of snow. Villages and lamaseries were numerous, and large droves of yaks carrying tea from Ta-chien-lu followed one another in endless succession.[1] This continual movement made surveying extremely difficult, as I had to use much care to keep this work secret, for knowledge of it would have helped to confirm what the lamas had said, that I was searching for hidden treasures, to find which I employed means unknown to them. Now that I had not even a tent in which I could quietly draw at night, I had to resort to all kinds of expedients

[1] During the journey to Kanzé we met daily from 200 to 500 yaks, each carrying two or three boxes of tea, or from 115 to 175 pounds. I was told that for three-fourths of the year this road was thus filled with them. Consequently four or five million pounds of tea are brought into the country over this road, or half the general trade of Tibet with China in this commodity.

during the day to get half an hour or so of undisturbed quiet in which rapidly to work up my notes.

We rarely stopped in villages or in tents, but always some distance from them, the guide going to the nearest habitation to buy food for us and the horses. Usually I and my Chinese were taken for Mongols; only once did a man say as he passed by, "Why, there goes a *p'iling* [foreigner]!" But the guide stopped to chat with him, and set him right. Old Kando, our guide, who was a musk trader, was a great traveler; he had been to China and to India and had lived for two years at Darjeeling, so it naturally did not take him long to find out where I was from; but he stood by me faithfully, and, though drunk every evening, he never told any one that I was a foreigner, but invented with wonderful promptitude *à propos* lies to suit every occasion.

We rode on rapidly, first crossing the Dré ch'u when three days distant from Jyékundo, and later one of its large affluents, the Za ch'u, our horses swimming, while we were ferried over in the little skin tubs used throughout Tibet. Rain fell every day and often for whole days, and our life was most miserable. Without fire or the possibility of preparing food, we wrapped ourselves in our felt cloaks and beguiled away the long hours of the night with a pipe as our only solace. When we had nearly reached the eastern border of Dérgé we and our horses were so utterly worn out that a day's rest was imperative. I rode up to a little camp on the hillside above the Yi ch'u and asked the people to let us rest in their tent for a day. They agreed to give us a small one where they stored pack-saddles, and we were soon seated around a big fire, emptying pot after pot of tea and milk with which they kept us freely supplied.

It is not possible to describe here all the country I traveled through, which was frequently extremely beautiful, and where the people, customs, and language presented many interesting peculiarities. After leaving the rich and populous kingdom of Dérgé we entered the no less important Horba states, and finally reached the town of Kanzé. Here I was glad to find a Chinese officer and a small detachment of troops, for to their friendly assistance I and my men probably owe our lives. The people, led by the lamas, assaulted the house of the Chinese trader where I had put up and tried to drag us out, but the lieutenant promptly sent a detachment of men to our rescue, who managed to get the house closed and barred and who remained with us to keep off the mob which crowded the streets and the housetops. He notified the Déba that I was a Chinese official,

CROSSING THE DRÉ CH'U.

a native of Turkestan, where, he said, light complexions and blue eyes were common.

I had arrived at Kanzé in an evil hour, in the midst of the festivities of the 15th of the fourth moon,[1] when the people from far and near congregate there and the chiefs review their men, and when drinking and fighting are the order of the day. In Tibet nearly every crime is punished by the imposition of a fine, and murder is by no means an expensive luxury. The fine varies according to the social standing of the victim, 120 bricks of tea (worth a rupee a brick) for one of the "upper ten," 80 bricks for a person of the middle classes, 40 bricks for a woman, and so on down to two or three for a pauper or a wandering foreigner, as Lieutenant Lu Ming-yang kindly informed me. He said that there was hardly a grown-up man in the country who had not a murder or two to his credit; and later on Mgr. Biet, the Bishop of Tibet, corroborated this statement.

The Horba have finer features and lighter complexions than any other people I saw in Tibet, and their fondness for bright colors in dressing and for much finery adds not a little to their picturesque beauty. They are divided into five tribes, governed by hereditary chiefs, who are practically independent of both China and Lh'asa. The Déba appoint district magistrates (*Shelngo*), whose term of office is three years, and under them are war chiefs, or *Ma-pön*.[2] Each village has a *Bésé*, or "head man," who levies the taxes in his locality and is personally responsible for the payment of the full amount assessed. Other officers watch over the chief's granaries and crops, his herds and flocks, fix the date of the harvest, levy duties on salt and all other commodities. Tibetan officials never receive a money compensation for the performance of their duties, but are given certain prerogatives, such as the exclusive right to lodge caravans, and tracts of land are assigned to them the crops of which constitute their emolument.

AN EASTERN TIBETAN.

Kanzé is the most important commercial center of this part of K'amdo. Easily and rapidly reached from Ta-chien-lu in Ssu-ch'uan, it is connected with the capital of Dérgé by a fairly good road. This latter place is famous for the beauty, excellence, and variety of its manufactures; its swords, guns, copperware, bells, and saddles command exceptionally high prices and are deservedly prized. I have seen specimens of work done in this locality which are highly creditable to the artistic sense and mechanical ability of the people. Art, like every other branch of the civilization of this country, has been affected by India and China to an equal extent, and the blending of the styles obtaining in these two countries as found in Tibetan metal work produces a most harmonious result. The Nepalese (*Peurbu*) are esteemed the best silversmiths in the country; and their work, which shows the Indian filigree and the Chinese repoussé combined, is imitated everywhere, and is a decided improvement on either of these styles of ornamentation used alone.

After three days of anxiety spent at Kanzé, during which I tried in vain to persuade the lieutenant to give me a guide to Lit'ang, I left with an escort of four Chinese soldiers for Dawo, another large town of the Horba six days' ride to the southeast. The day before my departure the lieutenant sent an express along the road I was to follow, bearing a notice in Chinese and Tibetan tied to an arrow, — meaning that it must be sent from station to station as quickly as the arrow shot from the bow,— and informing all the chiefs of my pas-

1 According to the Tibetan calendar. Unlike the other dependencies of China, Tibet has preserved its own mode of reckoning time. It is principally used to determine lucky and unlucky days. All unlucky days are dropped. *E. g.*, if the 13th of the third moon is unlucky, they omit that date and count the 14th twice.

2 It is interesting to find the principle of subordination of the military to the civil authorities, so strongly marked in China, also existing in Tibet. The Chinese have a saying, "*Wen-kuan ti i pi, Wu-kuan pa pu-chi*" ("When a civil official raises his pen the military officials are unable to move"). The organization of all eastern Tibetan states is similar to that of the Horba, except where ruled by Lh'asa.

sage, to the end that post-horses and food might be prepared for us. Every night we stopped in the official post-station (*jya-tsu k'ang*), where we were provided with the best the country afforded. Day by day the scenery grew more enchanting, the forest growth thicker and higher, the fields larger and more numerous. The people had about finished sowing their crops and were enjoying a season of rest and amusement. We passed many parties of girls and young men picnicking under the shade of the great trees along the Nya ch'u. The girls were dancing to the song of some of their number. They formed in two groups, and while one stood still, the other danced forward and back, holding hands, bending and swaying their bodies, and taking short, high steps. Then the other group had its turn, and so the dance went on to the apparent delight of the young men who, lying on the grass, watched them.

A, TINDER-BOX, SILVER AND CORAL MOUNTING; B, LEATHER MONEY BAG; C, RED LEATHER MONEY BAG, WORN ON THE BELT; D, SILVER INK BOTTLE AND PEN CASE; E, ROSARY MADE OF DISKS CUT FROM HUMAN SKULL; F, HORN (KANDUNG) MADE FROM HUMAN TIBIA, LEASH AND COVERING MADE OF HUMAN SKIN, USED IN EXORCISMS.

We rode through several towns and by numerous villages till we finally reached our destination, Dawo, called Jésenyi by the people. It is quite an important place, with some eight hundred inhabitants, of which over a hundred are Chinese, and it has a large lamasery (*Nyi-chung gomba*) where live two to three thousand monks, held to be a churlish, riotous lot even by the people about them. Here I very nearly had a repetition of the scenes at Kanzé; but I was becoming hardened to anything short of actual assault, and as the mob did not go that far, I awaited quietly the arrival of the Chinese sergeant stationed here, who was rusticating some distance off in the mountains. When he finally came I got from him two guides, and we started for Kata (also called Tailing), and from that village off again to Ta-chien-lu, where I arrived on the 24th of June, having ridden nearly six hundred miles since leaving Jyékundo on the 29th of May. Here I found myself in the midst of friends; for the best could not have received me with more kindness and have done more to make me comfortable than did Mgr. Felix Biet, the noble Bishop of Diana and Apostolic Vicar of Tibet.

He was very much surprised that I had been able to traverse eastern Tibet, in view of the lawlessness of the people and of the opposition of the Chinese Government to any one's attempting to enter it, as was shown in the case of Count Béla Szechenyi's expedition. He said that for the last twenty years the members of his mission had been trying to reach Dérgé, but that their endeavors had been ineffectual; the Chinese, insisting that there was no practicable road through that region, had refused them permission. Even the Chinese of Ta-chien-lu would not for several days believe that I had crossed K'amdo, as they said there were none of their people who would venture in that country without being well known to the natives. The most noteworthy attempt to enter eastern Tibet from the north was made by Colonel Prjevalsky in 1884; but he was able to get only as far as the Dré ch'u and then had to return to the Ts'aidam. From the Ts'aidam

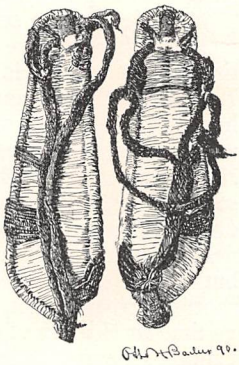
to the sources of the Yellow River our routes, if not the same, at least frequently crossed each other. From the latter point to Ta-chien-lu, a distance of over seven hundred miles, I had traveled in a country where no European had ever put his foot. The richness and fertility of many of the districts I saw, the excellence of the roads, the absence of high or difficult passes between Jyékundo and Ta-chien-lu, the density and variety of the population, were subjects of continual surprise. These features alone explain the preference shown for this route by traders from central Tibet over the highroad *via* Lit'ang and Bat'ang. On the latter one has to cross no fewer than fourteen passes—several of them extremely difficult and very high—between Ta-chien-lu and Bat'ang, a distance of 225 miles, and the road lies nearly all the way to Ch'am-do (where the one I had followed meets it) through a desolate, thinly inhabited country, where it is difficult for a part of the year to find pasture for cattle.

BRONZE CHURCH BELL.

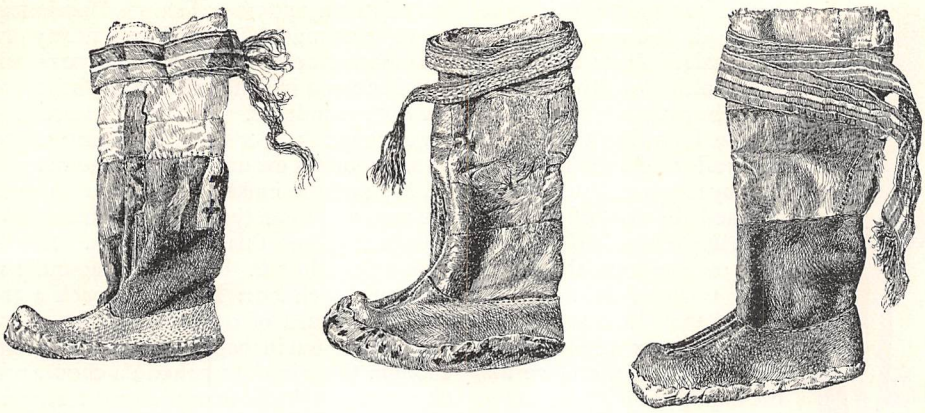
It is only within the last few years that the Chinese have been able to implant themselves in the country I traveled through, so hostile and lawless have the natives always shown themselves, but already an important trade has sprung up in musk, gold, hides, etc. Rhubarb (*Rheum palmatum*) of the finest quality is found in enormous quantities, but as its use is confined to the foreign market, there is no demand for it at present. It is highly probable that when the country is better known there will be found a number of products of the soil of considerable value to foreign merchants. The remoteness of this country will always be a great obstacle in the way of establishing direct commercial relations with it, and for long years to come it will probably be of interest to us only from a scientific point of view, a field of research of indeed wonderful interest to the student of anthropology, of linguistics, of geology, and especially of botany.

After passing a fortnight most agreeably at Ta-chien-lu waiting for the men I had left behind at Jyékundo, nothing being heard of them I made up my mind to go on to Shanghai. Comfortably ensconced in a sedan chair carried by four lusty coolies, I was off once more on the 10th of July for Ya-chou, which was the terminus of my wanderings by land.

We stopped the first night at Wa-ssu-k'ou, at the mouth of the Ta-chien-lu River (Lu ho) where it empties into the T'ung, the road running down a rocky gorge on each side of which the mountains rise almost perpendicularly to a height of over two thousand feet. Here and there huge boulders, detached from the cliffs, had been precipitated into the stream below, which tumbled over them in a mass of silvery spray. Wherever possible the soil was cultivated, maize and potatoes being the principal crops. Willows, poplars, and widespreading walnut trees were growing around the little villages and tea-houses with which the narrow, rocky path was lined. The road was covered with long files of heavily loaded porters trudging slowly on to Ta-chien-lu, and in every tea-house their huge loads were placed on benches while the frugal coolies refreshed themselves with a cup of tea or a bowl of bean-curd and a chunk of corn-bread. Most of them were carrying tea from Ya-chou or some neighboring town, about one hundred and fifty miles away, to be taken later, on yaks or mules, into Tibet. They were of all ages, and I was surprised to see among them not a few women and small children. The packages of tea, each about four feet long, six inches broad, and three to four thick, and weighing from seventeen to twenty-three pounds, are placed horizontally one above the other, the upper ones projecting so as to come over the porter's head. They are held tightly together by coir ropes and little bamboo stakes; straps, also of plaited coir ropes, pass over the porter's shoulders, while a little string fastened to the top of the load helps to balance the huge structure, which it requires more knack than strength to carry, for its weight must bear on all the back and only slightly on the shoulders. In their hands the porters carry a short crutch which they place under the load when they wish to rest without removing it from their backs. The average load is nine packages, or from 190 to 200 pounds, but I passed a number of men carrying seventeen packages, and one had twenty-one. A man, I was told, had a few years ago brought an iron safe weighing four hundred pounds for Mgr. Biet from Ya-chou to Ta-chien-lu in twenty-two days. Old or decrepit people commonly travel along this road borne on the backs of porters. Many of the women porters carried seven packages of tea, nearly two hundred pounds, and



SANDALS WORN IN SSU-CH'UAN.



TIBETAN BOOTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

children of five and six trudged on behind their parents with one or two. The price paid for this work is twenty tael cents (about twenty-five cents) a package, and it takes about seventeen days to make the trip from Ya-chou. So far as my knowledge goes there are no porters in any other part of the world who carry such weights as these Ya-chou tea-coolies; and, strange as it may appear, they are not very muscular, and over half of them are confirmed opium smokers.

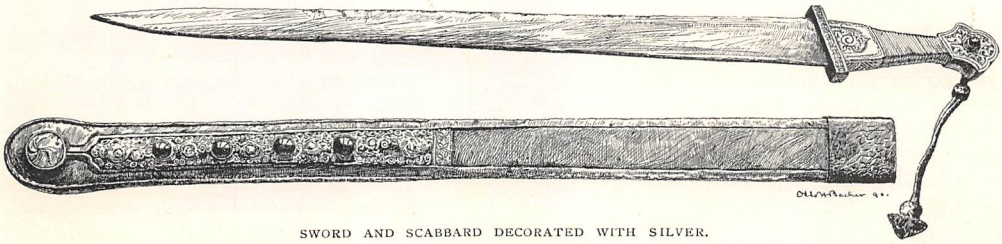
Irish potatoes, I have said, are one of the principal articles of diet at and around Ta-chien-lu, but in 1889 the crop was nearly a total failure; the potatoes rotted in the ground, and the poor people were greatly distressed over this inexplicable and unprecedented calamity. A day or two before I left town the mystery was explained. A peasant, while resting from his work in his little potato patch, heard the voice of the "chief of the potatoes" (*Yang-yao wa-wa*) as he spoke to his people, saying: "My children, this people of Ta-chien-lu are a stiff-necked, wicked lot, and I have felt it my duty to punish them, and not to leave you exposed to their contaminating influence, so we will all leave this country and seek another home. But as I don't wish the death of these sinners, but rather that they may repent and live, I have ordered our cousins the beans to remain behind, and so they will not starve."

The peasant came at once to town and repeated his story, which partly consoled the people for their loss, for they then knew that if the potato crop was to be a complete failure they would at least have an abundance of beans.

Some fifteen miles below Wa-ssŭ-k'ou is the famous suspension bridge across the T'ung River, the Lu-ting ch'iao. It was built in 1701, and is 370 feet long, 10 feet broad, and is, I should think, about 150 feet above the stream. Nine chains, which form the bed of the bridge, are wound around large windlasses placed in towers at each end, and by this simple method the bridge is kept taut and the swinging reduced to a minimum. Two other chains on each side form a rather frail fender, and two loose planks placed on the lower chains constitute the roadway, over which mules and horses can travel with ease if not with a sense of perfect security.

Ssu-ch'uan and Yun-nan are famous for their suspension bridges, most of them similar to the Lu-ting bridge; one, however, that I saw near Huang-ni P'u is made of two round bars of iron and is about seventy-five feet long. How it was manufactured or put in place is a mystery to me, but it is a splendid piece of ironwork. The extremities of the rods are anchored behind large rocks.

About half a mile below the village of Lu-ting ch'iao the Catholic Tibetan mission has a station in the village of Sha-pa, and here I passed the night in the neat little vicarage surrounded by peach and pomelo,



SWORD AND SCABBARD DECORATED WITH SILVER.

SILVER CHATELAINE, SILVER-MOUNTED KNIFE, SEAL AND SEALING-WAX.

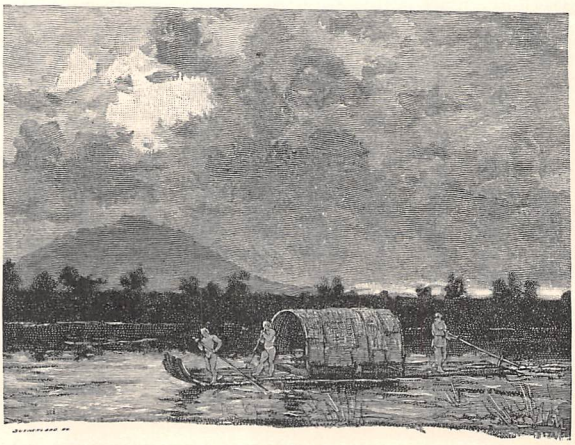
lemon[1] and plum trees laden with fruit, and a garden filled with salad plants and other vegetables dear to all good Frenchmen.

The following day we left the valley of the T'ung ho and by rough and steep paths reached the top of the Fei-yüeh ling (altitude 9400 feet), and on the 13th the pretty little town of Ni-t'ou. The people were in a state of excitement over the marriage of the belle of the place and the high price her prospective husband had had to pay for her: fifty taels to purchase a "number two wife" was highly creditable to the town which had given birth to such a treasure. The Ssu-ch'uanese are much given to selling girls, and large numbers are exported yearly from Ch'ung-ch'ing for Han-kou and Shanghai and other eastern cities. The price usually paid for one of six or seven years is from seven to ten taels. They are kindly reared by the stock farmer who buys them, receive a "liberal education with all modern accomplishments," and when they have attained the age of sixteen are easily disposed of at high prices. The trade has nothing cruel about it, and many of these girls are respected members of society in after life, and certainly enjoy many more material comforts than if they had been left in their poor villages. I have lived in homes of highly respectable Chinese where the wife had four or five little girls purchased with her savings, and they were treated with as much kindness and love as her own children.

At Yung-ching Hsien (altitude 3100 feet) tea culture begins, but unless particular inquiries on the subject are made one would not be likely to recognize the tea shrub of China in the trees, fifteen or twenty feet high, which bordered the fields, or in the heaps of big leaves and twigs drying in the sun the components of the brick tea of Tibet.

In a little village some ten miles below this town, and where I stopped for the night, my rest was much disturbed until nearly dawn by some one reciting in the peculiarly exasperating monotone in which all Chinese schoolboys are wont to indulge. On inquiry I learned that it was the innkeeper's son, preparing to go up to town for his examination for the degree of B. A.; and the innkeeper said that he and all the men of his family for the last three generations had passed this examination. This is a little village lost in the remote mountains of western Ssu-ch'uan: I doubt if such a thing could be heard of outside of China, Korea, and Japan; but in these countries it is common enough. On July 18 I reached Ya-chou, a pretty city on the right bank of the broad Ya River, which empties into the Fu ho (or, as we call it, the Min) at Chia-ting Fu. Besides being the greatest manufactory of brick tea in Ssu-ch'uan, Ya-chou is also the rainiest place in the province, while Yung-ching, not forty miles from it, is said to be the driest. The summer of 1889 had been exceptionally rainy, even for Ya-chou, and the authorities had been forced to take drastic measures to stop the deluge. They had had the north gate of the city closed! This was known to be an infallible means of putting a stop to the rain, and the people were delighted with the energy and determination of their chief magistrate in dealing with the rain gods.

At Ya-chou I hired a raft to take me down to Chia-ting, seventy miles. This is the only kind of craft which can navigate the shallow but swift and dangerous Ya ho. It is about thirty feet long and six wide, and is built of two sets of bamboo poles, the forward set bent up into a bow. A mat awning covers the middle of the raft, and two men row in the bow while one steers with a long sweep in the stern. It is a tolerably safe, rapid, but wet mode of travel. As cooking and sleeping on board are



A RAFT ON THE YA HO.

[1] Pomeloes (or *shaddocks*, as they are called in the West Indies) and lemons do not, however, reach maturity at this altitude (4500 feet).

impossible, it is not to be recommended when ascending the river.

The swift current carried us rapidly down through a country of great natural beauty. On each side the red sandstone of the mountains cropped out in numerous places among the vivid greens of the semi-tropical vegetation which covers the soil, while in the background rose the dark cloud-capped mountains I had recently been traveling across. The lowlands along the river were, wherever irrigation was possible, covered with paddy-fields; near every little white and black cottage a bunch of tall bamboo waved its long, graceful plumes, and banana, white-wax, and tea trees, with fields of sorghum and maize, nearly hid them from our view.

Some fifteen miles below the town we passed through a gorge about two miles long; creepers and ferns grew in every crevice of the high red sandstone cliffs rising on each side, and two torrents fell in dazzling mist from a height of several hundred feet over their perpendicular sides, and at their base the river swept over the rocks, spinning our frail craft in the whirlpools which covered its turgid surface.

The next morning we could see some thirty miles away to the west the dark, rugged mass of sacred O-mi shan, rising ten thousand feet above the plain, and a few miles ahead were the vine-covered walls of Chia-ting and its suburbs of thatched cottages hid in groves of bamboo and banana trees.

Here I staid only a day, the necessary time to hire a small boat to take me to Ch'ung-ch'ing (287 miles), where I arrived in two days, simply drifting with the current. The country between Chia-ting and Ch'ung-ch'ing was similar to that along the Ya ho, the valleys a little broader, the hills lower and less angular. From Sui Fu — where we entered the Yang-tzu — eastward the country has already been carefully described by former travelers, and the pace at which I was swept through it was not suited to collecting further details concerning it. But what struck me everywhere in Ssu-ch'uan was the prosperous appearance of the people in this the most densely populated province of the empire. It is said that there are 71,000,000 inhabitants in Ssu-ch'uan,[1] and I have seen less misery and less beggary in it than in any other province. The people are well dressed, well fed, happy, and hard-working, and famines in this garden-land are unheard-of calamities. Notwithstanding its teeming population it not only produces enough to supply its people with food, but its foreign trade in tea, silk, opium, medicines, etc. enriches its merchants and brings it all the products of other provinces and distant countries.

After staying at Ch'ung-ch'ing for ten days, the river being so high that no boatman would risk going down it, I left on August 4 for I-ch'ang (415 miles). Below Kuei-Chou (the border town of Ssu-ch'uan, and about 290 miles east of it) we entered the famous gorges of the Yang-tzu, where the great river is hemmed in in a narrow passage by masses of rock rising perpendicularly to over a thousand feet along each bank for miles at a time, and dashes along seething and eddying, hurrying eastward to be free. Here the skill of the helmsman came into play as he steered with unerring precision our cockleshell of a boat around the whirlpools, and by the rocks whose jagged points now and then jutted out of the river as when in the vortex of some larger eddy they could be seen for an instant. Once only did his hand err, and we at once were flying around helplessly like Jules Verne's *Nautilus* in the Malestrom. Dazed and sick from the rapidity of the motion, we crouched down in the bottom of the boat, which creaked and cracked and rolled as if about to capsize. After a minute or so the whirling slackened a little, and the men, seeing the whirlpool receding, bent their oars with a great shout and safely got us out. Had the bow of the boat got into the vortex and not across it, as it fortunately did, it certainly would have been swamped.

We passed heavily laden junks slowly working their way upstream amidst what to any but the Chinese would have appeared insurmountable difficulties. A hundred naked, shouting, and arm-swinging trackers dragged each one slowly along, now straining every muscle at the long tow-line, now slacking up as a man seated at the bow of the boat directed them with the beat of a small drum held between his knees. Below the rapids other junks were preparing to enter them with much burning of joss-paper and firing of crackers, and near by was a little lifeboat station, with two or three "red boats" ready to pick up any one in case of accident. Below all of the rapids on the Yang-tzu are lifeboat stations, which, like many other charities in China, are kept up solely by private subscription and render the greatest service to the enormous population employed on the river.[2]

And so I traveled rapidly on, stopping at night at some town or village to buy food and

[1] Memorandum of the Board of Works (*Hu-pu*), giving the population of the empire in 1885. Manuscript note to the author.

[2] I have seen recently in a paper that the Chinese ignore charity, that they have no charitable institutions, etc. Such ignorance is unpardonable even among a people as grossly prejudiced against the Chinese as we are. A volume could be written about the charitable institutions of China, of the soup-houses, orphanages, schools, refuges, etc. in every town and village of the empire, but *cui bono?* Something else would be found with which to reproach the "Mongolian."

to wait for daylight in order to continue my journey. Between the different gorges (there are five principal ones) the country was very beautiful; here and there some little valley opened on the river and far away I could see high, pine clad hills. Villages hid in the foliage of bastard banyans and other widespreading shade trees occupied every level bit of land, many even built against the steep face of the hills overhanging the river. Frequently we saw the wreck of some unfortunate boat, or one less unlucky beached, its crew busily occupied in removing the cargo or repairing its battered hull.

The rapidity of the current when the river is in flood can be conceived from the fact that my boat reached I-ch'ang in fifty-seven hours, the total distance, as before stated, being 415 miles. The question of steam navigation on this mill-race is one interesting a large proportion of the foreign community in China, and I have read and heard a great deal about its feasibility. That a small steamer might, after great labor, be got up to Ch'ung-ch'ing, I believe is possible, but that regular remunerative steam navigation could be established is another question; and if only boats similar to the one built a few years ago to attempt the ascent are used, I believe it will be a very long time before Ch'ung-ch'ing will hear the lively steamer's whistle.

At I-ch'ang my boat journey was at an end, and here also, as far as my readers are concerned, ceases all interest in my wanderings of over 4500 odd miles in the Chinese Empire.

W. Woodville Rockhill.

THE UTOPIAN POINTER.

COLONEL CLACK, Pompey Clack, the tavern-keeper at Sparty, or, as the learned called it, Sparta, belonged to that well-distributed type of individuals the chief, almost the sole, aim of whose life seems to be to impress the world with the sense of their own importance, and who somehow never advance one iota towards the desired end. With this purpose he invariably opposed everybody in everything; was always going against the current. What had been said of a worthier man was repeated of him, that if he were drowned it would be necessary to dredge upstream to find his body. Not even the ninth commandment, nor, as to that, a whole decalogue, could bar him from surpassing his neighbors in all things, from the size of a pumpkin or turnip to the width of his reputation as a landlord, or the number of his aristocratic friends. Doubtless some part of our worthy's unpopularity sprang from a more venial sin — the habit of advice-giving; for when was the giver of advice, especially if it be good advice, ever popular?

At any rate, not even his title — and that was before the day in which colonels cut the figure in the census that they now do, but when a title, even if acquired in the militia, threw a kind of halo around a man — could in any measure give him either the respect or the esteem of his fellow-men.

A ripple, almost a wave, ran through the quiet life of the place — for next to practical jokes dullness was the chief product of Sparta — when it was known one day that General Lark, an immensely wealthy friend of Colonel Clack's, had sent on a fine dog, intending himself to follow in a few weeks for the fall shooting. The dust of the departing stage was hardly laid before the colonel had apprised the whole town of the event down to the minutest particular.

When a new rope had been secured and the dog made fast to the big aspen in the tavern back yard the town was invited around to look at a rich man's dog and see him eat. The bill of fare had been rigidly prescribed by the general, and there was to be no stint of it. For that breed of pointers, it was explained, were liberal, very liberal feeders, and to stint one in the least was to spoil his hunting qualities forever.

Colonel Clack was a close, an exceedingly close man, but this guest at least never knew it. The mountains of saleratus biscuit, fried ham and eggs, and chicken pie which that small animal caused to vanish were worthy of a place in history. It looked like magic.

"Blessed if his hide would hold half of it," muttered a bystander.

"Where do Utopian pointers come f'om, anyhow?" asked another.

"Oh, from Utopia, of course," was the colonel's patronizing reply.

"But where 's Utopia? 'Tain't in no geography I studied," went on the inquisitor.

"Utopia! Why, Utopia 's in — ahem — why, Utopia, you know, 's in the old country. There must have been a leaf out of your geography. My friend General Lark's estates are all in Utopia. In fact, I reckon he owns about half the country, from what I can hear, though he ain't none of your bragging men."

All of the dog's fine points, his length and sharpness of nose, his wealth of ears, tail, and

dewlap, were dwelt on with much iteration. Even the fabulous sum he cost was not withheld. According to careful weights and estimates it was found that he was worth just twice his weight in silver. Now it must be borne in mind that by the unwritten law of our neighborhood a dollar for a dog was a price as immutable as a cent for a cake.

No shooting on the wing had then ever been done in our vicinity, and whether it was possible to kill a partridge flying was with us a moot question, much as aërial navigation is with the world at large now. That it was to be settled at last, and in the most brilliant circumstances, of course added to the interest taken in the new boarder.

As to the hero himself, he seemed to take it all with that dignified indifference which is the essence of greatness. At long intervals he would languidly open one eye,— never but one at a time, as if with that he could take in enough, and more than enough, of his present environment,— gaze abstractedly straight ahead, and then as languidly close it again. It was clear that the curiosity was all on one side.

The most marvelous feature of all was that the appearance of the dog changed not a whit. If at the expiration of nearly three weeks he had gained an ounce in weight, no one could see it. His ribs still stood out in precisely the same relief that they showed when the little skeleton first favored us with his presence. He had daily given the lie to, nay, even had reversed, the mathematical maxim that the greater necessarily includes the lesser, and for all results the cargoes of saleratus biscuit, fried ham and eggs, and chicken pie might just as well have been dumped into the creek.

The resources of our neighborhood were great, almost boundless, but it was daily becoming plainer that they were inadequate to a Utopian appetite. But the colonel would exclaim twenty times a day:

"Let him eat, boys. Let him eat. Let him eat up the town if he feels like it, houses and all. His master 's able and willing to foot the damages. You 'll never get another such a chance to get rid of your property."

And as the colonel was purveyor, we let him eat. The day preceding the advent of the famous visitor had come. The interest had intensified and grown in an accumulative ratio from the beginning, extending farther and farther into the country and bringing such crowds to the tavern back yard that every day looked almost like circus days. Then it was that strange rumors, very faint, very confused, and very contradictory, diffused themselves throughout the neighborhood. I say diffused themselves, because, though everybody knew them, no one could for his life tell from whom they came. The gist of these were that Skilikin, a dog belonging to old Uncle Jesse Ratler, the free negro mattress-maker, had mysteriously disappeared. Also somebody remembered having heard somebody else say that a short while back Rufe Smiley had been seen to cut across the fields leading a small dog, and to head off the stage just beyond the big bamboo thicket in the bottom. When Rufe was met a moment later as he walked unconcernedly whistling up the road, the dog, in the words of the negro informant, had "banished, des nately banished." Nothing could be learned from Smiley, who had just moved off a long way down the country, while the stage-driver had suddenly been taken sick, very sick, at the farthest end of the line.

Then all at once it became clear that everybody had had their doubts from the beginning. It was wonderful how unanimous all had been on this point. Many now recollected Rufe's boast of getting even for the eternal lectures on driving ungreased, screeching wagons delivered him by old Cato, a name with which, from his smattering of classical lore, he had been able to dub the colonel.

"Allus 'peared to me leck yuh er-rer Stew-openin p'inter en yuh Norf C'liny rabbit dawg was mons'ous clost kin," humbly suggested Uncle Tobe Leeman, the free negro barber, as, late on the afternoon of the same day, he stood respectfully near a group of white men seated under the big oak discussing General Lark and his dog. Each after his manner had spoken words to the same effect.

Bright and early on the very morning of the long-looked-for day our colonel might have been seen taking his way down through the most retired part of his garden in the direction of the woods. From the earnest manner in which he kicked off a couple of back palings to afford egress it was plain that he was undergoing considerable perturbation of mind. Not till he had plunged deep into the dense "piney" old field that shut in the town did he pause. I have neglected to state that in his right hand he grasped a stout new buggy whip, in the left the new rope, and that on the other end of the latter was the Utopian pointer. After long fumbling, with the assistance of his teeth and with much profanity, he untied the knot and applied, or rather attempted to apply, the whip. But the dog, as nonchalantly as if discussing the menu of the tavern back yard, easily eluded the strokes by tacking and doubling among the pines. The colonel was very fat, very short-winded, and very irascible, and it took only a half-dozen or so slips and falls on the treacherous brown carpet of newly fallen pine needles, amid which it did seem that the small stones had been sown expressly for the occasion, to work him up into

a very energetic frame of mind. In fact, so entirely did he throw his soul into the race that he soon lost sight of time and place.

After a while the town — and, all agog to see whether Rufe would carry his prank to extremity by appearing and personating the general, the neighborhood had flocked in betimes — was edified by the spectacle of a small brindle dog keeping just ahead of a hatless, breathless gentleman, whose flushed face gleamed through his gray side-whiskers like a ripe June apple through a caterpillar web. If the Utopian pointer had been out simply for his forenoon constitutional he could not possibly have loped more serenely up the street. Occasionally getting too far ahead, he would stop, turn short around, and wait for the colonel to catch up, deigning only now and then with one eye to throw at him a languid, abstracted glance. Molinos, the father of Quietism, himself could not, under the circumstances, have evinced less resentment or surprise. At the proper moment he would wheel and continue his progress.

The mad antics that staid, dignified old Sparta cut under high heaven that day I will not now disclose. Suffice it to say that Momus, grumbling old Momus, god of laughter, himself could have found no fault with the rites paid him then.

Colonel Clack at once sold out and left the State. The dog, who from the nearest safe vantage-ground had kept an eye on the scene of his former bliss, moved in as the colonel moved out, and quietly resumed his old place under the aspen.

Years passed away. The day on which the Spartan Grays, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, marched off to succor Beauregard at Manassas, came around. It seemed that all the quiescent energy of generations burst forth then. The band played, flags waved, young and old, rich and poor, white and black, lined the streets and with a living voice gave us God-speed as we filed proudly out. Almost the last glimpse of my native place was of the aspen, now grown old and scraggy, with the Utopian pointer, in nowise changed, sleeping calmly at its root. As the company came abreast of the spot and the trumpet blared its loudest, the same languid eye opened, took it all in, and closed again.

David Dodge.

GIVE ME NOT TEARS.

DESPAIR.

DEAR, when you see my grave,
Oh, shall you weep?
Ah, no! That were to have
Mistaken care;
But when you see my grave,
I pray you keep
Sunshine of heart that time doth lay me there,
Where veiling mists of dream guard endless sleep.

Though the young life we mourn
That, blooming, dies,—
Ere grief hath made forlorn
This other face,—
Still sadder are the eyes,
The cheeks more worn
Than show the dead, of those who seek love's grace:
Death is the gentlest of the world's replies.

JOY.

DEAR, when the sun is set
From my life's air,
And your eyes, newly wet
With tears for me,
Make my sky darker yet,—
Remember where
Your eyes in light laved all my destiny:
Weep not, weep not; since so much love was there!

Remember that through you
My rapture came:
I gained from faith so true
More than I asked,—
For not the half I knew
My need might name,
Until I saw the soul your love unmasked:
Then crave not of the night my vanished flame.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.—V.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

A VISIT OF CEREMONY.

THE Honorable I. B. Kerfoot, presiding judge of the district court of Fairfax County, Virginia, and the gallant Major Thomas C. Yancey, late of the Confederate army, had been the colonel's guests at his hospitable house in Bedford Place for a period of six days and six nights, when my cards—two—were given to Chad, together with my verbal hopes that both gentlemen were within.

My visit was made in conformity with one of the colonel's inflexible rules—every guest under his roof within one week of his arrival was to be honored by a personal call from every friend within reach.

No excuse would have sufficed on the ground of flying visits. Indeed, so far as these particular birds of passage were concerned, the occupation was permanent, the judge having taken possession of the only shake-down sofa on the lower floor, and the warlike major having plumped himself into the middle of the colonel's own and only bed not ten minutes after his arrival. Even to an unpractised Northern eye, unaccustomed to the prolonged sedentary life of the average Virginian when a guest, there was every indication that these had come to stay.

Chad laid both of my cards on the table and indulged in a pantomime more graphic than any spoken word. He shut his eyes, laid his cheek on one hand, and gave a groan of intense disgust, followed by certain gleeful chuckles made the more expressive by the sly jerking of his thumb towards the dining-room door and the bobbing up and down of his forefinger in the direction of the bedroom above.

"Bofe in. Yes, sah! Bofe in, an' bofe abed. Last I yeard from 'em dey was hollerin' for juleps."

I entered the dining-room and stopped short. On a low sofa at the far end of the room lay a man of more than ordinary girth, with coat, vest, and shoes off, his face concealed by a newspaper. From beneath this sheet came at regular intervals a long-drawn sound like the subdued puff of a tired locomotive at rest on a side track. Beside him was an empty tumbler decorated with a broken straw and a spray of withered mint.

The summer air fanned through the closed blinds of the darkened room, and played with the silvery locks that straggled over the white pillow; the paper rose and fell with a crinkling noise, keeping time to the rhythm of the exhaust. Beyond this there was no movement. The Hon. I. B. Kerfoot was asleep.

I watched the slowly heaving figure for a moment, picked up a chair, and gently closed the door. I could now look the colonel in the face. My account with the judge was settled.

Retiring to the yard outside, which was cool and shady and, despite its dilapidated appearance, a grateful relief from the glare of the street, I tilted my chair against the dissipated wall, with its damaged complexion of scaling whitewash, and sat down to await the colonel's return.

Meanwhile Chad busied himself about the kitchen, moving in and out the basement door, and at last brought up a great tin pan, seated himself on the lower step and proceeded to shell pease, indulging all the while in a running commentary on the events of the preceding week.

One charm in Chad's conversation was its clearness. You always absorbed his meaning. Another was its reliability. When he finished you had the situation in full.

First came the duel.

"So dat Ketchem man done got away? Doan' dat beat all! An' de colonel a-makin' his will an' a-rubbin' up his old barkers. Can't have no fun yer naaway; sumpin' allers spiles it. Yer oughter seen de colonel dat day w'en he come home! Sakes alive, warn't he b'ilin'! Much as Jedge Keerfoot could do to keep him from killin' dat Yankee on de street."

Chad's long brown fingers fumbled among the green pea-shells, which he heaped up on one side of the pan, and the conversation changed to his master's "second in the field." I encouraged this divergence, for I had been charged by Fitz to find out when these two recent additions to the household intended returning to their native clime; that loyal friend of the colo-

nel being somewhat disturbed over their preparations for what promised to be a lengthy stay.

"'Fo' de Lawd, I doan' know! Tom Yancey nebber go s' long as de mint patch hol' out, an' de colonel bought putty near a ba'el ob it dis mawnin', an' anudder dimijohn from Mister Grocerman. Makes my blood bile to see dese Yanceys, anyhow. See dat carpet bag w'at he fotch wid him? Knowed w'at he had in it w'en he opened its mouf an' de jedge tuk his own clothes outen it? A pair ob carpet slippers, two collars, an' a lot ob chicken fixin's. Not a shirt to his back 'cept de one he had on! Had to stay abed yisteddy till I ironed it. Dar 's one ob his collars on de line now. Dese yer Yanceys no 'count no way. Beats de lan' how de colonel can put up wid 'em, 'cept his faader was quality. You know de old gineral married twice, de las' time his oberseer's daughter. Dat 's her chile—Tom Yancey—'sleep now on de colonel's bed upstairs wid a straw in his mouf like a shote. But de colonel say 't ain't Tom's fault dat he takes after his mammy; he's a Yancey, anyhow. But I tell you, Major, Miss Nancy doan' hab nuffin' much to do wid 'im—she can't abide 'im."

"How long are they going to stay, Chad?" I asked, wishing to make a definite report to Fitz.

"Doan' know. Ole groun'-hog mighty comf'ble in de hole." And he heaped up another pile of shells.

"Fust night de jedge come he tol' de colonel dat Miss Nancy say we all got to come home when de month 's up, railroad or no railroad. Dat was a week ago. Den de jedge tasted dat Madary Mister Grocerman sent, an' I ain't yerd nuffin' 'bout goin' home since. Is you yerd, Major?"

Before I could answer, a shutter opened overhead and a voice came sifting down.

"O Chad! Mix me a julep. And, Chad, bring an extra one for the colonel. I reckon he 'll be yer d'reckly."

"Yes, sah," replied Chad, without lifting his eyes from the pan.

Then glancing up and finding the blind closed again, he said to me in a half-whisper:

"Colonel get his julep when he ax fur it. I ain't caayin' no double drinks to nobody. Dis ain't no camp-meetin' bar."

But Chad's training had been too thorough to permit of his refusing sustenance or attention to any guest of his master's, no matter how unworthy, and it was not many minutes before he was picking over "de ba'el" containing that peculiar pungent variety of plant so common to the graveyards of Virginia.

Before the cooling beverage had been surmounted by its delicate mouthpiece the street gate opened and the colonel walked briskly in.

"Ah, Major! You here? Just the vehy man we wanted, suh! Fitz and the English agent are comin' to dinner. You have heard the news, of co'se? No? Not about the great syndicate absorbing the Garden Spots? My dear suh, she 's floated! The C. & W. A. L. R. R. is afloat, suh! Proudly ridin' the waves of prosperity, suh. Wafted on by the breeze of success."

"What, bought the bonds?" I said, jumping up.

"Well, not exactly bought them outright, for these gigantic operations are not conducted in that way; but next to it, suh. To-day,"—and he brought his hand down softly on my shoulder,—"to-day, suh, they have cabled their agent—the same gentleman, suh, you saw in my office some time ago—to make a searchin' investigation into the mineral and agricultural resources of that section of my State, with a view to extendin' its railroad system. I quote, suh, the exact words: 'extendin' its railroad system.' Think, my dear Major, of the effect that a colossal financial concern like the great British syndicate would produce upon Fairfax County, backed as it is, suh, by untold millions of stagnant capital absolutely rottin' in English banks! The road is built, suh!" And the colonel in his excitement opened his vest and coat and began pacing the yard, fanning himself vigorously with his hat.

Chad substituted a palm-leaf fan from the hall table, and producing a small waiter he picked up the frosted tumbler and mounted the three steps to relieve the thirsty guest on the floor above.

As he reached the front door a hand stretched out, and a voice said:

"Jes what I wanted."

"Dis julep, Jedge, is Major Yancey's."

"All the better." And nodding to the colonel and bowing gravely to me, the Hon. I. B. Kerfoot settled himself on the top of the front steps with very much the same air with which he would have occupied his own judicial bench.

With the exception that this julep was just begun and the other just ended, his Honor presented precisely the same outward appearance as when I discovered him asleep on the sofa.

His was, in fact, the extreme limit of dishabille permissible even on the hottest of summer afternoons in the most retired of back yards—no coat, no vest, no shoes. In one hand he held a crumpled collar and a high black silk stock; with the other he grasped the julep. His hair was tousled, his face shriveled up and pinched by his heavy nap, his eyes watery and vague. He reminded one of the man one sometimes meets in the aisle of a sleeping-car when one boards the train at a way station in the night.

"I hope you have had a refreshin' sleep,

Jedge," said the colonel. "My friend the major here did himself and me the honor of callin' upon you, but findin' that you were restin', suh, sought the cool of my coteyard until you should awake."

His Honor looked at me over the edge of his tumbler and bowed feebly. The straw remained glued to his mouth.

"I have been tellin' him, suh, of the extr'o'd'nary boom to-day in Garden Spots, as some of my young friends call the securities of my new road, work upon which will be begun next week."

The announcement made no impression upon the judge, his face remaining sleepily stolid until that peculiar gurgling sound, the death rattle of a dying julep, began, then a shade of sadness passed over it.

At that instant the shutter again opened overhead.

"Hello, Colonel! Home, are you? Chad, where 's my julep? Ah, Major, hope I see you vehy well, suh. Where 's Kerfoot?"

That legal luminary craned his head forward as far as it would go without necessitating any additional movement of his body, caught Yancey's eye as he leaned out of the window, and held up the empty glass.

When everybody had stopped laughing the colonel made a critical but silent examination of the judge, and, calling to Yancey, said:

"Gentlemen, we do not dine until seven. You will both have ample time to dress."

CHAD IN SEARCH OF A COAL-FIELD.

THE colonel was the first man downstairs. When he entered I saw at a glance that it was one of his gala nights, for he wore the ceremonial white vest and cravat, and had thrown the accommodating coat wide open. His hair, too, was brushed back from his broad forehead with more than usual care, each silver thread keeping its proper place in the general scheme of iron-gray; and his goatee was twisted to so fine a point that it curled upward like a fishhook. He had changed his shoes, his white stockings now being incased in low prunellas tied with a fresh ribbon, which hung over the toes like the drooping ears of a lapdog.

The attention that the colonel paid to these particular details was due, as he frequently said, to his belief that a man would always be well dressed who looked after his extremities.

"I can inva'iably, suh, detect the gentleman under the shabbiest suit of clothes, if his collar and stockings are clean. When, besides this, he brushes his hat and blacks his shoes, you may safely invite him to dinner."

Something like this was evidently passing in his mind as he stood waiting for his guests, his back to the empty grate; for he examined his hands critically, glanced at his shoes, and then excusing himself, turned his face, and taking a pair of scissors from his pocket proceeded leisurely to trim his cuffs.

"These duties of the dressin'-room, my dear Major, should have been attended to in their proper place; but the fact is the jedge is makin' rather an elaborate toilet in honor of our guest, and as Yancey occupies my bedroom, and the jedge is also dressin' there, my own accommodations are limited. I feel sure you will excuse me."

While he spoke the door opened, and his Honor entered in a William Penn style of make-up, ruffled shirt and all. He really was not unlike that distinguished peacemaker, especially when he carried one of the colonel's long pipes in his mouth. He had accumulated an increased amount of clothing since leaving the front steps. The upper half of the familiar butternut suit — the coat — still clung to him, but the middle and lower half had been supplanted by another vest and trousers of faded nankeen, the first corrugated into wrinkles and the second flapping about his ankles.

The colonel absorbed him at a glance, and with a satisfied air placed a chair for him near the window and handed him a palm-leaf fan.

Last of all came Yancey in a flaming red necktie, the only new addition to his costume — a part, no doubt, of the "chicken fixin's" found by Chad in the carpet bag.

The breezy ex-major seized my hand with the warmth of a lifelong friend; then moving over and encircling the colonel's coat collar with his arm, he lowered his voice to a confidential whisper and inquired about the market of the day with as much solicitude as though his last million had been filched from him on insufficient security.

When, a few minutes later, the round-faced man, the agent of the great English syndicate, entered, preceded by Fitz, nothing could have been more courtly than the way the colonel presented him to his guests — pausing at every name to recount some slight biographical detail complimentary to each, and ending by announcing with great dignity that his honored guest was none other than the very confidential agent and adviser of a group of moneyed magnates whose influence extended to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The agent, like many other sensible Englishmen, was a bluff, hearty sort of man, with a keen eye for the practical side of life and an equally keen enjoyment of every other, and it was not five minutes before he had located in his round head the precise standing and qualifications of every man in the room.

While Yancey amused him greatly as a type quite new to him, the colonel filled him with delight. "So frank, so courteous, so hospitable; quite the air of a country squire of the old school," he told Fitz afterward.

As a host that night at dinner the colonel was in his happiest vein, and by the time the coffee was served he had succeeded not only in entertaining the table in his own inimitable way, but he had drawn out from each one of his guests, not excepting the reticent Fitz, some anecdote or incident of his life, bringing into stronger relief the finer qualities of him who told it.

Kerfoot in a ponderous way gave the details of a murder case, tried before him many years ago, in which the judge's charge so influenced the jury that the man was acquitted, and justly so, as was afterward proved. Yancey related an incident of the war where he assisted, and bravely too, in carrying a wounded comrade from the field — and he only a drummer boy at the time. And Fitz was forced to admit that one of the largest financial operations of the day would have been a failure had he not stepped in at the critical moment and saved it.

Up to this point in the dinner not the slightest reference had been made to the railroad or its interests except by the impetuous Yancey, who asked Fitz what the bonds would probably be worth, and who was promptly silenced by the colonel with the suggestive remark that none were for sale, especially at that time.

When, however, by the direction of the colonel, the cloth was removed and the old mahogany table that Chad rubbed down every morning with a cork was left with only the glasses; a pair of coasters and their decanters, — the Madeira within reach of the judge's hand,— the colonel rose from his chair and spread out on the polished surface a stained and ragged map, labeled in one corner in quaint letters, "Lands of John Carter, Esquire, of Carter Hall." Only then was the colonel ready for business.

"This is the correct survey, I believe, Jedge," said the colonel.

The judge emptied his glass, felt all over his person for his spectacles, found them in the inside pocket of his nankeen waistcoat, and, perching them on the extreme end of his nose, looked over their rims and remarked that the original deeds of the colonel's estate had been based upon this map, and that, so far as he knew, it was correct. Then he added:

"The partition line that was made immejitly aafter the war, dividin' the estate between Miss Ann Caarter and yo'self, Colonel, was also tuk from this survey."

Fitz conferred with the agent for a moment and then asked the colonel where lay the deposit of coal of which he had spoken.

"In a moment, my dear Fitz," said the colonel, deprecatingly, and turning to the agent:

"The city of Fairfax, suh, that we discussed this mornin', will be located to the right of this section; the Tench runs here; the iron bridge, suh, should cross at this point," marking it with his thumb nail. "Or perhaps you gentlemen will decide to have it nearer the Hall. It is immaterial to me."

Then looking at Fitz: "I can't locate the coal, my dear Fitz; but I think it is up here on the hill at the foot of the range."

The agent lost interest immediately in the iron bridge over the Tench, and asked a variety of questions about the deposit, all of which the colonel answered courteously and patiently, but evidently with a desire to change the subject as soon as possible.

The Englishman, however, was persistent, while the judge's last sententious remark regarding the recent subdivision of the estate had awakened a new interest in Fitz.

What if this coal should not be on the colonel's land at all! He caught his breath at the thought.

It was Fitz's only chance to restore the colonel's fortunes; and although for obvious reasons he dared not tell him so, it was really the only interest the Englishman had in the scheme at all.

Indeed, the agent had frankly said so to Fitz, adding that he was anxious to locate a deposit of coal somewhere in the vicinity of the line of the colonel's proposed road; because the extension of certain railroads in which the syndicate was interested — not the C. & W. A. L. R. R., however — depended almost entirely upon the purchase of this vital commodity.

Full of these instructions the agent, after listening to a panegyric upon the resources of Fairfax County, interrupted rather curtly a glowing statement of the colonel's concerning the enormous value of the Garden Spot securities by asking this question:

"Are the coal lands for sale?"

Fitz shivered at its directness, fearing that the colonel would catch the drift affairs were taking and become alarmed. His fears were groundless; the shot had gone over his head.

"No, suh! My purpose is to use it to supply our shops and motive power."

"If you should decide to sell the lands I would make an investigation at once," replied the agent, quietly, but with meaning in his voice.

The colonel looked at him eagerly.

"Would you at the same time consider the purchase of our securities?"

KERFOOT TAKING A JULEP.

"I might."

"When would you go?"

"To-morrow night, or not at all. I return home in a week."

Yancey and the judge looked at each other inquiringly with a certain anxious expression suggestive of some impending trouble. The judge recovered himself first and quickly filled his glass, leaving but one more measure in the decanter. This measure Yancey immediately emptied into his own person, as perhaps the only place where it would be entirely safe from the treacherous thirst of the judge.

Fitz read in their faces these mental processes, and was more determined than ever to break up at once what he called "the settlement."

"Are you sho, Colonel," inquired Kerfoot, catching at straws, "that the coal lands lie entirely on yo' father's property? Does not the Barbour lan' jine yo's on the hill?"

"I am not positively sho, suh, but I have always understood that what we call the coal hills belonged to my father. You see," said the colonel, turning to the agent, "this grade of wild lan' is never considered of much value with us, and a few hundred acres mo' or less is never insisted on among old families of our standin' whose estates jine."

Yancey expanded his vest and said authoritatively that he was quite sure the coal hills were on the Barbour property. He had shot partridges over that land many a time.

The agent, who had listened calmly to the discussion, remarked dryly that until the colonel definitely ascertained whether he had any lands to sell it would be a useless waste of time to make the trip.

"Quite so," said Kerfoot, raising the emptied decanter to his eye and replacing it again with a look at Yancey expressive of the contempt in which he held a man who could commit so mean an act.

"But, Colonel," said Fitz, "can't you telegraph to-morrow and find out?"

"To whom, my dear Fitz? It would take a week to get the clerk of the cote to look through the records. Nobody at Barbour's knows."

"Does Miss Nancy know?"

The colonel shook his head dubiously.

Fitz's face suddenly lighted up as he started from his seat and caught the colonel by the arm.

"Does Chad?"

"Chad! Yes, Chad might."

Fitz nearly overturned his chair in his eagerness to reach the top of the kitchen stairs.

"Come up here, Chad, quick as your legs can carry you—two steps at a time!"

Chad hurried into the room with the face of a man sent for to put out a fire.

"Chad," said the colonel, "you know the big hill as you go up from the marsh at home?"

"Yes, sah."

"Whose lan' is the coal on, mine or Jedge Barbour's?"

The old darky's face changed from an expression of the deepest anxiety to an effort at the deepest thought. The change was so sudden that the wrinkles got tangled up in the attempt, resulting in an expression of vague uncertainty.

"You mean, Colonel, de hill whar we cotch de big coon?"

"Yes," said the colonel, encouragingly, ignorant of the coon, but knowing that there was only one hill.

"Well, Jedge Barbour's niggers always said dat de coon was dere coon, 'ca'se he was treed on dere lan', and we 'sputed dat it was our coon, 'ca'se it was on our lan'."

"Who got the coon?" asked Fitz.

"Oh, *we* got de coon!" And Chad's eyes twinkled.

"That settles it. It 's your land, Colonel," said Fitz, with one of his sudden roars, in which everybody joined but Chad and the judge.

"But den, gemmen,"—Chad was a little uncomfortable at the merriment,—"it was our coon for sho. I knowed whar de line went, 'ca'se I he'p Marsa John kerry de spy-glass when he sold de woodlan's to Jedge Barbour, an' de coon was on our side ob dat line."

If Chad's first statement caused nothing but laughter, the second produced nothing but the profoundest interest.

Here was the surveyor himself!

The colonel turned the map to Chad's side of the table. Every man in the room stood up and craned his head forward.

"Now, Chad," said the colonel, "this map is a plan of our lan'—same as if you were lookin' down on it. Here is the road to Caartersville. See that square, black mark? That 's Caarter Hall. This is the marsh and that is the coal hill. Now, standin' here in the marsh,—this is where our line begins, Fitz,—standin' here, Chad, in the marsh, which side of the line is that hill on? Mine or Jedge Barbour's?"

The old man bent over the table and scanned the plan closely.

"W'at 's dis blue wiggle lookin' like a big fish-wum?"

"That 's the Tench River."

Chad continued his search, his wrinkled brown hand, with its extended forefinger capped by its stumpy nail, looking for all the world like a mud turtle with head out crawling over the crumpled surface of the map.

"Scuse me till I run down to de kitchen an' git my spec's. I can't see like—"

"Here, take mine!" said Fitz, handing him his gold ones. He would have lent him his eyes if he could have found that coal-field the sooner.

The turtle crawled up slowly, its head thrust out inquiringly, inched along the margin of the map, and backed carefully down again, pausing for such running commentaries as, "Dis yer 's de ribber"; "Dat 's de road"; "Dis de ma'sh."

The group was now a compact mass, every eye watching Chad's finger as though it were a divining rod—Fitz full of smothered fears lest after all the prize should slip from his grasp; the agent anxious but reserved; Yancey and the judge hovering between hope and despair, with eyes on the empty decanter; and last of all the colonel, on the outside, holding a candle himself so that his guests might see the better—the least interested man in the room.

Presently the finger stopped and Chad looked up into his master's face.

"If I was down dar, Marsa George, jes a minute, I could tole ye, 'ca'se I reckelmember de berry tree whar Marsa John had de spyglass sot on its legs. I held de pole on de rock way up yander on de hill, an' in dat berry rock Marsa John done cut a crotch."

"And which way is the crotch in the rock from the marsh here?" asked Fitz, eagerly.

Chad stood up, looked at the plan glistening under the candlelight, paused an instant, then took off the gold-rimmed glasses and handed them with great deference to Fitz.

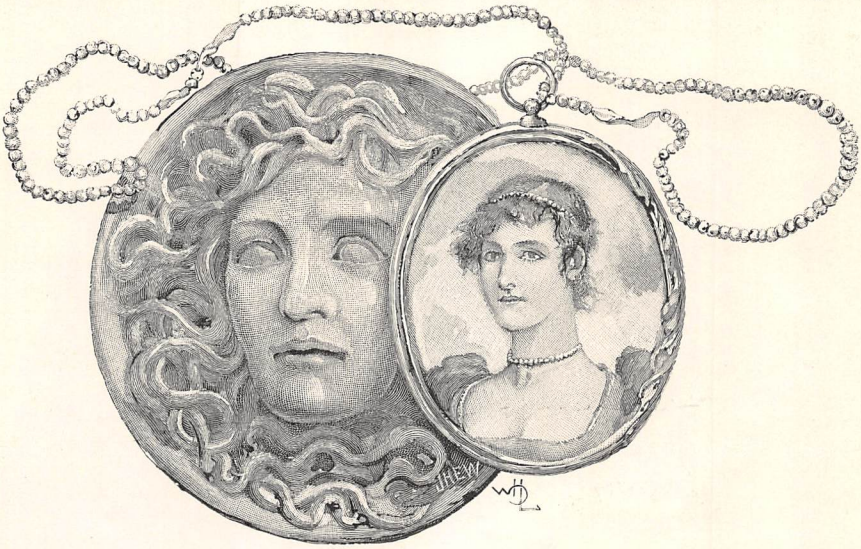
"'T ain't no use, Marsa George. I kin go frough dat ma'sh blindfolded in de night an' cotch a possum airy time along airy one ob dem fences; but dis yer foolin' wid lan's on paper is too much for Chad. 'Fo' Gawd, I doan' know!"

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

"I DOAN' KNOW."

PENHALLOW



"THE witches are after me! Mr. Winn, Mr. Winn! The witches are after me! They 're tormenting me almost to death!"

I put my hands over my ears to shut out the hateful utterance, and involuntarily closed my eyes also, as though I could thereby dispel the mental picture that the words had evoked. I was in the little attic chamber at the end of the poorhouse, for which room I had begged in order to be as far as possible from the inmates, and she was in her usual place on the south steps, where the sun lay warm the greater part of the day. Vital heat she could not have had.

"The witches are after me! They 're tormenting me almost to death!"

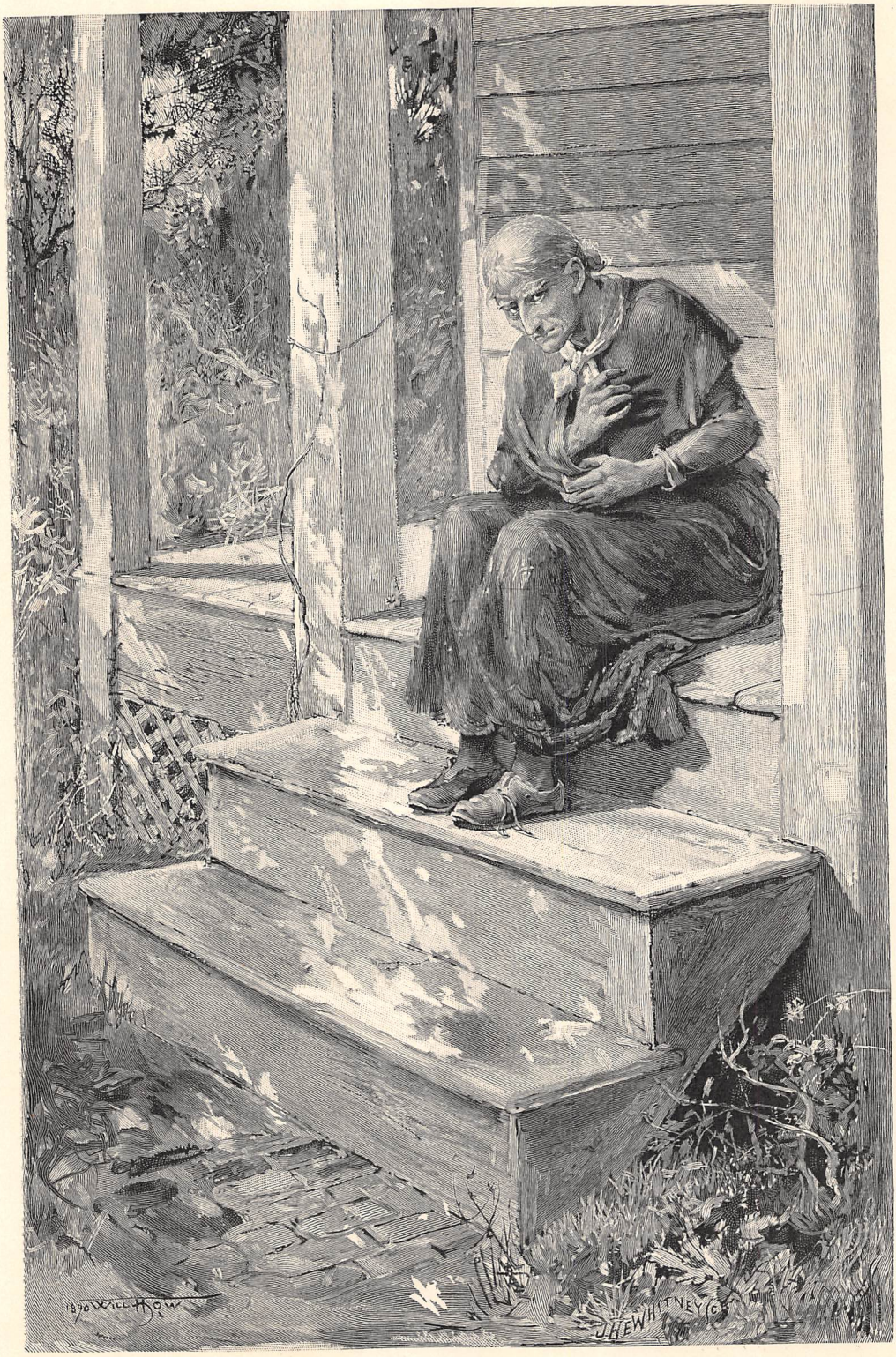
The words ended with a wail such as might have been uttered by a lost soul condemned to wander on earth through indefinite time. In the darkness that I had created I only saw more vividly a skeleton form — a mummy rather, with a skin like brown leather, drawn so tightly over its hairless skull that the eyes, in which lingered most of the life of the creature who had once been a woman, seemed to be starting from their sockets. One could only guess at her height, for her form was bent nearly double, except when she would straighten herself in a moment of passion, and then hobble after some boys who had mockingly chanted, as they passed by, the rhymes that her name or her habits had suggested:

> Old Sally Waters,
> Sitting in the sun!"

She was clad in the almshouse uniform, consisting of a short skirt of gray linsey-woolsey, and a round waist with a little cape reaching to the shoulders. A sharp watch had to be kept upon her to prevent her tearing off strips of this gown for the strange purpose for which she coveted them. No definite information in regard to the length of time old Sally Waters had been at the poorhouse could be obtained from the records, which, particularly in the earlier days, had been carelessly kept: the people in the neighborhood, who had owned their farms for generations, could only say that she had "allers been there," and that she looked as she did now when boys who had become grandfathers had called out to her as she sat in the glare of the July sunshine:

> "Old Sally Waters
> Sitting in the sun,
> Crying and weeping
> For a young man!"

On stormy days, shutting herself into her bedroom, she would look over the contents of a battered little blue-painted chest that stood by the head of her bed and which she guarded with jealous care: her treasure — probably charms against the witches that haunted her — was in the form of hundreds of knotted woolen rags, that had been torn from her gown and which contained cuttings of her nails. She had taken the most singular and unfortunate fancy to me, greeting me on my home-coming, a week before, with the words:



SALLY WATERS.

"You 've been long gone, Martina!"

And then, in some unfathomable emotion, she had begun crooning some gibberish to herself, varied by those wild shrieks.

Had she overheard my name in some chance mention by my father or mother? Dolt though old Sally Waters was, there were gleams of intelligence — cunning rather — that she now and then displayed, usually in connection with evading the watch kept upon her destructive propensity. It seemed to be a mark of favor that she had shown me her chest of disgusting relics, and even, with gestures commanding secrecy, displayed another charm that was likewise tied up in a gray flannel rag and worn suspended about her neck by a leather string.

Towards the other paupers she exhibited a frightful temper, varied at times by a ludicrous assumption of dignity and command. Her meals were brought to her in a corner of the dining-room apart from the rest, and in such terror were the other inmates of the house of the haunted atmosphere which old Sally Waters seemed to have created about herself, that none of them ever ventured to seat themselves in the straight-backed wooden chair that she called hers.

I hated the miserable creatures whose lives were spent in gossiping and quarreling, whose sole ambition was to have the biggest pieces of pie on the days when mother had dessert for a treat. The very situation of the big, square, unpainted building, just below the crest of the hill, stifled me. On its other side, upon the gentle slope towards the river, was soon to be life such as I loved; but only cognizant were those in the almshouse of it all by the whistle and roar of the passing trains, many of which stopped at Penhallow station. This year the house from which the station was named — Penhallow Place — was to be reopened, after having stood vacant for forty years, transformed into a summer hotel by the aid of an army of carpenters and upholsterers.

Its many advantages were eloquently set forth in the circular:

"It stands upon high ground on the banks of the most beautiful part of the Merrimac, with fishing, boating, and bathing at the command of the guests. At the foot of the extensive lawn, in front of the house, shaded by magnificent elms of centuries' growth, is the highroad, leading, in either direction, to some of the most charming nooks and corners of New Hampshire. But what will, perhaps, as much as anything, recommend it to lovers of natural scenery, is its exceptional facilities for communication with Boston, it being but a little over an hour's ride thence, while the station is almost opposite the house."

Notwithstanding the beauty of the surrounding country, it seemed hitherto to have escaped the notice of the crowd of summer invaders. So the new hotel created a good deal of talk among the people about, and several girls whom I knew had taken places there as help. Mrs. Wason had offered me a situation, and I was glad of any opportunity to escape from the poorhouse. I was now taking the last stitches in the big white aprons that we were to wear, for Mrs. Wason wanted us to look tidy and nice before the Boston folks.

Two years before my home had been ten miles farther back in the country, in a little house surrounded by apple and pear trees that father had raised from the seed. In May it was like living in the midst of a bouquet. But the land was rocky and poor; father was getting too old to do the work alone, and it cost considerable to hire help; so when he had a chance to take charge of the poorhouse he and mother decided to make the change. I was away at school, and only sixteen. I spent the whole day crying over the sorry news. The idea of going home to the county almshouse was insupportable; so when vacation came I taught district school till the academy opened in the autumn. I intended to teach again the following summer, but a girl from Laconia got the place I wanted, so there seemed nothing for me to do but to come home and help mother with the housework and the sewing for the paupers.

It was even worse than I had anticipated, for I had not reckoned upon old Sally Waters as a factor in the almshouse life. But there were other reasons besides release from its hateful atmosphere that made me jump up and down with joy when father gave me Mrs. Wason's message; for to me Penhallow Place was enchanted ground.

II.

EIGHTY years before there had been no railroad holding on its string two or three bustling manufacturing towns; no highroad led past the lawn, and the thriving village of to-day was represented by a blacksmith's shop two miles distant. The almshouse did not then lurk upon the hill behind — an uncanny reverse side to the picture of light and love and laughter at Penhallow Place. There was a farmhouse or two in the country around, but for the most part the land for miles about belonged to the Penhallows.

The great white house loomed up, with its wings and broad verandas, the whole façade unbroken save by the portico, to which the driveway led, after sweeping around the lawn in front, which in those days was bordered

by a double row of magnificent elms. That lovely unbroken stretch of greensward had been the pride of Madam Penhallow's heart. Now the lawn, despite the grandiloquent description of the circular, was not a quarter of its former extent, and the trees stood isolated on a dusty strip of land, known as "the Common," between the road and the railroad track. In the old days the driveway had wound a mile along the river's bank before it emerged from the private grounds, where now the village with its houses huddled thick together and an ill-smelling tannery had taken the place of field and meadow and woodland.

I had never wearied of listening to descriptions of the life in the great house eighty years before; how the rooms had been furnished, what great parties had been given, and how the children had looked and dressed and what games they had played. They were always children to me, despite the fact that they had been grandfathers long before I was born. But best of all did I like to hear, and my grandmother to relate, how Madam Penhallow had looked; her picture was engraved upon my imagination from my very babyhood. It was her personality that exerted over me a charm that may have had in it something physical, for love of Madam Penhallow had been bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh to the girl — my great-grandmother — to whom she had been a kind though imperious mistress.

The story of that other life was running in my head now as I sat in my little room, while the voice from without now and again broke the thread of the retrospect:

"The witches are after me! They 're tormenting me almost to de-a-th!"

III.

Sarah Penhallow was an only child; her father, Colonel Penhallow,— his name figures prominently in Revolutionary times,— worshiped her; so did everybody, for that matter, from her lovers to the hired help. She was the last of the name, and her father was anxious to see her married; he was a proud man, and it would have killed him to picture the big colonial mansion falling into a stranger's hands. His daughter had the family pride; some said the family temper, too. But, if the latter charge were true, it only served in those early days to make her the more high-spirited and lovable; for, if she were quick, she was also generous and forgiving, and that kind wins more hearts than do the cold-blooded, even-tempered folks.

As a child I was inclined to be fanciful and dreamy, and this tendency was increased by the solitary life I led. All my starved imagination centered about one personality — that of Sarah Penhallow. Not even the miserable end of a life that had begun in unclouded sunshine could shake my allegiance to her; about her was the whole atmosphere, so familiar to other children, wherein fairy godmothers, the "three wishes" of elfin munificence, flying horses, and glass mountains play their part. She was the beautiful princess for whom many a brave young prince would gladly have laid down his life. Whatever was good and true and lovely, whatever gave heart to the struggle to lift myself into a better and brighter world than the one in which the sordid struggle for existence held sole sway, was inspired by the ever-present image in my mind of that one woman.

There were gay goings on at the Place when on her twentieth birthday she was married. William MacNeil was poor, but as well born as herself; after his marriage he called himself MacNeil Penhallow. Soon there were two children, Ralph — there had been a Ralph Penhallow time out of mind in the family — and George. Then the old colonel died in a fit of apoplexy brought on by rage because his horse had not been properly groomed, and for a while it was quiet at the Place.

But before long the house was opened again, and the grand company came as before, in their own coaches, with outriders, from as far off as Portsmouth and Boston. The Penhallows were in the habit of going to the latter town for a few weeks in the winter and again for a few weeks when the General Court was sitting; but their hearts were always at Penhallow Place. The anniversary of their wedding day came in July, and the occasion was always celebrated by a grand ball. Come what might, they were always at Penhallow Place on that day.

They had two more children now — both boys. It was shortly after the birth of the last one that a change began to be observed in Madam Penhallow; some explained it by saying that she was growing like her father. She scolded the servants, and was often needlessly severe with the children; and then, to atone, would be indulgent beyond measure to both. She took offense at mere words with her friends, parted from several on trivial pretense, and seemed, by a certain aggressive bearing, to be constantly on the lookout for some ground of quarrel with all.

Her husband grew anxious about her health. Sometimes she would lie awake for several consecutive nights, and then would come a morning when her sleep would be so heavy that it was difficult to arouse her. She was restless, too, often spending the entire day in wandering from one room to another; again, she would seem possessed by a very demon of work, and

the embroidery needle would fly in her hands or the intricate lace grow beneath her rapid fingers; at other times she would sit for hours with her hands lying idle in her lap and a strange, fixed look in her eyes. There were those who shook their heads, but none liked to voice what was the thought of many. It was worse than either ill-temper or insanity.

Her husband repeatedly begged her to let him summon a doctor; she flew into a passion at the mere suggestion. It was not the first time that she had lost her temper with him, but never so violently as on that morning. The next moment she had her arm around his neck and was upbraiding herself for her angry words.

"I will do anything you wish, love," she cried, "only I will not see a doctor."

"Then we will try a change," he urged. "Let us go to Washington. No wonder you have become depressed and nervous, living in this great house alone in the woods."

She put her hand over his mouth in her loving, imperious fashion.

"Do not say another word against Penhallow Place!" she cried. "I could not live long away from it. Blind and crippled and idiotic, I should still crawl back, through sheer instinct, to die in its beloved shadow. But since you wish it, Mac, we will go to Washington for a little while."

It was then early in the fall, and, despite her words, it was not until late in the spring that they returned. Through the following summer the house was filled with a succession of guests; there was ball after ball; there were picnics, riding and boating parties without number; and the feverish activity of the previous year seemed now to find its vent in social excitement.

Another child was born; he was named for his father and grew up his living image, with a clear, pale complexion, blue eyes, and fair hair. He was his mother's darling, and in his presence her fits of passion were rare, for she could not bear to see the child shrink from her and raise his wondering eyes to her face. He did not cry, as other children might have done, but his grieved, shocked look speedily brought her to her senses, and a terrible fit of weeping would follow.

To a considerable degree he had his father's disposition, too — gentle, yielding, singularly sweet and sensitive. He gave up his toys to his brothers without a word; but if one of them, in sport, tormented his pet kitten, the little fellow's eyes would flash and his fist clench in Bonny's defense. No one with Penhallow blood in his veins could be a coward, but it sometimes seemed as though Mac were unfitted to fight his way through the world; however, it is often the gentlest nature that is capable of the stoutest resistance. The others were strong, sturdy boys, with whom it was take and fight, quarrel and make up, in hearty, boyish fashion; their differences left no rancor behind, for loyalty to one another was as prominent a characteristic of the Penhallows now as it had been long ago to Church and State, when to reward his "right faithful and loving subject, Ralph Penhallow," King Charles had granted to him certain lands in "ye New Plantation" that the family had held ever after.

Dating back to that visit to Washington, the children had become afraid of their mother; she was "so queer," the elder ones said among themselves. Only one person held the key of the mystery; and that person was her maid.

It was a sad time for poor Mr. Penhallow, although sadder days were yet to come. Mrs. Penhallow's temper was now common talk. Guests still came to the house, but the old-time feeling of open-handed hospitality was gone. It was like picnicking on top of a volcano.

Mr. Penhallow had always longed for a daughter; but little Mac was now ten years old, and it was unlikely that other children would be born to them. But when he heard, from his wife's own lips, that before long he would be a father again, he rejoiced as he had never done before in their married life, for from the first he made up his mind that the newcomer was to be a girl. He even decided upon her name. She should be called Elizabeth, after his mother.

Of late years the master of the house had shut himself up in his library. Naturally a quiet man, he had become a silent, even a moody, one. The children's laughter and frolic disturbed him, so they kept away from him, as well as from their mother. He had his own apartments, Madam Penhallow had hers; they met only at luncheon and dinner. Madam Penhallow's breakfast was taken to her own room. Her maid had orders never to disturb her morning nap, and all others were strictly forbidden to enter the apartment at any time.

Once Mr. Penhallow spoke to his wife of their new hope; perhaps he would fain have awakened some of the old feeling that had been between them. She checked him with a jeer at the unwonted display of affection, and, silenced, he returned to his library and his books; she to her own chamber — and her maid.

Much of the time there was spent in wild, long fits of weeping, that became more and more frequent as the time for her confinement drew near. If, in courteous, but never again loving, inquiry for her health her husband came to the door, he was met by the maid and the words:

"Madam Penhallow is lying down and must not be disturbed."

The child was born, a miserable, puny, little creature, and when the mother looked at it she cried:

"Take it away! It is the visible sign and token of my sin!"

Those around thought that she spoke in the ravings of delirium. But her maid understood.

The father took the child — his Elizabeth — to his heart of hearts. Her nature was in as utter a contrast to her brothers' as was her physical being. They were endowed with keen, bold intellects that united the strong, practical grasp of the Penhallows with the refined, scholarly tastes of the MacNeils. Little Elizabeth was hardly more robust in mind than in body. It took her days and weeks to master that which her brothers had acquired in one lesson. There was a hesitancy in her speech, and even the little that she said seemed to be an effort for her to conceive or to force herself to utter. It was to everybody's surprise and in refutation of the nurse's prediction that she had survived babyhood. Into her mother's presence the child was forbidden to come.

Yet with every year she grew more like her mother. But it was Madam Penhallow with the life gone; they were to each other like a crimson rose, fresh plucked on a June morning, and the same flower behind the glass of an embalmed funeral wreath.

She grew up at her father's side in the library. They took their meals there alone together; unlike the boys, she never disturbed him with an overflow of youthful spirits. She sat opposite to him in the big carved chair, speaking only in reply to some question; her big, dark eyes, that seemed to have absorbed all the life of the tiny little creature, fixed upon his face. Sometimes they would be seen crossing the lawn together, Elizabeth's solemn little steps keeping pace with those of her companion, her hand clasped in his. She never broke away, lured by the childish ambition of catching the big yellow butterfly that had just fluttered across their path, or loosened her hold that she might fill her hands to overflowing with the daisies and buttercups that starred their way. It was an unhealthy life for any child; for one with Elizabeth's inheritance of morbid tendencies it proved a fatal one.

There was an unlooked-for result that sprang from the father's exclusive devotion to his daughter. Madam Penhallow grew madly jealous; her love had become perverted to the venomous passion that claims all and would crush the very butterfly that distracts a glance of the beloved one. The servants whispered among themselves that it would not be safe to leave Miss Elizabeth to the mercies of her mother. If, by a seldom chance, the two met, Madam Penhallow cast such a look upon the quivering child as made Elizabeth seek the library and sob out her terror on her father's breast.

Three different lives were thus led beneath the roof of Penhallow Place — in the library, in Madam Penhallow's rooms, and in the south wing, devoted to the boys, in which was the only sunshine that had once flooded the whole great mansion. Madam Penhallow rarely left her own darkened apartments now, except when she set out in her coach to return a few visits, or when, at stated intervals, she threw open the doors for a grand ball; for the custom was still kept up, mockery though it was, of celebrating the anniversary of their wedding-day.

There were only three boys at home now. Ralph had wished to go to college, and his mother had opposed the desire. One day he briefly bade good-by to them all, and left home on foot and alone, with no money in his pocket but that which he and his brothers had saved from their allowances. Arriving in Boston, his handsome face and pleasant ways aided him to find work without delay; his position was only that of errand boy, but he was well content therewith, for he did not mean to remain long a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Mr. Penhallow had attempted no remonstrance when his son told him his intention of breaking away from the home life. "Peace at any cost" had become the motto of the weary, disheartened man. Besides, he had Elizabeth; love for her had absorbed all his energy and intellect and paternal pride.

The following year George followed his brother's example, only he did not go through the empty formality of bidding his father good-by. Tom, shortly after, left the home roof in like fashion; not, like his brothers, to seek his fortune in Boston, but to follow it at sea. Joe and Mac remained at home some time longer, spending the days in shooting, boating, riding, and, whenever they had money, in having "some fun" at Portsmouth. The two lads were growing up without restraint of any kind. There had been a succession of tutors at the house, but none ever remained long.

It was Ralph who came forward at last with the much-needed authority over the two younger lads. He had recently married; George was betrothed. Of Tom naught had been heard since he sailed in the *Bonaventure*. There arose trouble out of the "fun" at Portsmouth. Accounts of a broken window, the pilfering of a shop, a scrimmage, and a double arrest found their way to the Boston newspapers. The two elder brothers went at once to Portsmouth, paid fines and costs and damages, scolded the culprits roundly, and insisted that both should come to Boston and henceforth consider themselves in their eldest brother's

guardianship; to which mandate the two boys, somewhat alarmed at the results of their folly, at once yielded.

Joe was taken into the business, now known as "Penhallow Brothers," with the promise that good behavior should win for him a place in the firm. Partly by reason of the tight rein held over him, partly because he was ambitious, but most of all because his natural character was honest and straightforward, he devoted himself to his occupation, and soon proved that his crop of wild oats was sown.

But "Little Mac," as his brothers still called him, wanted to go to college; and Ralph was well pleased at the desire. So to school he sent him, where the bright, eager boy soon made up the years that had been lost at home. By the time he was graduated from the law school the firm of Penhallow Brothers, of which Joe was now a member, had acquired a world-wide fame.

IV.

THERE had been a terrible fit of rage when Madam Penhallow received the letter from Mac telling her that he, too, had left home. She never afterward spoke of her sons, and forbade their names to be mentioned in her presence; she displayed no emotion when the tardy news reached New Hampshire that the *Bonaventure* had been lost at sea, with all on board. She had apparently become without human instinct, save only her passion for her husband, stifled though it was by another — a master passion.

Elizabeth was nearly seventeen when the first long act of the tragedy ended. She fell in love with the only son of a once cherished friend. The prospective match was in every way a desirable one. Hard though it would be to lose his darling, Mr. Penhallow longed to see her in a happy home of her own, for he shuddered at the thought of leaving her, in the event of his own death, to the mercies of the woman whom he called wife, but whom Elizabeth had never called mother. So he sanctioned not only the speedy engagement, but urged an early marriage. The girl was as happy in her new-found bliss as it was possible for one of her nature to be; and the reflection of her joy found its way to her father, creating yet another and closer bond between them.

Then it was that Madam Penhallow, who had hitherto paid no attention to her daughter's preference, suddenly awoke to what was going on, and, without even a pretext, forbade the engagement and declared the doors of Penhallow Place to be shut against the young lover. There was a dreadful scene following this mandate, when Elizabeth fainted — she was wont to faint at the least excitement — and the young man uttered reproaches, hot and long, to Madam Penhallow.

"Wait a little while," said the father, ready to sacrifice even his daughter to his haunting dread of disturbance. "By and by she may yield."

Elizabeth, always ready to submit to his lightest word, did wait, but only for a little while. There were two meetings with her lover, at twilight, on the bank of the river; the second time was the last. The next day the woods were searched for her far and near, her lover leading the quest, but in vain. Then the father directed that the river should be dragged, and there, at last, Elizabeth's body was found, concealed beneath the shelving bank, in one of the places frequent on the Merrimac, near the very spot where she had bade her lover farewell.

They called it a misstep. Such a weak, frail creature as Elizabeth would not have had the courage to take her own life. Could the mother's will have usurped the place of the daughter's feeble powers, and relentlessly forced her to be her own destroyer? She had clung to her lover at their parting, sobbing pitifully:

"Don't leave me! She has always tried to make me do it. She will make me do it to-night!"

He had thought her hysterical.

The father uttered no reproach to his wife, but it was sad to see his tall, stooping figure, with its prematurely gray hair, drop a bunch of white roses into the open grave, and turning, with one heartbroken sob, give his arm, with his never-failing gentle courtesy, to the stately figure by his side.

But a week later there was upbraiding from him, for the first time in all their married life. No one dreamed that Madam Penhallow would give the usual ball that July, but the customary invitations were sent out immediately after Elizabeth's funeral. It was not till the very day before the festivity that the sound of preparations awakened the hermit in the library.

He sought his wife's apartments and implored her to give up the project. The ball was a sacrilege. It was cruel to him, in his loneliness and misery, with the only being on earth whom he loved torn from him, thus to make sport of death.

Jealousy of the living Elizabeth was as nothing compared to that which flamed up, at these words, against the dead girl. At last even Mr. Penhallow was aroused to the anger of the patient man.

"If you are determined to disgrace your name and your womanhood, I will not be here to witness the shame," he cried. "Elizabeth herself might well arise from her grave, in the

dripping white garments in which she was driven to her death, and confront you with the reproaches that my darling would not utter in her lifetime. It is fitting that you should rejoice over the consummation of your wishes." His hand was on the latch as he spoke. "Good-by," he said.

She laughed scornfully.

"Good morning, if you like," she replied. "You dare not leave me, as the others, one by one, have done. You are not Penhallow 'by the grace of God,' but only by the grace of man."

The taunt struck home. Perhaps at that moment he realized how much there was wherein he too had failed.

"I will be Penhallow no longer," he said. "It was the mistake of my life that I ever took the woman who bore the name. God knows I have expiated the error."

"I will keep the first dance for you, as usual," she called out mockingly after him.

"I will be back to open the ball with you upon your hundredth birthday, and not before," he made answer angrily, and raised his right hand, as though in oath.

The preparations for the festivity went on. Madam Penhallow took a last long look at herself as she stood before the cheval-glass, arrayed in her wedding-gown, that she always wore upon these occasions, and, passing down the broad staircase and through the hall, took her station at the head of the ball-room. It occupied the entire ground floor of the north wing. She was mindful of all her duties as hostess, but there was more than one guest who noticed how often her eyes wandered to the door as she talked of books, of politics, and of well-known people in Boston and Washington.

But there were two subjects upon which none were bold enough to touch. They were the dead daughter and the absent husband; and there was a chill upon all present, for it was indeed as though they were "dancing upon a grave." Midnight came, and Madam Penhallow led the company to the supper-room; in the early dawn of the next morning, when the last guests were driving away, she stood in the portico, the morning breeze not daring to move a fold of her heavy gown or to touch into the faintest ripple the fall of its lace.

That was the last picture the world had of Madam Penhallow of Penhallow Place.

She sold her horses; the carriages were stored in the carriage-house; the furniture was covered with linen, and the pictures and mirrors swathed in netting. The servants wondered among themselves as they did her bidding. Some said that she was going abroad; others, to Boston to live with her sons; yet others averred that she intended to leave her home to join her husband, who had sworn never to return there. At last, with her own hand she closed the blinds and drew the curtains all over the house, locked every door and window, paid the servants their wages, and dismissed them one and all.

Her sons, when the news reached them of their father's departure, made every effort to find him, but in vain. They thought he might have entered the army,—the war of 1812 was then going on,—but no information regarding MacNeil Penhallow was to be found. Only, strangely, none seemed to have thought of searching the records for William MacNeil.

Madam Penhallow remained alone at Penhallow Place. Not even her maid was allowed to stay with her, hard as the girl pleaded not to be sent away with the others. The door of the grand entrance was locked, never again to be opened during Madam Penhallow's solitary life in the mansion.

There she lived for ten long years, and no man, woman, or child ever looked upon her face again. The storekeeper — there had sprung up by this time a few scattered houses which they called a village — came once a week to get a basket holding a scrap of paper on which a few orders were written, that was placed by a side entrance, which he would replace with a basket containing the groceries and eggs that had been ordered the previous week.

Only one person ever entered the house,—by the side entrance,—and that was her lawyer. She received him in the drawing-room, where, by the light of a solitary candle, he did the necessary writing, leaving any papers that required signature. She meanwhile sat outside the faint circle of light, and her words came as from an invisible presence. Man of the world though he was, the lawyer shuddered at those strange interviews. Was his client alive? He chid himself, on his homeward journey, for his uncanny fancies.

No longer with any one at hand upon whom to vent her rage, it seemed to have turned itself upon the whole outside world. In the darkness the venom increased, as is the way with all noisome things. Her contentions, her lawsuits, were never ceasing.

As the village grew, strange stories were rife about fierce Madam Penhallow. She was the bugaboo of all the children for miles around. "Ma'am Penhaller git yer!" was the threat of impatient mothers. Even grown men gave the mansion a wide berth at nightfall. It was rumored that at midnight her figure had been seen among the graves in the family burying-ground, adjoining which the poorhouse was afterward built.

Seven miles away a community of mills had

sprung up, and there were contests about water power, and a lawsuit because the Merrimac, as it flowed by her grounds, had become befouled with the factory refuse. But the town grew, and the factories increased in number and extent, and the mill owners built houses on the outskirts of what was now a thriving city, and there followed other contests about rights of way, a railroad here, and a boundary there. Sometimes there were three or four lawsuits of "Penhallow *versus* ——" going on at once. They all ended in one way — a "verdict with costs against Penhallow." At last even the house and grounds were mortgaged to sustain her in her resolution that the highroad should not be cut through the lawn. But that contest, the longest and bitterest of all, likewise came to an end, and with it came the knowledge that there was not enough money left even to pay the interest on the mortgage on the mansion.

My great-grandmother had married immediately after leaving Madam Penhallow's service and had since lived on the secluded little farm. It was not until weeks after the end was reached that she heard how the mortgage on the Place had been foreclosed and that there had been an auction of carriages and household effects, and even of Madam Penhallow's personal wardrobe. For the first time for many years the grand entrance was opened, light was let into the house, and human footsteps and living voices sounded in the rooms.

Madam Penhallow sat alone in her own chamber while the auction was held in the ball-room beneath; she could hear the auctioneer's voice offering for sale her heirlooms, with the jests which, it was supposed, made the sales livelier. A wealthy mill owner — his father had been a stable-boy in Colonel Penhallow's time — bought the mansion, and the valuables were scattered far and wide.

Those closing scenes were forty years ago, and since then Penhallow Place had never been occupied save for two brief periods. The first was by the mill owner, who soon left the house. People shook their heads at the alleged reason — that it was damp. Later it was used as a boarding-house for the laborers when the railroad was built. No one knew what became of Madam Penhallow. Her sons, through their lawyer, who attended the sale, offered her a handsome annuity. She tore the letter to pieces and sent back the fragments for answer. Whither she went, when and how she died, none ever knew. It was a strange story, whose inner meaning my grandmother told me alone, as she lay upon her death-bed.

The evil had begun in Madam Penhallow's taking opium for sleepless nights, after her first children were born. The small amount with which she had begun soon losing its effect, the quantity was gradually but steadily increased. There were terrible struggles to free herself from its chains when she first began to realize what a hold the habit was getting upon her. But the craving was irresistible, and the yielding to its demands came after ever weakening efforts to assert her will. More than once she was on the point of confessing all to her husband and begging him to put her under restraint. Had his man's will been equal to her woman's strength of purpose, all might yet have gone well with her, fighting as she was for her husband, her children, and her home.

But already the weakness of his nature had been revealed to her, and she turned aside from the support of a broken reed. Besides, how could she acknowledge that she, with the will upon whose strength she had openly prided herself, was not strong enough to control an appetite!

The passion grew stronger and the struggle weaker. Days and nights were passed in stupor, the faithful maid on guard in the dressing-room. In those days the opium habit was almost unknown, and Madam Penhallow had unusual opportunities for obtaining the drug, while it was not suspected that she was a victim to the fatal craving.

So she lived and passed away, and all the world held her memory in opprobrium. All but one — her maid's great-granddaughter. At odds with her very nature, had she indeed any chance in the struggle, from the beginning to the bitter end?

To-morrow Penhallow Place would be filled with people again. The curtain had gone down on the tragedy, and the bell had rung for it to go up on the farce.

V.

"THIS is your table," said Mrs. Wason, as I followed her brisk steps down the long dining-room. She was a woman with "faculty" written all over her; in her beady, snapping black eyes, in her scanty hair brushed smoothly back from a shining forehead to be twisted into a hard little knob behind, and in her bony hands with their fingers worn to glassy smoothness away from the red knuckles. If any one could make keeping boarders pay, it was Mrs. Wason. "My best folks sit here," she added, "an' I calkerlate as how you could do the waitin' smart as any on 'em; an' you look kind o' tasty an' spruced up in that apron."

She went on assigning their places to the other girls, while I stood by my table, waiting for the folks to come in to supper. The gong had sounded, and there were one or two guests standing by the door. The hired help had been busy since four o'clock that morning making

beds, filling pitchers, and getting things in order generally. Some of us had placed flowers in the various rooms, to try to have the house look cheerful and homelike; for in spite of the fresh paint and the new furniture there was a kind of chill in the air that made us look over our shoulders in the passages and hurry on the stairs. It would have been as much as our places were worth to mention this fear to Mrs. Wason, for she knew it did not take much to give a house a bad name, and we had all been charged not to breathe a word of the old stories to the Boston folks.

The rooms that were formerly Madam Penhallow's own were in my charge, and I had put roses in every available nook; on the dressing-table was a glass pitcher, crowded with our own "thousand-leaved" variety, which blossomed so luxuriantly in our garden on the hillside farm. Early the day before I had gone home with a boy who drove through the neighborhood to collect milk from the farmers. We used to play together at the district school, but he had grown bashful since those days, and I don't believe spoke a word, except in answer to a question, during all the drive over.

You could not find such roses as ours in all the country round. My great-grandmother had brought a slip of the bush with her when she left Penhallow Place. The garden back of the mansion had long ago run to decay, and not a vestige of what had been Madam Penhallow's favorite flower was to be found there now; but the tiny slip had thriven in our garden, and every year covered the back of our cottage with its June glories. It seemed as though it were for Madam Penhallow herself that I was bringing back the flowers. It was strange how the conception of her as of a living personality clung to me. But then mother had often chidden me for being fanciful.

A stream of people had entered the dining-room, the ladies arrayed in bright summer gowns, the gentlemen walking with alert steps and with heads erect: none of the men to whom I was accustomed carried themselves in such a way. Mrs. Wason was showing them to their places. The words that awoke me from my dream were uttered in her thin, high-pitched voice.

"Will you sit here? Martiny will wait on you. This is Martiny."

I took a step forward to draw back the chairs, and then stood petrified, staring at the newcomers, like the awkward country girl they must have thought me.

When and where and how had I seen that woman before — seen her with a more than a mere passing glance; ay, and held converse with her, not once nor twice, but many times?

She was tall — above the common height — and broad-shouldered, yet so well proportioned that she struck one as slender. She was pale, and there were dark rings beneath her beautiful gray eyes; her hair was brown, of curiously different shades; in the deepest tints it was dark brown — not reddish, but pure brown, paling here and there to a lighter shade, while in the thick coils that lay about her head were rings and gleams of gold. Where had I seen hair like that before? Hers and no other's it must have been, for, search as one might, how often, in a lifetime, could one find such softly shaded masses, lighted up with gold? Her mouth was the loveliest feature of her beautiful face; one lip had a fashion of curling as she talked. Her chin was square and firm, but soft and feminine too. She wore a gown of yellowish-brown of some soft silken stuff; her neck was bare in a tiny point in front, and in the folds of the lace was one of the thousand-leaved roses. Her whole appearance was familiar to me, even to the ring on the hand that lay lightly upon her companion's arm. It was a ring set with a rough gray stone, encircled with diamonds.

The gentleman belonged in the picture too, although his face and figure were not so vivid as were the lady's. He was of about her height, with fair, wavy hair, a slight mustache, and blue eyes that never left his companion's face as she talked eagerly upon some apparently engrossing theme. Her voice was familiar too, as its tones came to me with their pure quality, and now and then, as she warmed with her subject, with inflections that were not shrillness, but were like chords of a yet purer quality. Possibly the familiarity of face and figure might have been explained by some coincidence, but the voice I had heard before, yet when, or where, or how, I did not know.

I put my hand to my forehead in the painful struggle to recall where I had heard tones that were surely hers — far-off, haunting tones, with their silvery cadences now and again glancing into shrillness. No, not shrillness. Such a voice as that could never become, even in the course of years, sharp and ear-splitting, penetrating walls and cleaving the air, however one might seek to shut it out. Why was it that I felt myself all at once in my little attic chamber? — I was growing dizzy.

I clutched the back of the nearest chair. The sudden motion broke the spell. I could see that the girl at the next table, who had overheard the complimentary words Mrs. Wason had spoken to me, was looking pleased at my awkwardness.

The lady before me drew back her chair herself, with the hand upon which was the curious ring.

"So this is Martina?" said she. "Thank

you for the roses. I could not leave them all behind, you see. I hope that Mrs. Wason has as good a welcome for us here, for we are hungry."

I told them haltingly what we had for supper.

"Hot biscuit and tea for two," she ordered promptly.

"Sarah, you must not eat hot biscuit, and the doctor forbade tea, unconditionally," said the gentleman, earnestly. "Let me order toast and milk for you."

"I detest milk. I am hungry, and will have what I want."

I hurried to the kitchen, where Mrs. Wason was everywhere at once, breaking up pans of biscuits, turning pancakes, and taking muffins and waffles from the stove. Instead of giving her my orders, I questioned, breathlessly:

"Mrs. Wason, who are the folks at my table?"

"Lor', child, how flustrated yer be," said she. "Them 's Mr. an' Miss MacNeil Penhaller."

VI.

I WAS helping Mrs. Wason iron some of the ladies' fine skirts, my grandmother having taught me how to clear-starch. Some of the girls were afraid of doing more than they had hired out to do, for Mrs. Wason not only drove herself but expected every one else to drive, even if they were not bound anywhere in particular. The original laundry was not large enough for the present needs of the house, and the old ball-room had been utilized for that purpose. Tubs had been placed along one side of the room and long ironing-tables upon the other, with a stove at each end on which to heat the flat-irons; the long windows, opening on the piazza, afforded easy access to the drying-ground back of the house. This was the first chance that I had had to ask the question that had been hovering on my lips for the past three days.

"Be they related ter the folks as used ter live here? Yis, they 're the great-gran'children; he 's Hon. MacNeil Penhaller's gran'son, an' I 've hearn tell is the livin' image of his gran'pa. Hain't she hahn'some? Yer kin see the real lady in her. Pity she hain't more rugged. 'T would ha' been better for her ef she 'd ha' be'n reared in the country, on good, healthy victuals, beans an' pork an' pie, 'stid o' the newfangled dishes that Bostin folks like. She 's got dyspepsy consid'rable bad. I was a-tellin' of her t' other mornin' how my son's wife's appetite got so nippin' after she 'd buried Jemmy that she could n't relish a dish o' beans an' was never even pie-hungry. All she lived on was milk; she was a powerful hand to drink milk — used ter say she b'lieved she never was weaned. She took 'Torrington's Balsam.' Three drops on a lump of sugar ev'ry mornin' until she could stumick a teaspoonful. Now she 's as rugged a woman as yer 'd want ter see, an' thinks nothin' of her big washes an' the cookin' fur seven children an' all the menfolks. She sets a store by 'Torrington's Balsam,' I kin tell yer.

"I hain't got no faith in doctors, but seein' 's b'lievin', an' so I tol' Miss Penhaller. But she 's everlastin' set, an' I don' b'lieve minds the doctor any more 'n suits her high-mightiness. She has nooraligy, too, all down her back; but when I tol' her of how I knew a woman who 'd cured folks by holdin' of their heads, an' all they had ter do themselves was jis ter have faith, she laughed as though she 'd die. The doctor calls her ailment nervous prosterration, an' she says his prescripture-on is milk. Beats all what some folks will b'lieve.

"They was only married las' fall, so she an' her husband set consid'rable store by each other yit; the doctor said she must git somewhere where it was high an' dry an' there was pine breezes instid o' salt ones. An' she said she would n't leave Bostin unless her husband could be with her: between yer an' me, I rather guess it 's she who 's master. But when she saw the picter of the Place in the circleler an' how the steam-cars come up to the very door, as yer may say, she made up her min' on the spot that she would go 'home,' as she persis' in callin' Penhaller Place. She 's cur'us enough 'bout the house, an' asked me a sight o' questions 'bout the rooms. I b'lieve she actyerally thought as how I could remember back t' her great-gran'ma'am's time.

"Yer 'd oughter see her eyes open when I tol' her that yer great-gran'ma'am was Ma'am Penhaller's own maid, an' that yer folks had tol' me that yer was her livin' image.

"Be yer through? Ef I kin do yer a good turn, Martiny, I 'll not forgit. 'T ain't many as kin starch lace an' muslin like yer an' me, ef I do say it!"

VII.

EVERY morning Mrs. Penhallow would accompany her husband across the lawn to the little railroad station and remain on the platform till the train was out of sight. The train by which he returned arrived at six o'clock, and at half-past five Mrs. Penhallow, arrayed in one of the lovely gowns of which she had such a store, would be sitting at her window watching for the first faint cloud of smoke.

I liked to watch them from my post in the dining-room, as with linked arms they slowly crossed the lawn. Once or twice Mr. Penhallow was detained in town until ten o'clock, but she was at the station, as usual, to greet

him, while she had delayed her own supper that they might partake of it together. One morning, at breakfast, I noticed how red her eyes were, nor was it possible to avoid overhearing some of the words that passed between them. She had a high way of disregarding that which holds most people in check—the thought of what folks may say.

"Don't go, darling."

"But I shall soon return, Sarah."

"Let somebody else go; I want you to stay with me."

"No other person can attend to this business as well as I. New York is not so long a journey from here that you will have time to miss me before I am home again."

"Stay with me. Just this once. Don't leave me, Mac, dearest."

But in spite of her persuasion I saw that he had his traveling-bag with him as they crossed the lawn; from her gestures it was evident that she was seeking to detain him to the very last. The morning following his departure she sent word for her breakfast to be brought to her room. I laid upon the tray some branches of swamp pinks that I had gathered near my old home that morning. Harry had driven me over several times of late: Mrs. Wason let me go whenever I asked, on condition that I was back in time to wait upon the breakfast table.

"Come," said Mrs. Penhallow's voice; and I entered.

She was in bed. Her arms, bare to the elbow, were flung over her head, and her hair lay in masses upon the pillow. I drew a table to the bedside, placed the tray upon it, and was about to withdraw.

"Don't go," she said listlessly. "I want to talk with you."

So I sat down in the chair she indicated, and waited till she had sipped the strong coffee that she had been so particular in ordering.

"Thank you for the flowers," she said presently; "you keep my room like a garden. Did those grow near here?" raising the pinks to her face.

I told her shyly where it was that I had gathered them, as well as the roses.

"Do you really take all that trouble to bring me flowers? You are very kind, Martina."

"I love to gather them for you," I said impulsively.

"They came from your old home, you say? Tell me about it."

I forgot that she was one of the fine Boston folks, and that I was only a poor country girl, and was soon describing my home, and even telling her of my grief when I heard that father had sold it and gone to the poorhouse. Emboldened by her interest, I went on to tell her about some of the paupers, concluding with a description of old Sally Waters, who sat on the south steps all day, shrieking at intervals about the witches who "tormented her 'most to death."

"Poor old woman, who knows what Furies may be pursuing her from out the shadows of the past!" said Mrs. Penhallow, gently. "It was but a sorry home-coming for you, Martina."

She detained me some time longer that morning, listening and asking questions. She had not been feeling as well as usual, she said, and after lying awake till dawn had then fallen into a heavy sleep.

She suffered terribly at times from neuralgia; some nights she walked up and down the room until early morning, when the pain would lessen. But no matter what the agony had been, she always appeared with her husband at the breakfast table. She was not even looking as well as when she first came to Penhallow Place, despite the "healthy situation and pine breezes." After that morning when I first talked with her she took considerable notice of me in one way or another, and when I took her breakfast to her room, which I did whenever business had called Mr. Penhallow away overnight, she would bid me remain—at first, I think, from a desire for any diversion, but after a while I am sure it was because she was really interested.

I supposed, for some time, that her husband's absence was the reason for her non-appearance at the breakfast table; but by degrees I began to suspect that something was wrong about those morning naps, she was so drowsy and heavy-eyed, and would so eagerly drink the strong black coffee she always ordered. It was later than usual one day when I entered her room, and she was half asleep, but aroused herself to say, as I placed the tray on the table:

"Is that you, Martina? Give me the coffee."

It was partly, perhaps, because the story of Madam Penhallow was so familiar to me, and because Mrs. Penhallow was so inextricably tangled up in my mind with the story of long ago, that the dawning truth grew clear to me in a flash, and I cried:

"Oh, don't!"

The cup at her lips was replaced in the tray, and there was both astonishment and anger in Mrs. Penhallow's tones as she said:

"Don't drink coffee? You forget yourself, Martina."

"No, no; I mean—don't take opium."

There was a full half-minute's silence.

"What do you mean?" she said haughtily. "I have encouraged you too much by listening to your prattle. I take nothing of the kind." And she drained the cup at one draught.

But she had inadvertently denied more than she intended. With a Penhallow truth was truth, without argument or sophistry.

"I take morphine," she said; "and what objection have you to my doing so, pray?"

"Please, don't," I begged. "I am afraid that some day you might take too much."

Her lip curled scornfully.

"And you believe all those old woman's stories? Doubtless morphine might be dangerous in the hands of an ignorant countrywoman, but I am not likely to blunder. Are you afraid that some morning you will bring your flowers and find only an unpleasant body to which to offer them?" Her scornful tone changed as in silence I took the tray and turned to leave the room. "What can I do?" she said, impatiently. "You don't know the temptation. The pain is horrible. It torments me almost to death!" And the sharpness of her voice fairly rang through the room.

I had dropped the tray, and, unheeding the broken china, stood regarding her wildly. When had I heard her voice before, strained with agony, sharp with mingled despair and defiance, utter those very words?

The strain was too much for my self-control, and I burst into tears.

"There, Martina, don't take it to heart," said Mrs. Penhallow, in her usual careless, imperious tones. "You meant no harm. That is all I require this morning; you can go now." And I went.

It was of Madam Penhallow that she liked best to hear, and I to relate, in those confidential hours in her room.

"You do not know the hold that she has always had upon my imagination," she said, one day. "It has become stronger than ever since I have lived in this house. None of us ever dared question our grandfather about the strange story that we vaguely knew was connected with Madam Penhallow.

"One day I was rummaging through some old chests in the store-room when I came upon a miniature of her by Malbone. My likeness to the pictured face was apparent even to myself. I could fancy at times that the strong will and wild passion still linger in these rooms, ready to exert their influence over those whom, by birth and blood, she may claim. I cannot believe that she would have been content to give up her sway with life."

Mrs. Penhallow talked oddly sometimes. Often, after leaving her room, I would hurry through the corridors and run down the stairs, sure that a tall, stately figure, in the robes of eighty years ago, was gliding after me.

"Do you mean that you think her ghost is here?" I asked, one day.

"Heaven forbid!" she laughed. "Have I been frightening you by my vagaries? I was only wondering how much influence mind can have over mind, even though one has been for a half-century what men call dead."

I did not know what she meant. I thought a ghost was a ghost, but she seemed to consider that there was something vulgar in that idea.

Some Sunday, she had said, she wanted me to show her and Mr. Penhallow about the mansion, for I knew its every nook and corner, and what purpose each room had served in the old time. The first Sunday slipped by, and on the second they went to church in the morning, and in the afternoon took a long walk. But the following week Mrs. Penhallow sent for me and reminded me of her wish.

"You know that these rooms were Madam Penhallow's own?" I began.

"There is a horrible depressing influence about them that would have told me, even if Mrs. Wason had not," she returned impatiently. "No, Mac, I cannot shake off the feeling that something is about to happen."

Her words were evidently in continuation of a conversation that my entrance had interrupted. She was walking excitedly up and down the room. Mr. Penhallow was seated, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Are you oppressed with a haunting sense of impending evil?" he questioned, gravely.

"That is it, exactly," she assented eagerly. "I never experienced the feeling before, but, strive as I may, I cannot drive it from me."

"Are your dreams troubled, your sleep restless? Are you haunted by strange fancies and morbid imaginings in your waking hours?"

"All that, Mac, and more. I am tormented almost to death! Don't look so wild, Martina! Let us leave this hateful place," she went on, too excited to see that her husband was laughing behind his screen.

"Then take 'Swinton's Specific!'" he concluded, pointing with an air of mock conviction to a newspaper advertisement he had been reading. At first she did not know whether to be angry or to laugh, but at last she chose the latter course.

"If you would leave tea and coffee alone, you would stop having presentiments. Dyspepsia is answerable for much of the bigotry and superstition of this world," said Mr. Penhallow.

"Who knows but what, in time, I may come to put faith in 'Torrington' ghosts and the faith cure!" she returned gaily, slipping her hand through his arm. "Come, let us go. If we encounter the traditional white-robed figure, clanking chains and diffusing sulphuric fumes, we are three strong and can surely lay her. Martina is actually pale listening to our rambling talk."

I led the way through the state rooms. General Lafayette had slept here; Daniel Webster had once occupied this apartment for three days. Count Rumford always had this room, with its view down the river. These rooms had been known as "Bachelors' Corridor." The last apartments we visited were those in the south wing, where each boy had had a separate room, except Ralph and George, who always slept together. This corner room had been "Little Mac's." I stopped, blushing, for I had forgotten, in my earnestness, that I was not speaking of a golden-haired little boy, but of Hon. MacNeil Penhallow, who had made famous speeches in Congress and had been sent abroad as minister to more than one foreign court.

"Dear little fellow!" mused Mrs. Penhallow. "Can't you see him, Mac, in his velvet knee-breeches, his wide sash, and his yellow curls? I wonder if his mother kept a lock of that shining hair in her fierce old age?"

"I wish that we could indeed have met her in the corridors, overthrow though it would have been to our Boston skepticism, for with all my heart I would have given her the forgiveness that her Little Mac would have granted so freely. He could never hold rancor, you know."

"And I know one who is as like him in spirit as in form and face," she returned, softly.

At the door of their own room Mrs. Penhallow turned to me.

"I have been telling Mr. Penhallow about your old home," she said. "We will go there with you to-morrow morning."

"The wagon has no springs, and we shall have to start at four o'clock," I faltered.

"That is the way and the time we want to go. It would destroy all the savor to order the horses and carriage and go at an orthodox hour. Be sure and wake us in time."

So I ran downstairs to tell Harry to put an extra seat in the wagon. He had been helping Mr. Wason lately with the chores.

VIII.

THE road led down the village street and across the big iron bridge, till presently it brought us to the open country. We drove past belts and groves of pines and stretches of woodland; then, for a while, along the high river bank, with the water gleaming through its fringe of birches and alders. Emerging again into the open country, the road led past fields that stretched, on each hand, to far in the distance.

The tall pines that now bordered the road shut off my old home from view till we turned into the rocky driveway and the next moment were in sight of a long, low house. Apple and pear and cherry trees covered the slopes about. Farther up the hill lay the garden, in which vegetables and flowers grew together in friendly juxtaposition. Over there, by the stone wall, were the beehives, and there was the well, whose site father had discovered by means of a witch-hazel wand. The last place that we visited was the little pool by the hedge.

"I do not wonder that you love your home," said Mrs. Penhallow.

"You cannot understand," said I. "It does not seem to me as though Boston folks had any real home. Your houses are all just alike, and there are no trees and flowers and grass and a big piece of all out-of-doors for you."

"I do understand," she answered with unwonted gentleness. "Do you think that I can live, day after day, in my own lost home and not feel its influence? Morbid memories have kept Madam Penhallow's descendants from New Hampshire until now; but I have always felt towards it the genuine love for the fatherland. They say that nothing could keep Madam Penhallow long away from her home. I have always maintained that she and I had much in common."

"Don't say that, Sarah," remonstrated Mr. Penhallow. "The only resemblance between you is in your appearance."

"And that must have diminished if I am as 'peaked' as Mrs. Wason says I am," she laughed. "See," holding out her left hand to me, "when I was married I insisted that my wedding-ring should be the same that the Penhallow women used to have — a bit of granite. It does not fit my finger as well as it once did."

"You must not stay longer in this damp place," urged her husband. "Sarah, don't!" For, as though in defiance of his words, she had sunk on her knees in the wet grass and was bending forward to scoop up some water with her hands.

"This is the way," I said, and pinned an oak leaf together in the form of a cup, which she filled and handed to Mr. Penhallow. She knelt till she had filled the cup again and satisfied her own thirst.

Harry had just turned into the driveway on his return from his rounds as we approached the house again. The folks who now lived there were a young married couple, who made me free to come home whenever I pleased. The woman was standing in the doorway.

"We 're jest a-settin' down to breakfus," said she, in greeting. "Had n't ye better come in an' hev some? Ye must be hungry after yer ride."

"Let us go in, Mac. I want to breakfast in the queer little house," said Mrs. Penhallow, eagerly.

They insisted that I should have the place of honor at the table. Mrs. Penhallow ate heartily, and nobody would ever have known but she was being entertained in the house of one of her own friends.

We finished the meal at last, and Harry went to unhitch the horse. Our hands were full of flowers as we again clambered to our seats in the wagon.

"We shall not forget our visit," called Mrs. Penhallow as we started down the steep driveway, our host and hostess smiling good-by to us from the doorway. "We will come again next summer and breakfast together."

But that never came to pass. When one day, the following year, I sat again as hostess in the little kitchen, two of those who had been with us on that sunny July morning had gone, never to return.

IX.

For the next few days Mrs. Penhallow was ill. The exposure in the wet grass, together with the jolting ride and the unaccustomed food at breakfast, combined to bring on a feverish condition, from which she was some time in rallying. The illness left its effect in neuralgic attacks that were sharper and more frequent than ever.

The ladies had been for some time past planning a hop. Caterers from Boston were to take charge, and Mrs. Wason had consented to let the old ball-room be restored, for that evening, to its original purpose. Mrs. Penhallow threw herself into every project, and was the acknowledged leader in all.

No one, however, knew the agony she endured, least of all her husband. In his presence all indication of pain was suppressed. I never knew how much of this concealment was due to the exercise of her will and the desire — that had its root mainly in a morbid fancy — always to appear her loveliest before him, and how much to a keenly susceptible nervous temperament, upon which excitement may have been a tonic more potent than quinine or aconite. But it was not worth while to play a part before me.

The folks were making a great ado decorating the ball-room. Mr. Wason drove some of them in his hay-cart to the woods, where they picnicked and remained till late in the afternoon, returning with a load of evergreen, box-berries, and ferns. The wash-tubs were to be filled with moss and young spruces, and the ironing-tables to be banked with flowers, for which the country around was scoured. Mrs. Penhallow was with the picnicking party, although she had been suffering terribly before she started. When I went to her room, after her return, I found her kneeling by the side of the bed, her face buried in her outstretched arms.

"It is past help," she answered impatiently, when I wanted to summon the doctor. "It is intolerable. Life is not worth living at this price."

But when, half an hour later, the gong sounded and she came into the dining-room with her husband, there was not a trace of suffering on her face.

Nothing was talked about but the hop. There were a good many differences of opinion regarding the arrangements, out of which sprang much ill-feeling. One lady wanted the hall draped with flags, and was offended because somebody else said that it was not to be a militia turn-out; and as the first lady's husband was in the militia — she always addressed him as "Colonel" — she thought she was insulted, and would not have anything more to do with the affair. Then several of the young ladies arranged in the corners bunches of cattails, tied up with gay ribbons, and the children had a fine time picking the down off the tails. Bits of fuzz were all over the house and on everybody's gowns for days after, and the ladies who had children, and those who had not, were ranged in opposing factions. Then some of the ladies who had been gathering ferns took a short cut home, with the result of losing their way in a swamp; the next day most of their number were afflicted with severe colds, and were worried because they were afraid that their eyes and noses would not be reduced in time to their proper color and dimensions. The cook scolded because all the sour milk was used to anoint the burnt faces; Mr. Wason grumbled because everybody expected him to be at beck and call, chopping down trees and nailing up wreaths; and Mrs. Wason declared a dozen times a day that it was "pesky nonsense lit'rin' up the wash-room with all that green truck."

Three or four days before the evening, Mr. Penhallow found it would be necessary for him to be absent a few days. As usual, Mrs. Penhallow begged him not to go. What did she care for the hop if he were not there! He tried to comfort her by pointing out that his absence could not have occurred at a better time than when she was engrossed with these multitudinous preparations, and promised that he would be back in time for the ball, even if he had to come by a special train. Her only reply was that she took no interest in anything if he was not by her side.

On the morning of his departure she had on a traveling suit; I supposed that they had settled the vexed question by her accompanying him on his journey. But in half an hour there was a well-known peal of the bell. Mrs.

Penhallow wanted some hot water. She had evidently been indulging in a good cry, her stratagem of keeping her husband company having failed.

The latest project in regard to the hop was to have it resemble the anniversary ball that had been given every year at the Place by Madam Penhallow. Even the date was to be the same. Then when somebody suggested that Mrs. Penhallow ought to play the part of lady of the manor, the idea was received with acclamation. But after this fresh impetus to the general interest there came a lull. The weather was hot, the mistress of ceremonies had evidently lost all interest in the affair, and the disappointments about the costumes were innumerable. The ladies who were so fortunate as to own old-fashioned gowns sent for them, Mrs. Penhallow being among the number; the others tried to borrow from friends, but with everybody out of town that was not an easy matter to arrange. Then there was another falling-out over the question, "Should masks be worn?" Those who had colds in their heads were loud in their favor, while the proposition was scouted by the ones who had escaped influenza. The decision finally reached was that everybody should suit herself, and go masked or not; with which settlement of the vexed question neither party was satisfied.

The day before the ball Mrs. Penhallow sent for me and showed me her gown; it was Madam Penhallow's own wedding-dress.

"I take so little interest in the whole affair that I have only just unpacked this," she said. "If I had not agreed to play hostess, I would not appear at all. The lace is torn here and there — look at the frightful rent in the veil — and there is no time to send to Boston. Do you suppose you could mend it?"

My grandmother's instructions had been thorough, but there proved to be more work than one pair of hands could accomplish alone. "If I might take it home, mother and I could work on it together," I suggested.

"Go at once, then," said Mrs. Penhallow; "I will speak to Mrs. Wason. You will not disappoint me?"

"I will bring it to you early to-morrow evening," I promised.

"The gloves, too, may need mending. I want to wear the whole costume," she added, and went to the bureau for the articles in question. With her impatient pull at the gloves, from out the confusion of the drawer a little round box fell to the floor and rolled to my feet. I picked it up and was about to replace it, when, to my surprise, Mrs. Penhallow snatched it from my hand. But not before I had seen the inscription on the label, below a little cut of a death's-head.

"Oh, don't!" I cried. "If you only knew—"

"If I only knew!" she repeated, mockingly, in the high-pitched tones in which she had before given vent to her irritation. "What is the matter now?" she added abruptly, for at the familiarity of her unfamiliar voice my heart almost seemed to still its beating, my tongue had become dry and parched. I felt as though I were on the verge of a precipice, and then — the mist had shut out everything again. Instinctively I put out my hand like a blind person's.

Mrs. Penhallow went on, in calmer tones:

"Are you going to preach the doctrine of milk and early to bed too? I shall not die from morphine; they even say that the habit tends to prolong life — unfortunately, I often think, for I am growing more cadaverous and ugly every day." She pushed her hair from her face and regarded herself critically in the mirror. "'Better be dead than ugly,' said Madame Récamier, and she was right."

In the morning I came over to the Place to assure her that my mother and I had already made considerable progress in repairing the lace. She was on the lounge in the dressing-room, white and spent with pain.

"I should not care if you were unable to finish the work," she said, languidly; and then, talking more to herself than to me, she went on:

"I am fairly weighed down with a sense of impending evil. She drove her daughter Elizabeth to her death for having usurped her place in her husband's love. I have come into her home. I have slept beneath her roof, in her very room. I have usurped her name, her features, her character. To-night I am to take the final step."

There she was, running on again about ghosts and presentiments. I never stopped to draw breath till I was out of the house. I was so frightened and worried at her strange words that I repeated them to mother as we sat with our needles over the injured lace.

"Lor', child," said she, "that 's dyspepsy. It 's jes the way yer Aunt Elmiry takes on. You 'd think as how she did n't calkerlate ter live another minute."

But my mind was not set at rest.

It was an intensely hot day, and every door and window was wide open. On the steps old Sally Waters sat, as usual, shrieking her terror. Of late she had been more restless and unmanageable than ever.

Our task was completed at dusk. Mother would return presently to fold the gown, in readiness for me to take to the Place; but now she must hurry to the dining-room, on the other side of the house, for there was to be blueberry pie for supper, and it would

need all her authority to keep the paupers within bounds.

I hastened to my room. The maids were also to wear old-fashioned costumes, and my dress was one of my great-grandmother's — a bright figured muslin with the waist under the armpits. I spent a long time before the looking-glass, wondering how Harry would like me in my new-old array. I started at hearing the clock strike nine, for the dancing was to begin at that hour, and Mrs. Penhallow was without her gown.

In the entry below I ran into Harry's arms.

"Are n't you coming?" said he. "Oh, how nice you look!"

"Do you really like me?" I asked.

"Like you!" he repeated, with emphasis. "There will be no one there who will look as nice. Come! They are marching around the room now. You never saw anything so splendid."

"What has Mrs. Penhallow done without her gown?" I exclaimed.

"Mrs. Penhallow has been there this half-hour at the head of the room."

Impatient at the delay, she had evidently sent for the dress, and mother must have given it to the messenger. A glance at the empty table where, an hour before, the robes had been outspread confirmed the surmise. So, gathering up my gown in one hand, I gave the other hand to Harry, and we raced up the hill and down again on the other side, and ran, breathless, up the piazza steps to ensconce ourselves near one of the long, open windows, hidden from view behind the screen of metamorphosed wash-tubs.

X.

HER gown fitted Mrs. Penhallow as though it had been made for her. She wore no mask, but the heavy veil, drawn over her face, as effectively concealed her features. Mr. Penhallow was not present, and it was not difficult to understand why the hostess had elected to appear, after all, with masked face. She declined to dance, but moved about, at intervals, among her guests. Every one noticed how her head turned restlessly towards the entrance, and that her answers to any attempted conversation were singularly irrelevant. Naturally every one remarked:

"Mr. Penhallow will be here, I hope?"

"Yes, he is coming. He promised me that he would come," was the reply, to all alike.

But the ten o'clock train arrived without bringing him. Mrs. Penhallow now seemed to avoid every one, and, as though her gloom were infectious, a chill had fallen upon the whole company. Harry and I could see how listlessly they moved through waltz and quadrille, and how they resolved into couples and groups as soon as each dance was at an end, keeping an anxious eye upon the door while they made pretense at conversation. Could any accident have happened to Mr. Penhallow? Their uneasiness, as well as mine, may have taken that form.

The whistle of the eleven o'clock train pierced the still summer night. Harry and I could see that somebody had stepped out at the station; that a man's figure was racing across the lawn, which, as it came within the radius of light from the portico, proved unmistakably to be that of Mr. Penhallow. We heard his footsteps upon the stairs and then the door of his room close. Supper was to be served at twelve o'clock, when the masks were to be removed.

There was a sudden stir in the ball-room, a cessation of the buzz of conversation, and a sigh of relief that was distinctly audible, coming, as it did, from all present, for the glances towards the door were at last rewarded. Mrs. Penhallow was hastening to meet her husband.

He was arrayed in knee-breeches and black silk stockings, with low shoes clasped by diamond buckles. With his ruffled shirt, the long lace ruffles that fell over his hands, the fair, curly wig with its cue tied up with a black ribbon, even his mustache gone that he might better play his part, he looked to perfection the gallant gentleman of the early century, and handsome enough to have won any woman's heart. Husband and wife met by the window outside of which we stood.

She held out both her hands.

"I knew you would not fail me, Mac," she said softly.

"Not if human means could have prevented, darling. I was sorry that I could not get here before."

"The time has been long, love. And I was sorrowful, thinking of our parting. It was all my fault, Mac. I could not rest till I had begged for your forgiveness. I could not sleep, even in the grave, unless I knew that you had forgiven me."

"My darling, if all mortal sin were summed up against you, it would be outweighed by my love. I have wished more than once that I had answered you more gently, and had said good-by that last morning less abruptly. It was hard, love, to be left all alone in this great house."

"It was indeed empty without you."

"Not a moment has passed that I did not long to be at your side again."

"Kiss me, Mac."

"What — here? Before all these people?"

Accustomed as he was to her lofty disregard of comment, he was somewhat taken aback by this sudden demand.

"There is only one person in the room to me, but one to you."

He solved the dilemma by sinking on one knee and raising her hand to his lips. He retained the clasp as he arose.

"Your disguise is easily penetrated," he said gaily. "Your ring would tell tales, if nothing else did. I thought you were not to mask. There are those who need it more."

"But if I were one of those who wore a mask with cause, would you—love me less, Mac?"

"I cannot fancy you other than as you are."

But she pressed the question.

"You would care for me the same even though my beauty had become a thing of the past?"

"If I were absent a hundred years it could make no difference in my love, except to increase it a hundred-fold."

The answer seemed to satisfy her.

"Let us stay here," she said softly. "I have not felt my hand in yours for so long."

Presently she saw me, in the dark, without.

"You are here, Martina?" she said. "You did well to have my gown in readiness; I could have worn nothing else."

Her voice, muffled though it was, sounded sharper than its wont, except as I had heard it in occasional moments of pain or irritation, and the tones brought with them the inexplicable weight of misery with which they seemed always freighted. I had fancied my uneasiness would be over with Mr. Penhallow's return.

The last waltz had come to an end. The company were dispersed about the room, waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Penhallow to lead them to the supper-room. On a sudden thought I ran around to the portico to see the company march down the staircase.

The air was resonant with the hum of voices and the softened strains of the band. The leading couple were crossing the hall below, when there suddenly appeared on the threshold of the supper-room a familiar face and form.

Was it a hideous dream? Were all in that throng petrified, in a nightmare, too, as they gazed at the figure that was confronting the stately couple who were leading the pageant?

It was Mrs. Penhallow.

There she stood, with one arm slightly upraised, and upon the third finger of its hand there glittered the granite ring. Her white gown clung to her like grave cerements. Her face was pale and sunken and her eyes were dimmed and heavy, wide open though they were in their fierce, fixed gaze at that strange woman by her husband's side.

The silence was broken by a shriek, and then a long, piercing, blood-curdling wail:

"Elizabeth!"

The figure that had borne its share in the evening's festivity had dropped the clutch on its companion's arm and darted through the open door into the darkness without. The heavy robes, the fluttering lace, brushed against me. The veil was torn aside.

And I saw what it had concealed.

Through the night, as the flying figure passed me, came the words:

"The witches are after me! The witches are after me!"

XI.

I ENTERED the poorhouse and staggered towards my mother's room. There was a light inside. At the sound of my voice my father came to the door.

"Where is she?" I gasped.

"What does it mean?" he questioned.

"Where is she?" I repeated.

"Old Sally Waters roused us jes now by her shrieks at the door. How did she git hold of that dress?"

"Where is she—where is she?" I panted. "Don't ask me anything now. Let me go to her"; and I freed myself from his grasp to hurry to the room at the end of the corridor.

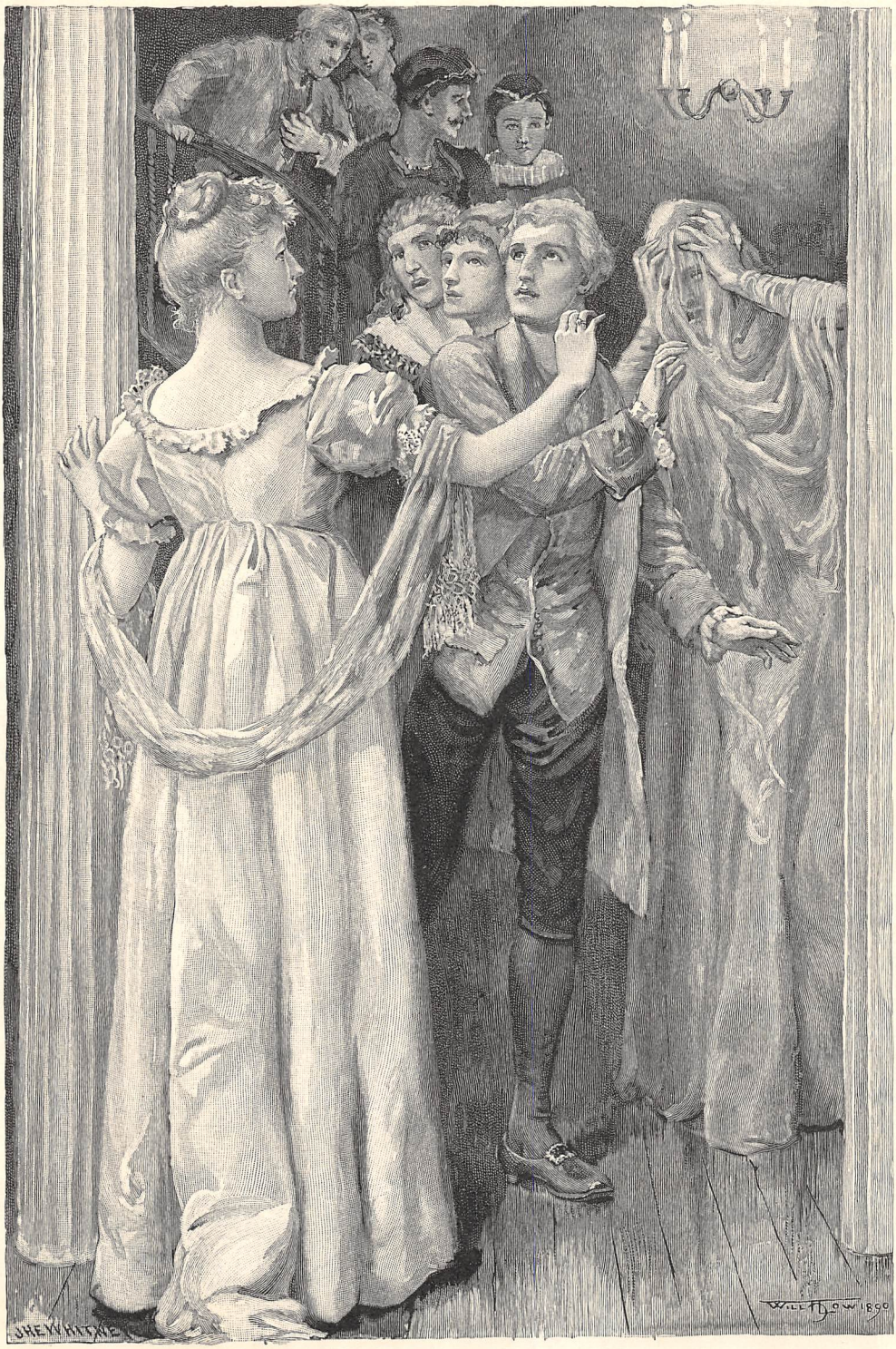
There she lay on her bed of straw, the rich gown outspread in its length of train on the unpainted floor. Her staring eyeballs gleamed in ghastly unconsciousness through their half-closed lids.

My mother was trying to place a bedspread over her, but, as though she disdained the ugly calico coverlid, it was automatically pushed aside again and again. I sank on the chair by the bedside and buried my face in my hands. Mother and father stood by the door, whispering their conjectures. Once and again one of them would come to the bedside and scan the dying woman's face, but there seemed to be no change in her condition. Life was so plainly at its lowest ebb that it was not worth while to call the doctor.

On the floor near by was the leather string, knotted about a bit of gray flannel that the old woman had worn around her neck. I picked it up mechanically. In the rag a small circle was almost worn through, and in a cluster were two or three tiny holes. A few silky golden hairs clung to the rag.

The little blue chest at the head of the bed was open. Could the rags it contained, with their loathsome contents, have been a tally by which reckoning had been kept of the departing years? Had the sight of the wedding-gown been the shock that had served to unite old associations, and, sending all the life yet left in the withered frame spinning and reeling to the head, enabled the once iron will to make its last mortal effort?

The minutes crept slowly on till that time when death comes oftenest. The dying wom-



THE BALL.

an's eyes were suddenly opened. They met mine. She raised her right hand and placed it upon her left as it lay upon her breast, thus covering the granite ring.

"I understand," I whispered.

A minute later the breathing ceased.

"Let her lie as she is," I said, when mother would have disrobed her, "till I have told Mrs. Penhallow."

Some boys were going past the poorhouse, bound on an early fishing excursion. Their mocking chant floated in to us:

"Rise, Sally, rise,
Wipe off your eyes!"

XIII.

At the Place everything was in confusion. The halls were piled high with baggage, and ladies and children were standing about in traveling array. In the kitchen there was an excited group.

"Did you know — have you heard?" was the general exclamation as I entered. "Everybody is going, and Mrs. Wason is at her wit's end."

"Have the Penhallows gone?"

"They are going on the noon train. Most of the ladies fainted or had hysterics. One woman declared that she saw the figure whom we all thought was Mrs. Penhallow running over the hill towards the graveyard, and," — the girl lowered her voice and glanced nervously over her shoulder,— "as true as you live, Mr. Wason found the veil this morning, as he was driving the cows to pasture, half way up the hill."

"Mrs. Wason says it was somebody playing a trick on us."

"It was Mrs. Penhallow or her double who was in the ball-room last night," cried another, argumentatively.

Without waiting to hear the end of the discussion, or rather its progress, for the end was never reached, I hastened to Mrs. Penhallow's room.

She was in bed, and her husband was seated, near by, with an expression upon his face that would have been sternness in a less gentle nature. Here, too, I had evidently interrupted a discussion the nature of which was the same as that going on downstairs.

"Did you see it?" questioned Mrs. Penhallow, with a shudder.

I told them the inner meaning of the story which dated back eighty years. When I had ended, I was not crying alone.

"Let her be buried in her wedding gown," said Mrs. Penhallow; "she will rest better so."

"You did not send for the dress, then?" I asked.

"No. Soon after you left me I took some morphine. I had lately outgrown the influence of even largely increased quantities, and, indifferent to the risk of an overdose, I meant to take enough to insure escape from pain. Don't blame me too much, Mac. I have promised never to touch the horrible drug again. There was nobody to awake me through the day, for every one was resting in preparation for the evening. Even Mr. Penhallow's movements in the next room failed to arouse me.

"When I at last recovered consciousness my gown was damp with the dew from the open window. I was so dizzy and confused and so deathly sick that I did not realize what I had done or what was going on below. My only thought was that supper was ready and that I must hurry to meet Mr. Penhallow.

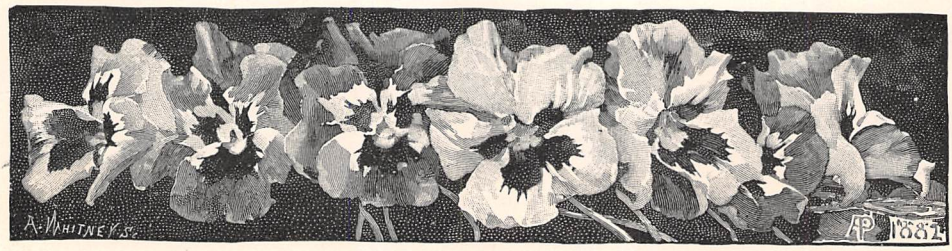
"Time seemed to have turned backward and I was the daughter whom the mother was driving to her death. The horror of the river to which she had at last succeeded in forcing me was upon me, my name rang in my ears, the phantasmagoria swam before my eyes, and that was all I knew till I awoke and found myself here."

By noon that day Penhallow Place was deserted, nor was there ever again any one bold enough to try the experiment of utilizing it as a hotel.

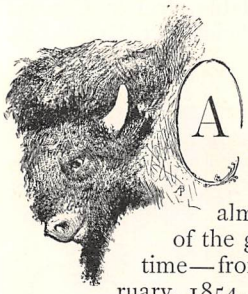
It was in the following spring that I wrote to Mrs. Penhallow about my marriage, and how Harry had said that it was on that morning in my old home when he had first thought how pleasant it always would be to sit at the table where I poured the tea.

In her reply she said that she was now in perfect health. Inclosed, a wedding present from her husband and herself, was the deed of the little rocky farm.

Edith Robinson.



RÉSUMÉ OF FRÉMONT'S EXPEDITIONS.



A FULL account of the five exploring expeditions of John C. Frémont would form almost a complete history of the great West during that time—from June, 1842, to February, 1854. The three earlier expeditions were made at the expense and under the direction of the Government. The two later ones were private ventures—principally at the expense of Frémont's father-in-law, Thomas H. Benton, and himself.[1]

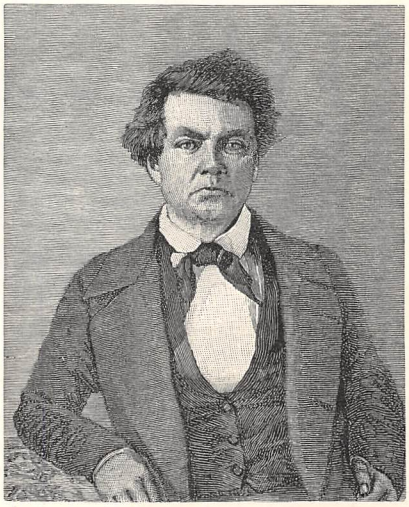
The first expedition left Choteau's Landing, near the site of Kansas City, on June 10, 1842. The party consisted of twenty-eight members, with Frémont in command, Charles Preuss, topographical engineer, Lucien Maxwell, hunter, and Kit Carson, guide. It was accompanied by Henry Brant, a son of Colonel J. H. Brant, of St. Louis, and Randolph Benton, Frémont's brother-in-law, a boy of twelve. The remainder of the party, twenty-two in number, were principally Creole or Canadian *voyageurs*.[2] The party was well armed and mounted, with the exception of the eight cart-drivers. For some distance the expedition followed very nearly the route taken by the first emigrant train, of which General Bidwell was a member, and, like them, met vast herds of buffaloes and other game.

This route followed the general line of the Kansas and Platte rivers, and for forty miles beyond the junction of the North and South forks of the Platte it kept close to the latter. At this point the party separated, Frémont with five men continuing along the South Fork, while the others struck across country to the North Fork, and, resuming the emigrant route, passed by Scott's Bluff, Chimney Rock, and other landmarks. At Fort Laramie they were reunited early in July. Every obstruction was thrown in the way of their advance. The trappers, under the well-known mountaineer, Jim Bridger, warned them against the danger of proceeding; and the Indians at Fort Laramie threatened them with destruction if they insisted upon advancing. But warnings and threats alike failed. In a council held at Fort Laramie Frémont announced his intention of pressing on in pursuance of his original plans.

On the 28th of July it was decided that the party should conceal its *impedimenta* and push forward in light marching order.

The Rocky Mountains were crossed at South Pass on the 8th of August, and the party then struck northward, now for the first time traveling over untrodden ground. After many adventures and much hardship they reached the Wind River Mountains; the highest peak, named, after the first man to make the ascent, Frémont's Peak, was scaled, and the American flag planted upon its summit. This mountain, perhaps the loftiest in the Rocky Mountain system, is 13,570 feet in height. From this point the party returned by way of the Nebraska River, reaching St. Louis on the 17th of October.

The second expedition started in the spring of 1843. Frémont received instructions to con-



CHARLES PREUSS,
TOPOGRAPHER OF THE FIRST AND SECOND FRÉMONT EXPEDITIONS. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

[1] For map of routes see "The First Emigrant Train to California," THE CENTURY for November, 1890.

[2] These were: Clément Lambert, J. B. L'Espérance, J. B. Lefèvre, Benjamin Potra, Moïse Chardonnais, Auguste Janisse, Raphael Proue, Louis Gouin, J. B. Dumés, Basil Lajeunesse, François Tessier, Benjamin Cadotte, Joseph Clément, Daniel Simonds, Leonard Benoit, Michel Morly, Baptiste Bernier, Honoré Ayot, François Latulippe, François Badeau, Louis Ménard, Joseph Ruelle.

nect his explorations of 1842 with the surveys of Commander Wilkes on the Pacific coast. There were thirty-nine men in the party. Mr. Preuss was again topographical engineer; Thomas Fitzpatrick was guide. Theodore Talbot and Frederick Dwight joined the party for personal reasons. These with thirty-two white men, a free colored man, Jacob Dodson, and two Delaware Indians, completed the number.

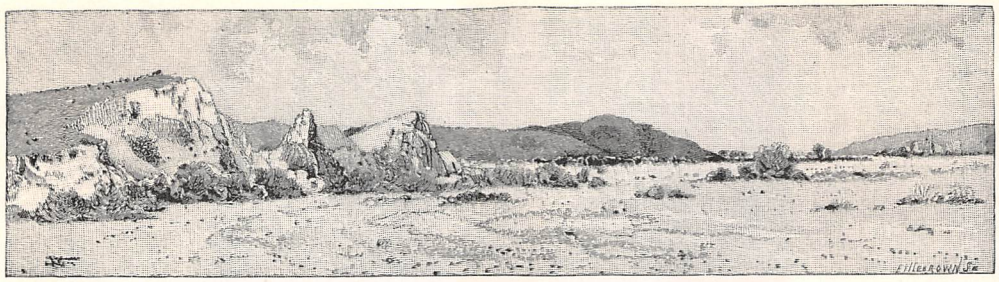
The preparations for departure being completed, on the 29th of May the party set out, following the general direction taken by the first expedition but farther to the south, crossing the two forks of the Kansas and reaching Fort St. Vrain on the Fourth of July. Instead of turning directly north to Fort Laramie, as he had done in 1842, Frémont took a westerly course. On the 14th, at the point where the Boiling Spring River enters the Arkansas, the party were delighted to meet Kit Carson, and to secure his services as guide. Several parties had been sent out to secure supplies. Failing in this, they returned to Fort St. Vrain. At this point Alexis Godey was engaged as hunter. Frémont says, "In courage and professional skill he was a formidable rival to Carson." Going through the Medicine Butte Pass, following the Platte and the Sweetwater, they crossed the South Pass and struck directly westward to the Bear River, which, flowing in a southerly direction, empties into Great Salt Lake. After some exploration of its northern end, on the 18th of September the party were again united at Fort Hall on the Shoshone, and preparations were made to push on to the Columbia. The cold and the scarcity of provisions decided Frémont to send back a number of the men who had so far accompanied him. Eleven men, among them Basil

A HERD OF BUFFALOES AT THE PLATTE.

JIM BRIDGER, SCOUT AND TRAPPER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARTER.)

Lajeunesse, who was an extremely valuable man, returned, for one reason or another, to their homes. The remnant of the party pushed on, following the course of the Snake River to Walla Walla. On the 4th of November they passed the Dalles of the Columbia, and a few days later reached Fort Vancouver. A number of excursions in the vicinity brought into view the snow-covered peaks of Mount Rainier (Mount Tacoma), Mount St. Helen's, and Mount Hood. On the 25th of November the party began its homeward trip, which was accomplished by a wide southerly sweep, and through much privation, danger, and suffering. The path lay first down through Oregon and California, over the snowy passes of the Sierra Nevada, by the waters of the Sacramento to Sutter's Fort. The experiences of travel on the snow-covered mountains, through which their way had to be broken, were terrible. Worn out, sometimes crazed by exposure and suffering, one man after another would wander off and get lost, and the strength of the rest, which was weakness at best, would be taxed to hunt up the wanderers. At last the stragglers were all gathered in except Baptiste Derosier, who was given up for lost, but who turned up two years later in St Louis.

This expedition through the great valley lying between the Rockies on the east and the Sierra Nevada on the west opened up a country unknown except to Indians and trappers, and disproved the idea, which had hitherto been accepted as fact, that a great waterway led directly westward through the Sierra to the Pacific coast. After an excursion to San Francisco the route southward was resumed, along the direction of the coast and about one hundred miles east of it, to a point not far from Los Angeles, then curving up and proceeding due northeasterly and then northerly till Great Salt Lake was again reached at its southern extremity. This great reëntrant curve of three thousand five hundred miles was traveled over in eight months, during the severities of a winter in the mountains and

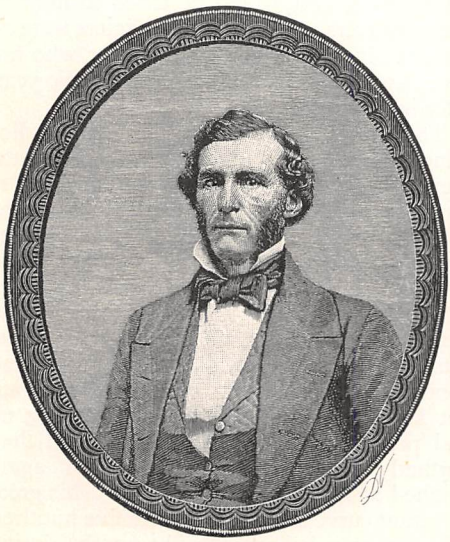


VIEW OF THE DRY BED OF THE SOUTH FORK OF THE PLATTE (1890).

never once out of sight of snow. During these eight months no word had come back to the East from the party, and grave fears were entertained for their safety.

The third and last Government expedition set out in the autumn of 1845. The object in view was to follow up the Arkansas River to its source in the Rocky Mountains, to complete the exploration of Great Salt Lake, and to extend the survey westward and southwestward to the Cascades and the Sierra Nevada, in order to ascertain the best route by which to reach the Pacific coast in this lower latitude. Matters were in a very unsettled condition; the Mexican war was impending, and trouble was brooding over our southwestern possessions. Before going on this expedition Frémont was brevetted lieutenant and captain at the same time.

Bent's Fort was reached as expeditiously as possible, since the real object of the exploration lay beyond the Rockies, and the winter was fast approaching. The *personnel* of the party it is difficult to find. Edward Kern took the place of Mr. Preuss as topographer; he was also a valuable acquisition to the party because of his artistic ability. Lieutenants Abert and Peck were under Frémont's command. Jacob Dodson, the colored man who accompanied the second expedition, and a Chinook Indian who had gone back to Washington with Frémont, and two gentlemen, James McDowell and Theodore Talbot, accompanied the expedition. Fitzpatrick again served as guide and Hatcher as hunter. Later they were joined by Alexis Godey, Kit Carson, and Richard Owens, three men who, under Napoleon, says Frémont, would have been made marshals because of their cool courage, keenness, and resolution. When they set out from Bent's Fort the party numbered sixty members, many of them Frémont's old companions. After a short and easy journey they reached the southern end of Great Salt Lake, and spent two weeks exploring it and fixing certain points. Then they struck out in a westerly direction, across the dreary, barren desert west of Great Salt Lake to the foot of the Sierra, by way of the Humboldt River. When the party, after following two routes, met again at Walker's Lake, Frémont found his men too worn and exhausted and the stock of provisions too low to think of trying to cross the mountains together, so the party was again divided. Frémont with fifteen picked men undertook to cross the mountains, get relief at Sutter's, and meet the other and weaker party. These he ordered to go southward, skirting the eastern base of the Sierra till a warmer climate and more open passes were found, and to meet him at an appointed place. In ten days Frémont reached Sutter's Fort, laid in his supplies of cattle, horses, and provisions, and proceeded to the appointed place, but no signs of Talbot's party were to be seen. Owing to a mistake each party went to a different place. Both halted, and turned about, hoping to effect a junction, but to no purpose. Frémont suffered severely from the attacks of hostile Indians. Finally each party found its way separately to the California settlements. Then followed a conflict concerning which there is much controversy. Frémont was compelled by the Mex-

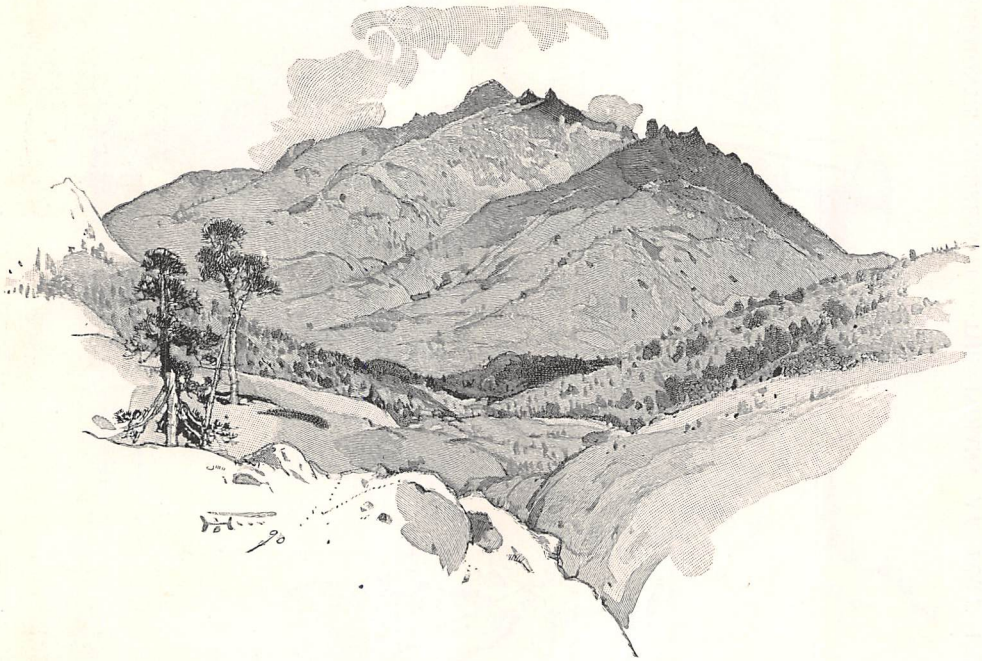


ALEXIS GODEY.
(FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE LENT BY H. B. EDWARDS.)

FRÉMONT'S ADDRESS TO THE INDIANS AT FORT LARAMIE.

ican governor to retire to Oregon. After serious conflicts with the Klamath Indians he returned to take part in the Bear Flag insurrection, which was the occasion of the conquest of the territory. [See this magazine for September, 1890, p. 792, and February, 1891, p. 518, for details, and also "Californiana" in the present number.] A difference as to precedence arose between Commodore Stockton of the naval and General Kearney of the land forces. Frémont chose to serve under Stockton, as it was from him in the first instance, before Kearney arrived, that he had received his orders. He was court-martialed for mutiny and disobedience to his superior officer, and was found guilty, but was pardoned in consideration of his distinguished services to his country. Feeling that the verdict was unjust, he threw up his commission, and so ended the last Government expedition.

The fourth expedition was a private venture made at Frémont's own risk and that of Senator Benton. The party followed for some distance the route along the Kansas, turning southward at the junction of the two forks, and striking across to the Arkansas, and so on as far as Bent's Fort. On November 25, 1848, the party, thirty-two in number, left the upper pueblo of the Arkansas with one hundred good mules and ample provision for crossing the St. John's Mountains, part of the Rocky Mountain system. They had for guide a well-known mountaineer, Bill Williams, but he proved a blind leader of the blind. Instead of finding a pass, he led the party over the top of the highest mountains, where there was no pasturage and where they were exposed to intense suffering and toil and terrible loss of life: every mule and horse, and one-third of the men, perished from starvation or freezing. A full account is given in this number of THE CENTURY from the diary of one of the members of the party, the late William McGehee of Mississippi. In one instance the men in their extremity fed on the dead bodies of their companions. The rescued remnant of the party moved southward to Taos, and so by a more southerly route to California. The addition made to geographical knowledge by this disastrous expedition was not great. Frémont believed that if they had not been misled by their guide he would have discovered the best route to California.

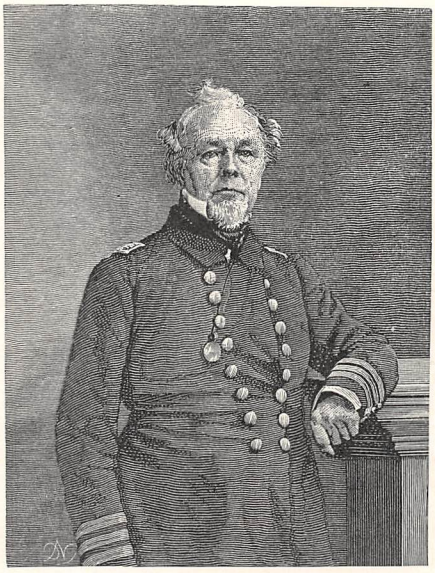


LARAMIE PEAK, FROM ONE OF THE OLD MOUNTAIN TRAILS.

In March, 1852, an appropriation was made by the Government for further surveys of the great western routes. A highway and railroad were growing more and more necessary since the acquisition of California. Frémont, on the strength of this, determined to prove his belief about the central route which he had so disastrously failed to find on his fourth expedition. In August, 1853, he set out on his last expedi-

A BRUSH WITH THE REDSKINS. (ADAPTED FROM A PICTURE OWNED BY GENERAL E. F. BEALE.)

tion. The names of this party are not given in full. The artist was S. N. Carvalho, the topographer Mr. Eglostein, and Oliver Fuller of St. Louis accompanied the party. From what is said in the account of the expedition, it seems there were also ten white men and ten Delaware Indians. After two weeks' detention in consequence of Frémont's illness, the party was again set in motion. It crossed the Rockies at Cochetopa Pass, not far above the scene of the terrible suffering in the preceding exploration. For a time it seemed as though the experiences of the fourth expedition were going to be repeated. Provisions became very scarce, and at last failed entirely, and then the explorers began to kill and devour their horses. Colonel Frémont called his men together and made them take a solemn oath never to resort to cannibalism, no matter what extremities they might reach. Times grew worse; they were reduced to living upon the hides, entrails, and burned bones of their horses. By these and by a certain variety of cactus which they occasionally were able to get from under the snow, life was sustained. In this way the party of twenty-two lived for fifty days, tramping through the snow with Frémont at their head treading out a pathway for his men. At last the entire party became barefoot. On February 1 Mr. Fuller gave out. The snow was very deep; his feet were severely frozen, and he found it impossible to advance. He was put upon one of the remaining horses and the men divided their miserable pittances of rations to increase his. Almost in sight of succor he died,—in Frémont's words,—"like a man, on horseback in his saddle, and we buried him like a soldier on the spot where he fell." Frémont, in the words of Benton, "went straight to the spot where the guide had gone astray, followed the course described by the mountain men, and found safe and easy passes all the way to California through a good country and



COMDR. J. B. MONTGOMERY, LATER REAR-ADMIRAL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.) [SEE PAGE 780.]

upon the straight line of 38° and 39°." It probably did not seem such a "safe and easy" thing to the starving and half-frozen men during those fifty days of anguish. At last, after they had been forty-eight hours without a morsel of food, relief came to the party.

Something of the practical value of these explorations may be inferred from the fact that the great railroads connecting East and West lie in large measure through the country explored by Frémont, sometimes in the very lines he followed; and this is equally true of the highways

INDEPENDENCE ROCK, SWEETWATER RIVER.

The winter of this last exploration was exceptionally severe; and since the point Frémont wished to demonstrate was the practicability of this route in winter, the season was peculiarly favorable.

M. N. O.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FRÉMONT EXPLORATIONS.

LONG before the words carried their meaning I was familiar with "Oregon occupation" and the "India trade." They connected themselves with big English law-books in my father's library, whose Hogarth-like pictures were a delight to my childhood when there were no picture-books made for children. Many a pleased hour I puzzled over these in that sunny library where I was free to come on condition that I would be "as quiet as a mouse." One of these illustrations, together with my father's many and patient explanations tempered to a child's mind, gave me some ideas which have never faded, but, emerging from childish imaginings and confusings, became strangely interwoven into the very substance of my real life. This favorite picture was that scene of which Macaulay has made so vivid a word-painting, the "Impeachment of Warren Hastings." It became an endless theme between my father and myself, and through it from him came my earliest impressions of India and Oriental life, and of England's power — her love of justice as well as her love of gain; her daring conquests, and her crushing mastery of a race that were to me then the people of the Arabian Nights, only more warlike, and more splendid. The peacock throne of gold and gems seemed as real to me as the living peacocks that at sunset spread their feathers and screamed on the lawn at my grandfather's house in Virginia. And on the long gallery of our own home in St. Louis, where in the pleasant way of the old French town much life went on in the open air, again England was a household theme. For the British Fur Company, its enmity to the American Fur Company, its harassing opposition to Americans settling in Oregon, were matters of personal interest and necessary consideration to those meeting there.

Chief of the unusual figures frequenting that tree-shaded gallery was the stately and venerable General William Clark, who was ending his

THOMAS H. BENTON.
(FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY LEHMAN & DUVAL, AFTER A DRAWING BY C. FENDERICH, OWNED BY GENERAL E. F. BEALE.)

honorable days in St. Louis, where he held superintendency over all the Indians of the West. He who had first explored the Columbia to the Pacific, and carried through Jefferson's once defeated plan, was, of right, chief of this informal council. There met the heads of the fur trade — the many Chouteaus, and Ramsay Crooks, who brought Washington Irving when he was collecting material for his "Astoria." At times came picturesque Mexican merchants in gold-embroidered velvet riding dress and great ringing silver spurs; waiting under the shade of our old trees were their horses glittering with silver-mounted saddles and trappings. Nobody walked. There waited also horses with military saddles belonging to officers up from Jefferson Barracks, their riders, in well-worn uniforms and with thinned, sunburned faces, freshly in from prairie chase and sharp skirmish with Black Hawk and his turbulent Indians — these too kept in enmity by the opposing British Fur Company. Black-robed Italian and Belgian dignitaries of the Catholic Church, keeping to their traditions as pioneer travelers, would bring some humble, devoted missionary priest who had his tale to tell and his valuable addition to make to the little known geography of plain and mountain. Wiry French *voyageurs* in their fringed buckskins, keen-witted and light of heart; and wealthy citizens, Spanish, French, and American, interested in the trade which, crossing Mexico, stretched to the "Sea of Cortez," as the Gulf of California was still called, met there in council, all animated by a common purpose to free our way westward.

Year after year this small but forceful council met with my father in the vacations of Congress, and he carried up to their friends in Washington the knowledge gained among them as an impelling force towards our more energetic occupation of Oregon. In this interest he had visited Mr. Jefferson in his mountain home in Virginia, and gained deeper insight and further purpose from the mind to which we owe our expansion westward.

When in 1840 there came to Washington M. Nicollet, a French *savant* and traveler, and Mr. Frémont, who had been with him on the northwestern geographical surveys, it was of keenest interest to my father to know them, and to follow their travels on their maps in course of construction. This resulted in Mr. Frémont's becoming a part in his long-cherished work for the occupation of Oregon. Now, to his own accumulated knowledge and

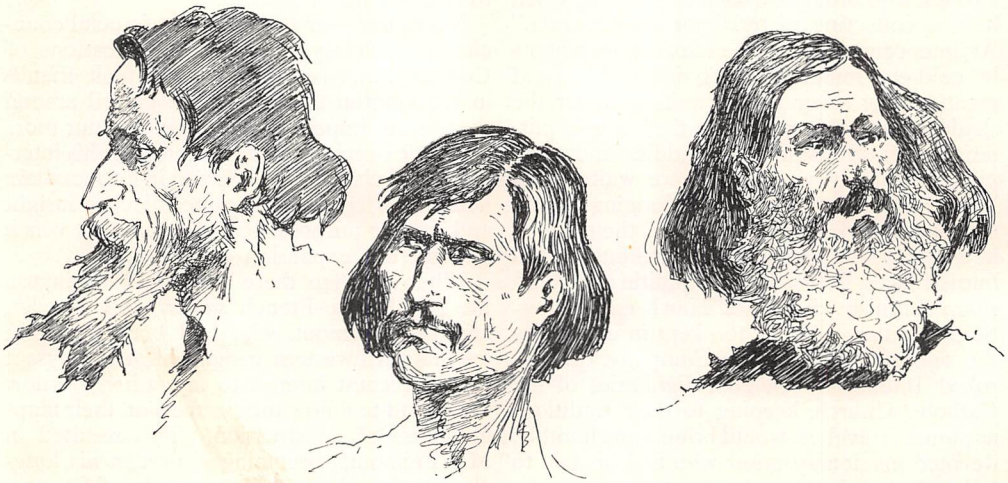
the increasing public interest and political reasons, could be joined the experience and love of adventurous travel, the youth and proved endurance, such as Jefferson so long before had secured for Oregon exploration in the traveler Ledyard. And to this was soon added personal and family identity in work and aim, for I by my marriage had become their connecting link.

It would have needed only a request from my father to obtain for Mr. Frémont duty which should keep him in Washington in place of the long absences and dangers of these expeditions; but self-renunciation lies at the root of great work, and this was to be my part in being of use to my father; so that it was but a few months after my marriage that the first of the planned series of expeditions (that of 1842) was in the field. As that proved successful and of sudden and large interest to the country, the second (that of 1843–44) was started off without delay.

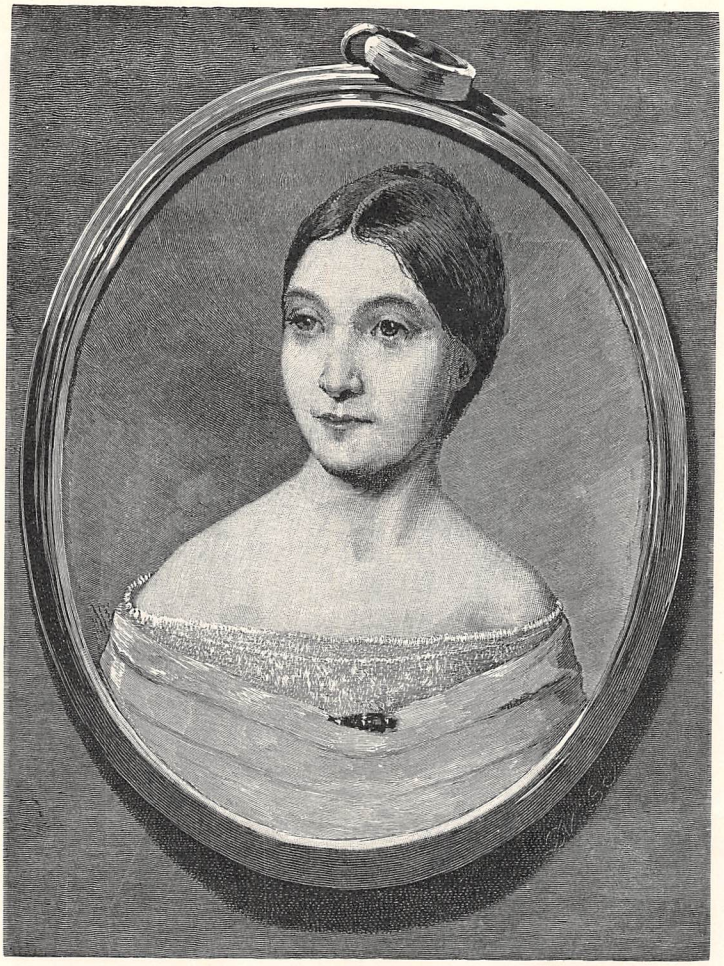
The winter of 1842–43 had been used to make out the maps and write the report. In this I was secretary and amanuensis, and had full knowledge of the large scope and national importance of these journeys — a knowledge as yet strictly confined to the few carrying out their aim. Even to the Secretary of War, and to Mr. Frémont's immediate commander, the colonel of the Topographical Engineers, they were only geographical surveys to determine lines of travel. This, the second, was to connect with the survey of the bay of San Francisco made by Captain Wilkes, U. S. N.

President Harrison, being both a Western man and a soldier, would have been friendly to their larger aim, but his death reversed this. Events justified the wisdom of silence until the fast-coming hour. War with Mexico was nearing, and in that event the ownership of the bay of San Francisco would be open to the chances of war.

In the month of March, 1843, I accompanied Mr. Frémont to St. Louis, where the second expedition was fitted out; that through, he left for the frontier, where the men and animals were gathered. Following out my duty of secretary, I was to open the mail and forward to the camp at Kaw Landing, now Kansas City, all that in my judgment required Mr. Frémont's attention. One day there came for him an official letter from his colonel, the chief of the Topographical Bureau: it was an order recalling him to Washington, whither he was directed to return and explain why he had armed his party with a howitzer; saying that it was a scientific, not a military expedition, and should not have been so armed. I saw at once that this would make delays which would involve the overthrow of great plans, and I felt there was a hidden hand at work. Fortunately my father was absent from St. Louis, and I could act on my instinct. Without telling any one of the order I put it away and hurried off a messenger to Mr. Frémont — one of his men, Basil Lajeunesse, who was to join him with the last things. I feared a duplicate letter might have been sent on to the frontier; but the river mail was very irregular and slow, and I charged Basil to make all haste, for much depended on that letter. I wrote Mr. Frémont that he *must not ask why*, but must start at once, ready or not ready. The animals could rest and fatten at Bent's Fort. "Only GO." There was a reason, but he could not know it; my father would take care of everything. And as we acted together unquestioningly, he did go immediately.



AMERICAN, MEXICAN, AND FRENCH PIONEER TYPES.

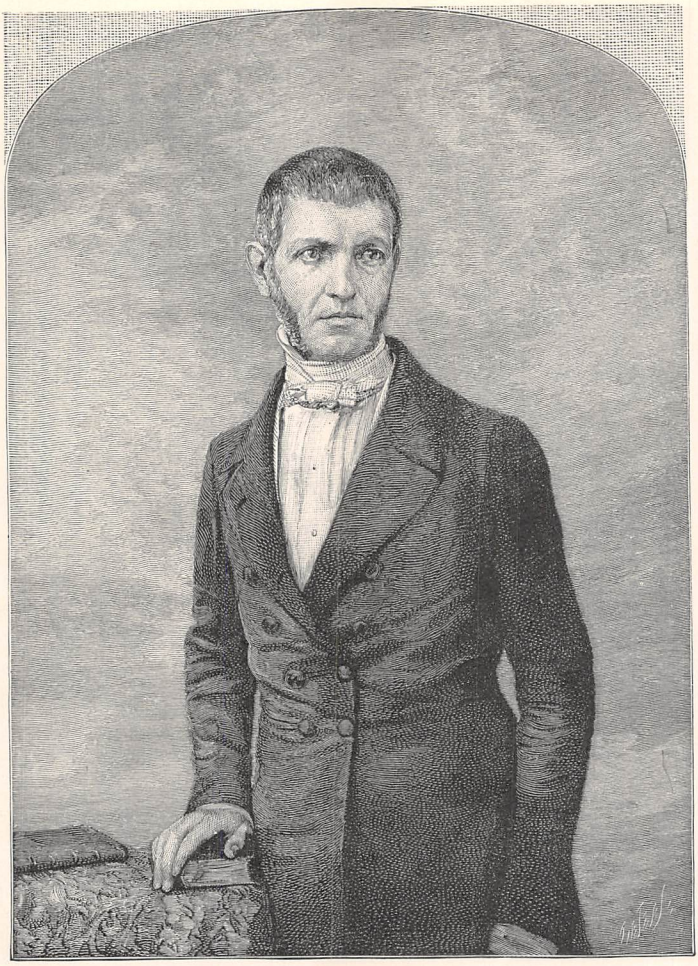


JESSIE BENTON (MRS. FRÉMONT). (FROM THE MINIATURE ON IVORY BY DODGE.)

We were in that older time when there was no telegraph to paralyze individuality. Else the grand plan with its gathered strength and fullness, ripening and expanding from Jefferson's time to now, almost its culminating hour, would have fallen before petty official routine. I suspected some obscure intrigue, such as had recalled the young traveler Ledyard when he had already crossed Russia into Siberia in carrying out the design of Mr. Jefferson, then minister to France, for opening up the Columbia River—an intrigue that had thus balked and overthrown the foresight of Jefferson, the friendly assistance of the Empress Catherine, and the energetic ambition of Ledyard. It was now my happy privilege to be of use in counteracting a like evil interference. With the distance and the slow mails between the frontier and Washington I could count on gaining time enough for a good start for the party.

Not until after I received the good-by letter did I write in answer to his colonel who had sent the order of recall. Then I wrote him exactly what I had done: that I had not sent forward the order because it was given on insufficient knowledge, and to obey it would break up the expedition; that the journeys to and from Washington, with indefinite delays there, would lose to the animals the best season for grass and throw them, underfed, into the mountains in winter; that the country of the Blackfeet and other fierce tribes had to be crossed, and that Indians knew nothing of the rights of science, but fought all whites; that these tribes were in number and the party not fifty men, therefore the howitzer was necessary; that as I knew a military order must be obeyed, I had not let it be known to any one, but had hurried off the party.

When my father returned he entirely approved of my wrong-doing, and wrote to the



GEORGE BANCROFT. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

Secretary of War that he would be responsible for my act, and that he would call for a court martial on the point charged against Mr. Frémont. But there was never any further question of the wisdom of his arming the party sufficiently. In fact it had been but a pretext, for which the colonel, a quiet man, had been used. I had so grown into my father's purpose that now, when my husband could be of such large aid to its accomplishment, I had no hesitation in risking for him all consequences. Upon this second expedition hinged great results. It made California known in a way which roused and enlisted our people and led directly to its being acquired during the third expedition (that of 1845–47), and this time there were no "foes in the rear."

With the election of President Polk the way was made free to western expansion, and his having for Secretary of the Navy the historian Bancroft was of determining advantage. Then my father could say in that Senate where so long ago his voice had plead to dull ears for attention to our Pacific coast, "Now we own the country from sea to sea,— from the Atlantic to the Pacific,— and upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi and embracing the whole temperate zone." From his own hearth had gone the one who carried his hopes to fullest execution and aided to make true his prophetic words, afterward cut into the pedestal of his statue in St. Louis, whose bronze hand points west —

THERE IS THE EAST,
THERE IS THE ROAD TO INDIA.

And the venerable historian who had such deciding part in acquiring California has seen the fulfilment of his large views. His strong, quiet words, the utterance of his eighty-sixth year, are a résumé of the whole and give to this episode of our national history the force of a benediction :

NEWPORT, R. I., 2d July, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I have just received the first of your joint tribute to Benton and the path to Oregon. I remember the days when the eyes of the world were turned towards the bold adventurer who was to demonstrate that Oregon can be reached by a mid-winter journey as well as by a trip through the wilderness in summer; and when Benton predicted in the Senate, in the lecture-room, in all companies, the ease with which the East and the Pacific shore could meet together; and the consequent changes in the affairs of the world.

. . . . . .

It had been my desire to acquire California by all honorable means much before that time [1846].

I look upon the acquisition of California by ourselves as the decisive point in the perfect establishment of the Union on a foundation that cannot be moved. Up to that time the division was between North and South. From that moment all division, if there was one, was between the North, Center, and West against the South. Now that we have got rid of slavery, it seems to me that all distinction between North and South has vanished. But the acquisition of California, making our country the highway between Europe and Asia and establishing domestic free trade through our almost boundless territory, promises to our institutions and our Union perpetuity.

Best regards to Mrs. Frémont. Ever yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Rarely does life offer such opportunities; more seldom still do men, each specially fitted to his part, combine to carry out such noble, enduring work — work which time has proved good. And the remembering people feel the truth, "Though the pathfinders die, the paths remain open."

Jessie Benton Frémont.

ROUGH TIMES IN ROUGH PLACES.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES OF FRÉMONT'S FOURTH EXPEDITION.

[The earlier explorations of Frémont through the Rocky Mountains and into California — those of 1842, 1843, and 1845 — were made under the direction and at the expense of the United States Government, and of these we have full reports. Far less is known of the fourth expedition, which he made in 1848-49, at private expense.

The following article is made up of the records and diary of a member of the party, left at his death, and never before published. It is sent to THE CENTURY by his brother, Mr. C. G. McGehee, of Woodville, Mississippi.

As far as Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, at the entrance to the Rocky Mountains, this party followed very nearly the same line taken by the expedition of 1844, which in the main follows the present route of railway travel on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé line. The experiences of the party in their slow progress over the plains — their encounters with Indians, buffaloes, elk, antelopes, and wild horses — are not unique, and will, therefore, be omitted. We take up the diary where the old trail is left and the party plunges into the unknown mazes of the Rockies under the guidance of one of the trappers, named Bill Williams, — of a type which has long passed out of existence, — and who is thus described:]

ILL WILLIAMS was the most successful trapper in the mountains, and the best acquainted with the ways and habits of the wild tribes among and near whom he spent his adventurous life. He first came to the West as a sort of missionary to the Osages. But "Old Bill" laid aside his Christianity and took up his rifle and came to the mountains. He was full of oddities in appearance, manner, conversation, and actions. He generally went out alone into the mountains, and would remain there trapping by himself for several months together, his lonely camps being often pitched in the vicinity of hostile savages. But he was as well versed in stratagem as they, and though he bore the marks of balls and arrows, he was a terror to them in single fight. He had ingratiated himself into the favor of several tribes; he had two or three squaws among the Utahs, and spoke their language and also that of several other tribes.

He was a dead shot with a rifle, though he always shot with a "double wabble"; he never could hold his gun still, yet his ball went always to the spot on a single shot. Though a most indefatigable walker, he never could walk on a straight line, but went staggering along, first on one side and then the other. He was an expert horseman; scarce a horse or mule could unseat him. He rode leaning forward upon the pommel, with his rifle before him, his stirrups ridiculously short, and his breeches rubbed up to his knees, leaving his legs bare even in freezing cold weather. He wore a loose monkey-jacket or a buckskin hunting-shirt, and for his head-covering a blanket-cap, the two top corners drawn up into two wolfish, satyr-like ears, giving him somewhat the appearance of the representations we generally meet with of his Satanic Majesty, at the same time rendering his *tout ensemble*

exceedingly ludicrous. He was a perfect specimen of his kind, an embodiment of the reckless and extravagant propensity of the mountaineers, and he pursued his lucrative but perilous vocation from an innate love of its excitement and dangers. He had no other care for the gains of his labors than as a means of affording him a "big spree," and enabling him to procure more powder and lead. It is told of him that he once came into Taos and spent on one spree six thousand dollars, the result of a successful season of trapping, and then left the place in debt. One of his amusements on this occasion was to buy whole bolts of calico, then quite a costly article in Taos, and, going into the street, to take hold of one end and throw out the other as far as he could, unrolling it on the ground, and then call out the Mexican women to scramble for it. In this way, and with drinking and gambling, three or four weeks would suffice to run through his money. Taking his traps and rifle, and some provision on his mules, he would disappear among the mountains, and nothing would be heard of him for months, until he would come into the fort with a new supply of peltries. He would sometimes gamble until he lost all his money and animals; then borrowing as many as he wanted of the best horses belonging to his fellow-trappers, who never opposed him, he would leave the fort, one or two thousand dollars in debt, and take to the mountains again, certain to return after a few months with another large supply. If he was much in need of a horse, or tired of his squaw, he would sell her, or "swap" her off for one or two horses. For twenty-one years he had lived in the mountains without returning to civilized life until he was taken back under guard, a year or two previous, by Captain Cook, for the offense of manœuvering and acting the Indian in his buckskin suit on the plains, thereby deceiving the captain into the belief that he was an Indian, and giving his men a fruitless chase of several miles over the prairies before they could overtake him on his pony, much to his diversion and the officer's chagrin.

Such was old Bill Williams — he who was destined to be our guide at this time. But it was not without some hesitation that he consented to go, for most of the old trappers at the pueblo declared that it was impossible to cross the mountains at that time; that the cold upon the mountains was unprecedented, and the snow deeper than they had ever known it so early in the year. However, Old Bill concluded to go, for he thought we could manage to get through, though not without considerable suffering.[1]

On the 26th of November [1848] we entered the Rocky Mountains, which had been for days looming up before us, presenting to view one continuous sheet of snow. The snow already covered the mountains and was rapidly deepening. I have frequently since called to mind the expression of one of the men as we rode along before entering Hard Scrabble. As we looked upon the stormy mountain so portentous of the future, he said, "Friends, I don't want my bones to bleach upon those mountains." Poor fellow, little did he dream of what the future would be!

In the evening, from our first camp, eight miles in the mountains, several of us climbed to a high point to take a last look at the plains. The sight was beautiful; the snow-covered plain far beneath us stretching eastward as far as the eye could reach, while on the opposite side frowned the almost perpendicular wall of high mountains.

We entered the mountains on foot, packing our saddle-mules with corn to sustain the animals. We traveled on, laboring through the deep snow on the rugged mountain range, passing successively through what are called White Mountain Valley and Wet Mountain Valley into Grand River Valley. The cold was intense, and storms frequently compelled us to lie in camp, from the impossibility of forcing the mules against them. A number of the men were frozen; the animals became exhausted from the inclemency of the weather and want of food, what little grass there was being all buried in the snow. As we proceeded matters grew worse and worse. The mules gave out one by one and dropped down in the trail, and their packs were placed upon the saddle-mules. The cold became more and more intense, so many degrees below zero that the mercury sank entirely into the bulb. The breath would freeze upon the men's faces and their lips become so stiff from the ice that it was almost impossible to speak; the long beard and hair stood out white and stiff with the frost. The aspect of the mules was as bad as that of the men; their eyelashes and the long beard about their mouths were frozen stiff, and their breath settled upon their breasts and sides until they were perfectly white with frost. The snow, too, would clog under their hoofs until it formed a ball six inches long, making them appear as though they were walk-

[1] Frémont, in a letter to his wife dated Taos, January 27, 1849, says of Williams: "The error of our journey was in engaging this man. He proved never to have in the least known, or entirely to have forgotten, the whole region of country through which we were to pass. We occupied more than half a month in making the journey of a few days; blundering a tortuous way through deep snow which already began to choke up the passes, for which we were obliged to waste time in searching."

ing on stilts. With the deep snow around us, and the pendant frost upon the leafless trees, Nature and ourselves presented a very harmonious picture. Two trappers, Old Bill informed us, had been frozen to death here the year previous.

After coming through Robideaux's Pass, which was exceedingly difficult, we descended into Grand River Valley. The snow lay deep, as elsewhere, and there was no sign of vegetation. One broad, white, dreary-looking plain lay before us, bounded by lofty white mountains. The Rio Grande lay fifty miles ahead, so we determined to get through the snow-covered plain as quickly as possible. We traveled late and camped in the middle of it, without any shelter from the winds, and with no fuel but some wild sage, a small shrub which grew sparsely around. At night the thermometer stood at seventeen degrees below zero. During the day Ducatel, a young fellow in the company, had come very near freezing to death. By collecting a quantity of the sage we made sufficient fire to cook, or rather half-cook, our supper of deer meat, five deer having been killed that evening by two of the men. Bolting down the half-cooked meat, we quickly turned into our blankets in order to keep tolerably warm and to protect ourselves against the driving snow, for since leaving the States we had scarcely stretched our tents. In the night, as ill luck would have it, our mules, poor creatures, which had stood shivering in the cold with bowed backs and drooping heads, suffering from their exposed situation and half starved, being now reduced to a pint of corn twice a day, and having no other resource for food, broke loose from their weak fastenings of sage bushes and started off *en masse* on the back trail. As soon as it was ascertained that they were gone, in the middle of the night, we had to rise from our beds, lifting half a foot of snow with our top blankets, and strike out in pursuit of them. We overtook them several miles from camp, and, taking them back, made them secure. But we rested little the remainder of the night.

The next day we reached the Rio Grande del Norte. This we found frozen over, and we camped on the river bottom, which is thickly timbered with cottonwood and willow. Here my feet and those of several others were frozen —the result in part of wearing boots, for which I quickly substituted moccasins, with blanket wrappers, which are much warmer than socks, and which, with leggings of the same material, afford the best protection for the lower extremities against severe cold.

Continuing up the river two or three days, we again entered the mountains, which soon assumed a very rugged character. Nature, in the ascent towards the Sierra Madre, presents herself with all her features prominent and strongly marked, her figures bold and colossal. Our progress became slow and laborious. Our track lay through deep mountain gorges, amid towering precipices and beetling crags, and along steep declivities where at any other season it would have been next to impossible to travel, but where now the deep snow afforded a secure foothold. In making the ascent of some of these precipitous mountain sides, now and then a mule would lose its footing and go tumbling and rolling many feet down. My saddle mule took one of these tumbles. Losing her foothold, she got her rope hitched upon a large log which lay loosely balanced on the rocks, and, knocking me down and jerking the log clear over my head, they went tumbling down together. But fortunately no one was hurt. A great obstacle to our progress were the rapid, rough-bottomed, but boggy streams which we had frequently to encounter in the deep and narrow ravines, where the mules would get balked, half a dozen at a time, with their packs on. Then we had to wade in up to our middle among the floating ice in the freezing water to help them out.

The farther we went the more obstacles we had to encounter; difficulties beset us so thickly on every hand as we advanced that they threatened to thwart our expedition. The snow became deeper daily, and to advance was but adding dangers to difficulties. About one-third of the men were already more or less frost-bitten; every night some of the mules would freeze to death, and every day as many more would give out from exhaustion and be left on the trail. It seemed like fighting fate to attempt to proceed, but we were bent on our course, and continued to advance. At one time men were sent ahead to report the prospect, and returned stating that grass appeared in the distance before them: they supposed that the snow was abating, but on coming up what they saw proved to be the tops of bushes six feet high projecting above the snow; nor did anything appear upon which the animals could subsist. The corn we had packed along for them was already consumed. Sometimes we would attempt to move on, and the severity of the weather would force us back into camp. In one of these attempts, before we could beat our way half a mile against the tempest, our guide, Old Bill Williams, was nearly frozen; he dropped down upon his mule in a stupor and was nearly senseless when we got into camp. A number of the men came in with their noses, ears, faces, fingers, and feet partly frozen, and one or two of the mules dropped down and froze to death under their packs. Poor mules, it was pitiable to see them! They

would roam about all night, generally, on account of their extreme weakness, following back the path of the previous day, pawing in the snow three or four feet deep for some sign of vegetation to keep them alive. They would fall down every fifty yards under their packs, and we would have to unpack them and lift them up, and that with fingers frozen and lacerated by the cold. Finally they began eating the ropes and rawhide lariats with which they were tied, until there were no more left in camp to tie them with; then they ate the blankets which we tied over them at night; then they came into camp and ate the pads and rigging off the pack-saddles, and ate one another's manes and tails entirely bare, even into the flesh, and would come to us while sleeping and begin to eat the blankets off us; they would even tumble into our fires, over the cooking utensils. But, poor things, little relief could we afford them, for, although they suffered much, we were in no better condition. Our provisions were nearly exhausted, and we were more or less frozen.

Finally, on the 17th of December, after frequent ineffectual attempts, we found that we could force our way no farther. By our utmost endeavors with mauls and spades we could make but half a mile or a mile per day. The cold became more severe, and storms constant, so that nothing was visible at times through the thick driving snow. For days in succession we would labor to beat a trail a few hundred yards in length, but the next day the storm would leave no trace of the previous day's work. We were on the St. John Mountain, a section of the Sierra Madre and the main range of the Rocky Mountains proper. At an elevation of 11,000 feet the cold was so intense and the atmosphere so rare that respiration became difficult; the least exertion became laborious and fatiguing, and would sometimes cause the blood to start from lips and nose. The mercury in the thermometer stood 20° below zero, and the snow was here from four to thirty feet deep. When we built our campfires deep pits were formed by the melting of the snow, completely concealing the different messes from each other. Down in these holes we slept, spreading our blankets upon the snow, every morning crawling out from under a deep covering of snow which had fallen upon us during the night. The strong pine smoke,— for here there was no timber but pine,— together with the reflection from the snow, so affected our sight that at times we could scarcely see. The snow drifted over us continually, driven about by the violence of the chill blasts which swept over the mountains.

Besides ourselves and our mules, no vestige of animal life appeared here in this lofty and dreary solitude; not even the ravens uttered their hoarse cry, nor the wolves their hollow and dismal howl. Finally nearly the entire band of our one hundred mules had frozen to death. After remaining in this condition for five days without being able to move camp, the colonel [Frémont] determined to return as quickly as possible by a different course to the Rio Grande. There we had left game upon which we could subsist until a party, to be previously despatched, should return with relief. So on the 22d of December we commenced our move, crossing over the bleak mountain strewn with the frozen mules, and packing our baggage with us. We were more than a week moving our camp and equipage over the top of this mountain, a distance of two miles from our first camp. The day we began to move (our provisions having been all consumed, except a small portion of macaroni and sugar, reserved against hard times) we commenced to eat the carcasses of the frozen mules. It was hoped we might save the few that yet lived, but this proving impossible, we began to kill and eat the surviving ones. On Christmas Day the colonel despatched a party of four men, King, Croitzfeldt, Brackenridge, and Bill Williams, to proceed down the Rio del Norte with all possible speed to Albuquerque, where they were to procure provisions and mules to relieve us. He allowed them sixteen days to go and return. We made our Christmas and New Year's dinner on mule meat,— not the fattest, as may be judged,— and continued to feed upon it while it was within reach.

Our way to the river was very rough, passing over rugged and precipitous mountain spurs difficult of passage, and across deep ravines, with rapid streams frozen over, in which the water was pitching and roaring beneath us as we crossed. We would move camp three or four miles at a time, then, packing all the baggage down, we would move again in the same way; on an average, at our best, we scarcely made a mile a day. On our way the last provisions were issued,— a little macaroni and sugar,— and we began eating the rawhide tug ropes and parfleches, cutting them into strips and boiling to a sort of glue, or browning on the coals until soft enough to bite. Between the last camps, over a bleak and barren stretch of seven miles before reaching the river, the cold was unusually severe, and perfectly unbearable storms prevailed. In crossing this stretch, one of the party, Proue, froze to death beside the trail; we passed and repassed his lifeless body, not daring to stop long enough in the intense cold to perform the useless rite of burial. One day I started to cross this stretch, determined to go on to the river that night or to freeze. Andrews

started with me, but before we could get half way across he became exhausted and lay down upon the snow, declaring that he could go no farther. I tried to urge him on, but he could not go on, and I could not leave him; so, proceeding a short distance, I got him into a cave, which afforded a shelter against the severity of the storm, and, climbing among the rocks, ascended to the top of the mountain, where the wind was blowing such a hurricane that I had to lie down flat at times, to keep from being swept off. Taking advantage of the intervals between the gusts of wind, I rolled down some of the piñon logs which lay upon the mountain side, pitching them over the crags below, and, descending to the cave, struck a fire. By this time two others, Captain Cathcart and R. Kern, arrived to take shelter from the storm. They had nothing to eat, and we had our last portion; in the extremity of our situation we had, the day before, divided out the last morsel which remained, the share which had fallen to each man being a cupful of boiled macaroni and a cup of sugar. This we had with us and we offered to share it with the others, but Andrews, in trying to warm it, by an unlucky move upset it into the fire, and thus went the last mouthful that we had to eat on earth, and we half starved. The storm continued to rage with such violence that we could not leave, and here we were kept for two whole days. In looking around I found a small roll of rawhide snow-shoe strings which had been left by one of the men. These we cut into pieces and boiled. I also found some dry bones in an old wolf den among the rocks. How many years they had been lying there I will not undertake to say; but these we pounded to pieces between the rocks and boiled with the strings, and upon this mess we four lived for two days. A number of others, on their way, had been forced like us to take shelter from the storm here and there among the rocks.

At last we reached the river, but we found no game; the deer and elk had been driven off by the deep snow. For days we had been anxiously looking for the return of King's party with relief. The time allotted him had already expired; day after day passed, but with no prospect of relief. We concluded that the party had been attacked by Indians, or that they had lost their way and had perished. The colonel, who had moved down to the river before us, waited two days longer, and then, taking just enough provision before it was all exhausted to last them along the river, himself started off with Mr. Preuss, Godey, Theodore (Godey's nephew), and Sanders, the colonel's servant-man, intending to find out what had become of the party and hasten them back, or, if our fears concerning them proved true, to push on himself to the nearest settlement and send relief. He left an order, which we scarcely knew how to interpret, to the effect that we must finish packing the baggage to the river, and hasten on down as speedily as possible to the mouth of Rabbit River where we would meet relief, and that if we wished to see him we must be in a hurry about it, as he was going on to California.

Two days after the colonel left we had all assembled on the river. The last of our provisions had been consumed, and we had been living for several days upon parfleche. Our condition was perilous in the extreme. Starvation stared us in the face; to remain there longer was certain death. We held a consultation and determined to start down the river the next day and try to make our way to some settlement where we could get relief; in the mean time keeping as much together as possible, and hunting along as we went as our only chance of safety. The two Canadian Frenchmen, Tabeau, or Sorel, as we called him, and Moran, did not delay as long as we, but, pinched by hunger, had started off the day before. So, with a handful of sugar to each man, we divided some candles, pieces of rawhides, tug ropes and parfleches, and strapping on a blanket apiece and shouldering our rifles, we started upon our gloomy march down the frozen river. Over its congealed surface a somber shade was cast by the overhanging trees covered with long white frost which hung like a thick fringe from their barren boughs. Tottering from weakness, and some with frozen and bleeding feet, our progress was slow. We kept upon the ice down the middle of the river, to get a level track, and to avoid as much as possible the deep snow.

Now commenced a train of horrors which it is painful to force the mind to dwell upon, and which memory shrinks from. Before we had proceeded far Manuel, a California Indian of the Cosumne tribe, who had his feet badly frozen, stopped and begged Mr. Vincent Haler to shoot him, and failing to meet death in this way turned back to the lodge at the camp we had left, there to await his fate. The same day Wise lay down on the ice and died; and the Indian boys, Joaquin and Gregorio, who came along afterward, having stopped back to get some wood for Manuel, seeing his body, covered it over with brush and snow. That night Carver, crazed by hunger, raved terribly all night, so that some in the camp with him became alarmed for their safety. He told them, if any would follow him back, he had a plan by which they might live. The next day he wandered off and we never saw him again. The next night Sorel, his system wrought upon by hunger, cold, and exhaustion, took

a violent fit which lasted for some time, and to which succeeded an entire prostration of all his faculties. At the same time he was almost totally snow-blind. Speaking to E. Kern of our situation, he said, "O Kern! this is a *misse Dieu* [a visitation from God], and we can't avoid it." Poor fellow, the next day he traveled as long as his strength would allow, and then, telling us we would have to leave him, that he could go no farther, blind with snow he lay down on the river-bank to die. Moran soon joined him, and they never came up again. Late at night, arriving one by one, we all came into a camp together on the river-bank. Gloom and despondency were depicted on every face. Our condition had become perfectly desperate. We knew not what to do; the candles and parfleche had kept us alive thus far, but these were gone. Our appearance was most desolate as we sat in silence around the fires, in view of a fast approaching death by starvation, while hunger gnawed upon our vitals. Then Vincent Haler, to whom the colonel had left the charge of the camp, and whom for that reason we had allowed to have the chief direction, spoke up and told us that he then and there threw up all authority; that he could do nothing, and knew not what to advise; that he looked upon our condition as hopeless, but he would suggest, as the best advice he could give, that we break up into small parties, and, hunting along, make the best of our way down separately, each party making use of all the advantages that might fall in its way, so that if any should chance to get through to a settlement they could forward relief to the others.

Accordingly the next morning he joined himself with Scott, Martin, Hibbard, Bacon, Ducatel, Rohrer, and the two Indians, Joaquin and Gregorio. Ferguson and Beedle went in company, and the rest of us, the three Kerns, Captain Cathcart, Captain Taplin, Stepperfeldt, Andrews, and myself, went together; we agreed not to leave one another while life lasted. Again we resumed our unsteady course down the river. We traveled hard all day, and late in the evening, weak and worn out, staggered into a camp near the river-side, some coming in far behind the rest. Dr. Kern came up so exhausted that he fell down almost senseless and remained in this torpid state a whole day. After a while Andrews came up, and arriving within several hundred yards of camp raised a faint call and fell down completely exhausted and senseless; two or three of us had to go and pack him in. He never recovered from this exhaustion. Soon Rohrer came up. Vincent Haler's party, to which he belonged, was ahead of us, and being too weak to proceed farther he stopped with us. Here we remained, determined, as we had promised, not to leave any while they lived. So we commenced hunting, all that had strength and sight sufficient to do so, for the most of us were so completely snow-blind that we could not see to shoot. After long and frequent hunts, two prairie chickens or grouse were killed. These we divided with scrupulous exactness among the nine of us, dividing the entrails and all that appertained to them, even to the pin-feathers. Taplin found part of a dead wolf upon the river and brought it in. One side of it and the entrails had been eaten away, but we divided the skin and roasted it, hair and all, for one meal; for another we drank the meager broth, and then we ate the meat, and even devoured the bones. This was the last we got. Day after day we staid here, but no game came near. Occasionally we could hear the distant, dismal howl of a wolf, as if weary of waiting for its prey, but none came near; at distant intervals a raven would go screaming by, beyond our reach. We found a handful or two of rosebuds along the river which we divided and ate, and Dr. Kern found a few small bugs upon the water where the ice was broken, and ate them. We had already devoured our moccasin soles, and a small sack made of smoked lodge skin. We dug in the ground beneath the snow with our knives for roots, but it proved a useless labor. We became weaker daily, and to walk thirty steps once a day to get some dry cottonwood sticks to keep up our fire fatigued us greatly. Our strength was rapidly failing. Andrews, after lingering several days, died in the night as he lay by our side, and the next day Rohrer was nearly gone; he was talking wildly, a fearful expression of despair resting upon his countenance. The mention of his family at home had served to rouse him and keep him going longer than his strength would otherwise have borne him up; but now it was too late. Taking from Andrews's pocket a small gilt-embossed Bible, carefully preserved, which we intended, in case any of us lived to get through, to hand over as a memento to his friends, we laid his body to one side, covered it with a blanket, and sat down, waiting until Rohrer should die, intending, as soon as the breath left his body, to commence another move down the river. As we sat waiting, —— came over to the fire where Taplin, Stepperfeldt, and I were sitting, and in a sad tone said: "Men, I have come to make a proposition. I don't know how you will take it. It is a horrid one. We are starving; in two or three days more, unless something be done, we shall all be dead. As soon as we leave this body it will become the prey of wild beasts. Now I propose instead that we make use of it to save life. It is horrible, I know, but I will undertake to do the butchery, as you may call it, and you need

have nothing to do with that part; you need not even see it done. Do you agree to my proposition?" All sat in silence; then several of us objected. I spoke up and said that, for my part, I had no conscientious scruples against such a procedure. I knew that early prejudice and conventional opinion founded on prejudice were at the bottom of our objections to it; but these existed, and it was a horrible proposition to entertain. I fully appreciated our situation, but I thought that, by making up our minds to it and remaining quiet, we could hold out three days longer, by which time, after finding that we could not possibly bear up longer, it would be soon enough to think of adopting so horrible an alternative, and then, if I did not approve, I would not censure it. "But by that time," he said, "we will be too weak and too far gone ever to recover. You see what they have come to, and you see what you will come to." "I can't help it," I said: "I am determined to risk it at the peril of my life"; and so saying, I walked over to the other fire. They talked about it a few minutes, but were unwilling to follow such a course unless all united in it, and so we all waited together.

We remained around the fire, stirring as little as possible, and firing signal guns at frequent intervals during the day. Rohrer died. Two days passed by, and no relief came. Several times we imagined we heard an answer to our signal and would raise ourselves up to listen; but being as often disappointed, we ceased to notice. The morning of the third day arrived and was far advanced towards midday; we all sat in the deepest gloom. Suddenly "Hush!" said one. We all listened intently. A call was heard. "Relief, by heaven!" exclaimed one of the men, and we all started to our feet; and relief it was, sure enough, for soon we spied Godey riding towards us followed by a Mexican. We were all so snow-blind that we took him to be the colonel until he came up, and even then some saluted him as the colonel. Dismounting, he quickly distributed several loaves among us, with commendable forethought giving us but a small piece at first, and making us wait until the Mexican could prepare some *tole* (boiled corn-meal), which he quickly made, and we more quickly devoured. It required considerable persuasion to prevent us from killing the Mexican's old horse in order to eat it; but Godey informed us that there were two colts in the camp below, which, if we would wait, we might have. This was the 25th of January.

After leaving the party, Godey, with the colonel and the others that were with them, had traveled on as rapidly as possible down the river. They came upon two Indians with several old horses, and engaged them to pilot them in; and going on had overtaken King's party, who had left the river and had undertaken to strike across the country to Albuquerque, but becoming involved in the deep snow, their provisions being exhausted, they had eaten their knife scabbards and had tried to eat their boots. Being compelled to lie out night after night without fire upon the barren plain, they were more or less frozen from their hips down. They had then returned to the river, where King died, and here the colonel's party found them in a weak and emaciated condition, nearly dead, and with intellects shaken and scarcely a sense left. They were put upon the Indian horses and taken into the little outer settlement of the Rio Colorado. Here, quickly obtaining what provisions he could, and hiring several Mexicans with mules, Godey set out as speedily as possible up the river. On his way he fell in with two other Mexicans, who, with mules loaded with bread and flour and corn-meal, were going out to trade with the Utah Indians. These, with their burdens, he pressed into service, and hastening on, traveling late and early, he met Vincent Haler's party about twenty miles below us. Two of their number were missing. They had agreed among themselves that when one became so exhausted that he could not travel the rest should not wait for him. First Hibbard had been left, and soon after Scott. Leaving most of the animals and provisions at Vincent Haler's camp, Godey proceeded rapidly up. He found Scott sitting in a listless manner by a fire he had just kindled, his head resting upon his hand, and almost totally snow-blind. Having strengthened him with food, Godey furnished him a horse and sent a Mexican with him to the camp below, and, proceeding, came to Hibbard, who had just died, his body being yet warm. Failing in his attempts to restore him, Godey kept on. Taking across a short bend in the river, he passed entirely by us without knowing it, and found Ferguson a little distance above us. Beedle was dead, and his body was lying near by. Ferguson informed Godey that we were below him, and coming down with him, he found us. Leaving us, and taking with him several Mexicans with pack-mules, he followed up along our track, which was marked by the bodies of the dead as they had perished day by day, and now were lying the prey of wolves and ravens, the deep and gloomy silence of their solitude broken only by the snarls and yells of packs of quarreling wolves. He found the bodies of Sorel and Moran together. Friends in life, they had proved friends in death. Sorel was lying prostrate on the snow, and Moran, apparently after having tried to strike a fire, had dropped his head upon the log against which he was sitting, and had expired by Sorel's side.

Godey found the Indian, Manuel, in the lodge, still alive, and brought him down. Manuel afterward stated that Carver came up to the lodge with a piece of meat which he said was part of a deer he had killed, and that he undertook to go to the previous camp, seven miles back, for something, and had frozen to death.

We sent for animals to take us down, for we were wholly unable to walk. They came the next day. Our blankets were tied on for saddles, and rope stirrups were rigged, and we were lifted (for we could not lift even our skeleton frames) upon these miserable animals, and after a two days' journey reached the camp, twenty miles below. We were now lank and thin-visaged, our eyes sunken, and our hair and beard long, tangled, and knotty, while our faces were black with pine smoke which had not been washed off for two months. Here we fell to eating enormously, and it required the exercise of all our self-restraint to prevent plenty now from being hurtful to us, as want had been before. The abundance of food where there had just been such a lack made us all sick and kept us sick for some days, but that could not stop us. Our appetites were unbounded and we were eating constantly, at all hours of the day, and throughout the night. We had such a craving for meat of some kind that we killed two well-grown colts and ate them. We were even more ravenous than the ravens themselves, which, now that we did not need them, came crowding around, with hawks and wolves. Some of all these we killed and devoured.

It was curious to hear different men tell of the workings of the mind when they were starving. Some were constantly dreaming or imagining that they saw before them a bountiful feast, and would make selections of different dishes. Others engaged their minds with other thoughts. For my part, I kept my mind amused by entering continually into all the minutiæ of farming, or of some other systematic business which would keep up a train of thought, or by working a mental solution of mathematical problems, bringing in review the rudiments of some science, or by laying out plans for the future, all having a connection with home and after life. So in this way never allowing myself to think upon the hopelessness of our condition, yet always keeping my eyes open to every chance, I kept hope alive and never once suffered myself to despond. And to this course I greatly attribute my support, for there were stronger men who, by worrying themselves, doubtless hastened their death. Ten out of our party of thirty-three that entered the mountains had perished, and a few days more would have finished the others.

Vincent Haler's party, having been first relieved, soon recruited sufficiently to leave, and all except Ducatel and the two Indian boys, who remained with the rest of us, proceeded to the Rio Colorado, distant three or four days' journey. When Godey arrived we all left together. On our way we were overtaken by a violent snow-storm. Having no compass to guide us, and not being able to see the sun or even the mountains through the thickly falling snow which rendered everything invisible a few rods distant, and without any object to show us our course across the barren, snow-clad plain, we kept traveling all day in a circle, once coming in sight of our starting-point. Once we were on the point of stopping in the midst of the stormy plain to take our chances, and before we could get to our intended camp we were almost frozen.

Late in the afternoon of February 9, cold, hungry, and weary, with no little joy we all at once hailed the sight of the little Pueblo of the Colorado. We raised a yell as we came in sight which made the Pueblanos stand out and gaze. In a few minutes, with their assistance, we dismounted from our horses and sought the comfort which the place afforded. Here we met Mr. Preuss and Croitzfeldt — one of the first relief party who had come very near perishing, and had not sufficiently recovered to proceed. Each had thought the other dead, and it was like the joy after a long parting with which we then grasped their hands. The rest of our companions, they told us, had gone on to Taos, where the colonel had preceded them to make arrangements, for such as were able to proceed, to go on to California by the Gila route, or what is called the Lower California or Lower Spanish trail.

In sight of Taos, and several miles to the southeast, at the mouth of a deep gorge or cañon by which the Taos River debouches from the mountains, is a walled town or pueblo, one of a great many of the same kind in this country, inhabited by the Pueblos or civilized Indians, a remnant of the race of Montezuma. They live in houses built of stone and earth, or of adobe, most of which at this place were three or four stories high, and some of which even attained the height of eleven stories, each story receding a few feet back from the front of the one below it, and each one reached by a ladder placed against the wall, communicating with the door on top, and capable of being let down or drawn up at pleasure. A high mud wall incloses the buildings, which front towards the center, and in the middle is a lofty church of the same material as the other buildings, with walls six feet thick.

These Indians are the descendants of the original Mexican people, or ancient race of

Aztecs, and retain many of their customs, though nominally Roman Catholic in their religion. Early after the Spanish conquest they embraced the forms of religion and the manners and customs of their conquerors. But three hundred years of oppression and injustice have failed to extinguish in this race the recollection that they were once the undisputed lords of the soil, and, cherishing a deep-rooted animosity towards their conquerors, they only wait a favorable opportunity to reassert their liberty. They are superior to their neighbors in social position, in morals, circumstances, civil regulations, and all that pertains to civilization. They are brave and upright in their intercourse with others, and their women are chaste and virtuous, presenting in this respect a favorable contrast with their sex among the Spanish population. They cultivate the soil for a subsistence, and rear large herds of cattle, sheep, and horses, and their women spin and weave with considerable skill. Some of their fabrics are of a very superior quality.

They still expect the return of Montezuma to reinstate his people in their former dominion and power. In this strange faith, according to an alleged injunction from Montezuma, they have kept a constant fire burning from his death to the present time, a period of nearly three hundred years. At the pueblo near Taos a fire has been kept up without intermission until within ten years past.

On the Rio Pecos, sixty miles east of Santa Fé, are the ruins of the ancient town of Pecos, once a fortified town, and portions of the stone wall that inclosed it are still standing. Here burned, until within ten years, the eternal fires of Montezuma, sustained by an ancient order of priests ministering at a temple of unknown age, the ruins of which are still to be seen, and near by are the remains of the old Catholic church, exhibiting in a prominent manner the ingraftment of the Catholic upon the ancient religion of the country, and both, in the characteristic features and design of the architecture, displaying the distinctive marks and emblems of the two religions, which, though so entirely different in theory, were here, as throughout all Mexico, blended in harmonious practice until about a century since, when the town was sacked and plundered by a hostile band of Indians. Notwithstanding this, the faithful Indian managed to keep his fire burning in the *estufa*, and it was continued until a few years since, when the tribe, which rapidly diminished in numbers, became almost extinct, and the few that remained abandoned the place and joined a tribe of the original race among the mountains to the southward. There, it is said, they keep up their fire to this day. Time and the peculiarities attending their devotion and the practice of their faith are rapidly reducing this remnant of the Montezuma race.

At Taos we first heard with certainty of the abundance of gold in California, the first account of which had reached the States immediately before our departure, but was scarcely believed.

On the 13th of February, having laid in a supply of provisions from the quartermaster's department, being facilitated by the generous kindness of the army officers, and having hired muleteers and a train of mules to take us down to Albuquerque, we set out for Santa Fé, leaving behind Captain Cathcart, who was not able to prosecute the journey farther, the three Kerns, Stepperfeldt, and Bill Williams, the guide, and taking Lindsay Carson and T. Bogg, son of the ex-governor of Mexico. From here, in the spring of the year, Bill Williams and Dr. Kern, with a company of Mexicans, went back into the mountains to recover some of the most valuable of the property left by us, and were attacked and killed, either by the Indians or by the Mexicans who went out with them, we never could ascertain which.

We learned that gold was most abundant in the mines on the Sangre de Cristo. We were told by a resident in Taos Valley that he with one or two companions had on one occasion visited this place and washed out as high as nine dollars per day to the man for several days in succession, but were compelled to abandon it on account of the hostility of the Utah Indians, for whom they had constantly to keep on the lookout. I have heard of pieces being found of the value of seven dollars, and a Mexican is said to have taken out a lump for which he was offered $2200, which he refused, and afterward sold to a priest for $150. This tends to show the influence which the priests have over these people. There is good reason to believe that gold is much more extensively diffused throughout the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains and the country intervening between that and the California mountains, or Sierra Nevada, than is at present generally known. Gold has been found as far north as the Chugwater, a large affluent of the Laramie Fork of the Platte, taking its rise in the desolate region of the Black Hills, and also upon Horse Creek, an affluent of the Platte, heading in the same barren vicinity. Concerning this discovery, I have been told by a trapper who was acquainted with the circumstance that an old French trapper, Du Shay, in hunting buffalo in this region a few years ago, on Horse Creek, discovered in the bed of the stream, while drinking, a singular looking rock, very heavy, and containing numerous yellow specks. It excited his curiosity

and he deposited it in his bullet pouch; but subsequently finding it in his way in approaching a band of buffaloes, he thoughtlessly threw it away. The following year, when at Santa Fé, he was emptying his pouch, and among its contents several bright particles which had become detached from the rock attracted the attention of the Mexicans. These were carefully gathered up, and after examination proved to be virgin gold. The old trapper on his return sought for the source of the treasure, but was unable to find it.

John Hawken, an adventurous and daring trapper with whom I became intimately acquainted, told me that seven years before he was trapping with a companion upon Salt River, about one hundred and twenty miles above its mouth, which empties into the Gila after its confluence with the San Francisco, below the Pino village. While there they fell in with a party of Apaches, with one of whom they traded for a parcel of yellow metal which he called *oro*, and which he told them he obtained at a place half a day's travel from where they were and where he said there was *mucho;* but he did not specify further, for the other Indians threatened to kill him if he revealed the locality or made any further disclosures. This being the first native gold Hawken had seen, he was not sure of its identity; but on the opinion of his companion, who had seen it before, they took it with them to Taos, and it proved to be nine dollars in value of pure gold.

We heard here very extravagant accounts of the gold brought from California by those returning from there; some, as they said, having come back with mule loads of the dust.

Micajah McGehee.

CALIFORNIANA.

Montgomery and Frémont: New Documents on the Bear Flag Affair.

THERE have lately been put into my hands by the editor of THE CENTURY certain original documents of decided importance for the history of the seizure of California. I have been asked to examine these and to summarize a portion of their contents, a thing which I the more readily do because they serve to set in a clearer light than heretofore the honorable conduct of an officer whose part in the seizure of California was a difficult and delicate one, and who himself did his duty so well and so modestly that he has in the past altogether escaped the celebrity that has fallen to the lot of other persons surely not more deserving. This officer, Commander (afterward Rear-Admiral) John B. Montgomery, was in 1846 in command of the United States ship *Portsmouth*. His ship visited California in 1845; returned in October to the southern Mexican coast; was at Mazatlan October 16, 1845, and at Guaymas December 2; and returned again to California, under Sloat's orders, in the spring of 1846. The purpose of her coming was to inquire into the alarming reports that had gone southward concerning the quarrel of March between Frémont and Castro. She reached Monterey towards the end of April, later passing on to San Francisco; and she lay in the harbor of San Francisco until after the raising of the American flag at that port on July 9, a date two days later than the seizure of Monterey. Montgomery's stay at San Francisco thus covered the entire time of the Bear Flag episode. From him Captain Frémont obtained, through Lieutenant Gillespie, supplies to enable him "to continue his explorations" and to accomplish his other peaceful duties during that now famous affair. To him, in fact, Captain Frémont also wrote, as he himself declares in his letter to Senator Benton of July 25, 1846 (see Frémont's "Memoirs," p. 546), "describing to him fully my position and intentions, in order that he might not unwittingly commit himself in affording me other than such assistance as his instructions would authorize him naturally to offer an officer charged with an important public duty; or, in fine, to any citizen of the United States." To Montgomery also General Vallejo appealed by messenger after the Bear Flag men had made the general their prisoner. From Montgomery Castro demanded an account of what the Bear Flag meant, and of what part the United States Government had therein; and meanwhile the Bear Flag men themselves were begging him for counsel and encouragement; and every officer on board the *Portsmouth* was longing for the coming of Sloat and for the end of this tedious attitude of neutrality. In this trying position Montgomery kept his head, and did his duty with a firmness that the documents before me put in a very clear light. These documents are, (1) extracts from Montgomery's private diary, (2) copies of the official correspondence of the commander, with letters to and from Larkin, Frémont, Castro, Gillespie, and others. Of these letters some have previously been known, through the papers of Consul Larkin, and otherwise. Several are also printed in Frémont's "Memoirs," although the aforesaid letter of Captain Frémont to Montgomery, "describing to him fully my position and intentions," has been, as I believe, heretofore unknown, and furnishes the most characteristic and interesting addition to our previous knowledge that is contained among these papers.

There is space here for only a very brief account of the substance of the extracts from Montgomery's diary. The earlier extracts concern the visit to California in 1845. At Monterey, Montgomery interviewed Consul Larkin, and "learned from him that American interests were perfectly secure, and little probability of their being interrupted in any way unless by a war with Mexico." There was indeed some talk between the two concerning the supposed English designs upon California, and Larkin told Montgomery of a reported subsidy that was to be paid by England to Mexico for

the support of the new troops that were to be sent to California. These rumors, to be sure, have long been known to students of this period of California history. It is interesting to find that both Larkin and Montgomery at the moment believed them; although there is indeed little evidence for their truth, and although Montgomery learned of no very authoritative source for them. In October, Montgomery, then at Acapulco, notes the failure of the Mexican plan to send troops to California, a failure which he attributes to "the supineness of the Government and want of funds." It is certain that whatever the English intrigues of those days may have been with regard to California, one in vain looks for evidence of any decisive movement of any sort resulting from them. On April 23, 1846, Montgomery, then just arrived at Monterey, received information from Larkin "that the commercial and other interests of the United States continued safe, having experienced no interruption or annoyance since our visit in October last." As the quarrel of March between Frémont and Castro was now a matter of very recent history, and as Montgomery had come especially to find out about it, one reads this statement with some surprise, but finds the explanation in words which follow a little later, in the same entry of the diary, after a brief statement of the nature of the March quarrel itself: "It is here well understood that no real attack upon the camp of Captain Frémont was contemplated by General Castro when he directed this movement, but that it was done with the view only of furnishing materials for forming a high-sounding, flaming despatch to the central government of Mexico." "Mr. Larkin informed me," continues Montgomery, "that the unsettled condition of California seems to point to a necessity, and naturally produces in the public mind an expectation, of a speedy political change of some kind; and that the feeling is rife that California is soon to be governed by England or the United States, predilections being divided." The diary adds that, in Larkin's opinion, the native and Mexican population of the country would find a "change under either" England or the United States "acceptable," and that if the war with Mexico should come to pass there would be no great trouble in securing the prize for our own flag. On April 29 Montgomery is "informed by the consul that General Castro is troubled with suspicions of collusion between Captain Frémont and myself, and supposes that I have sent for him to return to Monterey." On May 4 Lieutenants Bartlett and Wilson, having returned from an excursion into the interior, tell Montgomery of their pleasant reception, and say that both American residents in the vicinity of San José, and "many of the most intelligent Mexicans and Californians," "express openly their desire" for the coming of our flag, and "fearlessly speak of it" as an event "which is near at hand." Montgomery himself adds the expression of his belief in the growing chances of an easy occupation of the land. His own social relations with Castro continued good during all this time. May 9 he attended a large picnic given by Castro himself, and May 15 Castro was a guest at a ball given on shore by the wardroom officers of the *Portsmouth*. Castro's military preparations, which still continued, are correctly interpreted by Montgomery as having in the main relation to the feud between the Commandante General and Governor Pio Pico. Rumors of Frémont's expected return continued.

We now come, however, to more exciting events. June 7 finds Montgomery in San Francisco Bay. Gillespie has just arrived, on his return from the north, bringing a requisition from Captain Frémont for supplies. Frémont himself has come back to the Sacramento Valley. His party is "nearly destitute," as appears from the letter written by Gillespie, and copied in the "Correspondence" which accompanies the diary. Gillespie's mission to the bay, and his success in getting supplies for Frémont from Montgomery, have always been known matters of our history. It is also known, from a letter summarized in my "California" (p. 106), that Gillespie represented to non-official residents at the bay that the purpose of Frémont in asking for supplies was solely to equip his party for setting out at once on his return overland. It has, however, never before been absolutely sure that Montgomery received no hint from Gillespie of Frémont's real intentions in asking for this aid. H. H. Bancroft, in Vol. V. of his "California," p. 127, can only say: "I know of no reason to suppose that Montgomery was informed by Gillespie of the revolutionary project on foot." The present papers, both diary and correspondence, put it beyond doubt that Montgomery had *no* notion of the coming outbreak. He honored in perfectly good faith the topographical engineers' requisition for necessary supplies for his scientific expedition, and on June 11 despatched the ship's launch with the desired stores. On the way up the river, on the very first day of the launch's journey, Gillespie heard of the capture of Arce's horses by the settlers, an act with which, as is known, the Bear Flag affair was begun. A hastily penciled note from him (here copied) gave the first information to Montgomery of what was afoot; but Gillespie had no intention of revealing as yet Frémont's connection with the undertaking. In the postscript to his note Gillespie writes: "I am of the opinion that the settlers have obtained decided proof of Castro's intention to have their crops burned to warrant the course they have pursued. The bearer hereof says he heard a messenger to Captain Sutter state that they had acted under advice from Captain Frémont. If such is the fact, which I very much doubt, there is positive cause for hostility on the part of the settlers." In his diary Montgomery now gives, between the 15th and the 18th of June, an interesting account of his earliest relations with the Sonoma insurgents and with their opponents. These four days were very full of news and excitement. Montgomery fully believed the settlers to be acting upon their own responsibility. His private sympathies were altogether with them. They were his countrymen, newcomers in a distant land, exposed to hardship, and now, as he thought, threatened with oppression. He believed, naturally enough, the reports which were freely circulated as to Castro's designs against them, although he knew too much to regard Castro as a very formidable foe to anybody. But meanwhile he valued the honor of his flag, and he knew the duties of a neutral. He could sympathize with the insurgents; but he could not give them aid. With an indignation which must seem to us quite pathetic, he defended Frémont, as a fellow-officer under the flag, from the fierce accusations of Castro, who wrote from Santa Clara on June 17 demanding from

the commander an explanation of Frémont's conduct. Castro pointed out that the captain of the surveying expedition, "without the formalities established among civilized nations," had invaded the country and seized Sonoma. Montgomery replied (June 18), in a tone of absolute assurance, that Frémont's expedition was solely scientific in its aims, and that it was "in no manner whatever, either by authority of the United States Government or otherwise, connected with the political movement of residents of the country at Sonoma." For Castro to assert that such a connection existed was, so Montgomery retorted, "to impugn the integrity of the United States Government." It was his turn, he suggested, to demand explanations when his flag was by implication thus dishonored. But alas for Montgomery's sincere and genuine indignation on behalf of his brother officer! Ten days later, June 28, the diary mentions a second visit of Gillespie, bringing the news that Frémont had openly joined the Bears, and was in pursuit of Torre in the San Rafael region. "This course of Captain Frémont," says Montgomery in his private diary, "renders my position as a neutral peculiarly delicate and difficult. Having avowed not only my own but Captain Frémont's entire neutrality and non-interference in the existing difficulties in the country, it can scarcely be supposed, under the circumstances, that I shall be regarded as having spoken in good faith and sincerity." In fact, as one sees, Montgomery learned that under certain circumstances one may expose his country's honor to only the more reproach by chivalrously offering his own honor in defense of his brethren in the service.

The mission of Lieutenant Misroon, whom Montgomery despatched to Sonoma as neutral and mediator, occupies considerable place in these records; as do also other well-known public incidents of those days. But there remain still two important topics upon which these documents give significant testimony. With the mention of these I must close.

First: It has always been doubtful, I believe, when the first news of the actual hostilities on the Rio Grande reached Frémont. What we have known heretofore is that Sloat at Mazatlan was informed of the beginning of active hostilities by a message that reached him May 17, and that a letter, which he at once wrote to Larkin, reached Monterey by the *Cyane* on June 19, nearly a week after the seizure of Sonoma. Up to this time Frémont himself had avoided an open union with the Bears. He had taken charge of Vallejo and the other prisoners first taken. But he had remained quiet. Yet, on the 21st, he was already making preparations to leave Sutter's Fort with his party, and on the 25th he reached Sonoma. It is, of course, interesting to learn whether the openness of Frémont's hostile proceedings from this time forth could have been due to any fresh assurance that actual war was under way on the Atlantic coast. Professor William Carey Jones, in an article recently written in defense of Frémont's conduct during the early part of the seizure of California,[1] has endeavored to make probable an earlier date for Frémont's knowledge of the hostilities on the Rio Grande than had generally been supposed likely. The present documents do not bear out his view. It appears that, on June 20, both Larkin himself and Captain Mervine, of the *Cyane*, wrote to Montgomery from Monterey. Their two letters, written the day after the *Cyane's* arrival, together inform Montgomery that Sloat is on his way northward, and, without directly mentioning the outbreak of hostilities, speak of "important news," that "cannot be revealed," but of whose nature Montgomery shall before long be "apprised." This guarded tone was very tormenting to Montgomery, whose neutral position was daily growing more intolerable. As late as June 26 he still believed Frémont to be as neutral in conduct as himself, and so on the latter day he wrote to Frémont, transmitting the contents of Larkin's letter, as being the whole of his news. This letter, with other despatches, was sent to Frémont at Sutter's Fort under care of Lieutenant Bartlett. When Bartlett reached the fort Frémont was already with the Bears. The letter, therefore, went on to Sonoma, and was acknowledged by Frémont as late as July 5 as something new, and, as regards the facts about Sloat, very interesting. When one adds that Montgomery, writing on July 2 to Mervine, and begging for more information, says emphatically, "We have been completely cut off from all information from below [*i. e.*, from Mexico] since the 1st of April last" [*i. e.*, since Montgomery's own departure from the south], one sees the great improbability that before July 1 any one north of Monterey knew more than the little that Larkin and Mervine chose to reveal to Montgomery, and to one or two other of Larkin's confidants. And this little did *not* include information of the actual hostilities.

The second and final matter of which I spoke above is contained in the text of Frémont's letter to Montgomery, written upon the reception of the supplies brought by the launch. The letter is dated "New Helvetia," June 16, and, taken in connection with all the circumstances of the moment, it forms one of the most interesting confessions that Frémont ever chose to make of his position at the moment of his entrance upon hostilities. It will be remembered that, according to Frémont's own statement to Benton, this letter was to "describe fully" his own "position and intentions"; that it was written especially for the guidance of Montgomery, who had just shown the greatest willingness to aid the leader of the scientific exploration by every means in his power; that it was prepared after the settlers had begun, under Frémont's advice, their movement for independence; and finally, that it was written but a very few days before Frémont started to join the Bears at Sonoma. The moment was a critical one. Frémont has since asserted that he acted upon special instructions. In his "Memoirs" (p. 520) he speaks of this very time as the one when he decided "that it was," as he says, "for me rather to govern events than to be governed by them." Under these circumstances, to write to Montgomery as follows is to furnish the best possible comment upon one's own conduct. The sentence italicized in the following copy of this letter has in Montgomery's record but one word italicized, viz.: the word *active* in the phrase "such active and precautionary measures." I print it thus here in order that it may be set side by side in the curious reader's mind with other and later accounts that General Frémont has given

[1] See "Proceedings of the California Historical Association," Vol. I., p. 1. Professor Jones's somewhat original interpretation of the relations between Montgomery and Frémont is almost entirely set aside by these new documents.

of his instructions. Otherwise the letter appears unchanged.

NEW HELVETIA, CALIFORNIA,
June 16, 1846.

SIR: I had the gratification to receive on the 6th your letter of the 3d inst.; and the farther gratification to receive yesterday by the hands of Lieutenant Hunter your favor of the 10th conveying to me assurances of your disposition to do anything within the scope of your instructions to facilitate the public service in which I am engaged. In acknowledging the receipt of the stores with which you have supplied us, I beg you to receive the earnest thanks of myself and party for the prompt and active kindness, which we are all in a condition fully to appreciate. My time to-day has been so constantly engrossed that I could make no opportunity to write, and as it is now nearly midnight you will permit me to refer you to Lieutenant Hunter for an account of the condition of the country, which will doubtless have much interest for you. The people here have made some movements with the view of establishing a settled and stable government, which may give security to their persons and property. This evening I was interrupted in a note to yourself by the arrival of General Vallejo and other officers, who had been taken prisoners and insisted upon surrendering to me. The people and authorities of the country persist in connecting with me every movement of the foreigners, and I am hourly in expectation of the approach of General Castro. My position has consequently become a difficult one. The unexpected hostility which has been exercised towards us on the part of the military authorities of California has entirely deranged the plan of our survey and frustrated my intention of examining the Colorado of the Gulf of California, which was one of the principal objects of this expedition. The suffering to which my party would be unavoidably exposed at this advanced period of the year, by deprivation of water during intervals of three and four days, renders any movement in that direction impracticable.

It is therefore my present intention to abandon the farther prosecution of our exploration and proceed immediately across the mountainous country to the eastward in the direction of the head-waters of the Arkansaw River, and thence to the frontier of Missouri, where I expect to arrive early in September. In order to recruit my animals and arrange my equipage for a long journey, I shall necessarily be compelled to remain here until about the 1st of July. In the mean time should anything be attempted against me, I cannot, consistently with my own feelings and respect for the national character of the duty in which I am engaged, permit a repetition of the recent insults we have received from General Castro. If, therefore, any hostile movements are made in this direction, I will most assuredly meet or anticipate them; and with such intentions I am regulating my conduct to the people here. *The nature of my instructions and the peaceful nature of our operations do not contemplate any active hostility on my part even in the event of war between the two countries; and therefore, although I am resolved to take such active and precautionary measures as I shall judge necessary for our safety, I am not authorized to ask from you any other than such assistance as, without incurring yourself unusual responsibility, you would feel at liberty to afford me.* Such an emergency could not have been anticipated in any instructions; but, between Indians on the one hand and a hostile people on the other, I trust that our government will not severely censure any efforts to which we may be driven in defense of our lives and character.

In this condition of things I can only then urgently request that you will remain with the *Portsmouth* in the Bay of San Francisco, where your presence will operate strongly to check proceedings against us; and I would feel much more security in my position should you judge it advisable to keep open a communication with me by means of your boats. In this way you would receive the earliest information, and you might possibly spare us the aid of one of your surgeons, in case of accident here. Repeating my thanks for the assistance you have rendered us, and regretting my inability to visit you on board the *Portsmouth*, I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obet. servant,
(Signed) J. C. FRÉMONT,
Bt. Capt. Topl. Engineers, U. S. Army.

CAPT. JNO. B. MONTGOMERY,
U. S. Ship *Portsmouth*,
BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

The italicized sentence excludes the possibility that Frémont's instructions had the warlike nature which he has since attributed to them. In those days his only intent was to pretend that he was in danger from Castro.

These papers also contain the record of Montgomery's admirable conduct of the later blockade of Mazatlan, an affair which yet further tried his skill and his excellent discretion. The whole series of documents is a very instructive one, and I should be glad to see them all in print.

Josiah Royce.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Three Gold Dust Stories.

I.

HOW CALIFORNIA GOLD WAS SENT TO BOSTON IN 1841.

IN 1834 I was compelled, like Dana, by an affection of the eyes, to leave my class in Harvard College, which I had just entered, among whose members were James Russell Lowell, W. W. Story, the late General Devens, and others, and, after a few years of unavailing treatment, was ordered as a last resort to a tropical clime. In 1838, just after my class was graduated, I embarked from my native city of Boston for a voyage of six months round the Horn to the Hawaiian Islands, then but little known, where I lived for twenty years.

The foreign trade of Honolulu at that time consisted of cargoes from China, the regular fall ship from Boston, occasional vessels from Oregon, Australia, Mexican and South American ports, and in furnishing supplies to the large fleet of whale-ships which came to the islands to refit. The California vessels, many of which belonged to Honolulu firms, brought hides, tallow, horses, and lumber, which were exchanged for general merchandise.

In 1841 the firm of Peirce & Brewer, with which I was afterwards connected, received from Thomas O. Larkin, the well-known merchant and United States Consul at Monterey, then the capital of the province, a remittance of what he averred to be gold dust, weighing, if I remember rightly, about one hundred ounces, which he wished us to send by first opportunity to Boston, to be sold for his account. He had bought it of an Indian, who told him that Indians often found small quantities of this placer or flake gold, which they were required by the Mexican officers to deliver to them, as belonging to the Government. They were especially forbidden to dispose of it to any of the few foreigners living on the coast.

The export of gold and silver was prohibited, the small amount in the country being insufficient for its uses. Cargoes of goods were always bartered for hides, which passed at two dollars each, at which rate they were cheerfully exchanged for Yankee notions which cost from fifty to seventy-five cents in Boston.

All vessels, before obtaining a permit to trade along the coast, had to go to a Mexican port of entry, enter the cargo, and pay the heavy duties imposed. To evade the payment of these duties, which were almost prohibitory, many a shrewd game was resorted to by these keen traders. One of these was to send a vessel to Honolulu, or elsewhere, for a full cargo of merchandise, while her consort would go with her own cargo to the coast, enter, pay whatever duties could not be

evaded, and proceed with the necessary permit to barter the cargo for hides, skins, tallow, etc. Having disposed of his goods, the captain would then sail for some uninhabited island or obscure port, where he would meet by previous appointment the vessel from Honolulu with a fresh invoice of merchandise, exchange cargoes with her, and resume his trading on the coast with new goods under the original permit, the consort returning meanwhile to her port to exchange her hides, etc., for a fresh cargo of merchandise. This profitable game would be kept up as long as the custom-house authorities could be hoodwinked, or until the license expired by limitation.

The commission house of C. Brewer & Co., of which I became a partner in 1843, was one of the leading firms in Honolulu. The shipment of gold dust, of which I have spoken, made to their predecessors Peirce & Brewer in 1841, was the first gold dust ever seen at Honolulu, and of course excited much curiosity and interest. Many doubts were expressed as to its genuineness, no one having sufficient knowledge of chemistry to test its value. None of us dreamed of the wonderful treasures of which this small parcel was the precursor, or of the furore which seven years later was almost to depopulate Honolulu. The first opportunity which offered for the transshipment of this gold dust to Boston was by the whale-ship *Braganza*, Captain Waterman, which arrived at Honolulu January 27, 1842, and sailed for New Bedford February 22, with a full cargo. To Captain Waterman we intrusted the precious parcel, addressed to the senior partner, Henry A. Peirce, then living in Boston. For a year and a half the Honolulu firm were without tidings of its fate, and they almost abandoned the hope of again hearing from it.

In those days our main dependence for letters or news from the United States was *via* Cape Horn. Occasional opportunities would offer for an overland mail *via* Mexico, but the fall ship, which left Boston yearly in October, brought us our annual supply of letters, papers, etc., from "home." These, albeit not over-fresh after a five or six months' passage, were as eagerly welcomed as are now the latest telegraphic despatches seven days from Boston to Honolulu. My senior partner, also a Boston boy, in order to have the satisfaction of reading "the respectable daily" every morning, was accustomed, with rare self-control, to place the year's file of the "Daily Advertiser" beside his easy chair, with the oldest date at the top, and religiously to read one paper daily, just a year old. Placing the paper on the other side of his chair when perused, he thus not only had the satisfaction of a daily paper of the right month and day of the month, but could tell from the condition of the two piles how soon to expect the next fall ship.

The safe arrival of the *Braganza* at New Bedford was duly reported to us by the fall ship which arrived at Honolulu in the spring of 1843, but no tidings of the gold dust sent by her reached our firm. Late overland mails also failed to bring news of the shipment. The *Braganza* had sailed from New Bedford on another voyage, and no inquiries could be made of her captain.

In the spring of 1843 the quiet routine of Hawaiian life was rudely broken by a startling event. Lord George Paulet, a hot-headed young nobleman, commanding H. B. M. frigate *Carysfort*, misled by false representations of the acting British consul and his clique, and dazzled by visions of fame and promotion to be gained by adding another station for the "British drum-beat," took possession of the group in the name of her Majesty Victoria, pulled down the Hawaiian flag, which in its design symbolized the protection of the three great naval powers, and hoisted St. George's Cross in its stead. His lordship at once placed an embargo on the vessels in port, to prevent the harassed sovereign Kamehameha III. from sending an envoy with his complaints to England; seized the king's favorite yacht, the *Hooikaika* (Swift-runner), renamed her H. B. M. tender *Albert*, manned her with officers and crew from the *Carysfort*, and despatched her to San Blas with the late acting consul Simpson as bearer of despatches to London.

Having accepted the king's appointment as envoy to bear his protest to Queen Victoria, and his demand for the restoration of his sovereignty, of which he had unjustly been deprived, I succeeded, by a simple ruse, in smuggling myself on board the *Albert*, and thus reaching San Blas in company with Simpson, at Lord George's expense, though without his knowledge. My adventures on that mission have already been related (see "Harper's Monthly," September, 1883).

Rapidly crossing Mexico, I embarked at Vera Cruz for New Orleans, *en route* for London *via* Washington, where I had despatches to deliver for Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, from the American consul at Honolulu.

I arrived at New Orleans May 22, 1843, and went to the St. Charles, that ancient and well-known hostelry, then admirably kept by the late Charles R. Mudge, since well known as one of Boston's merchant princes, and the late Daniel C. Waterman, who afterward was a respected merchant at Honolulu. Among the thoughts that occupied my mind as I again set foot in my native land after several years' absence, that of learning the fate of the gold dust shipment in New Orleans did not find place. But here I was to learn the solution of the mystery. As I registered my name and address at the St. Charles, Mr. Waterman inquired with much interest whether I knew the firm of Peirce & Brewer, and on learning that I was connected with the firm, thus explained the delay in the delivery of the parcel sent by the *Braganza*, whose captain was his cousin. Being in New Bedford when the *Braganza* arrived from Honolulu, and about to stop a day in Boston on his return to New Orleans, he took the package with him, promising to deliver it to Mr. Peirce, the resident partner. Arriving at the Tremont House after business hours, he marked the parcel with his own name, "to be called for," and handed it to the clerk, who placed it in the safe. The next day Mr. Waterman, without a thought of the commission he had promised to execute, attended to his business in the city and left for New Orleans. Having occasion to visit Boston some months later, he was greatly chagrined to find the parcel which he had forgotten still in the hotel safe, and lost no time in delivering it, to the agreeable surprise of Mr. Peirce, who, being unable to trace it, had given it up for lost, at least until the *Braganza* should again return from a three or four years' voyage.

This little invoice of gold dust was, so far as I know, the first California gold sent to the United States for

sale. Small specimens had occasionally been sent home by visitors as curiosities, and Dana, in his "Two Years before the Mast," speaks of some having been obtained while he was there. There may have been earlier shipments, but I have no knowledge of them. And if the parcel sent by Brewer & Co. of Honolulu, the simple story of which I have here written, was not the first, it was one of the first drops of that golden stream which since 1848 has been steadily flowing, for good or for evil, from that wonderful country.

II.— THE FIRST CALIFORNIA GOLD IN AUSTRALIA (1848–49).

WHEN in the autumn of 1848, at the close of a visit to my native State, I was about to embark from Boston on a wedding tour of five months *via* Cape Horn to my adopted home in the Hawaiian Islands, there came to the East the first faint rumors of the gold discoveries in California. They were received with much incredulity, and, as I was known to have been in California, I was beset with inquiries. From the experience which I have already related, I had no hesitation in declaring my conviction that gold was to be found there, but I was hardly prepared to indorse the marvelous tales that were told of its abundance.

We sailed from Boston October 16, 1848, and anchored in the harbor of Honolulu March 12, 1849. A wonderful change had taken place during my absence of eighteen months. The gold fever had broken out at the islands, and the wild rush to California had almost depopulated the place. The *dolce far niente* character of the group was gone forever, and a feverish, bustling, hurry-skurry sort of life had taken its place. More than half the white population, and many of the natives, had gone to the coast, in whatever craft they could secure a passage. Condemned hulks, which the old salts declared were but floating coffins, had been hurriedly patched up and speedily filled with freight and passengers for the new land of promise. Everything was changed. Prices of both native and foreign articles were enormously high. Wages had doubled and trebled, and employees of any kind were scarce even at these enhanced rates.

My partners had closed up our retail establishment, packed the goods into boxes, chartered the bark *Mary* at fabulous rates, loaded her with our retail stock, two small shanties in frame, and such freight as offered, and sent her to San Francisco with G. B. Post to open a mercantile establishment there. Post, for whom Post street in San Francisco was afterward named, leased a water lot on the beach from Sam Brannan, the Mormon leader, who a few years before had touched at Honolulu in the *Brooklyn*, with a ship-load of converts from the Eastern States bound for San Francisco. I heard Brannan preach in Honolulu in the Seamen's Chapel, which good Father Damon, of blessed memory, had unwittingly opened to him. Brannan and his converts established themselves in California before the gold discoveries, and he purchased land in the embryo city at nominal prices, which, rising rapidly in value, brought him enormous wealth, and at the same time quenched his enthusiasm for the spread of the true faith. Putting together his two shanties, one for a store, the other for a sleeping-room, Post put up the sign "G. B. Post & Co." (afterward S. H. Williams & Co.), which he had brought over, and went to work. The store was on the site of the Bank of California, now six blocks from the water, but then so near that the goods from the lighters were tossed into the doorway.

In addition to this important venture in San Francisco my partners had purchased a schooner, named her the *Plymouth*, and despatched her to Sydney, Australia, with an invoice of California gold dust, sugar, etc., to purchase a cargo of clothing, blankets, provisions, etc., which were in great demand in California. The latest advices from San Francisco reported a great scarcity and fabulous prices of all these articles, and my partners were sanguine of reaping large profits from the venture. For obvious reasons, it was vital to the success of our enterprise that strict secrecy should be maintained by every one on board as to the object of the voyage, and as to the news from California, until the return cargo should be purchased. Our little craft must have a chance for a fair start of the big ships which would be sure to follow close on her heels as soon as the gold discoveries, of which the Australians were as yet serenely ignorant, should be revealed. We little thought then that so short a time would elapse before Hargraves's discovery of the Australian gold fields would cause a counter-excitement, and that not only the hordes of Australians who would flock to California on learning the news brought by the *Plymouth* would come surging back, but that thousands of restless and disappointed California miners would join in the rush for the new gold fields of Australia.

The *Plymouth*, whose commander bore the very appropriate name of Gould, sailed from Honolulu November 9, 1848, and after an uneventful voyage quietly dropped anchor in the harbor of Sydney December 20.

How well the secret was at first kept may be seen from the shipping intelligence of the Sydney "Morning Herald" of December 23, 1848, which I quote:

> Arrived, December 20, the schooner *Plymouth*, from Sandwich Islands, November 9.
> *Report: The Plymouth brings no news.* Her cargo consists only of twenty tuns molasses and five tons sugar. The "Shipping Gazette" reports in addition to the above, one keg *gold dust.* Agents: Montefiore, Graham, & Co.

No news, indeed!

The strange reticence of Captain Gould and his men aroused the suspicions of all Sydney, and the excitement about the "Plymouth mystery" hourly increased. The banks declined to take the gold dust at any price, and Gould, who felt that he was looked upon as a bucaneer, began to despair of a sale.

At last, when almost discouraged at the failure of his efforts to dispose of his precious freight, which was "hawked about the streets of Sydney," Gould found customers for it among the jewelers of the place, who, after satisfactory tests, took it off his tired hands at a price which, though much below its real value, netted a fair profit over its cost in Honolulu. Relieved of this anxiety, Gould bent all his energies to the purchase and loading of the return cargo, feeling that every hour of delay was fraught with danger of a disastrous revelation of the secret which had hitherto been so well kept.

Meanwhile every effort was made to solve the riddle of Gould's character and the source of the gold dust, and officers and crew were subjected to a strict

surveillance. When only about half the cargo was on board, but fortunately not till after most of it had been purchased, one of the crew, who had been plied with liquor, divulged the secret. The city was at once in a ferment. The walls were covered with placards announcing "The *Plymouth* secret unveiled! Gold discovered in California! Great rush for the mines! Fabulous prices paid for goods!" etc. Six large ships were at once laid on "For San Francisco and the gold mines!" and full freights and passengers were speedily engaged. Spies watched the lading of the *Plymouth*, and similar goods were bought at greatly enhanced prices over what Gould had paid. I quote from a recent letter of the veteran pioneer in Australian gold discoveries, Edward Hammond Hargraves, of Sydney, New South Wales:

On the arrival of the *Plymouth* I was at my cattle station on the Manning River. There was not much excitement for some days after her arrival, until the gold was offered for sale, and I may say *hawked about*—and, I believe, sold for £2 per oz. . . . Placards and posters covered the walls of Sydney announcing the discovery of gold in California, and ships, very many, were laid on for San Francisco. The rush to California was something to be remembered. . . . I had brought seventy fat bullocks *via* Maitland, and failed to get £1 per head for them. A friend of mine, now in life, brought a large herd from the Namoi and sold them for 12s. 6d. each—bullocks of eight and nine hundredweight, and superior cattle to mine. Boiling down for the *fat* then became the order of the day. It took all the proceeds to pay the stockmen's wages, £20 per annum. I looked about to see what was the next best thing to do, and sold all my cattle on the station to a neighbor (Mr. Searle) for 5s. per head, and gave the yard and huts into the bargain, and took passage for San Francisco in the bark *Elizabeth Archer*, Captain Cobb, and arrived (*via* Pitcairn's Island) in September, 1849. Mined at Wood's Creek, Southern Mines, and returned to San Francisco in February, 1850. Wrote to my friends in New South Wales, expressing my belief that I had been in a gold field there. (This letter is now extant.) I was simply laughed at. However, I was fully convinced in my own mind; and reasoning from analogy, and having faith in the uniformity of nature, I returned to New South Wales in the bark *Maria*, Captain Devlin, on the 20th of January, 1851, and made the discovery (*vide* pamphlet) on the 12th day of February, 1851, and up to 1886 three hundred and thirty-three millions of gold has been mined in these colonies (Australasia). I came to Sydney in 1832, and am now (April, 1889) in my seventy-third year.

Hargraves claimed a reward of £20,000 from the colony for his discovery. His claim was allowed, but the colony was divided before the amount was paid. He received from the parent colony of New South Wales its one-half the promised reward, but the new colony of Victoria has paid but about one-fourth of the £10,000 which was her share, and the claim of Mr. Hargraves for the balance bids fair to have as long a life as the French spoliation claims have had with us.

The *Plymouth* left Sydney on the 8th of January with a cargo of pork, oilmen's stores, ironmongery, wine, one ton biscuit, hams, and brandy. As Gould's orders were to touch at Honolulu on his way to San Francisco, and half a dozen large ships were rapidly loading for the latter port, there was no time to be lost. Crowding all sail, he reached Honolulu in safety and reported to us his exciting news. A hurried council was held, and after much discussion it was decided to divide the risk and sell half the cargo in Honolulu at auction, letting the rest take its chances in San Francisco. As all the reports which had come from the coast were of continued scarcity and enormous prices, and as the Honolulu market had been exhausted of the goods which the *Plymouth* brought, the sale resulted in a very handsome profit. Well would it have been for us if we had sold the whole cargo at Honolulu. A large proportion of the goods sold there was sent over in the schooner as freight by the purchasers, who had reason to rue their investment, and on the *Plymouth's* arrival at San Francisco she found the market glutted. Cargoes of the goods which the schooner brought had come in from Valparaiso, Lima, and other ports. Some of the Sydney vessels which had gone direct had arrived, and there was no demand for the goods which had cost so much effort, and from the sale of which we had hoped to reap fabulous profits. The wisdom of the partners who had urged the sale of the whole cargo at Honolulu was fully vindicated.

In those early days of the gold excitement goods that were in demand brought almost any price that the conscience of the merchant would allow him to ask; when the market was supplied, the same class of goods could hardly be given away. Nobody had the capital or the room to spare for the purchase of goods that were not in immediate demand. Storage rates were so high that the value of the goods would soon be consumed. Many a shipper to San Francisco in those days found a heavy storage bill to pay in addition to the total loss of the shipment. At one time, when tobacco was so scarce at the mines that the weed was worth almost literally its weight in gold, a young friend of mine came to Honolulu from the coast, quietly bought up all the tobacco in the island market, and started back to San Francisco, sanguine of making a fortune. His crazy craft sprung a leak when a few days out, and had to return to port for repairs. The delay was fatal. When he finally reached San Francisco he saw the pilot's cheek distended with a huge quid, and his heart sank; streams of tobacco juice were running from the mouths of the stevedores, who contemptuously unloaded the superfluous weed. The warehouses were full of tobacco, and large stocks of it were still on board vessels in the harbor, not worth unloading. The shopkeepers who had promised him large profits if he only would replenish their stock now informed him, between intervals of expectoration, that they had more on hand than they knew what to do with. A cloud of tobacco smoke seemed to hang over the city like a pall. The venture resulted in total loss. When I visited San Francisco some weeks later I actually crossed the miry streets on some of these very boxes of tobacco, which the authorities had found the cheapest substitute for stepping-stones.

Only the fate of poor Gould remains to be told. After disposing of the schooner and her cargo, he started from San Francisco with thirty-five thousand dollars of the proceeds in gold dust for Boston. Two days after leaving Aspinwall he died of cholera, the only one of five hundred passengers who was taken with that dread disease.

III.—THE FIRST CALIFORNIA GOLD IN WALL STREET (1849).

THE following incident was related to me by Mr. G. D. Gilman, for many years a merchant at the Hawaiian Islands, and now a well-known citizen of Boston, and a member of the General Court of Massachusetts.

With the news of the discovery of gold in California in 1848 United States Army officers stationed there sent specimens home to their friends and to the War Department as curiosities. But, to the best of Mr. Gilman's knowledge, the first California gold exhibited and sold in Wall street was taken there by himself on the first day of March, 1849. Mr. Gilman was the first passenger to reach New York from San Francisco after the discovery, and brought with him a quantity of the ore, finding it a more profitable remittance than the coin which he had brought from Honolulu, and for which the miners gladly exchanged their dust at a liberal discount. Mr. Gilman tells the following story of his first day in New York.

"I reached New York very early in the morning, and, being an entire stranger, accepted the friendly offices of the purser of the steamer, who took me to the Clinton Hotel, then kept by Simeon Leland, afterward of the Metropolitan Hotel.

"After breakfast Mr. Leland kindly took me in charge, to assist me in procuring a costume more befitting an appearance in New York than my California outfit. Among the places visited in this tour of reconstruction was Lovejoy's hair-dressing rooms, at the corner of Beekman street and Park Row. Here, as everywhere, the talk was of the wonderful news from California.

"While still under the hands of the barber, and sleepily listening to his freely given views upon the exciting topic of the day, I saw Mr. Leland approaching me, accompanied by a fine-looking, frank, open-faced man, who advanced buttoning on his collar, with his gingham necktie hanging over his arm, as if he had no time to lose. Mr. Leland introduced him to me by a name which at first had no significance for me, though its fame had already reached the islands of the sea as that of the great Moral Showman. Said he courteously:

"'I hear that you are just from California, the first passenger to arrive from the land of gold. That is very interesting. You can tell us all about it. May I ask if you have had any conversation with any one on the subject since your arrival?' I replied that I had only just landed, and had had no opportunity to talk about the matter. 'Ah, very good, very good!' said he. 'Then please *don't*, let me beg of you, till you have seen me again. Mr. Leland has kindly promised to call with you at my office. If you will write "California" on your card, the doorkeeper will admit you at once.' He bowed and took his leave.

"Engrossed by my own interesting concerns, I did not think to ask any questions of Mr. Leland about my interrogator, and learned nothing more of him till we found ourselves at the door of Barnum's Museum. We were conducted to the private office of the redoubtable proprietor, who, politely seating us, proceeded at once to business.

"'Well, sir, you know we all want to know the way to California nowadays. By what route did you come?'

"'Across the Isthmus.'

"'Ah, very good! Then you can tell us all about mule traveling. A very interesting route. Cuts the journey short. Some dangers, of course. Did you go out by the same route?'

"'I went out around the Horn, sir.'

"'Ah, that 's good! Many of our people will want to go that way. Cheaper route. Of course you know about mining?'

"'I have not been to the mines myself,' I replied.

"'Oh! Ah! Well, you understand the process, no doubt, and know all about the life there. You 've heard it talked about?'

"I replied that I had not heard much else talked about for the last six months.

"'I thought so! I thought so! You 're just the man we want, sir! Just the very man! Now here 's my plan, sir. I 've got a plan, sir, which cannot fail of success, and which will prove highly remunerative to both of us, sir. This city is wild with excitement, as you know; just crazy with the idea of gold in California. Thousands are seeking for information about how to get there, what to do, where to find the gold. Now for my plan. I 've had a specimen lump of gold prepared, weighing twenty-five pounds. No sham, sir — *real gold*. You can depend upon it; I can bring you all the certificates you want to convince you of the fact.'

"'But,' I interrupted, 'twenty-five pounds! I never heard of so large a piece being found.'

"Mr. Barnum seemed slightly taken aback at this, and asked what was the largest piece I had heard of. I replied, 'Seven ounces; but it had not reached San Francisco when I left.'

"'Seven ounces!' exclaimed he. 'Why, that is too small. Every man who is going out expects to pick up rocks of it! Seven ounces! Well, well!'

"He looked confounded for a moment; then throwing back his shoulders as if to shake off his disappointment, he rallied to his well-arranged plan. 'Well, sir, I 'll tell you what we can do. You prepare a short lecture on the subject, to be delivered in my lecture room,— not over fifteen minutes long, better ten,— and then be prepared to answer questions (they 'll be sure to come thick and fast) about the different routes, the mining, wages, means and cost of living: just how to do it, you understand. We will have a small table on the stage, with my twenty-five-pound lump of gold on it. As you are talking you can handle it; just pass your hand over it now and then — and — and — I would n't have you tell a lie about it for anything, Mr. Gilman — but if — you see — they get the idea that that 's the kind of lumps they *may* find, a fortune 's made, and we 'll share it.'

"My reply sprang involuntarily to my lips: 'But what a perfect humbug that would be!'

"With a bright, beaming smile the great showman patted me gently on the shoulder, and with a significant look said, 'My dear sir, the bigger the humbug, the better the people will like it.'

"With thanks I respectfully declined the tempting proposition. Mr. Barnum very courteously urged me to consider it, and hoped I would see my way clear in some way to give the people the information they so much desired. But I was too impatient to reach my home in Maine to do this. Under Mr. Leland's guidance I visited several of the banks and moneyed institutions in Wall street, where I exhibited my specimens of the gold, both coarse and fine."

But Mr. Gilman failed to improve his golden opportunity to make his own and the eminent showman's fortune.

J. F. B. Marshall.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The People and Finance.

THERE are a few elementary principles in economic science the mastery of which by the great body of the American people would be of incalculable value to us as a nation. One of these is that no government can create money out of anything which it may choose to call money. Another is that all classes of the people, rich and poor, laborer and employer, are far better off with a sound and stable currency than they are with any of the varieties of "cheap money." Another is that no part of the financial or business world can be benefited or injured by changes in the monetary standard of value without corresponding benefit or injury to the other parts. Still another is that the larger part of the business of the country is transacted upon credit, and that anything which tends to disturb or to foreshadow disturbances of the monetary standard of value cripples credit and demoralizes all business. Finally, though we have by no means exhausted the list, it would be of the highest importance for the common people to become thoroughly convinced of the fact that in every instance in which the financial world is disturbed by changes or threats of changes in the standard of value the sufferers are always the poorer people and the beneficiaries always the rich, for the latter are able to guard against the coming trouble which they are quick to scent, while the former are powerless to take the necessary precautions even if they were able to anticipate them.

The pernicious delusion that the Government has the power to create money is traceable directly to the legal tender act of 1862. Previous to that time the American people, in common with those of other enlightened nations, believed that the sole function of government in relation to money was to certify to the weight and purity of the metal contained in it. This view, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, has been shown by the experience of all civilized countries to be the only sound one, was completely upset in the minds of thousands of uninstructed people by the issue of the legal tenders and the subsequent decisions of the Supreme Court upholding the right of Congress to make such issue. The pernicious doctrine that anything which the Government might choose to stamp as money — paper, or silver, or nickel, or copper — became *ipso facto* money for the amount named on its face obtained so firm a lodgment in the popular mind that calls began to be heard from all quarters for the liberal issue of Government money in almost every form except — gold. The country has passed safely through several varieties of the "greenback craze," which was the most radical and dangerous form of the delusion, but it has yet to reach the solid ground occupied before the war. So long as the admission is allowed that the Government can create money there is no satisfactory answer to be made to the questions, "Why should we have a gold standard?" "Why should we have national banks?" or "Why should we have any limit put to the volume of our currency?" If the Government can create money, why should it not create all that everybody wants? Why should anybody work for a living?

We must get back as a people to a just comprehension of the truth that no government can make an inferior form of money equal in value to a superior form like gold by enacting a law decreeing that it shall become so, and that it cannot do this for the simple reason that the superior form costs more, and it is this cost which constitutes its value as a medium of exchange. The kind of money which every man wants is the kind which will buy the most of the things which he needs — that is, have the largest purchasing power. Nothing is clearer than that cheap money means high prices, and dear money means low prices. Cheap money is as costly for a nation as it is for an individual. Mr. H. C. Adams has demonstrated very convincingly that the legal tenders made the expense of our civil war greater by $800,000,000 than it would have been had they never been issued. With individuals the only man who is benefited by a change from a dear money to a cheaper one is he who owes money — that is, belongs to what is called the debtor class. He is rid at once of a portion of his debt, because he can pay it in money of less value than that in use at the time of the debt's contraction. But to the average man, the wage-earner of every variety, the change means greatly increased cost of living with no increase of income. He still receives the same number of dollars as wages, but each dollar buys less than it did before. If he has debts, the depreciation of them is by no means in the same proportion as in his wages. Suppose, for example, he is receiving $1000 a year and that he owes $1000. A reduction of ten per cent. in the value of money means that his wages have been cut down one-tenth — that is, that he will lose $100 each year, whereas his debt has only been reduced $100 for all time.

The people who would benefit at first by a change to cheap money are farmers and others who have property which is heavily mortgaged, and who would be thus relieved of a portion of their debt. The case of the farmer who has been forced to mortgage his farm is a peculiarly hard one. His condition has been growing worse and worse yearly, for many reasons, but chiefly because most of the things he has had to buy have been taxed, while the chief products of his farm have not. He has been forced to buy at the higher prices of a restricted home market, and to sell at the prices set in the unrestricted market of the world. A change to a cheaper form of money would give him relief, provided he were able to pay off his debt at once, but otherwise his gain would be only in his ability to pay his interest money in a cheaper currency. He would suffer, in common with all others of the hard-working class, from the inevitable evils attendant upon cheap money, with the dear goods which such money always brings in its train. Then, too, he would discover, in case he wished to procure further loans, that he must obtain them on a gold basis, for the mere hint of the coming of a cheaper cur-

rency is sufficient always to force capitalists into the defensive position of loaning large amounts on that basis alone. In the end the farmer would find that his last condition was worse than his first, and that his every effort to gain relief through legislation which promised to make "money plenty" had the same result, namely, to put him more helplessly in the power of men whose chief business is to speculate in money.

Another class of temporary beneficiaries from cheaper money are employers, who are able to pay their employees in the cheap money, in small amounts, at its full nominal value, while obtaining it for such payment in large amounts and at its gold value. Yet we believe it is a fact that the great body of employers are agreed that the slight gains which are possible in this way are far from being an adequate set-off to the losses caused to all business by the uncertainties of an unstable currency. Another class is composed of the professional speculators in gold and the hoarders of gold, who, because of their possession of capital, are able to speculate in the superior money at the expense of the great mass of the people, who are compelled to accept the inferior medium of exchange.

All this leads naturally and inevitably to the general conclusion that the best money for all classes in the long run — of course, including the farmers — is that which is most stable in value; that is, which most completely and steadily serves the purpose of a medium of exchange. It should be constantly borne in mind that the great volume of the business of the country, what is called exchange of commodities, is conducted on credit. Statistics show that the proportion of the trade of the country that is carried on by means of money to that carried on by means of credit instruments is in the ratio of about one to nine. The mere hint of a change in the value of money sends a thrill of alarm along the entire credit system, and leads to instantaneous contraction. This is at once felt in every branch of business and industry. There is at once a double strain put upon the trade of the country. Gold and currency are hoarded in anticipation of approaching uncertainty of values, and credit is given only in cases of the strongest security. All our most serious commercial troubles, our panics, and threatened panics, our tight money markets and business stringencies, are directly traceable to this contraction of credit; yet the uninstructed public almost invariably calls for the issue of cheaper money as the only remedy, not recognizing that the mischief has been caused, not by a scarcity of currency, but by a contraction of credit.

There ought to be a more general recognition of the fact that the economic administration of a nation, the regulation of its currency and finances, calls for expert ability of a rare kind. In every generation there are comparatively few men who have the requisite intellectual equipment for this task, and in almost every other civilized country except ours they are sought out and put in exclusive charge of it. Few intelligent people venture upon the experiment of being their own doctors or lawyers, recognizing the superior fitness of expert ability to perform those functions. Why should we as a nation be less wise? We must sooner or later realize the folly of our course, and must put the control of our finances into the hands of a few tried and trained financiers, who shall be removed absolutely beyond the influence of popular clamor. We shall then have far less trouble than we have now. The people at large would be benefited in every way, and in none more so than through the restrictions which such administration of our finances would put upon the activities of certain conscienceless manipulators in Wall street, who find now their best opportunities for mischief in the uncertainty which constant meddling with the standard of value inevitably produces.

Organized Municipal Reform.

THERE were causes for both encouragement and discouragement in the municipal elections of last autumn. The intelligent and praiseworthy attempt which was made in New York City to overthrow Tammany Hall met with disastrous and somewhat disheartening failure, but there were compensating successes in other cities, notably in Boston and Providence. It is to be noted as of much significance that the elections in the last two cities were held on other than the regular election days, coming a few weeks after the November elections for congressmen. In Boston a worthy and progressive man who was nominally a Democrat was chosen over a Republican of the extreme partizan type, by a majority much larger than that by which the Democrats had carried the city in the congressional election. In Providence a worthy and progressive Republican was chosen over a Democrat of the extreme partizan type, though the city had given a Democratic majority in the congressional election. In addition to Boston there were eight other Massachusetts cities in which notable reform results were achieved. Six of them which had given Democratic majorities in November turned about in December and elected Republican mayors, and two of them which had given Republican majorities in November turned about and elected Democratic mayors in December. In every case the best man won without regard to party. In all these cities there was no other than municipal issues at stake, and the result was, therefore, a valuable illustration of the importance of separate municipal elections.

In fact, it is generally admitted by all students of the problem of municipal misgovernment that the first step towards reform must be through the attainment of separate elections. Whether these shall be in the spring or fall is a question about which opinions differ. If they are held in the spring, experience has shown that it is somewhat difficult to arouse public interest. Then, too, an election at such a time involves large expense, requiring the setting in motion anew of complete election machinery, and making necessary a new registration of voters. If elections are held in the fall, and at a date closely subsequent to the regular elections, these objections would be modified, though not entirely removed. After an exciting campaign which had closed in a general election in November it might be found difficult to induce the voters to take a lively interest in a municipal election three or four weeks later; but the machinery of the November election, with the registration list, would be in readiness for use, and the expense would not be great. So far as the question of popular interest is concerned, the experience of cities in Massachusetts and Rhode Island shows that there is little to be feared on this score. There is almost always sufficient interest to

make certain the choice of the most desirable candidates, and that is the chief end to be sought.

It has been proposed in New York State to have separate fall elections for municipal officers, held on the regular November date, but on alternate years from national and State elections. To bring this about a constitutional amendment has been proposed and has been brought before the legislature for consideration, but has not been acted upon. Under its provisions the terms of the governor and all other State officers would be so extended that they would hold office four years instead of three, senators four years instead of two, and assemblymen two years instead of one. Municipal elections would be held on odd years, and State and national on even years. The amendment applied to the whole State, and was, therefore, a comprehensive plan of municipal reform. Under its provisions there would be no more elections in number than at present, and consequently no increase in expense. The main objection raised to the plan has been that it lengthened the terms of State and legislative officers, and would on that account be certain to incur great popular hostility; but this was, of course, mere inference, since the only way in which to test popular sentiment upon that point would be to submit the proposal to a vote of the people. There are many States in which terms of similar length, and even greater, are to be found, and no objection to them has been heard. The doubling of the term of members of the Assembly might lead to biennial sessions of the New York legislature, and the experience of thirty-six States, which have adopted that method, justifies the assertion that the change would be in the direction of progress.

It is not our purpose to pass judgment upon these or any other plans for bringing about reforms in our municipal affairs. What we should like to see would be the organization in every large city of the land of an earnest and intelligent body of men who should make the whole question of municipal rule the object of systematic, educational work. One great reason why so little has been accomplished in this field is that all previous efforts towards reform have been spasmodic. What is needed is a permanent organization in every city, which would be disbanded by neither temporary victory nor defeat, but would continue its work until municipal government by the intelligence and morality of the community should be so surely established that it could never be overthrown. The remarkable results achieved within three years by the ballot reform agitation show what can be accomplished by work of this kind. It is only necessary to get the people interested and to demonstrate to them the merits of the case. After that the politicians have no alternative except to do what the people direct.

Municipal reform organizations could examine thoroughly the merits of the various separate election-day plans, and submit to the legislatures a measure embodying the results of their labors. If this were to fail at the first trial, it could be pushed again and again until it became a law. This was the method pursued with ballot reform, and the final victory came so speedily as to astonish even the most sanguine of its promoters. After separate elections had been obtained, other plans of municipal reform could be taken up and pushed to accomplishment in the same way. Experience in this and other countries has shown two things, unmistakably — first, that a reform is secured when the people are brought to a correct understanding of it; second, that when a reform is established, either by law or in a system of government, there is no reversion to the old method. The European cities which have been redeemed from partizan and corrupt rule have not returned to the old order of things, and are in no danger of doing so. Our civil service and ballot reform laws will never be repealed. If we can get municipal reform established and its wisdom demonstrated in practice, the fight will be over for all time; though vigilance will, of course, always be necessary to secure the fruits of the victory. The work is a great one, and it will require time, intelligence, perseverance, and courage; but it is one which ought to arouse the spirit and command the willing devotion of every American who loves his country and desires to serve it, for to strike a death-blow at municipal misrule will be to aim at the destruction of the very deadliest of the evils which threaten the existence of free institutions.

Unregarded Literary Standards.

THE education — or, to speak more correctly, the miseducation — of the masses is largely based upon literary standards which are seldom regarded. The use of words, the construction of sentences — in short, the fundamental principles of the English language — are learned from authorities that are hardly thought of.

Consider the case of the foreign immigrant who comes to New York and seeks to master our language. He rides on the street-car, or upon an elevated railway train, and hears the conductor or the guard use certain expressions; he enters the ferry-house and takes a boat across one of the rivers, and he finds signs in English on the doors of the waiting-rooms and over the entrances to the cabins; he visits the great shops, and listens to the clerk or the floor-walker. What has he encountered as the word applied indiscriminately to the female sex? Almost everywhere, "lady." "There 's a seat, lady," says the car conductor; "Here 's your change, lady," echoes the shop-girl; "Ladies' Room," "Ladies' Cabin," stare the signs before him.

It has been even worse where the male sex was concerned. "Lady" is at least a complete word, which can stand by itself. But what has been its counterpart? A vulgar abbreviation, which, however, has masqueraded as a full-grown word that had no cause for shame. If the foreigner left the metropolis for any other part of the country he found himself defined by transportation companies as a "gent," and directed to a "Gents' Waiting-Room." To make confusion worse confounded, the apostrophe was almost as likely as not to have strayed from its proper position, so that the sign would read "Gent's Waiting-Room." The native of France or Germany who left the Old World a full-grown man found himself reduced to a mere "gent" on his arrival in the New!

Oliver Wendell Holmes has spoken of

> The thing named "pants" in certain documents,
> A word not made for gentlemen, but "gents."

It is therefore eminently proper that there should be a grammar for "gents," and the newcomer was very likely to encounter samples of it on his travels. A few years ago the main line of railroad between Boston and New York began running one of its express trains

from New Haven to the metropolis without any stop. For a long time after the change was made passengers on this train, while it paused in the evening at New Haven, were regaled with the announcement in stentorian tones by a brakeman, "This train don't make no stops between New Haven and New York."

It is related of a brakeman, who was once censured for the unintelligible tones in which he shouted the names of the stations, that he told his superior, "You can't expect a first-class tenor voice for thirty dollars a month." Neither should one demand a professor of philology in such a position. But we may at least expect that great transportation companies shall see to it that the English language is not maltreated under their auspices, and that great shopkeepers shall forbid employees to commit verbal atrocities upon unoffending patrons. It is pleasant to note some signs of a change for the better in these respects. One at least of the New York establishments which set the fashions in such matters has instructed its clerks to drop "Lady" and substitute "Madam" in addressing any woman. More than one of the companies running ferryboats across the North or East rivers have withdrawn "lady" and "gent" from their signs, and returned to the good old Saxon words "men" and "women." The same commendable reform is beginning to be observable in the stations on some of the leading railroad lines. It is not in the ferryboat, or the railroad station, or the "emporium of fashion" that one would look for signs of culture, but unhappily vast numbers of people are affected for good or bad by the literary standards which there prevail, and it is therefore most encouraging that correct ideas of English should be making headway in such places.

Success with Honor.

THE recent publication of two books concerning Mr. George W. Childs, containing his "Recollections," and describing his well-known gifts to England,[1] affords the opportunity of a word or two on one of the most remarkable and exemplary careers in the annals of journalism. Whenever two or three working journalists are discussing among themselves the strange condition of journalism in our day, as a profession subject justly to both the highest praise and the most severe condemnation, these working journalists — whenever they are not setting forth the usual explanations of the faults charged upon certain branches of journalism — are apt to lay the chief blame for whatever is confessedly wrong on the men who own the periodicals, and who require the doing of certain things which are not savory; or who for purely business reasons put their writers under compulsion either to twist, evade, or suppress the truth. In saying that this is the frequent talk among working journalists we are merely recording a fact known throughout the length and breadth of journalism. Reporters and editorial writers say the same thing, and they say it often with as much force as frankness.

Every one will admit that the paper owned and conducted by Mr. Childs is among the many that have suffered no moral deterioration through their ownership. Mr. Childs in his "Recollections" says:

> I worked hard to make the paper a success; for several years I seldom left the editorial rooms before midnight, averaging from twelve to fourteen hours a day at the office. I strove to elevate its tone, and I think I succeeded. If asked what I mean by this, perhaps I had better quote the friendly words of the late Rev. Dr. Prime: "Mr. Childs excluded from the paper all details of disgusting crime; all reports of such vice as may not be with propriety read aloud in the family, that poison the minds of young men, inflame the passions and corrupt the heart; all scandal and slang, and that whole class of news which constitutes the staple of many daily papers. The same rule was applied to the advertising columns, and from them was excluded all that, in any shape or form, might be offensive to good morals."

The result is known to the whole world. Leaving entirely aside the rewards of conscience and of self-respect, and without regard to the pleasant history of Mr. Childs's hospitalities, public and private benefactions, and his relation to his own employees and to the labor interests of the country at large, it might well be asked how many of the journalistic successes born of sensationalism and a low estimate of editorial responsibility and of public virtue and public taste are likely to have the substantial success of the journalistic business founded by Mr. Childs — a business firmly established on the basis of good principles, good feelings, and the honorable obligations of good citizenship.

Walter Howe.

THE fine and manly countenance of Walter Howe, which appears in this number of the magazine in connection with the article on the Century Club, is a reminder of the heavy loss sustained by this community in his recent most tragic and untimely death.[2] No city in the world is in greater need than New York of the abilities and example of men possessing just the qualities of Walter Howe — men with a faculty for affairs, with unshaken principles, with wisdom and energy in action, and a disinterested spirit.

That such a man had his origin and training under the difficult conditions of New York city and New York State politics, and that other men of his kind have had in recent years their origin, training, and opportunity here, show that we must not despair of the local battle for decency and good government. The band of party reformers to which he belonged and the reformers in the opposite party with whom he always gladly coöperated are not dispersed; accessions to the ranks of both are constantly being made, and will increase in numbers, we do not doubt, till our New York city and State governments will cease to be cited throughout the world as shining examples of the alleged failure of free institutions.

[1] The Stratford-upon-Avon Memorial Fountain, the Herbert, Cowper, and Milton windows, and the Andrewes and Ken reredos. For Matthew Arnold's address on the unveiling of the Milton window, see THE CENTURY for May, 1888.

[2] Mr. Howe was drowned while bathing at Newport last summer.

OPEN LETTERS.

Mr. Lodge on Civil Service Reform.

THE article of Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, entitled "Why Patronage in Offices is Un-American," which appeared in the October CENTURY, will be read with attention by every civil service reformer, and by all those who are interested in the progress of good government. The style is vigorous and incisive; the arguments are clearly stated, and well arranged. In a concise historical sketch Mr. Lodge shows that the system of patronage in offices is "a system born of despotisms and aristocracies, and . . . as un-American as anything could well be." He proves conclusively the validity of the arguments in favor of the merit system, and the absurdity and untruthfulness of the arguments against it. I heartily agree with Mr. Lodge that "there is only one thing more contemptible than a feeble imitation of other people, and that is an equally feeble refusal to adopt something intrinsically good because somebody else has tried something like it and found it beneficial." It is to be hoped that this article may prove a death-blow to that venerable falsehood, that the merit system is un-American, which has so long hindered civil service reform.

While gratefully acknowledging the value of Mr. Lodge's paper as a contribution to civil service reform literature, and cordially indorsing his main conclusions, and the arguments supporting them, there are two positions to which exception must be taken.

First. As to the origin of the patronage system and the views of the "especial advocates of the reform" concerning it. To them is attributed the belief that "in the good old days . . . the evils of modern public life . . . did not exist. Everybody who held office then was good and able, and was chosen or appointed solely from merit, while selfish politicians and mercenary lobbyists were unknown. In short, human nature then was something very different from what it is to-day." They are also said to be convinced that "patronage in offices sprang full fledged from the brain of Andrew Jackson." I do not know of any prominent civil service reformer who has studied early American history who holds these remarkable views. George William Curtis, who can speak as the representative "ardent reformer" if any one can, in his address before the National Civil Service Reform League in 1888 asserted that under such leaders as Hamilton and Jefferson party spirit doubtless ran as high as it does to-day, and that upon the establishment of the National Government Washington was compelled to rebuke the undignified haste of many in their efforts to obtain office.

Mr. Lodge admits that Washington "was guided by the highest and most disinterested motives" in making appointments, but adds that "it is equally certain that he distributed the offices solely as a matter of patronage." This last assertion, I think, can be easily disproved. The fact that Washington appointed only friends of the Constitution to office upon the inauguration of his administration does not prove that he was a partizan, but merely that he used common sense. Had he done otherwise he would have imperiled our national existence.

Andrew Jackson represented a school of political thought which first gained the ascendancy on his accession to the presidency. This school believed that hitherto the Government had been too aristocratic, and that civil officers could best be made to feel their responsibility to the people by making their retention in office depend on the people's will as expressed in national elections. It regarded offices as gifts of the nation, and thought that as many persons as possible should have an opportunity to obtain these gifts. It did not possess sufficient discrimination to distinguish between officials who have the power to change or determine the policy of the nation in political matters and those who have not. More thought was given to the gaining of federal offices than to efficiency in the discharge of the duties incident to them. The fact that Jackson regarded his political opponents as aristocrats, hostile to the best interests of the country which he represented, explains his zeal in turning them out of office. He was convinced that the people demanded a change.

It is not contended by the reformers that our earlier Presidents were invariably consistent in their appointments, nor do they assert that "patronage in offices sprang full fledged from the brain of Andrew Jackson." The "spoils system" was a natural development, founded on the average citizen's ignorance of the true nature and functions of governments. The seeds of it were sown with the establishment of the Government, as Mr. Lodge truly observes. These matured gradually but did not bring forth abundant fruit till Jackson's administration, and then not because any one man had cared for them, but because they had taken root in the heart of the average citizen. It is also not denied that the merit system which depends on the competitive examination is a modern invention. What the civil service reformer desires is not a return to an ancient system, but an acknowledgment of the principle laid down by Washington and Madison, that public office is a trust, and the complete overthrow of the un-American idea which has prevailed from Jackson's time till recently, that public office is a gift.

Secondly. Mr. Lodge deprecates that "with each succeeding Administration there is a loud cry raised that the spirit of the reform is not respected in regard to those offices which are confessedly filled by patronage," and remarks that "it is much to be wished that the charge of hypocrisy and pharisaism made by the opponents of the reform had no foundation." It does not seem at all strange that a loud cry should be raised when Presidents and parties distinctly and emphatically pledge themselves, before elections, to observe the spirit and purpose of civil service reform, and, after elections, violate their pledges in the most open and unblushing manner. In fact, a loud and vigorous protest is the natural result of such faithlessness. When an officer is appointed solely as a reward for political services

the outcry is caused by the fact that not the Pendleton bill, but the principle on which that and all true civil service reform rests, is violated, namely, that merit and not politics should be the criterion for appointment. This principle, and not any statute or collection of statutes, is the true foundation of civil service reform. It is morally wrong knowingly to appoint an unworthy or incapable man to office, because the people are robbed of the amount which an efficient and experienced man in the same position might save them.

Whatever may be said of individuals, the course of the National Civil Service Reform League, which best represents that of the "ardent reformer," has not been hypocritical nor pharisaical, but consistent, courageous, and dignified. Its record of eight years' work speaks for itself. During that time it has stood in the forefront of the battle for political honesty, and has exerted an educational effort for which the country will be duly grateful. As the result of its labors we have on our statute books the so-called Pendleton bill and the well-known laws of Massachusetts and New York, all of which have proved the far-seeing sagacity of their framers.

This letter would be incomplete without an expression of appreciation of the value of Mr. Lodge's services in behalf of civil service reform in the National Congress, and the hope that he may make the country his debtor by action along the line pointed out in his article, namely, extension of the civil service law to the unclassified service.

William B. Aiken.

REJOINDER.

DEAR SIR: I have read with much interest Mr. Aiken's open letter which you forward to me before publication. The points which he makes I think can all be answered; and it does not seem to me that we really differ very much in our opinions on the essential principles involved.

First, as to Washington's policy. If Washington had merely appointed friends of the Constitution, Mr. Aiken's comments would be perfectly just, and I should be the first to admit it. But while Washington at the outset appointed friends of the Constitution exclusively, as was wise and proper, after the development of parties, and after he had been himself the subject of party attack, he took the ground that only friends of the Government — that is, Federalists — ought to be appointed to office. In September, 1795, he wrote to Pickering:

> I shall not, whilst I have the honor to administer the Government, bring a man into any office of consequence knowingly whose political tenets are adverse to the measures which the General Government are pursuing; for this, in my opinion, is a sort of political suicide. That it would embarrass its movements is certain.

Andrew Jackson's change, profound as it was, was a change in degree and not in kind, a change of practice and not of principle, although it undoubtedly had many of the results which Mr. Aiken indicates.

Secondly. When I said that some civil service reformers took what I considered an erroneous historical view, I wrote with two able articles before me by a leading civil service reformer, in which the precise view that I thought mistaken was advanced. I did not criticize the articles by name nor cite the authority, because the writer is laboring just as conscientiously as myself or any one else in this work, and I dislike nothing so much as to criticize, on a comparatively unimportant point, men who are doing good work in which I believe. I have seen the same view taken elsewhere many times, although I am quite aware that it is not the view of all civil service reformers by any means.

Thirdly. In what I said about the loud cry against each administration, "that the spirit of the reform is not respected" in regard to those offices which are confessedly filled by patronage, I made the statement general because I wished above all things to avoid any party comparisons. The question is not a party question. I do not think that there has been any essential difference in the actual manner in which patronage offices have been dealt with by administrations of either party, and I think we waste our strength by assailing administrations in regard to the use of patronage in patronage offices. The question of good or bad appointments in patronage offices is something wholly distinct from civil service reform. Civil service reform, as I look at it, is simply the attempt to replace a bad system with a better, and my experience leads me to believe that this can be accomplished best by legislation rather than by partizan recrimination. The point I desired especially to press was that the civil service reformers as such should apply the same standard of criticism to both parties, whether the party in power was the one with which they were in general sympathy or not. I do not think that they have done this.

I trust you will permit me to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Aiken, not only for the pleasant way in which he has discussed my article, but also for his extremely kind expressions in regard to myself, which I entirely appreciate.

H. C. Lodge.

The Women who do the Work.

WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS.

AT the convention of Working Girls' Societies held in New York last spring, to which delegates and papers were sent from all parts of this country, there was much that was valuable said and read, much that wise and patient experience gave to new workers in the field; but most of it was in regard to the practical workings of the societies and their influence on the girls themselves, and but little of it went back to the qualifications of the teacher and organizer, or her relations with the girls — and yet this is an important side of the question, and one that has great influence on the results we all hope to attain.

One of the most noticeable things about the work is the great difference among the workers, a difference not only of opinion but of atmosphere, intention, and personality; and it is personality, I think, which is the weightiest factor, and which makes success or failure. Good as the general work may be, intelligent as are the lines upon which it is carried on, faithful as are the workers, it is the personal force which in nine cases out of ten fits the keystone in the arch, binds the girls together, and makes the club a success; and, one may add, it is the giving of that personal force which so often breaks down the worker in the end. It is this, and not the literal amount of time and labor and wisdom given, although they too must play their part — this personal element which in theory is so ignored.

The clubs need workers, need ladies to help carry on and extend the work; there is room now for any number of women: ten, twenty, or a hundred can have their hands filled with work if they will come forward and stretch them out to us and help us try to make life happier and more full of meaning and freer from temptation for the girls and women who have to work for their living in our great stores and factories. Not to raise up those who fall,—that task is for others,—but to help the weak-hearted and the strong-hearted to bear more joyfully the burden of life amid difficulties and temptations which would daunt the bravest and the strongest.

We want the best you can give us; we want women who come to the work *con amore*, not merely to do the orthodox modicum demanded now by society from all unmarried or childless women—and we don't want *only* the women who have nothing else to do. For centuries these women have been a standing protest against that truly masculine proverb that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,"—unless their struggle against the results of other people's sins can be so interpreted,—and philanthropy has almost come to be considered their exclusive possession. Now this is neither just nor expedient, for there is much work that can be done only by women who are more in touch with the affairs of life. It was well said of Sister Dora by a distinguished man of letters that she possessed three of the most important qualifications for her work—"great personal beauty, fine health, and a keen sense of humor." You will say at once that these are qualities which would fit a woman for success in any sphere of life; and that is just the point I wish to make—that we need the best you can give us, and that it is not only to the women who can devote their energies exclusively to the work, but also to the society belle, the clever writer, the crack lawn-tennis player, and the happy daughter, that we turn. And to the friends and relatives who throw so many obstacles in the way of the worker, and who lay on the shoulders of the club every pale face they see, let us say, What protest did you make when your child laid her young health on the altar of fashionable late hours and wore out her beauty in the incessant pursuit of pleasure? Did you not rather smile with pride to think how sought after she was? Surely you need not grudge the one night a week she gives to her work down town. The clubs keep no late hours.

The working girls want more than classes and club-rooms—they want inspiration and sympathy; often an individual inspiration and sympathy to fit their individual needs. The best that we can give them is our best morally and mentally, the results of our most earnest prayer and practice, of our clearest and hardest thinking. The influence on the worker is perhaps one of the best results of the work,—although it may not be an ostensible end in view,—for one cannot with honesty, nor indeed with any comfort to one's self, lead a life outside the club willfully inconsistent with the light in which one appears to the girls; for never mind how little we desire to be looked upon as examples, we are looked upon as such even by the girls with whom we have least personal contact, and we are apt to find that their belief in us and constant reference to us is a pretty sharp reminder of our own shortcomings, even in such minor matters as untidy bureau drawers and button-less boots, not to speak of the graver questions of living which are continually raised and whose solution is complicated by the real differences of position and education.

There are two kindred questions about which there has been and still is much controversy, and, I think, many serious mistakes made—first, in underestimating the intelligence of the girls, particularly in practical matters, in which it is apt to be far greater than our own; and secondly, in belittling our advantages in order to conciliate their prejudices. In many cases these prejudices do not exist, and even when they do the differences in our position and education are sure to come to the front sooner or later, and by frankly recognizing them in the beginning as an advantage we prevent their being regarded later on as a barrier. The girls are sure to end by knowing that we keep servants, wear evening dresses, and go to the opera; and by plainly speaking of these things when necessary (the necessity will be rare), as comforts won for us by our husbands' or our fathers' intelligence and labor, we make the distinction in our ways of living more one of degree than one of kind. When once recognized the truth will make our relations with the girls of more value than when it existed on an ignorant or mistaken foundation.

The very leisure and knowledge we are able to put at their disposal comes from this difference of conditions, and it is shirking our responsibility as women of a leisure class when we attempt to pretend that our conditions of life are the same as theirs. The newspapers in this country are successful in giving the working classes a false idea of the occupations and pleasures of the "upper classes." They represent them in all their most sensational and regrettable moments, and but little record is made of the majority of well-to-do and educated people with whom plain living and high thinking has not come to be a dead letter. In our most natural and laudable efforts not to patronize the girls we are apt to forget that we are foregoing the natural advantages of our birthrights in attempting to appear to them as anomalous women from nowhere, instead of ladies whose life and education in perhaps wealthy homes has inspired us with the desire to share what we consider our real advantages with our less fortunate sisters.

It is a great pleasure, this club work—work which any woman with a warm heart will find repaying. Much has been said, but it would be difficult to say enough of the gratitude and responsiveness of the girls to any effort made in their behalf. No one who has not had the experience can realize the pleasure and stimulus of being looked up to and followed, however undeservedly, by a clubful of hard-working girls. The labor is great but the rewards are infinitely greater, and there are not many of us, I fancy, who would not tell you that they had gained vastly more than they had given.

Florence Lockwood.

Two Monuments.

On the western coast of North America, upon one of the hills of San Francisco, overlooking the great Pacific Ocean and within one mile of its shore, in Laurel Hill Cemetery, there is a beautiful marble monument, some fifteen feet in height, with a round pillar of graceful proportions encircled with a garland of convolvuli and other flowers, the whole surmounted by a draped vase with a wreath of drooping roses and chrysanthemums.

This is an emperor's tribute to an American citizen, as the following inscription indicates:

This MONUMENT was erected by authority of HIS IMPERIAL JAPANESE MAJESTY, to commemorate the high respect and esteem in which MATTHEW SCOTT was held by the JAPANESE GOVERNMENT, and its appreciation of his valuable services at Hiogo from 1872 to 1879.

Far away, in an almost direct westerly line, over six thousand miles distant, near the coast of Asia, and with only the ocean billows of the Pacific rolling between, on the little Japanese island of Tanegashima there has recently been erected another monument by the humble fishermen and villagers, "to commemorate the goodness of the United States," as evinced by the manner in which the American Government has shown its appreciation of the kind and hospitable treatment by the people of the island towards some shipwrecked American sailors who had been cast upon their shore a few years ago.

The full Japanese inscription on this monument was sent by Governor Watanabe, of the great prefecture of Kagoshima, to Mr. Kawagita, the Japanese consul at San Francisco, and by him translated as follows:

MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE GOODNESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

In September, 1885, an American vessel was wrecked off the island of Tanegashima, and the whole of the crew perished with the exception of twelve men. Of these, seven persons entered the one remaining boat, and the other five a raft constructed, and after several days of suffering effected a landing on Tanegashima and wandered about almost exhausted by hunger and thirst. Seven of them went to the village of Akimura on Tanegashima, and were succored by Mr. Iwatsbo, an inhabitant of that place, while the remaining five, having separated from their comrades, wandered about during the night near the village of Sekimura, another village of Tanegashima, calling for help. Fortunately Mr. Furuda, a resident of this place, being out fishing, heard their cries, and took the sufferers into his own home.

In the mean time all the inhabitants of these villages, hearing of this unfortunate event, promptly gave food and clothing and every possible assistance to the shipwrecked sailors, by which means they were restored to their usual strength. After this they were accompanied by the village officers to Kagoshima, the capital of Kagoshima Prefecture, and from there they were returned to their own country.

The Government of the United States, being grateful for the kind treatment shown by the villagers towards these American sailors, awarded gold medals to Messrs. Iwatsbo and Furuda, and a sum of money to each rescuer; and further, in March, 1889, with the approval of Congress, the said Government sent through our Foreign Department the sum of $5000 as a reward to all the people of the two mentioned villages.

Our Government transmitted this money to Mr. Watanabe, the Governor of Kagoshima Prefecture, and by him it was sent to Mr. Omodaka, the chief magistrate of the district of Kumaje.

Upon the receipt of the said $5000, the latter magistrate, after holding a careful consultation with the people of the villages, bought the Japanese Government bonds known as the Consolidated funds, and divided them between the schools of Sekimura and Akimura, the interest upon the same to be appropriated towards the annual educational expenditures.

This wise action of the magistrate thus provides for the perpetual education of our posterity, and at the same time immortalizes the goodness of the United States Government.

Therefore we, the people of these villages, acting in harmony, erect this monument and inscribe thereon all these facts, together with the following verse, which we dedicate to posterity in immortal commemoration of the goodness of the United States Government:

The principle of loving our neighbor
Is a very important matter.
Our Emperor made this Golden Rule;
We act in accordance with it.
We must help each other in calamity,
For sympathy is the law of nature.
Our act was humble, but its reward was great.
So, perceiving the spirit of the Giver,
We accept this gift forever
And dedicate it to the education of our children.

The original inscription was composed by a man of great learning, and in any translation the sweetness of the sentiment and rhythm is lost. There are ten lines rhymed, and the above is the literal translation.

Of the five that were on that frail raft one was a poor little orphan boy, the son of the dead captain, who, with all the other officers, had perished in the dreadful cyclone; these five were exhausted by starvation and suffering, having been several days on the dismantled vessel with only raw yams to eat and a slender allowance of vinegar to drink; they had left the wreck while many miles distant from the coast, and after floating on the open sea for two days and one night, constantly struggling towards the shore, at last, on the second evening, managed with great difficulty to make their way through the breakers, and finally effected a landing.

They were worn out by their exertions and were famishing from hunger and thirst. Even *indifference* on the part of the natives would have been fatal to them; but the rough sailors grew eloquent over the statement that the kind-hearted islanders seemed to strive with one another as to who should do the most for them. How they fared afterward is told by the inscription and the sailors' narrative.

One of the monuments was erected by the ruler of an empire to a republican citizen; the other, by the subjects of that monarch to the Republic itself.

There is no ocean cable binding the two countries together, and there is a vast distance between them; but from the monuments themselves an unseen chord of sympathy draws the hearts of both nations towards each other!

Horace F. Cutter.

What of the Desert?

THE Great Plains, extending eastward from the Rocky Mountains, comprising some 300,000,000 acres of land, which may properly be classed as arid and semi-arid, present some stupendous economic problems. The region is noted for its deep soil,— a tertiary marl,— which has proved very productive when supplied with sufficient moisture. It has a healthful climate, a moderate elevation, bracing airs, and sunny skies, conducive to a high development of mental and physical energy and vital force. The growth of vegetation, when moisture is sufficient, is rapid, luxuriant, and fruitful. The annual rainfall, however, though occasionally for a single season or series of two or three seasons apparently ample for farming purposes well towards the mountains, is so scanty, or so unfavorably distributed, during other periods, that the effects are felt far to the eastward. Thus there is a broad zone of lands readily accessible to settlement, and constantly tempting land seekers by many palpable advantages, but upon which the uncertainty of success in agriculture increases steadily from east to west.

Were no other solution possible, if the limits of aridity, semi-aridity, and humidity of climate upon the Plains could be ascertained and made apparent, a most serious problem might thus be solved. No one ventures beyond the Rocky Mountains, for example, to attempt a settlement without having ascertained with careful definiteness the conditions surrounding his chosen locality, and being assured that they are such as to offer reasonable assurance of success. The great mountain range is a boundary, a barrier, and a warning. But who can mark the wavering, shifting, eastward limit of the Great American Desert, which may be found now at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and again at the Missouri River? Where upon the Plains is the line beyond which the westward march of development and improvement may not safely proceed? When ascertained, how shall the limit be made conspicuous and convincing?

The westward press of population, and the rapid decrease of the area of lands available for settlement, long since began to cause attempts at home-making upon the Plains. Again and again has a flood-tide of immigration covered the uncertain zone where humidity and aridity overlap, only to recede — though not completely — after vast expenditure of toil and effort. It would doubtless be a conservative estimate that the whole Plains area has been thrice thus settled and depopulated, the settlers being, as a rule, people of small means, who came from more or less remote localities. The aggregate of the loss and suffering resulting from these unsuccessful efforts at settlement must be almost wholly unappreciated by those who have not personally experienced something of them. People of the East have been called upon at times to relieve the necessities of the inhabitants of a district here and there, but these are only a drop in the bucket. Little is heard or known of the heroic struggles and the privations of those who manage to "hold on somehow" without asking or receiving aid, nor of the vast numbers of families, drifting back to mingle with the population of the older States, a poverty-stricken, shifting, semi-dependent class.

And, notwithstanding the dismal experiences of those who have thus begun the reclamation of the Desert, were present conditions to continue, the growing desire and need for land must still make of the semi-arid belt an enormous absorbent of wealth and energy.

Whether this great area, possessing so many natural advantages, and lacking so few, can be made a safe agricultural region, and, if so, to what extent and by what means, are questions which must concern every inhabitant of the United States. No interest, no class of people, can be indifferent to the question whether there shall be a "famine region" stretching across midway and embracing one-seventh of the area of the nation, or, in its stead, a region of wealth and of dense population. That it may be the latter can scarcely be doubted when the facts concerning it are understood.

The means by which so desirable an end may be accomplished may be summed up in the one word, irrigation; yet there is so much comprised in and connected with the term that volumes would be required to set forth fully all its significance as applied to the Plains. It has been estimated that of the arid lands of the United States about twenty-five per cent. may be ultimately reclaimed by irrigation. So far as the Plains region is concerned, this estimate may be quadrupled, it being understood that "all" in this connection must be taken in the same sense in which all of any Eastern or Central State may be said to be arable. There are always highways and fallow fields, pasture lands, rough, broken, and waste lands to be counted out. It is only intended to assert that the body and mass of the Plains may be made susceptible of profitable agricultural use so far as moisture is concerned.

This conclusion is drawn from the long and careful consideration of certain facts which, while voluminous in detail, may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. The great retentiveness of moisture which characterizes the marly soil of the Plains.

Under thorough surface cultivation, or any other means of guarding against excessive evaporation, caused by the heat of the sun and the impact of drying winds, a comparatively small amount of moisture produces very satisfactory results.

2. The fact that the annual rainfall approaches so nearly to sufficiency.

More than four-fifths of the yearly precipitation falls between April 1 and September 1, giving the five principal "growing months" an average which, if continued throughout the year, would produce an annual rainfall exceeding that of Illinois. The early and late rains are usually ample; but there is invariably a period of hot, dry weather, averaging two weeks in duration, occurring in midsummer, when small grain is filling and corn tasseling — in fact, just at the time when nearly all crops are at the most critical stage, and when the unrelieved heat and dryness blight the whole. This period provided with the means of irrigation, at least four-fifths of the Plains country would be safe agricultural land.

3. The demonstrated fact that there are vast stores of recoverable underground waters underlying and underflowing the entire Plains region.

This is far the most important factor of all, its magnitude and importance only beginning to be realized.

The means by which the desired reclamation may be brought about may be classified as follows:

1. The recovery of subterranean waters by gravity, by mechanical means (employing animal power, wind, steam, electricity), and by artesian wells.

2. The storage and conservation of surface and other waters.

3. The greatest economy in the use of water.

The last involves the gradual increase of the duty of water (*a*) by experience in its use in irrigation; (*b*) by the adoption of the most economical methods, as, for instance, sub-irrigation; (*c*) by growing, largely, crops adapted to the economy of moisture; (*d*) by increased thoroughness of cultivation; (*e*) by the gradual saturation of the soil; and (*f*) by the increasing protection against the drying influence of sun and wind afforded by timber, orchards, crops, etc.

A matter of incalculable importance, the value of which has been strikingly demonstrated, but is not as highly estimated as it deserves, is the prevention of sweeping prairie fires, which denude, desiccate, and harden the surface of the ground. Where these have been successfully guarded against for a number of years the short grass of the Plains has thickened its growth

many fold, and blue-stem and bunch grasses and other tall-growing vegetation have spread with marvelous rapidity. This thickened and higher growth catches and holds both snow and rain, retards evaporation, aids in the formation of dew, tempers the heat, mellows the soil, and, in fact, exerts a powerful, pervading, and always increasing influence towards redeeming the arid lands.

J. W. Gregory.

Two Interviews with Robert E. Lee.

I MET General Lee first at his residence in Franklin street, Richmond, in 1861. His face was cleanly shaven except a very full black mustache. He was tall and slender and erect, and reminded me of a French officer of the highest type. I thought him then the most imposing man I had ever seen. Before giving the interview I would like to give a little of my own history which led up to it.

I was on the college campus at Hampden Sidney, Virginia, in May, 1861, with a number of the students at play, when President Atkinson, who had just returned from Farmville, rode up and said, "Young gentlemen, Northern troops have crossed the Potomac into Virginia at Alexandria. Ellsworth's Zouaves tore down the Virginia flag on Jackson's Hotel. Jackson shot Ellsworth and the Zouaves have killed Jackson—the war has begun." The boys raised, and I heard for the first time, the "Rebel yell." It was arranged that afternoon that the students of the college and theological seminary should form a company with Dr. Atkinson as captain.

No one who was there can ever forget the fiery enthusiasm of those boys and of the girls on College Hill, for the girls were worse than the boys. Woe to the boy who did not thirst to die on the bloody field! Little chance would he have stood with one of those girls.

The company was ordered first to Richmond, and soon after, with Colonel John Pegram, to Rich Mountain in the wilds of West Virginia. At Rich Mountain we were attacked by General McClellan in front and by General Rosecrans in the rear, and after a severe engagement the Hampden Sidney boys were surrendered by Colonel Pegram to General McClellan, who treated them very kindly, paroled them, and told them to go back to college and finish their studies.

I, however, made my escape without being paroled. I was sick when the surrender took place. The next day typhoid fever set in and I was sent to a private house. Here I met a Federal sergeant who engaged for fifty dollars in gold, in advance, to take me out of the lines. Before day the next morning he was at the house, and, taking me in his arms, laid me in the bottom of his wagon and covered me with hay. He then drove to the outer picket post, where there was great excitement and anger, owing to the fact that two of their men had just been shot by "bushwhackers." As we drove up they were breathing out threatenings and slaughter against Rebels. One of them jumped up on the front seat and asked the sergeant where he was going. He said, "Foraging." What he had in his wagon. He said, "Nothing." After a few pleasant words the sergeant said he must go on. He then drove over into the woods, and, taking me in his arms, laid me down, expressing the greatest regret at leaving me there in the woods "to die." Cutting off one of my buttons as a memento, and kissing me on the cheek, he drove away. The thought of escape and freedom was far superior to disease. I sat up—stood—walked—leaped for joy—came up with a Confederate wagon, took the cars at Staunton, and reached Manassas in time to witness the close of the first battle of Bull Run.

After I had served for some time in Mosby's independent command, known to the Federals as "guerrillas," I was offered the adjutancy of a regularly organized regiment. The question then arose whether, as my company was paroled, I had a right to go into service before it was exchanged. This question was referred to General R. E. Lee, whom I sought in Richmond. It was on Sunday morning. General Lee was alone in his parlor. When I was stating my case he interrupted me by saying that this seemed to be a matter of business: "It is my rule never to transact matters of business on the Lord's day, except in cases of necessity or mercy." I told him that I had to leave the city next morning at six o'clock, and he then allowed me to proceed. Though I had been received in a kindly and courteous manner, yet I felt all the time that General Lee was preoccupied. Now and then he seemed engaged in deep thought. When I had stated my case he directed me to repeat it, saying that he had not been listening to me. This I refused to do, expressing regret that I had intruded upon him in a matter that was largely personal, and rose to leave.

As I reached the door General Lee asked me my name, saying that he had not heard it when I was introduced. I told him, and he said he knew my family very well. He then insisted that I should dine with him, saying that he would like very much to have me. I was nothing but a boy, and declined; but I was very much ashamed of myself afterward for being annoyed at his inattention, when he told me that he had just received the intelligence that the enemy had landed in force under General McClellan on the Peninsula.

He then said that I could not be held technically—that the enemy did not have my name as a prisoner of war on parole of honor; "but they were kind to you in sending you to a private house on account of your sickness, and if I were in your place I should consider myself in honor bound to observe the parole until the company is exchanged."

The last two years of the war I spent at General Lee's headquarters as captain of a company of scouts, guides, and couriers in his body-guard, and in all that I had the privilege of seeing of him during those years the two things that impressed me most in this first interview—his high sense of honor, and his deep, though intelligent Christian sentiment—shone conspicuous.

The last time I saw General Lee was in 1865. The curtain had fallen, forever shutting out from our view, I trust, the bloody tragedy of fratricidal war. Satisfied that a surrender was inevitable, I had taken my command out and was on the James River, near Cartersville, in Cumberland County. Here was held a council of war—over which, I think, General Rosser presided.

General Lee had surrendered, but a very large portion of General Lee's army had escaped. What course should we pursue? One proposition before the council was to reorganize as far as possible and form a

junction with Johnston in North Carolina, or, failing in this, to join E. Kirby Smith in the Trans-Mississippi department. A larger number advocated our retiring to the mountains and woods, and carrying on a guerrilla warfare all over the country until we could again bring our armies into the field. The first proposition was objected to as under the circumstances impracticable, if not impossible; the second on the ground that although it would necessitate a large standing army on the part of the North, yet it would inflict untold horrors and suffering upon the South. Still it was the favored plan of operations. The discussion was long, earnest, and stormy, and the council, failing to agree, adjourned in the hope of obtaining more light, and especially that it might get some word from General Lee, who, it was reported, had not been required to take the parole.

The next day I learned that General Lee was being escorted out of the Federal lines by about seventy-five cavalrymen. I skirted them for some distance until at length the escort returned, leaving General Lee and his personal staff, with General "Rooney" Lee, his son, and several others to pursue their way to Richmond unattended. The general was riding upon his famous old war-horse "Traveler." No one would ever have known from his looks that General Lee was not returning from one of his great victories. In physique he seemed much larger than in 1861. He now wore a full beard, which, with his hair, had turned gray. Yet there was not a wrinkle in his face and his form was as erect as when I first saw him, and in every respect he still looked the superb soldier. At this time General Lee was fifty-eight years old.

As I approached him and told him of the council and the propositions, and that we were as sheep not having a shepherd, in unapproachable dignity he answered, "I am on parole of honor; but I do not believe that I would be violating the spirit of that parole if I should say, 'Go to your homes, take off your uniforms, and return to the peaceful vocations of life.'"

These words were at once taken down and reported. With many fiery and disappointed and desperate spirits they were the occasion of General Lee's being denounced as a traitor to the South. But in the sober second thought his advice became omnipotent.

Thus both his peaceful words and his example after the surrender gained as great a victory over the heart of the South as had his sword many a time over the enemy on the field of battle. And it is little known to-day at the North how much of blood and treasure was saved to the whole country, after he had laid down his arms, by the influence of General R. E. Lee.

W. W. Page.

Washington and Talleyrand.

MR. REID's prefatory paper to the Talleyrand "Memoirs" says, "Washington refused to receive him [Talleyrand] in America," while at page 375 it is said, "Washington flatly refused to receive him, and Talleyrand never forgot or forgave it." These statements do not seem to me to carry a correct idea of the situation. Washington was then at the head of the Government; grave questions of international and constitutional law had already grown out of the effort made by Washington's administration to maintain a strict and honest neutrality, while events in Europe, awakening sympathy for France and coolness at least towards other people, added to the difficulties. Talleyrand came here a French refugee, expelled from England, but then a man of importance in any view taken of his career.

The Marquis of Lansdowne gave Talleyrand a letter to Washington (see "Life of Earl Shelburne," Vol. III., p. 515). Lansdowne was at this time acting with Fox, and against the Pitt administration. It goes without saying that a President as cautious as Washington might well hesitate when requested to receive such an eminent refugee from two countries — countries with which our relations were then greatly strained.

Washington replied to Lansdowne's letter as follows:

30TH AUGUST, 1794.

MY LORD: I had the pleasure to receive the introduction from your lordship delivered to me by M. de Talleyrand-Perigord. I regret very much that considerations of a political nature, and which you will easily understand, have not permitted me as yet to testify all the esteem I entertain for his personal character and your recommendation.

I hear that the general reception he has met with is such as to console him, as far as the state of our society will permit, for what he abandoned on leaving Europe. Time will naturally be favorable to him wherever he may be, and one must believe that it will elevate a man of his talents and merit above the transitory disadvantages which result from differences as to politics in revolutionary times.

WASHINGTON.

I quote the above from the essay of Sir Henry Bulwer on Talleyrand, which Mr. Reid also refers to in his prefatory article.

As the publication of the "Memoirs" proceeds we may ascertain to what extent it is true even that Talleyrand "never forgot or forgave" in this particular instance. At least this is true, that under the circumstances then existing President Washington adopted the wise course, and I cannot think that Talleyrand — called by Bulwer (one of the greatest of diplomats) "The Politic Man" — felt that he had a right to complain, or that he could properly treasure up anything against one of the most courteous and courtly of men.

Washington declined to receive other French refugees, on the grounds suggested above, and there existed no sound reason why a distinction should be made in Talleyrand's favor.

Cephas Brainerd.

NEW YORK CITY.

Madame de Rémusat on Talleyrand and Bonaparte.

THE following passage from the memoirs of Madame de Rémusat is particularly apropos of the present instalment of the Talleyrand Memoirs: "A most fatal indifference to good and evil, right and wrong, formed the basis of M. de Talleyrand's nature; but we must do him the justice to admit that he never sought to make a principle of what was immoral. He is aware of the worth of high principle in others; he praises it, holds it in esteem, and never seeks to corrupt it. It appears to me that he even dwells on it with pleasure. He has not, like Bonaparte, the fatal idea that virtue has no existence, and that the appearance of it is only a trick or an affectation the more. I have often heard him praise actions which were a severe criticism on his own. His conversation is never immoral or irreligious; he respects good priests, and applauds them; there is in his heart both goodness and justice; but he does not apply to himself the rule by which he judges others."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

To her Quill Pen.

AH, you noisy little quill!
Do you not with rapture thrill
When she writes —
Whether Sue is bid to tea,
Or a sonnet "To the Sea"
She indites?

What would bribe you, when again
She is using you to pen
Words to me,
Just to trace, with motion sly,
Those few tender words that I
Long to see?

O'er my shoulder as I write
Comes a laughing whisper, light,
"You 're a goose!"
And I really wish I were,
If my quills could be for her
Dainty use.

Frederick A. Stokes.

The Looked-for Man.

HE "is not fair to outward view";
Oh, no! quite plain is he,
With "commonplace"
Writ on his face
For all the world to see.

He ne'er has "faced the cannon's mouth";
Or "sailed the raging main";
Or "snatched a child,"
With courage wild,
Before a rushing train.

He is not rich, or bright, or young;
Yet, when he walks the street,
The fairest maids
Lift window-shades
And listen for his feet;

And if he stops, the proudest dame
Seems pleased — or heaves a sigh
If, walking fast,
She sees at last
The postman pass her by.

Margaret Gilman George.

Reflections.

THERE would be more charity if we could learn to remember that a man's faults are simply his virtues carried to excess.

THE world gives its greatest rewards to those who learn not to care for them.

MUCH worrying is mental cowardice.

HE is a wise man that can reason a thing out with himself, but it takes two wiser men to reason it out together.

WE admire a rascal for what he might have been and hate a fool for what he is.

ALL truth is old, but there is much art in making it appear new.

HE who knows little, and knows it, knows much.

Charles D. Stewart.

I Kilt er Cat.

DAR 's er shakin' an' er achin' ermongst dese ole bones,
An' I cries in de night wid de 'miseratin' moans,
An' I hears sumpin' mawkin' wid er solemn sorter groans —
I kilt er cat!

I feels an' I knows dat dar 's sumpin' ain' right,
'Ca'se er black streck 's er-'pearin' in de broad daylight,
An' de debbil he rid on my chist all night —
I kilt er cat!

Dar 's sumpin' gwine ter happin, an' happin putty soon,
Fur de birds sings at night, an' dey sings out er chune:
An' I done hit all, des fur er picayune —
I kilt er cat!

De dorgs dey howls wid er cur'us sort er bark,
An' I hears er holler screechin' w'en I looks out in de dark,
An' I sees de eyes er-shinin' lack er blazin' light'ood spark —
I kilt er cat!

I wan'ers res'liss lack, all erbout frough de wood,
Wid de rabbit fut fur comp'ny, but hit cain't do any good,
An' dese ole feets cain't be quiet, an' dey would n' ef dey could —
I kilt er cat!

De squeeril an' de pattridge bofe, dey laughs at my gun,
An' I 's feared er de shadder, an' I 's feared er de sun —
Dar 's sumpin' gwine ter happin fur de deed dat I has done —
I kilt er cat!

I drowns 'im in de water, but he sneakted out ergin,
Den I feels dat I 'mittin' er mos' awful kind er sin,
Fur I hangs 'im 'dout er chance, an' I cain't furgit 'is grin —
I kilt er cat!

Hab mercy on dis darky, oh! I cain't git shet er dat,
Fur I sees de porten's p'intin' des es shore 's I sees dis hat,
I 's hoodooed wid de sperrit uv ole Jonas's black cat —
Fur I kilt dat cat!

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

The Poet Undone.

HE was a poet born, but unkind fate
Once doomed him for his verses to be paid,
Whereon he left the poet-born's estate
And wrote like one who 'd happened to be made.

John Kendrick Bangs.

Hans's Hundred Dollars.

THE current and popular series of character studies in dialect will be far from complete if the Scandinavian-American of the Northwestern States is omitted. Of this class of citizens nearly a million are scattered through Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, ranging all the way from the perfectly Americanized to the immigrant of a day. No class of immigrants assimilate American ideas and characteristics so rapidly as these Scandinavians, and, it may be added, no class make more worthy citizens. Nevertheless, the Scandinavian-Americans form an element in our population wholly unlike any other element and wholly unlike the Scandinavian stock of Europe. The moment a Norwegian or a Swede becomes a naturalized citizen of the United States he takes on new characteristics adapted to his new environment. It is not the purpose of this note to make a nice analysis of these peculiarities, but rather to introduce the dialect used by these people while in the transitory state from Scandinavian to American.

It is not difficult to indicate the pronunciation of this dialect, but the modulation and accentuation employed in its utterance are quite beyond the possibilities of the English alphabet and diacritical markings. The chief features, however, are a sing-song monotone, clattering along regardless of ordinary punctuation, but with an occasional upward turn of the voice on some unimportant syllable in the middle of the sentence where such a vocal demonstration would be least expected.

TRA year den ay baen haer vorkin,
Purty quvick ay baen rich faller,
Gaeten mae von tra-claim farum,
Two span oxen, good sod skanty,
Bind-masheen, unt fine red vagon.
Ay baen smaurt like Yankee faller
Since mae leevin in Dakoty.

Ay baen sendin hundert dollar
Bringen gal haer from old countree,
Sveet slick gal nem Bale Kanuteson
Coomen haer to baen mae vooman.
On der cars (some Yankee) Narveegan faller
Mit dat Bale hae gaet a-foolin,
Tale her, "No good in Dakoty."
"Stay," he tale her, "for mae vooman
En Sent Pali, Minnesota."
Bale she stay unt baen der vooman
For dat fool (Yankee) Narveegan faller
En Sent Pali, Minnesota.

Ay baen smaurt like Yankee faller,
Ay nae care for Bale Kanuteson,
Gaeten mae slick Yankee vidow
Mit a goot pig homestaid farum,
Seven childs unt fifteen cattles
Voort more es two tousand dollar.
Ay not care for Bale Kanuteson
En Sent Pali, Minnesota.
By dese vidow en Dakoty
Ay mek mae a plenty money,
Bale may keep dese hundert dollar.

Doane Robinson.

The White, White Rose.

O GEORGIA girl, with the storm-black eye,
Don't you mind long ago when the troops marched by,
Down the quaint old town of Maryland,
The sorry little lad in Stonewall's band?
'T was a beautiful eve of a blue June day.
In his tattered cap and jacket of gray—
You smiled, but you pressed the sun-brown hand
Of the sorry little lad in Stonewall's band.

O Georgia girl, with the hanging hair,
Of russet and gold in the sundown air,
Don't you mind that rose from the borderland
That you gave to the lad in Stonewall's band?
'T was a white, white rose as rose could be,
And you stood 'neath the leaves of a maple tree—
A queen all crowned; 't was a beautiful thing,
And the lad on the chestnut horse was king.

O Georgia girl, with the tripping feet,
Don't you mind that house on the great big street?
And the ball that night, and the banner-decked hill.
For a bold old rebel was Dr. McGill!
O the waltz, and the seat on the winding stair,
And the storm-black eyes and the red-gold hair,
And smile, ah smile, like the noontime sun.
O Georgia girl, was it all for fun?

O Georgia girl, 't was a sweet farewell
To exchange for the burst of shot and shell
At Gettysburg. But the gold-red hair,
And the eyes and the smile with the rose, went there.
Up by the guns of the dauntless foes
Went the eyes and the smile and the white, white rose,—
Safe under the stars of that flaming cross,—
But the bullets made merry with the chestnut horse.

O Georgia girl, 't is a long time ago.
Still the seasons come, and the roses blow.
There 's the white, white rose, and the rose that is grand,
But none like the rose from the borderland.
'T is a long time ago. Ah! sad are the years;
Broken is the lute that was swept in tears;
Shattered the spear, and crumbled with rust;
Tired are the feet with the battle dust.
But the white, white rose the dews still unfurl
For the sorry little lad, from the Georgia girl.

William Page Carter.

The "Smoker" in a Tunnel.

THE sun is shut from sight,
The shadows deeper grow,
Suddenly falls the night
Of darkness like a blow.

And, as through filmy mist
Blossom the clustering stars,
'Midst viewless amethyst
Glow ember-tipped cigars.

Lit by the headlight's glare,
The steam-wreaths, past the pane,
Like clouds through moonlit air
Fly, and are lost again.

Lo! from the waning dark
Dim shapes are slowly drawn,
And now each ruddy spark
Dies in the sudden dawn.

Charles Henry Lüders.

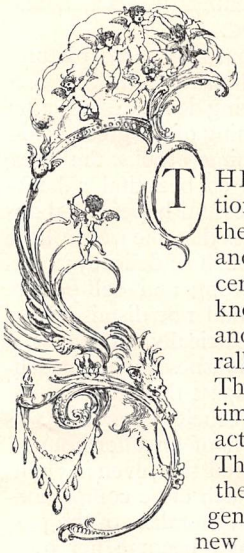
THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

MONA LISA ("LA GIOCONDA"), BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. APRIL, 1891. No. 6.



SALONS OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE EMPIRE.

THE salons of the Revolution were no longer simply the fountains of literary and artistic criticism, the centers of wit, intelligence, knowledge, philosophy, and good manners, but the rallying points of parties. They took the tone of the time and assumed the character of political clubs. The salon of 1790 was not the salon of 1770. A new generation had arisen, with new ideals and a new spirit that made for itself other forms or greatly modified the old ones. It was not led by philosophers and *beaux esprits* who evolved theories and turned them over as an intellectual diversion, but by men of action, ready to test these theories and force them to their logical conclusions. Mirabeau, Vergniaud, and Robespierre had succeeded Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert. Impelled towards one end by vanity, ambition, love of glory, or genuine conviction, these men and their colleagues turned the salon, which had so long been the school of public opinion, into an engine of revolution. The exquisite flower of the eighteenth century had blossomed, matured, and fallen. Perhaps it was followed by a plant of sturdier growth, but the rare quality of its beauty was not repeated. The time was past when the gentle touch of women could temper the violence of clashing opinions, or subject the discussion of vital questions to the inflexible laws of taste. No tactful hostess could hold in leading-strings these fiery spirits. The voices that had charmed the old generation were silent. Of the women who had made the social life of the century so powerful and so famous many were quietly asleep before the storm broke; many were languishing in prison cells, with no outlook but the scaffold; some were pining in the loneliness of exile; and a few were buried in a seclusion which was their only safeguard.

But nature has always in reserve fresh types that come to the surface in a great crisis. The women who made themselves felt and heard above the din of revolution were distinguished for quite other qualities than those which shine in a drawing-room or lead a coterie, though by no means deficient in these attractions. They were either women of rare genius and the courage of their convictions, or women trained in another school, who found their true *milieu* in the midst of stirring events.

The names of Mme. de Staël, Mme. Roland,

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

and Mme. de Condorcet readily suggest themselves as the most conspicuous representatives of this stormy period. With different gifts and in different measure, each played a prominent rôle in the brief drama to which they lent the inspiration of their genius and their sympathy, until they were forced to turn back with horror from that carnival of savage passions which they had unconsciously helped to let loose upon the world.

Of these Mme. Roland most fitly represents the spirit of the Revolution. It is not as the leader of a salon that she takes her place in the history of her time, but as one of the foremost and ablest leaders of a powerful political party. Born in the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, she had neither the prestige of a name nor the distinction of an aristocratic lineage. Reared in seclusion, she was familiar with the great world by report only. Though brilliant, even eloquent in conversation when her interest was roused, her early training had added to her natural distaste for the spirit, as well as the accessories, of a social life that was inevitably more or less artificial. She would have felt cramped and caged in the conventional atmosphere of a drawing-room in which the gravest problems were apt to be forgotten in the flash of an epigram or the turn of a *bon mot*. The strong and heroic outlines of her character were more clearly defined on the theater of the world. But at a time when the empire of the salon was waning, when vital interests and burning convictions had for the moment thrown into the shade all minor questions of form and *convenance*, she took up the scepter in a simpler fashion, and, disdaining the arts of a society of which she saw only the fatal and hopeless corruption, held her sway over the daring and ardent men who gathered about her, by the unassisted force of her clear and vigorous intellect.

It would be interesting to trace the career of the thoughtful and precocious child known as Manon or Marie Phlipon, who sat in her father's studio with the burin of an engraver in one hand and a book in the other, eagerly absorbing the revolutionary theories which were to prove so fatal to her, but it is not the purpose here to dwell upon the details of her life. In the solitude of a prison cell and under the shadow of the scaffold she told her own story. She has introduced us to the simple scenes of her childhood, the modest home on the Quai de l'Horloge, the wise and tender mother, the weak and unstable father. We are made familiar with the tiny recess in which she studies, reads, and makes extracts from the books which are such strange companions for her years. We seem to see the grave little face as it lights with emotion over the inspiring pages of Fénelon or the chivalrous heroes of Tasso, and sympathize with the fascination that leads the child of nine years to carry her Plutarch to mass instead of her prayer-book. She pictures for us her convent life with its dreams, its exaltations, its romantic friendships, and its ardent enthusiasms. We have vivid pictures of the calm and sympathetic Sophie Cannet, to whom she unburdens all the hopes and aspirations and sorrows of her young life; of the lively sister Henriette, who years afterward, in the generous hope of saving her early friend, proposed to exchange clothes and take her place in the cells of Sainte-Pélagie. In the long and commonplace procession of suitors that files before us one only touches her heart. La Blancherie has a literary and philosophic turn, and the young girl's imagination drapes him in its own glowing colors. The opposition of her father separates them, but absence only lends fuel to this virgin flame. One day she learns that his views are mercenary, that he is neither true nor disinterested, and the charm is broken. She met him afterward in the Luxembourg gardens with a feather in his hat, and the last illusion vanished.

There is an idyllic charm in these pictures so simply and gracefully sketched. She sees with the vision of one lying down to sleep after a life of pain, and dreaming of the green fields, the blue skies, the running brooks, the trees, the flowers, that made so beautiful a background for youthful loves and hopes. Perhaps we could wish sometimes that she were a little less frank. We miss a touch of delicacy in this nature that was so strong and self-poised. We would rather she had not dismissed La Blancherie quite so theatrically. There is a trace too much of consciousness in her fine self-analysis, and we half suspect that her unchildlike penetration and precocity of motive was sometimes the reflection of an afterthought. But it is to be remembered that, even in childhood, she had lived in such close companionship with the heroes and moralists of the past that their sentiments had become her own. Her frankness was a part of that uncompromising truthfulness which scorned disguises of any sort, and led her to paint faults and virtues alike.

Family sorrows — the death of the mother whom she adored, and the unworthiness of her father — combined to change the current of her free and happy life and to deepen a natural vein of melancholy. In her loneliness of soul the convent seemed to offer itself as the sole haven of peace and rest. The child who loved Fénelon, and dreamed over the lives of the saints, had in her much of the stuff out of which mystics and fanatics are made. Her ardent soul was raised to ecstasy by the stately ceremonial of the Church; her imagination was captivated

MME. DE STAËL. (FROM THE PAINTING BY GÉRARD.)

by its majestic music, its mystery, its solemnity, and she was wont to spend hours in rapt meditation. But her strong fund of good sense, her firm reason fortified by wide and solid reading, together with her habits of close observation and analysis, saved her from falling a victim to her own emotional needs, or to chimeras of any sort. She had drawn her mental nourishment too long from Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, the English philosophers, and classic historians to become permanently a prey to exaggerated sensibilities, though it was the same temperament, fired by a sense of human inequality and wrong, that swept her at last along the road that led to the scaffold. At twenty-six the vocation of the *religieuse* had lost its fascination; the pious fervor of her childhood had vanished before the skepticism of her intellect,

its ardent friendships had grown dim, its fleeting loves had proved illusive, and her romantic dreams ended in a cold marriage of reason.

It may be noted here that, though Mme. Roland had lost her belief in ecclesiastical systems, and, as she said, continued to go to mass only for the "edification of her neighbors and the good order of society," there was always in her nature a strong undercurrent of religious feeling. Her faith had not survived the full illumination of her reason, but her trust in immortality never seriously wavered. The Invocation that was among her last written words is the prayer of a soul that is conscious of its divine origin and destiny. She retained, too, the firm moral basis that was laid in her early teachings, and which saved her from the worst errors of her time. She might be shaken by the storms of passion, but one feels that she could never be swept from her moorings.

Tall and finely developed, with dark brown hair; a large mouth whose beauty lay in a smile of singular sweetness; dark, serious eyes with a changeful expression which no artist could catch; a fresh complexion that responded to every emotion of a passionate soul; a deep, well-modulated voice; manners gentle, modest, reserved, sometimes timid with the consciousness that she was not readily taken at her true value—such was the *personnelle* of the woman who calmly weighed the possibilities of a life which had no longer a pleasant outlook in any direction, and, after much hesitation, became the wife of a grave, studious, austere man of good family and moderate fortune, but many years her senior.

It was this marriage, into which she entered with all seriousness, and a devotion that was none the less sincere because it was of the intellect rather than the heart, that gave the final tinge to a character that was already laid on solid foundations. Strong, clear-sighted, earnest, and gifted, her later experience had accented a slightly ascetic quality which had been deepened also by her study of antique models. Her tastes were grave and severe. But they had a lighter side. As a child she had excelled in music, dancing, drawing, and other feminine accomplishments of her age, though one feels always that her distinctive talent does not lie in these things. She is more at home with her thoughts. There was a touch of poetry, too, in her nature, that under different circumstances might have lent it a softer and more graceful coloring. She had a natural love for the woods and the flowers. The single relief to her somber life at La Platière, after her marriage, was in the long and lonely rambles in the country, whose endless variations of hill and vale and sky and color she has so tenderly and so vividly noted. In her last days a piano and a few flowers lighted the darkness of her prison walls, and out of these her imagination reared a world of its own, peopled with dreams and fancies that contrasted strangely with the gloom of her surroundings. This poetic vein was closely allied to the keen sensibility that tempered the seriousness of her character. With the mental equipment of a man she united the rich sympathy of a woman. Her devotion to her mother was passionate in its intensity; her letters to Sophie throb with warmth and sentiment. She is tender and loving, as well as philosophic and thoughtful. Her emotional ardor was doubtless partly the glow of youth and not altogether in the texture of a mind so eminently rational; but there were rich possibilities behind it. A shade of difference in the mental and moral atmosphere, a trace more or less of sunshine and happiness, are important factors in the peculiar combination of qualities that makes up a human being. The marriage of Mme. Roland led her into a world that had little color save what she brought into it. Her husband did not smile upon her friends. Sympathy other than that of the intellect she does not seem to have had. But her story is best told in her own words, written in the last days of her life.

"In considering only the happiness of my partner I soon perceived that something was wanting to my own. I had never, for a single instant, ceased to see in my husband one of the most estimable of men, to whom I felt it an honor to belong; but I have often realized that there was a lack of equality between us, that the ascendancy of an overbearing character, added to that of twenty years more of age, gave him too much superiority. If we lived in solitude, I had many painful hours to pass; if we went into the world, I was loved by men of whom I saw that some might touch me too deeply. I plunged into work with my husband, another excess which had its inconvenience; I gave him the habit of not knowing how to do without me for anything in the world, nor at any moment.

"I honor, I cherish my husband, as a sensible daughter adores a virtuous father to whom she would sacrifice even her lover; but I have found the man who might have been that lover, and remaining faithful to my duties, my frankness has not known how to conceal the feelings which I subjected to them. My husband, excessively sensitive both in his affections and his self-love, could not support the idea of the least change in his influence; his imagination darkened, his jealousy irritated me; happiness fled; he adored me, I sacrificed myself for him, and we were miserable.

"If I were free, I would follow him every-

MME. ROLAND. (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HEINSIUS.)

where to soften his griefs and console his old age; a soul like mine leaves no sacrifices imperfect. But Roland was embittered by the thought of sacrifice, and the knowledge once acquired that I made one ruined his happiness; he suffered in accepting it, and could not do without it."

The sequel to this tale is told in allusions and half-revelations, in her letters to Buzot, which glow with suppressed feeling; in her touching farewell to one whom she dared not to name, but whom she hoped to meet where it would not be a crime to love; in those final words of her "Last Thoughts"—"Adieu. . . . No, it is from thee alone that I do not separate; to leave the earth is to approach each other."

Beneath this semi-transparent veil the heart-drama of her life is hidden.

For the sake of those who would be pained by this story, as well as for her own, we would rather it had never been told. We should like to believe that the woman who worked so nobly with and for the man who died by his own hand five days after her death, because he could stay no longer in a world where such crimes were possible, had lived in the full perfection of domestic sympathy. But, if she carried with her an incurable wound, one cannot help regretting that her Spartan courage had not led her to wear the mantle of silence to the end. Posterity is curious rather than sympathetic, and the world is neither wiser nor better for these needless soul-revelations. There is always a certain malady of egotism behind them. But it is often easier to scale the heights of human heroism than to still the cry of a bruised spirit. Mme. Roland had moments of falling short of her own ideals, and this was one of them. Pure, loyal, self-sustained as she was, her strong sense of verity did not permit the veil which would have best served the interests of the larger truth. It is fair to say that she thought the malicious gossip of her enemies rendered this statement necessary to the protection of her fame. Perhaps, after all, she shows here her most human and lovable if not her strongest side. We should like Minerva better if she were not so faultlessly wise.

The outbreak of the Revolution found Mme. Roland at La Platière, where she shared her husband's philosophic and economic studies, brought peace into a discordant family, attended to her household duties and the training of her child, devoted many hours to generous care for the sick and poor, and reserved a little leisure for poetry and the solitary rambles she loved so well. The first martial note struck a responsive chord in her heart. Her opportunity had come. Democratic by reason and inheritance, embittered by class distinctions over which she had long brooded, saturated with the sentiments of Rousseau, and full of untried theories constructed in the closet, with small knowledge of the wide and complex interests with which it was necessary to deal, she centered all the hitherto latent energies of her forceful nature upon the quixotic effort to redress human wrongs. Her birth, her intellect, her character, her temperament, her

MME. NECKER. (FROM A PRINT.)

education, her associations — all led her towards the rôle she played so heroically. She had a keen appreciation for genuine values, but none whatever for factitious ones. Her inborn hatred of artificial distinctions had grown with her years and colored all her estimates of men and things. When she came to Paris she noted with a sort of indignation the superior poise and courtesy of the men in the Assembly, who had been reared in the habit of power. It added fuel to her enmity towards institutions in which reason, knowledge, and integrity paid homage to fine language and distinguished manners. She found even Vergniaud too refined and fastidious in his dress for a successful republican leader. Her old contempt for a "philosopher with a feather" had in no wise abated. With such principles ingrained and fostered, it is not difficult to forecast the part Mme. Roland was destined to play in the coming conflict of classes. It is not the intention to discuss here her attitude towards the Revolution, of which she represented at least the most sincere side. As she stood white-robed and courageous at the foot of the scaffold, facing the savage populace she had laid down her life to befriend, perhaps her perspectives were truer. Experience had given her an insight into the characters of men which is not to be gained in the library, nor in the worship of dead heroes. If it had not shaken her faith in human perfectibility, it had taught her at least the value of tradition in chaining brutal human passions.

The tragical fate of Mme. Roland has thrown a strong light upon the modest little salon in which the unfortunate Girondists met four times a week to discuss the grave problems that confronted them. A salon in the old sense it certainly was not. It had little in common with the famous centers of conversation and *esprit*. It was simply the rallying point of a party. The only woman present was Mme. Roland herself, but at first she assumed no active leadership. She sat at a little table outside of the circle, working with her needle, or writing letters, alive to everything that was said, venturing sometimes a word of counsel or a thoughtful suggestion, and often biting her lips to repress some criticism that she feared might not be within her province. She had left her quiet home in the country fired with a single thought — the regeneration of France. The men who gathered about her were in full accord with her generous aims. It was not to such enthusiasms that the old salons lent themselves. They had been often the centers of political intrigues, as in the days of the Fronde; or of religious partizanship, as during the troubles of Port Royal; they had ranged themselves for and against rival candidates for literary or artistic honors; but they had preserved, on the whole, a certain cosmopolitan character. All shades of opinion were represented, though social brilliancy was the end sought, and not the triumph of special ideas. It is indeed true that earnest convictions were, to some extent, stifled in the salons, where charm and intelligence counted for so much, and the sterling qualities of character for so little. But the etiquette, the urbanity, the measure, which assured the outward harmony of a society which courted distinction of every kind were quite foreign to the iconoclasts who were bent upon leveling all distinctions. The Revolution, which attacked the whole superstructure of society, was antagonistic to its minor forms as well, and it was the revolutionary party alone which was represented in the salon of Mme. Roland. Brissot, Vergniaud, Pétion, Guadet, and Buzot were leaders there — men sincere and ardent, though misguided, and unable to cope with the storm they had raised to be themselves swept away by its pitiless rage. Robespierre, scheming and ambitious, came there, listened, said little, appropriated for his own ends, and bided his time. Mme. Roland had small taste for the light play of intellect and wit that has no outcome beyond the meteoric display of the moment, and she was impatient with the talk in which an evening was often passed among these men without any definite results. As she measured their strength, she became more outspoken. She communicated to them a spark of her own energy. The most daring moves were made at her bidding. She urged on her timid and conservative husband, she drew up his memorials, she wrote his letters, she was at once his stimulus and his helper. Weak and vacillating men yielded to her rapid insight, her vigor, her earnestness, and her persuasive eloquence. This was probably the period of her greatest influence. Many of the swift changes of those first months may be traced to her salon. The moves which were made in the Assembly were concocted there, the orators who triumphed found their inspiration there. Still, in spite of her energy, her strength, and her courage, she prides herself upon maintaining always the reserve and decorum of her sex.

If she assumed the favorite rôle of the French woman for a short time while her husband was in the ministry, it was in a sternly republican fashion. She gave dinners twice a week to her husband's political friends. The fifteen or twenty men who met around her table at five o'clock were linked by political interests only. The service was simple, with no other luxury than a few flowers. There were no women to temper the discussions or to lighten their seriousness. After dinner the guests lingered for

an hour or so in the drawing-room, but by nine o'clock the rooms were deserted. She received on Friday, but what a contrast to the Fridays of Mme. Necker in those same apartments! It was no longer a brilliant company of wits, *savants*, and men of letters, enlivened by women of beauty, *esprit*, rank, and fashion. We hear of no dramatic recitations, no reading of new works. There was none of the diversity of taste and thought which lends such a charm to social life. Mme. Roland tells us that she never had an extended circle at any time, and that, while her husband was in power, she made and received no visits, and invited no women to her house. She saw only her husband's colleagues, or those who were interested in his tastes and pursuits, which were also her own. The world of society wearied her. She was absorbed in a single purpose. If she needed recreation, she sought it in serious studies.

It is always difficult to judge what a man or a woman might have been under slightly altered conditions. But for some single circumstance that converged and focused their talents, many a hero would have died unknown and unsuspected. The key that unlocks the treasure house of the soul is not always found, and its wealth is often scattered on unseen shores. But it is clear that the part of Mme. Roland could never have been a distinctively social one. She lived at a time when great events brought out great qualities. Her clear intellect, her positive convictions, her boundless energy, and her ardent enthusiasm gave her a powerful influence in those early days of the Revolution that looked towards a world reconstructed, but not plunged into the dark depths of chaos, and it is through this that she has left a name among the noted women of France. In more peaceful times her peculiar talent would doubtless have led her towards literature. In her best style she has rare vigor and simplicity. She has moments of eloquent thought. There are flashes of it in her early letters to Sophie, which she begs her friend not to burn, though she does not hope to rival Mme. de Sévigné, whom she takes for her model. She lacked the grace, the lightness, the wit, the humor, of this model, but she had an earnestness, a serious depth of thought, that one does not find in Mme. de Sévigné. She had also a vein of sentiment that was an underlying force in her character, though it was always subject to her masculine intellect. She confesses that she should like to be the annalist of her country, and longs for the pen of Tacitus, for whom she has a veritable passion. When one reads her sharp, incisive pen-portraits, drawn with such profound insight and masterly skill, one feels that her true vocation was in the world of letters. At the close she verges a little upon the theatrical, as sometimes in her young days. But when she wrote her final records she felt her last hours slipping away. Life, with its large possibilities undeveloped and its promises unfulfilled, was behind her. Darkness was all around her, eternal silence before her. And she had lived but thirty-nine years.

Mme. Roland does not belong to the world of the salons. She was of quite another *genre*. But she foreshadows a type of woman that has had great influence since the salons have lost their prestige. She relied neither upon the reflected light of a coterie, the arts of the courtier, nor the subtle power of personal attraction; but firm in her convictions, clear in her purposes, and unselfish in her aims, she laid down her own interests, and, in the end, her own life, upon the altar of liberty and humanity. She could hardly be regarded, however, as herself a type. She was cast in a rare mold and lived under rare conditions. She was individual, as were Hypatia, Joan of Arc, and Charlotte Corday—a woman fitted for a special mission which brought her little but a martyr's crown and a permanent fame.

Another salon which reflected the spirit of this stormy period was that of the young, beautiful, and gifted Mme. de Condorcet. Unlike that of Mme. Roland, it had its roots in the old order of things. The Marquis de Condorcet was not only philosopher, *savant*, *littérateur*, a member of two academies, and among the profoundest thinkers of his time, but a man of the world, who inherited the tastes and habits of the old *noblesse*. His wife was Sophie de Grouchy, sister of the Maréchal, and was noted for remarkable talents, as well as for surpassing beauty. Belonging by birth and associations to the aristocracy, and, by her pronounced opinions, to the radical side of the philosophic party, her salon was a center in which two worlds met. In its palmy days people were only speculating upon the borders of an abyss which had not yet opened visibly before them. The revolutionary spirit ran high, but had not passed the limits of reason and humanity. Mme. de Condorcet, who was deeply tinged with the new doctrines, presided with charming grace, and her youthful beauty lent an added fascination to the brilliancy of her intellect and the rather grave eloquence of her conversation. In her drawing-room were gathered men of letters and women of talent, nobles and scientists, philosophers and *beaux esprits*. Turgot and Malesherbes represented its political side; Marmontel, the Abbé Morellet, and Suard lent it some of the wit and vivacity that shone in the old salons. Literature, science, and the arts were discussed

here, and there was often reading, music, or recitation. But the tendency was towards serious conversation, and the tone was often controversial. During the ministry of Necker this salon was in some degree a rival of the Salon Helvétique, and included many of the same guests; later it became a rendezvous for the revolutionary party.

The character of Condorcet seems to have been a sincere and elevated one. He aimed at enlightening and regenerating the world, not at overturning it; but, like many others, strong souls and true, he was led from practical truth in the pursuit of an ideal one. His wife, who shared his political opinions, united with them a fiery and independent spirit that was not content with theories. Her philosophic tastes led her to translate Adam Smith and to write a fine analysis of the "Moral Sentiments." But the sympathy of which she spoke so beautifully, and which gave so living a force to the philosophy it illuminated, if not directed by broad intelligence and impartial judgment, is often like the *ignis fatuus* that plays over the poisonous marsh and lures the unwary to destruction. For a brief day the magical influence of Mme. de Condorcet was felt more or less by all who came within her circle. She inspired the equable temper of her husband with her own enthusiasm, and urged him on to extreme measures from which his gentler soul would have shrunk. When at last he turned from those scenes of horror, choosing to be victim rather than oppressor, it was too late. Perhaps she recalled the days of her power with a pang of regret when her friends had fallen one by one at the scaffold, and her husband, hunted and deserted by those he had tried to serve, had died by his own hand, in a lonely cell, to escape a sadder fate; while she was left, after her timely release from prison, to struggle alone in poverty and obscurity, for some years painting water-color portraits for bread.

She was not yet thirty when the Revolution ended, and lived far into the present century, always devoted to the principles of her youth, to serious studies, and a broad humanity.

But the fame of all these women is overshadowed by that of one who was not only supreme in her own world, but who stands on a pinnacle so high that time and distance only serve to throw into stronger relief the grand outlines of her many-sided genius. It would take me far beyond my present limits to touch even lightly upon the various phases of a character so complex, and gifts so versatile, as those of Mme. de Staël. As woman, novelist, philosopher, *littérateur*, and conversationist she has marked, if not equal, claims upon our attention. To speak of her as simply the leader of a salon is to merge the greater talent into the less, but her brilliant social qualities in a measure brought out and illuminated all the others. It was not the gift of reconciling diverse elements, and calling out the best thoughts of those who came within her radius, that distinguished her. Her personality was too dominant not to disturb sometimes the measure and harmony which fashion had established. She did not listen well, but her gift was that of the orator, and taking whatever subject was uppermost into her own hands, she talked with an irresistible eloquence that held her auditors silent and enchained. Living as she did in the world of wit and talent which had so fascinated her mother, she ruled it as an autocrat.

The mental coloring of Mme. de Staël was not taken in the shade, as that of Mme. Roland had been. She was reared in the atmosphere of the great world. That which her eager mind gathered in solitude was subject always to the modification which contact with vigorous living minds is sure to give. The little Germaine Necker who sat on a low stool at her mother's side, charming the cleverest men of her time by her precocious wit; who wrote extracts from the dramas she heard and opinions from the authors she read; who made pen-portraits of her friends, and cut out paper kings and queens to play in the tragedies she composed; whose heart was always overflowing with love for those around her, and who had supreme need for an outlet to her sensibilities, was a fresh type in that age of keen analysis, cold skepticism, and rigid forms. We may note the drift of her ardent and imaginative nature in the youthful tales into which she wove her romantic dreams, her fancied grief, her inward struggles, and her tears. In the pages of "Corinne" we read the poetry, the sensibility, the passion, the melancholy, the thought of a matured woman whose illusions neither sorrow nor experience could destroy. We may divine the direction of her sympathies and the fountain of her inspiration, in her letters on Rousseau, written at twenty, and foreshadowing her own attitude towards the theories which appealed so powerfully to the generous spirits of the century. We may follow the active and scholarly workings of her versatile intellect, in her pregnant thoughts on literature, on the passions, on the Revolution; or measure the clearness of her insight, the depth of her penetration, the catholicity of her sympathies, and the breadth of her intelligence, in her profound and masterly, if not always accurate, studies of Germany. All this pertains to a critical estimate of her character and genius, which cannot be attempted here. Misguided she sometimes was, and carried away by the resistless rush of thought that, like the

mountain torrent, gathered much debris along its course. She had not always the exactness of the critical scholar, nor the simplicity of the careful artist. But who cares to dwell upon the shadows that scarcely dim the brilliancy of a genius so rare and so commanding? They are but spots on the sun that are only discovered by looking through a glass that veils its radiance. It has grown to be somewhat the fashion to depreciate Mme. de Staël. Measured by present standards, she leaves something to be desired in logical precision; the luxuriance of her language often obscures her thought; but these flaws in workmanship are more than counterbalanced by that inward illumination which is Heaven's richest and rarest gift. It is just to weigh her by the standards of her own age. Born at its highest level, she soared far above her generation. She carried within herself the vision of a statesman, the penetration of a critic, the insight of a philosopher, the soul of a poet, and the heart of a woman. The source of her power, as also of her weakness, lay perhaps in her vast capacity for love. It was this quality that gave color and force to her rich and versatile character. The serious utterances of her childhood were always suffused with feeling. She loved that which made her weep. Her sympathies were full and overflowing, and when her vigorous and masculine intellect took the ascendancy it directed them, but only partly held them in check. It never dulled nor subdued them. It was this keen sensibility that animated all she did and gave point to all she wrote. It found expression in the eloquence of her conversation, in the exaltation and passionate intensity of her affections, in the fervor of her patriotism, in the self-forgetful generosity that brought her very near the verge of the scaffold. Here was the source of that indefinable quality we call genius — not genius of the sort which Buffon has defined as patience, but the divine flame that crowns with life the dead materials which patience has gathered. It was impossible that a child so eager, so sympathetic, so full of intellect and *esprit*, should not have developed rapidly in the atmosphere of her mother's salon. Whether it was the best school for a young girl may be a question, but a character like that of Mme. de Staël is apt to go its own way in whatever circumstances it finds itself. She was habituated to a high altitude of thought. Men like Marmontel, La Harpe, Grimm, Thomas, and the Abbé Raynal delighted in calling out her ready wit, her brilliant repartee, and her precocious thought. Surrounded thus from childhood with all the appointments as well as the talent and *esprit* that made the life of the salons so fascinating; inheriting the philosophic insight of her father, the literary gifts of her mother, to which she added a genius all her own; heir also to the spirit of conversation, the facility, the enthusiasm, the love of pleasing, which are the Gallic birthright, she took her place in the social world as a queen by virtue of her position, her gifts, and her heritage. Already, before her marriage, she had changed the tone of her mother's salon. She brought into it an element of freshness and originality which the dignified and rather precise character of Mme. Necker had failed to impart. She gave it also a strong political coloring. This influence was more marked after she became the wife of the Swedish ambassador, as she continued to pass her evenings in her mother's drawing-room, where she became more and more a central figure. Her temperament and her tastes were of the world in which she lived, but her reason and her expansive sympathies led her to ally herself with the popular cause; hence she was, to some extent, a link between two conflicting interests.

It was in 1786 that Mme. de Staël entered the world as a married woman. This marriage was arranged for her after the fashion of the time, and she accepted it as she would have accepted anything tolerable that pleased her idolized father and revered mother. When only ten years of age she observed that they took great pleasure in the society of Gibbon, and she gravely proposed to marry him, that they might always have this happiness. The full significance of this singular proposition is not apparent until one recalls that the learned historian was not only rather old, but so short and fat that one of his friends remarked that when he needed a little exercise he had only to take a turn of three times around M. Gibbon. The Baron de Staël had an exalted position, fine manners, a good figure, and a handsome face, but he lacked the one thing that Mme. de Staël most considered, and that was a commanding talent. She did not see him through the prism of a strong affection which transfigures all things, even the most commonplace. What this must have meant to a woman of her genius and temperament, whose ideal of happiness was a sympathetic marriage, it is not difficult to divine. It may account, in some degree, for her restlessness, her perpetual need of movement, of excitement, of society. But, whatever her troubles may have been, they were of limited duration. She was quietly separated from her husband in 1798. Four years later she decided to return to Coppet with him, as he was unhappy and longed to see his children. He died *en route*.

The period of this marriage was one of the most memorable of France, the period when

noble and generous spirits rallied in a spontaneous movement for national regeneration. Mme. de Staël was in the flush of hope and enthusiasm, fresh from the study of Rousseau and her own dreams of human perfectibility; radiant, too, with the reflection of her youthful fame. Among those who surrounded her were the Montmorencys, Lafayette, and Count Louis de Narbonne, whose brilliant intellect and charming manners touched her perhaps too deeply for her peace of mind. There were also Barnave, Chénier, Talleyrand, Mirabeau, Vergniaud, and many others of the active leaders of the Revolution. A few women mingled in her more intimate circle, which was still of the old society. Of these were the ill-fated Duchesse de Gramont, Mme. de Lauzun, the Princesse de Poix, and the witty, lovable Maréchale de Beauvau. As a rule, though devoted to her friends and kind to those who sought her aid, Mme. de Staël did not like the society of women. Perhaps they did not always respond to her elevated and swiftly flowing thoughts; or it may be that she wounded the vanity of those who were cast into the shade by talents so conspicuous and conversation so eloquent, and felt the lack of sympathetic *rapport*. Society is *au fond* republican, and is apt to resent autocracy, even the autocracy of genius, when it takes the form of monologue. It is contrary to the social spirit. The salon of Mme. de Staël not only took its tone from herself, but it was a reflection of herself. She was not beautiful, and she dressed badly; indeed she seems to have been singularly free from that personal consciousness which leads people to give themselves the advantages of an artistic setting, even if the taste is not inborn. She was too intent upon what she thought and felt to give heed to minor details. But in her conversation, which was a sort of improvisation, her eloquent face was aglow, her dark eyes flashed with inspiration, her superb form and finely poised head seemed to respond to the rhythmic flow of thoughts that were emphasized by the graceful gestures of an exquisitely molded hand in which she usually held a sprig of laurel. "If I were queen," said Mme. de Tessé, "I would order Mme. de Staël to talk to me always."

But this center in which the more thoughtful spirits of the old régime met the brilliant and active leaders of the new was broken up by the storm which swept away so many of its leaders, and Mme. de Staël, after lingering in the face of dangers to save her friends, barely escaped with her life on the eve of the September massacres of 1792. "She is an excellent woman," said one of her contemporaries, "who drowns all her friends in order to have the pleasure of angling for them."

Mme. de Staël resumed her place and organized her salon anew on her return to Paris in 1795. Though her enthusiasm for the republic was much moderated, and though she had been so far dazzled by the genius of Napoleon as to hail him as a restorer of order, her illusions regarding him were very short-lived. She had no sympathy with his aims at personal power. Her drawing-room soon became the rallying point for his enemies and the center of a powerful opposition. But she had a natural love for all forms of intellectual distinction, and her genius and fame still attracted a circle more or less cosmopolitan. Ministers of state and editors of leading journals were among her guests. Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte were her devoted friends. The small remnant of the *noblesse* that had any inclination to return to a world which had lost its charm for them found there a trace of the old politeness. Mathieu de Montmorency, devout and charitable; his brother Adrien, delicate in spirit and gentle in manners; Narbonne, still devoted and diplomatic; and the Chevalier de Boufflers, gay, witty, and brilliant, were of those who brought into it something of the tone of the past régime. There were also the men of the new generation, men who were saturated with the principles of the Revolution though regretting its methods. Among these were Chénier, Regnault, Talleyrand, and Benjamin Constant.

The influence of Mme. de Staël was at its height during this period. Her talent, her liberal opinions, and her persuasive eloquence gave her great power over the constitutional leaders. The measures of the Government were freely discussed and criticized in her salon, and men went out with positions well defined and speeches well considered. The Duchesse d'Abrantes relates an incident which aptly illustrates this power and its reaction upon herself. Benjamin Constant had prepared a brilliant address. The evening before it was to be delivered she was surrounded by a large and distinguished company. After tea was served he said to her:

"Your salon is filled with people who please you; if I speak to-morrow, it will be deserted. Think of it."

"One must follow one's convictions," she replied, after a moment's hesitation.

She admitted afterward that she would never have refused his offer not to compromise her if she could have foreseen all that would follow.

The next day she invited her friends to celebrate his triumph. At four o'clock a note of excuse; in an hour, ten. From this time her fortunes waned. Many ceased to visit her salon. Even Talleyrand, who owed her so much, came there no more.

In later years she confessed that the three men she had most loved were Narbonne, Talleyrand, and Mathieu de Montmorency. Her friendship for the first of these reached a passionate exaltation which had a profound and not altogether wholesome influence upon her life. How completely she was disenchanted is shown in a remark she made long afterward of a loyal and distinguished man: "He has the manners of Narbonne and a heart." It is a character in a sentence. Mathieu de Montmorency was a man of pure motives who proved a refuge of consolation in many storms, but her regard for him was evidently a gentler flame that never burned to extinction. Whatever illusions she may have had as to Talleyrand — and they seem to have been little more than an enthusiastic appreciation of his talent — were certainly broken by his treacherous desertion in her hour of need. Not the least among her many sorrows was the bitter taste of ingratitude.

But Napoleon, who, like Louis XIV., sought to draw all influences and merge all power in himself, could not tolerate a woman whom he felt to be in some sense a rival. He thought he detected her hand in the address which lost her so many friends. He feared the wit that flashed, the satire that wounded, the criticism that measured his motives and his actions, in her salon. He recognized the power of a coterie of brilliant intellects led by a genius so inspiring. His brothers, knowing her vulnerable point and the will with which she had to deal, gave her a word of caution. But the advice and intercession of her friends were alike without avail. The blow which she so much feared fell at last, and she found herself an exile and a wanderer from the scenes she most loved.

We have many pleasant glimpses of her life at Coppet, but a shadow always rests upon it. A few friends still clung to her through the bitter and relentless persecutions that form one of the most singular chapters in history, and offer the most remarkable tribute to her genius and her power. Among those we find here were Benjamin Constant, Schlegel, Sismondi, Mathieu de Montmorency, Prince Augustus, Mme. Récamier, and many other distinguished visitors of various nationalities. She revived the old literary diversions. At eleven o'clock, we are told, the guests assembled at breakfast, and the conversations took a high literary tone. They were resumed at dinner, and continued often until midnight. Here, as elsewhere, Mme. de Staël was queen, holding her guests entranced by the magic of her words. She was a veritable Corinne in her *esprit*, her sentiment, her gift of improvisation, and her underlying melancholy. But in this choice company hers was not the only voice, though it was heard above all the others. Thought and wit flashed and sparkled here. Dramas, too, were played — the "Zaire" and "Tancred" of Voltaire, and tragedies written by herself. Here Mme. Récamier played the *Aricie* to Mme. de Staël's *Phèdre*. This life, that seems to us so fascinating, has been described too often to need repetition. It had its stormy elements, its passionate undercurrents, its romantic episodes. But in spite of its attractions Mme. de Staël fretted under the peaceful shades of Coppet. Its limited horizon pressed upon her. The silence of the snow-capped mountains chilled her. She looked upon their solitary grandeur with "magnificent horror." The repose of nature was an "infernal peace," which plunged her into gloomier depths of *ennui* and despair. She confessed that even the gutters of the Rue du Bac were dearer to her than the beauties of Lake Leman.[1] It was people, always people, who interested her. "French conversation exists only in Paris," she said, "and conversation has been from infancy my greatest pleasure." Restlessly she sought distraction in travel, but wherever she went the iron hand pressed upon her still. Italy fostered her melancholy. She loved its ruins, which her imagination draped with the fading colors of the past and associated with the desolation of a living soul. But its exquisite variety of landscape and color does not seem to have touched her. "If it were not for the world's opinion," she said, "I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time, but I would travel five hundred leagues to talk with a clever man whom I have not met." Germany gave her infinite food for thought, but her "astonishing volubility," her "incessant movement," her constant desire to know, to discuss, to penetrate all things, wearied the moderate Germans. "We are in a perpetual mental tension," said Charlotte Schiller. Even Schiller himself grew tired. "It seems as if I were relieved of a malady," he said, when she left. It was this excess of vivacity and this abounding sensibility that constituted at once her fascination and her misfortune.

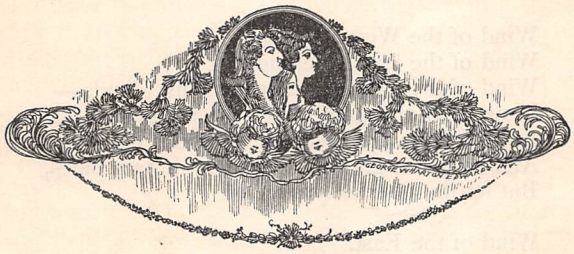
When at last the relentless autocrat of France found his rock-bound limits, and she was free to return to the spot which had been the goal of all her dreams, it was too late. Her health was broken. It is true her friends rallied around her, and her salon, opened once more, retook a little of its ancient glory. Few celebrities who came to Paris failed to seek the drawing-room of Mme. de Staël, which was still illuminated with the brilliancy of her genius and the splen-

[1] To some one who was admiring the beauties of Lake Leman she replied, "I should like better the gutter of the Rue du Bac."

dor of her fame. But her illusions had faded and life was receding. Her few remaining days of weakness and suffering, darkened by vain regrets, were passed more and more in the warmth and tenderness of her devoted family, in the noble and elevated thought that rose above the strife of politics into the serene atmosphere of a Christian faith.

The life of Mme. de Staël was in the world. She embodied the French spirit, but she added to social gifts something infinitely higher and deeper. Few women have exercised so wide and varied an influence. With one or two exceptions, none stands on so high a pinnacle. George Sand was perhaps a more finished artist; George Eliot was a greater novelist, a more accurate scholar, and a more logical thinker; but in versatility, in intellectual spontaneity, in brilliancy of conversation and natural eloquence of thought, she was without a rival. Her moral standards, too, were far above the average of her time. Her ideals were high and pure. The wealth of her emotions and the rich coloring of sentiment in which her thoughts and feelings were often clothed left her sometimes open to possible misconceptions. But the world, which is rarely indulgent, has been in the main just to her motives and her character. Her friends regretted her second marriage; but if it was a weakness to bend from her high altitude, it was not an unpardonable one, though more creditable to her heart than to her worldly wisdom. It shadowed a little the radiance of her position, but it gave her tender consolation in her last days. She was a victim to the contradictory elements in her own nature, but she walked always bravely among storms. This nature so complex, so rich, so intense, so passionate, could it ever have found permanent repose?

Amelia Gere Mason.



LIGHT.

WHAT does the blind man, blind from infancy,
Note in the vistas of his sleeping dream?
Living in darkness 'neath light's glowing stream,
What can dreams show him that would lovely be?
Loud would he sing, joy-brimming, suddenly
To know the blessing of day's faintest gleam—
Brighter than bright dream pictures then would beam
Life's radiant beauties in his vision free.
And would not we, reposing in the gloom,
Dreaming in shadow, reft by death of sight,
In awe-struck joy and wonder wake to see,
Like the day breaking into sudden bloom,
About us burst the rolling sea of light
That gilds the white shores of eternity?

R. K. Munkittrick.

POEMS BY CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

[Charles Henry Lüders, the author of the following poems, was born June 25, 1858, in Philadelphia. He died on the morning of January 21, 1891. Of the younger American poets he was one whose gift was developing in a distinctly individual direction. He had an intense love for Nature in all her moods, and his work shows how studiously he regarded her, and how intimately he knew her. His poems were purely lyrical, and frequently possessed a delicate idyllic quality peculiarly his own. A few pieces in blank verse are strongly imaginative and rich in imagery. He was a careful workman, slow to trust in the worth of what he produced, eager and glad for criticism, and ever striving to attain perfection in his art. Of the poems printed here, "The Four Winds" was his favorite. His work—and there is enough of it for a small book—is characterized by purity of thought, depth of feeling, fidelity to truth, and a melodiousness akin to the music of brooks. In these respects it is like his own manliness, sweetness of disposition, and sunniness of mind, of which the memory is fragrant and lasting.]

I. THE FOUR WINDS.

WIND of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars —
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,
And blur the casement-squares with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands —
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains —
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose —
Over magnolia glooms and lilied lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

II. UNDER THE BREAKER.

YOU say there are no mermaids — no sea-girls?
Watch closely yonder billow as it curls
Glassily over. Were you there to glance
One instant down its hollow, what a dance
Of wild sea-creatures you would straight behold
Peopling that avenue of green and gold:
Another moment — lo! each one is fled
Ere the frail archway crumbles overhead.

III. RAIN ON THE PEAKS.

FROM valleys warm and marshy meads low-lying,
Drawn by strange forces ever here and there,
The clear, invisible, vast streams of air
Climb forest slopes — setting the pines a-sighing —
To shed their moisture where the eagle, eying
From his far crag the timorous, skulking hare,
Feels a soft cloud about him everywhere
That shuts the quarry from his keen descrying.
Higher and higher, led by those resistless
And unseen powers which greater powers obey;
Drier and drier, till — all rainless, mistless —
Over the topmost crest they take their way
To seek again the vales where silvery mist
Hides from the moon the lake's still amethyst.

IV. A DAY IN JUNE.

FOR circling miles the shimmering landscapes swoon,
Stirless save where, from whispering tree to tree,
The restless song-birds flutter ceaselessly,
Or unto happy hearts their throats attune.
All through the long, delicious afternoon
The clover blossoms, bending to the bee,
Sway in the wind, that, blowing sweet and free,
Is scented with the honeyed breath of June.
Lying at length amid the nodding grass
With all the world a-slumber at my feet,
This perfect day with joy my being fills:
Here could I dream and let a lifetime pass;
While balmy gusts made billowy the wheat
Paling to gold upon the misty hills.

Charles Henry Lüders.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

(DIED JANUARY 21, 1891.)

HE is not dead to me, nor can be so;
For interwoven with the songs he made
The living soul remains and shall not fade,
But shine forever with a changeless glow.
Thus when I read, the face I used to know
Shall come again with smiles from out the shade,
And I shall feel upon my shoulder laid
His hand, and hear his dear voice speaking low.

Alas! with all these memories of him,
I cannot cheat my sorrow of the truth —
The bell has rung, and Death has shut the door!
But, like a star beyond the shadows dim
That weave the night, shines this pure soul of youth
Among the souls of poets evermore!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

"THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE."

YOUNG Harringford, or the "Goodwood Plunger," as he was perhaps better known at that time, had come to Monte Carlo in a very different spirit and in a very different state of mind from any in which he had ever visited the place before. He had come there for the same reason that a wounded lion, or a poisoned rat, for that matter, crawls away into a corner, that it may be alone when it dies. He stood leaning against one of the pillars of the Casino with his back to the moonlight, and with his eyes blinking painfully at the flaming gas above the green tables inside. He knew they would be put out very soon, and as he had something to do then he regarded them fixedly with painful earnestness, as a man who is condemned to die at sunrise watches through his barred windows for the first gray light of the morning.

That queer, numb feeling in his head, and the sharp line of pain between his eyebrows which had been growing worse for the last three weeks, was troubling him more terribly than ever before, and his nerves had thrown off all control and rioted at the base of his head and at his wrists, and jerked and twitched as though, so it seemed to him, they were striving to pull the tired body into pieces and to set themselves free. He was wondering whether if he should take his hand from his pocket and touch his head he would find that it had grown longer, and had turned into a soft, spongy mass which would give beneath his fingers. He considered this for some time, and even went so far as to half withdraw one hand, but thought better of it and shoved it back again as he considered how much less terrible it was to remain in doubt than to find that this phenomenon had actually taken place.

The pity of the whole situation was, that the boy was only a boy with all his man's miserable knowledge of the world, and the reason of it all was, that he had entirely too much heart and not enough money to make an unsuccessful gambler. If he had only been able to lose his conscience instead of his money, or even if he had kept his conscience and won, it is not likely that he would have been waiting for the lights to go out at Monte Carlo. But he had not only lost all of his money and more besides, which he could never make up, but he had lost other things which meant much more to him now than money, and which could not be made up or paid back at even usurious interest. He had not only lost the right to sit at his father's table, but the right to think of the girl whose place in Surrey ran next to that of his own people, and whose lighted window in the north wing he had watched on those many dreary nights when she had been ill, from his own terrace across the trees in the park. And all he had gained was the notoriety that made him a byword with decent people, and the hero of the race-tracks and the music-halls. He was no longer "Young Harringford, the eldest son of the Harringfords of Surrey," but the "Goodwood Plunger," to whom Fortune had made desperate love and had then jilted, and mocked, and overthrown.

As he looked back at it now and remembered himself as he was then, it seemed as though he was considering an entirely distinct and separate personage — a boy of whom he liked to think, who had had strong, healthy ambitions and gentle tastes. He reviewed it passionlessly as he stood staring at the lights inside the Casino, as clearly as he was capable of doing in his present state and with miserable interest. How he had laughed when young Norton told him in boyish confidence that there was a horse named Siren in his father's stables which would win the Goodwood Cup; how, having gone down to see Norton's people when the long vacation began, he had seen Siren daily, and had talked of her until two every morning in the smoking-room, and had then staid up two hours later to watch her take her trial spin over the downs. He remembered how they used to stamp back over the long grass wet with dew, comparing watches and talking of the time in whispers, and said good-night as the sun broke over the trees in the park. And then, just at this time of all others, when the horse was the only interest of those around him, from Lord Norton and his whole household down to the youngest stable-boy and oldest gaffer in the village, he had come into his money.

And then began the then and still inexplicable plunge into gambling, and the wagering of greater sums than the owner of Siren dared to risk himself, the secret backing of the horse through commissioners all over England, until the boy by his single fortune had brought the odds against her from 60 to 0 down to 6 to 0. He recalled, with a thrill that seemed to settle his nerves for the moment, the little black specks at the starting-post and the larger specks as

the horses turned the first corner. The rest of the people on the coach were making a great deal of noise, he remembered, but he, who had more to lose than any one or all of them together, had stood quite still with his feet on the wheel and his back against the box-seat, and with his hands sunk into his pockets and the nails cutting through his gloves. The specks grew into horses with bits of color on them, and then the deep muttering roar of the crowd merged into one great shout, and swelled and grew into sharper, quicker, impatient cries, as the horses turned into the stretch with only their heads showing towards the goal. Some of the people were shouting "Firefly!" and others were calling on "Vixen!" and others, who had their glasses up, cried "Trouble leads!" but he only waited until he could distinguish the Norton colors, with his lips pressed tightly together. Then they came so close that their hoofs echoed as loudly as when horses gallop over a bridge, and from among the leaders Siren's beautiful head and shoulders showed like sealskin in the sun, and the boy on her back leaned forward and touched her gently with his hand, as they had so often seen him do on the downs, and Siren, as though he had touched a spring, leaped forward with her head shooting back and out, like a piston-rod that has broken loose from its fastening and beats the air, while the jockey sat motionless, with his right arm hanging at his side as limply as though it were broken, and with his left moving forward and back in time with the desperate strokes of the horse's head.

"Siren wins," cried Lord Norton with a grim smile, and "Siren!" the mob shouted back with wonder and angry disappointment, and "Siren!" the hills echoed from far across the course. Young Harringford felt as if he had suddenly been lifted into heaven after three months of purgatory, and smiled uncertainly at the excited people on the coach about him. It made him smile even now when he recalled young Norton's flushed face and the awe and reproach in his voice when he climbed up and whispered, "Why, Cecil, they say in the ring you 've won a fortune, and you never told us." And how Griffith, the biggest of the bookmakers, with the rest of them at his back, came up to him and touched his hat resentfully, and said, "You 'll have to give us time, sir; I 'm very hard hit"; and how the crowd stood about him and looked at him curiously, and the Certain Royal Personage turned and said, "Who — not that boy, surely?" Then how, on the day following, the papers told of the young gentleman who of all others had won a fortune, thousands and thousands of pounds they said, getting back sixty for every one he had ventured; and pictured him in baby clothes with the cup in his arms, or in an Eton jacket; and how all of them spoke of him slightingly, or admiringly, as the "Goodwood Plunger."

He did not care to go on after that; to recall the mortification of his father, whose pride was hurt and whose hopes were dashed by this sudden, mad freak of fortune, nor how he railed at and provoked him until the boy rebelled and went back to the courses, where he was a celebrity and a king.

The rest is a very common story. Fortune and greater fortune at first; days in which he could not lose, days in which he drove back to the crowded inns choked with dust, sunburnt and fagged with excitement, to a riotous supper and baccara, and afterward went to sleep only to see cards and horses and moving crowds and clouds of dust; days spent in a short covert coat, with a field-glass over his shoulder and with a pasteboard ticket dangling from his buttonhole; and then came the change that brought conscience up again and the visits to the Jews, and the slights of the men who had never been his friends, but whom he had thought had at least liked him for himself, even if he did not like them; and then debts, and more debts, and the borrowing of money to pay here and there, and threats of executions; and, with it all, the longing for the fields and trout springs of Surrey and the walk across the park to where she lived. This grew so strong that he wrote to his father, and was told briefly that he who was to have kept up the family name had dragged it into the dust of the racecourses, and had changed it at his own wish to that of the Boy Plunger — and that the breach was irreconcilable.

Then this queer feeling came on, and he wondered why he could not eat, and why he shivered even when the room was warm or the sun shining, and the fear came upon him that with all this trouble and disgrace his head might give way, and then that it had given way. This came to him at all times, and lately more frequently and with a fresher, more cruel thrill of terror, and he began to watch himself and note how he spoke, and to repeat over what he had said to see if it were sensible, and to question himself as to why he laughed, and at what. It was not a question of whether it would or would not be cowardly, it was simply a necessity. The thing had to be stopped. He had to have rest and sleep and peace again. He had boasted in those reckless, prosperous days that if by any possible chance he should lose his money he would drive a hansom, or emigrate to the colonies, or take the shilling. He had no patience in those days with men who could not live on in adversity, and who were found in the gun-room with a hole in their

heads, and whose family asked their polite friends to believe that a man used to firearms from his school-days had tried to load a hair-trigger revolver with the muzzle pointed at his forehead. He had expressed a fine contempt for those men then, but now he had forgotten all that, and thought only of the relief it would bring and not how others might suffer by it. If he did consider this, it was only to conclude that they would quite understand, and be glad that his pain and fear were over.

Then he planned a grand *coup* which was to pay off all his debts and give him a second chance to present himself a supplicant at his father's house. If it failed, he would have to stop this queer feeling in his head at once. The Grand Prix and the English horse was the final *coup*. On this depended everything — the return of his fortunes, the reconciliation with his father, and the possibility of meeting her again. It was a very hot day, he remembered, and very bright; but the tall poplars on the road to the races seemed to stop growing just at a level with his eyes. Below that it was clear enough, but all above seemed black — as though a cloud had fallen and was hanging just over the people's heads. He thought of speaking of this to his man Walters, who had followed his fortunes from the first, but decided not to speak, for, as it was, he had noticed that Walters had observed him closely of late, and had seemed to spy upon him. The race began, and he looked through his glass for the English horse in the front and could not find her, and the Frenchman beside him cried, "Frou Frou!" as Frou Frou passed the goal. He lowered his glasses slowly and unscrewed them very carefully before dropping them back into the case; then he buckled the strap, and turned and looked about him. Two Frenchmen who had won a hundred francs between them were jumping and dancing at his side. He remembered wondering why they did not speak in English. Then the sunlight changed to a yellow, nasty glare, as though a calcium light had been turned on the grass and colors, and he pushed his way back to his carriage leaning heavily on the servant's arm, and drove slowly back to Paris, with the driver flecking his horses fretfully with his whip, for he had wished to wait and see the end of the races.

He had selected Monte Carlo as the place for it, because it was more unlike his home than any other spot, and because one summer night, when he had crossed the lawn from the Casino to the hotel with a gay party of young men and women, they had come across something under a bush which they took to be a dog or a man asleep, and one of the men had stepped forward and touched it with his foot, and had then turned sharply and said, "Take those girls away"; and while some hurried the women back, frightened and curious, he and the others had picked up the body and found it to be that of a young Russian whom they had just seen losing, with a very bad grace, at the tables. There was no passion in his face now, and his evening dress was quite unruffled, and only a black spot on the shirt front showed where the powder had burnt the linen. It had made a great impression on him then, for he was at the height of his fortunes, with crowds of sycophantic friends and a retinue of dependents at his heels. And now that he was quite alone and disinherited by even these sorry companions there seemed no other escape from the pain in his brain but to end it, and he sought this place of all others as the most fitting place to die.

So, after Walters had given the proper papers and checks to the commissioner who handled his debts for him, he left Paris and took the first train for Monte Carlo, sitting at the window of the carriage, and beating a nervous tattoo on the pane with his ring until the old gentleman at the other end of the compartment scowled at him. But Harringford did not see him, nor the trees and fields as they swept by, and it was not until Walters came and said, "You get out here, sir," that he recognized the yellow station and the great hotels on the hill above. It was half-past eleven, and the lights in the Casino were still burning brightly. He wondered whether he would have time to go over to the hotel and write a letter to his father and to her. He decided, after some difficult consideration, that he would not. There was nothing to say that they did not know already, or that they would fail to understand. But this suggested to him that what they had written to him must be destroyed at once, before any one would claim the right to read it. He took his letters from his pocket and looked them over carefully. They were most unpleasant reading. They all seemed to be about money; some begged to remind him of this or that debt, of which he had thought continuously for the last month, while others were abusive and insolent. Each of them gave him actual pain. One was the last letter he had received from his father just before leaving Paris, and though he knew it by heart he read it over again for the last time. That it came too late, that it asked what he knew now to be impossible, made it none the less grateful to him, but that it offered peace and a welcome home made it all the more terrible.

"I came to take this step through young Hargraves, the new curate," his father wrote, "though he was but the instrument in the hands of Providence. He showed me the error of my conduct towards you, and proved to me that my

duty and the inclination of my heart were towards the same end. He read this morning for the second lesson the story of the Prodigal Son, and I heard it without recognition and with no present application until he came to the verse which tells how the father came to his son 'when he was yet a great way off.' He saw him, it says, 'when he was yet a great way off,' and ran to meet him. He did not wait for the boy to knock at his gate and beg to be let in, but went out to meet him, and took him in his arms and led him back to his home. Now, my boy, my son, it seems to me as if you had never been so far off from me as you are at this present time, as if you had never been so greatly separated from me in every thought and interest; we are even worse than strangers, for you think that my hand is against you, that I have closed the door of your home to you and driven you away. But what I have done I beg of you to forgive; to forget what I may have said in the past, and only to think of what I say now. Your brothers are good boys and have been good sons to me, and God knows I am thankful for such sons, and thankful to them for bearing themselves as they have done.

"But, my boy, my first-born, my little Cecil, they can never be to me what you have been. I can never feel for them as I feel for you; they are the ninety and nine who have never wandered away upon the mountains, and who have never been tempted, and have never left their home for either good or evil. But you, Cecil, though you have made my heart ache until I thought and even hoped it would stop beating, and though you have given me many, many nights that I could not sleep, are still dearer to me than anything else in the world. You are the flesh of my flesh and the bone of my bone, and I cannot bear living on without you. I cannot be at rest here, or look forward contentedly to a rest hereafter, unless you are by me and hear me, unless I can see your face and touch you and hear your laugh in the halls. Come back to me, Cecil; to Harringford and the people that know you best, and know what is best in you and love you for it. I can have only a few more years here now when you will take my place and keep up my name. I will not be here to trouble you much longer; but, my boy, while I am here, come to me and make me happy for the rest of my life. There are others who need you, Cecil. You know whom I mean. I saw her only yesterday, and she asked me of you with such splendid disregard for what the others standing by might think, and as though she dared me or them to say or even imagine anything against you. You cannot keep away from us both much longer. Surely not; you will come back and make us happy for the rest of our lives."

The Goodwood Plunger turned his back to the lights so that the people passing could not see his face, and tore the letter up slowly and dropped it piece by piece over the balcony. "If I could," he whispered; "if I could." The pain was a little worse than usual just then, but it was no longer a question of inclination. He felt only this desire to stop these thoughts and doubts and the physical tremor that shook him. To rest and sleep, that was what he must have, and peace. There was no peace at home or anywhere else while this thing lasted. He could not see why they worried him in this way. It was quite impossible. He felt much more sorry for them than for himself, but only because they could not understand. He was quite sure that if they could feel what he suffered they would help him, even to end it.

He had been standing for some time with his back to the light, but now he turned to face it and to take up his watch again. He felt quite sure the lights would not burn much longer. As he turned, a woman came forward from out the lighted hall, hovered uncertainly before him, and then made a silent salutation, which was something between a courtesy and a bow. That she was a woman and rather short and plainly dressed, and that her bobbing up and down annoyed him, was all that he realized of her presence, and he quite failed to connect her movements with himself in any way. "Sir," she said in French, "I beg your pardon, but might I speak with you?" The Goodwood Plunger possessed a somewhat various knowledge of Monte Carlo and its *habitués*. It was not the first time women who had lost at the tables had begged a napoleon from him, or asked the distinguished child of fortune what color or combination they should play. That, in his luckier days, had happened often and had amused him, but now he moved back irritably and wished that the figure in front of him would disappear as it had come.

"I am in great trouble, sir," the woman said. "I have no friends here, sir, to whom I may apply. I am very bold, but my anxiety is very great."

The Goodwood Plunger raised his hat slightly and bowed. Then he concentrated his eyes with what was a distinct effort on the queer little figure hovering in front of him, and stared very hard. She wore an odd piece of red coral for a brooch, and by looking steadily at this he brought the rest of the figure into focus and saw, without surprise,—for every commonplace seemed strange to him now, and everything peculiar quite a matter of course,—that she was distinctly not an *habituée* of the place, and looked more like a lady's maid than an ad-

venturess. She was French and pretty—such a girl as might wait in a Duval restaurant or sit as a cashier behind a little counter near the door.

"We should not be here," she said, as if in answer to his look and in apology for her presence. "But Louis, my husband, he would come. I told him that this was not for such as we are, but Louis is so bold. He said that upon his marriage tour he would live with the best, and so here he must come to play as the others do. We have been married, sir, only since Tuesday, and we must go back to Paris to-morrow; they would give him only the three days. He is not a gambler; he plays dominoes at the cafés, it is true. But what will you? He is young and with so much spirit, and I know that you, sir, who are so fortunate and who understand so well how to control these tables, I know that you will persuade him. He will not listen to me; he is so greatly excited and so little like himself. You will help me, sir, will you not? You will speak to him."

The Goodwood Plunger knit his eyebrows and closed the lids once or twice, and forced the mistiness and pain out of his eyes. It was most annoying. The woman seemed to be talking a great deal and to say very much, but he could not make sense of it. He moved his shoulders slightly. "I can't understand," he said wearily, turning away.

"It is my husband," the woman said anxiously: "Louis he is playing at the table inside, and he is only an apprentice to old Carbut the baker, but he owns a third of the store. It was my *dot* that paid for it," she added proudly. "Old Carbut says he may have it all for twenty thousand francs, and then old Carbut will retire and we will be proprietors. We have saved a little, and we had counted to buy the rest in five or six years if we were very careful."

"I see, I see," said the Plunger, with a little short laugh of relief; "I understand." He was greatly comforted to think that it was not so bad as it had threatened. He saw her distinctly now and followed what she said quite easily, and even such a small matter as talking with this woman seemed to help him.

"He is gambling," he said, "and losing the money, and you come to me to advise him what to play. I understand. Well, tell him he will lose what little he has left; tell him I advise him to go home; tell him—"

"No, no!" the girl said excitedly, "you do not understand; he has not lost, he has won. He has won, oh, so many rolls of money, but he will not stop. Do you not see? He has won as much as we could earn in many months—in many years, sir, by saving and working, oh, so very hard! And now he risks it again, and I cannot force him away. But if you, sir, if you would tell him how great the chances are against him, if you who know would tell him how foolish he is not to be content with what he has, he would listen. He says to me, 'Bah! you are a woman'; and he is so red and fierce, he is imbecile with the sight of the money, but he will listen to a grand gentleman like you. He thinks to win more and more, and he thinks to buy another third from old Carbut. Is it not foolish? It is so wicked of him."

"Oh, yes," said the Goodwood Plunger, nodding, "I see now. You want me to take him away so that he can keep what he has. I see; but I don't know him. He will not listen to me, you know; I have no right to interfere."

He turned away, rubbing his hand across his forehead. He wished so much that this woman would leave him by himself.

"Ah, but, sir," cried the girl desperately, and touching his coat, "you who are so fortunate, and so rich, and of the great world, you cannot feel what this is to me. To have my own little shop and to be free, and not to slave, and sew, and sew until my back and fingers burn with the pain. Speak to him, sir; ah, speak to him. It is so easy a thing to do, and he will listen to you."

The Goodwood Plunger turned again abruptly. "Where is he?" he said. "Point him out to me."

The woman ran ahead with a murmur of gratitude to the open door and pointed to where her husband was standing leaning over and placing some money on one of the tables. He was a handsome young Frenchman, as *bourgeois* as his wife, and now terribly alive and excited. In the self-contained air of the place and in contrast with the silence of the great hall he seemed even more conspicuously out of place. The Plunger touched him on the arm, and the Frenchman shoved the hand off impatiently and without looking around. The Plunger touched him again and forced him to turn towards him.

"Well!" said the Frenchman quickly. "Well?"

"Madame, your wife," said Cecil with the grave politeness of an old man, "has done me the honor to take me into her confidence. She tells me that you have won a great deal of money; that you could put it to good use at home, and so save yourselves much drudgery and debt, and all that sort of trouble. You are quite right if you say it is no concern of mine. It is not. But really, you know, there is a great deal of sense in what she wants, and you have apparently already won a large sum."

The Frenchman was visibly surprised at this approach. He paused for a second or two in some doubt, and even awe, for the disinherited one carried the mark of a personage of con-

sideration and of one whose position is secure. Then he gave a short, unmirthful laugh.

"You are most kind, sir," he said with mock politeness and with an impatient shrug. "But madame, my wife, has not done well to interest a stranger in this affair, which, as you say, concerns you not."

He turned to the table again with a defiant swagger of independence and placed two rolls of money upon the cloth, casting at the same moment a childish look of displeasure at his wife. "You see," said the Plunger, with a deprecatory turning out of his hands. But there was so much grief on the girl's face that he turned again to the gambler and touched his arm. He could not tell why he was so interested in these two. He had witnessed many such scenes before, and they had not affected him in any way except to make him move out of hearing. But the same dumb numbness in his head, which made so many things seem possible that should have been terrible even to think upon, made him stubborn and unreasoning over this. He felt intuitively—it could not be said that he thought—that the woman was right and the man wrong, and so he grasped him again by the arm, and said sharply this time:

"Come away! Do you hear? You are acting foolishly."

But even as he spoke the red won, and the Frenchman with a boyish gurgle of pleasure raked in his winnings with his two hands, and then turned with a happy, triumphant laugh to his wife. It is not easy to convince a man that he is making a fool of himself when he is winning some hundred francs every two minutes. His silent arguments to the contrary are difficult to answer. But the Plunger did not regard this in the least.

"Do you hear me?" he said in the same stubborn tone and with much the same manner with which he would have spoken to a groom. "Come away."

Again the Frenchman tossed off his hand, this time with an execration, and again he placed the rolls of gold coin on the red; and again the red won.

"My God!" cried the girl, running her fingers over the rolls on the table, "he has won half of the twenty thousand francs. O sir, stop him, stop him!" she cried. "Take him away."

"Do you hear me?" cried the Plunger, excited to a degree of utter self-forgetfulness, and carried beyond himself; "you 've got to come with me."

"Take away your hand," whispered the young Frenchman, fiercely. "See, I shall win it all; in one grand *coup* I shall win it all. I shall win five years' pay in one moment."

He swept all of the money forward on the red and threw himself over the table to see the wheel.

"Wait, confound you!" whispered the Plunger, excitedly. "If you will risk it, risk it with some reason. You can't play all that money; they won't take it. Six thousand francs is the limit, unless," he ran on quickly, "you divide the 12,000 francs among the three of us. You understand, 6000 francs is all that any one person can play; but if you give 4000 to me, and 4000 to your wife, and keep 4000 yourself, we can each chance it. You can back the red if you like, your wife shall put her money on the numbers coming up below eighteen, and I will back the odd. In that way you stand to win 24,000 francs if our combination wins, and you lose less than if you simply back the color. Do you understand?"

"No!" cried the Frenchman, reaching for the piles of money which the Plunger had divided rapidly into three parts, "on the red; all on the red!"

"Good heavens, man!" cried the Plunger, bitterly. "I may not know much, but you should allow me to understand this dirty business." He caught the Frenchman by the wrists, and the young man, more impressed with the strange look in the boy's face than by his physical force, stood still, while the ball rolled and rolled, and clicked merrily, and stopped, and balanced, and then settled into the "seven."

"Red, odd, and below," the croupier droned mechanically.

"Ah! you see; what did I tell you?" said the Plunger, with sudden calmness. "You have won more than your 20,000 francs; you are proprietors — I congratulate you!"

"Ah, my God!" cried the Frenchman in a frenzy of delight, "I will double it."

He reached towards the fresh piles of coin as if he meant to sweep them back again, but the Plunger put himself in his way and with a quick movement caught up the rolls of gold and dropped them into the skirt of the woman, which she raised like an apron to receive her treasure.

"Now," said young Harringford, determinedly, "you come with me." The Frenchman tried to argue and resist, but the Plunger pushed him on with the silent stubbornness of a drunken man. He handed the woman into a carriage at the door, shoved her husband in beside her, and while the man drove to the address she gave him, he told the Frenchman, with an air of the chief of police, that he must leave Monte Carlo at once, that very night.

"Do you suppose I don't know?" he said. "Do you fancy I speak without knowledge? I 've seen them come here rich and go away paupers. But you shall not; you shall keep

what you have and spite them." He sent the woman up to her room to pack while he expostulated with and browbeat the excited bridegroom in the carriage. When she returned with the bag packed, and so heavy with the gold that the servants could hardly lift it up beside the driver, he ordered the coachman to go down the hill to the station.

"The train for Paris leaves at midnight," he said, "and you 'll be there by morning. Then you must close your bargain with this old Carbut, and never return here again."

The Frenchman had turned during the ride from an angry, indignant prisoner to a joyful madman, and was now tearfully and effusively humble in his petitions for pardon and in his thanks. Their benefactor, as they were pleased to call him, hurried them into the waiting train and ran to purchase their tickets for them.

"Now," he said, as the guard locked the door of the compartment, "you are alone, and no one can get in, and you cannot get out. Go back to your home, to your new home, and never come to this wretched place again. Promise me — you understand? — never again!"

They promised with effusive reiteration. They embraced each other like children, and the man, pulling off his hat, called upon the good Lord to thank the gentleman.

"You will be in Paris, will you not?" said the woman, in an ecstasy of pleasure, "and you will come to see us in our own shop, will you not? Ah! we should be so greatly honored, sir, if you would visit us; if you would come to the home you have given us. You have helped us so greatly, sir," she said; "and may Heaven bless you!"

She caught up his gloved hand as it rested on the door and kissed it until he snatched it away in great embarrassment and flushing like a girl. Her husband drew her towards him, and the young bride sat at his side with her face close to his and wept tears of pleasure and of excitement.

"Ah, look, sir!" said the young man joyfully; "look how happy you have made us. You have made us happy for the rest of our lives."

The train moved out with a quick, heavy rush, and the car wheels took up the young stranger's last words and seemed to say, "You have made us happy — made us happy for the rest of our lives."

It had all come about so rapidly that the Plunger had had no time to consider or to weigh his motives, and all that seemed real to him now, as he stood alone on the platform of the dark, deserted station, were the words of the man echoing and reëchoing like the refrain of the song. And then there came to him suddenly, and with all the force of a gambler's superstition, the thought that the words were the same as those which his father had used in his letter, "you can make us happy for the rest of our lives."

"Ah," he said, with a quick gasp of doubt, "if I could! If I made those poor fools happy, may n't I live to be something to him, and to her? O God!" he cried, but so gently that one at his elbow could not have heard him, "if I could, if I could!"

He tossed up his hands and drew them down again and clenched them in front of him, and raised his tired, hot eyes to the calm purple sky with its millions of moving stars. "Help me!" he whispered fiercely, "help me." And as he lowered his head the queer numb feeling seemed to go, and a calm came over his nerves and left him in peace. He did not know what it might be, nor did he dare to question the change which had come to him, but turned and slowly mounted the hill, with the awe and fear still upon him of one who had passed beyond himself for one brief moment into another world. When he reached his room he found his servant bending with an anxious face over a letter which he tore up guiltily as his master entered. "You were writing to my father," said Cecil, gently, "were you not? Well, you need not finish your letter; we are going home.

"I am going away from this place, Walters," he said as he pulled off his coat and threw himself heavily on the bed. "I will take the first train that leaves here, and I will sleep a little while you put up my things. The first train, you understand — within an hour, if it leaves that soon." His head sank back on the pillows heavily, as though he had come in from a long, weary walk, and his eyes closed and his arms fell easily at his side. The servant stood frightened and yet happy, with the tears running down his cheeks, for he loved his master dearly.

"We are going home, Walters," the Plunger whispered drowsily. "We are going home; home to England and Harringford and the governor — and we are going to be happy for all the rest of our lives." He paused a moment, and Walters bent forward over the bed and held his breath to listen.

"For he came to me," murmured the boy, as though he was speaking in his sleep, "when I was yet a great way off — while I was yet a great way off, and ran to meet me —"

His voice sank until it died away into silence, and a few hours later, when Walters came to wake him, he found his master sleeping like a child and smiling in his sleep.

Richard Harding Davis.

CONGO IDOLS.

FETISHISM IN CONGO LAND.

BY E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

ILLUSTRATED AFTER SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR.

ONE OF MY CREW.

FETISHISM is the result of the efforts of the savage intelligence seeking after a theory which will account for the apparent hostility of nature to man. It is the first feeble striving of ignorance to ascertain the position of humanity in the universal scheme, and the endeavors by a hundred tentative experiments to discover what power man may possess over his own life and destiny in the face of all this seeming antagonism. The African of the interior can find no note of sympathy in the world immediately surrounding him. Life is to him no free gift, but rather something to be dexterously snatched from the hand of adverse circumstances. Everything in earth or sky seems to threaten his existence. The hut of the inland village stands on the confines of an impenetrable forest, the haunt of savage beast and venomous reptile. The dweller on the river bank pursues his vocation in constant danger. Let him escape unscathed all the dangers incidental to his search for mere subsistence, let him lay up what is to him wealth, still he can never enjoy either good fortune or health in security, for one is at the mercy of his fellow-man,—the midnight raids of neighboring tribes,— and the other is imperiled by fevers, agues, and strange diseases which his skill is unable to cure or avert. The imagination of the savage surrounds life with an atmosphere of awe and mystery. He walks continually in fear. Evil in countless undefined shapes is lurking everywhere. Influences obnoxious to him lie concealed in every object. Trees, stones, herbs, all contain imprisoned spirits which, if released by any heedless action on his part, may rend and destroy him. He must be ever watchful to propitiate or control the malevolent powers that menace him at every turn. Ill luck may be transmitted to him through object animate or inanimate when he is least aware. A native will never point at another with his finger, as the belief exists that an evil influence can be by this means conveyed to another. It behooves him to be very careful. He fears when health and fortune are favorable that some chance action of his may deprive him of both. He will therefore often turn in his path to retouch some object he has accidentally come in contact with, for fear the virtue that is in him may suddenly leave and some strange, hurtful influence may be conveyed to him instead. At night the chief will trace a slender line of ashes round his hut and firmly believe that he has placed a barrier which will protect him and his, while they sleep, against the attacks of the evil spirit. Upon stepping over this in the morning he takes the precaution to trace on the ground a small ring round him; in this he stands, and, uttering a devotional prayer, asks that the Moloki, or evil spirit, may not torment him during the day. When he is least conscious he

may be offending some spirit with power to work him ill. He must therefore be supplied with charms for every season and occasion: sleeping, eating, and drinking he must be protected from hostile influences by ceremonies and observances. The necessity for these safeguards has given rise to an elaborate system, and has created a sacerdotal class called by the different Congo tribes "Monganga," or "Nganga Nkisi" (the Doctor of Charms).

The fetish-man under any name is the authority on all matters connected with the relations of man to the unseen. He is the exorciser

A BOY OF THE NKIMBA.

of spirits, the maker of charms, and the prescriber and regulator of all ceremonial rites. He can discover who "ate the heart" of the chief who died but yesterday, who it was who caused the canoe to upset and give three lives to the crocodile and the dark waters of the Congo, or even who blighted the palm trees of a village and dried up their sap, causing the supply of *malafu*, or palm wine, to cease, or drove away the rain from a district and withered its fields of *nguba* (ground nuts). All this is within the ken of the Nganga Nkisi, and he is appealed to on all these occasions to discover the culprit, by his insight into the spirit world, and hand him or her over to the just chastisement of an outraged community. This is the only substitute for religion that the African savage possesses: its tenets are vague and unformulated, for with every tribe and every district belief varies and rites and ceremonies are as diverse as the fancies of the fetish-men who prescribe them.

The traveler finds that superstitious customs which possess great force on the lower river gradually lose power over the natives as he penetrates farther and farther into the interior.

THE "NKIMBA."

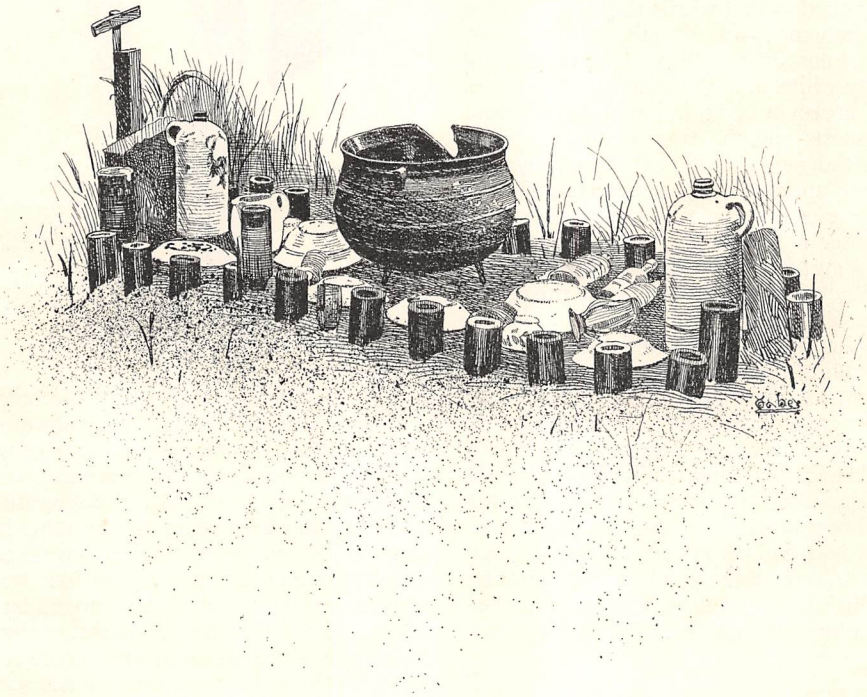
AMONG the Ba-kongo people of the Lower Congo country, whose headquarters is at San Salvador, where resides their king known as the Ntotela (Emperor), or to Europeans as Dom Pedro V., a title bestowed upon him by the Portuguese, we find many curious examples of the fetish system. Prominent among these is the ceremony of the "Nkimba," or initiation of the boys and young men of the village into the mysteries and rites of their religion.

Each village in this region possesses its Nkimba inclosure, generally a walled tract of perhaps half an acre in extent, buried in a thick grove of trees in the vicinity of the village. Inside the inclosure are the huts of the Nganga, the fetish-man, who presides over its ceremonies, and his assistants, as well as of the boys undergoing the course of instruction. What this instruction is it is hard to say, for none save the initiated are permitted to penetrate the precincts of the Nkimba inclosure, but it includes the learning of a new language, so that those having passed through the Nkimba may be able to converse on religious matters in words not understood by the people.

When a boy reaches the age of puberty he is generally induced to join the Nkimba. This is effected in the following curious manner. On some market-day or public assemblage he falls down simulating sickness or a stupor, and is immediately surrounded by the Nganga and his assistants, who carry him off to the inclosure. It is given out that Luemba or Nsaki, or whatever the boy's name may be, is dead; that he has gone to the spirit world, whence by and by the Nganga will recall him to bring him up with the other lads in the sacred inclosure before restoring him to his friends under a new name. No woman is allowed to look upon the face of one of the Nkimba, who daily parade through the woods or through the surrounding country singing a strange, weird song to warn the uninitiated of their approach. The women fly from the sound, deserting their work in the manioc fields, and sometimes a man, a stranger in the district, on being encountered in one of these walks abroad will be severely beaten for his temerity in standing to watch the Nkimba go by.

The bodies of the lads are chalked entirely

white, and a wide skirt of palm fronds or straight dry grass suspended from a circular strip of bamboo standing out from the body above the hips hangs down to below the knees, much resembling a short crinoline. Food is brought daily by the mothers or relatives of the pupils and laid outside the inclosure, whence it is conveyed inside by one of the Ngangas or the older lads. For although the women and the credulous outsiders really believe in the death and residence among the spirits of their male relatives who have "died in the bush" (*i. e.*, entered the Nkimba inclosure), they are religiously instructed by the Ngangas to attend to all the bodily wants of the supposed inhabitants of the spirit world.



A CONGO CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE.

When a youth has successfully mastered the new language, and has acquitted himself satisfactorily in the eyes of the Nganga, expressing implicit belief in all the strange doctrines of fetishism it is thought necessary to impart to him, it is given out by the medicine-man that Luemba or Nsaki is now fit to return to the world and to his sorrowing relatives. Accordingly on a certain day he is conducted back to his village with much ceremony, reintroduced to his parents as no longer Luemba, but as "Kinkila Luemba" or "Nehama Nsaki,"—the new names being distinctly Nkimba names, adopted during the period of his residence in the inclosure,—and he affects to treat everything with surprise as of one come to a new life from another world; to recognize no one, not even his father or mother, while his relatives receive him as raised from the dead; and for several days the newcomer is permitted to take anything he fancies in the village, and is treated with every kindness until it is supposed that he has become accustomed to his surroundings, when he will be allowed to shake down into his place in life, and unless he determines to pursue the calling of a fetish-man will again become an ordinary member of society. The duration of the period of initiation varies from two years in some cases, and even longer, to only a few months, according, I suppose, as the pupil shows an aptitude for his studies or not. Any refractory youngster, or one who cannot bring himself to believe all the Ngangas declare to be true, is beaten until he recognizes the error of his ways and accepts as strictly true every story and miracle the medicine-man may relate. Sometimes a sturdy, unbelieving boy who cannot see that black is white, or *vice versa*, however much the Nganga may assert it and his older and wiser comrades share in the assertion, is beaten black and blue before he becomes convinced of the fact that his eyes have deceived him. The origin of this strange African order of freemasonry is quite unknown

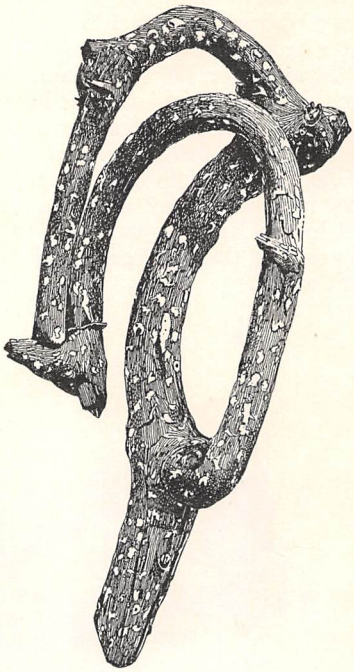
among the Ba-kongo. No missionary has yet been able to penetrate the mysteries of the language or of the rites and ceremonies connected with it, but from the following facts I feel inclined to believe it simply a perpetuation in the native mind, darkened by savagery and superstition, of the early Catholic teaching of the Portuguese fathers who followed Diogo Cam's discovery of the Congo and established themselves at San Salvador and in the surrounding country.

The Nkimba is unknown beyond Manyanga and Lukunga,—two hundred miles from the coast,—which were probably the farthest limits reached in those early days by the priests in their missionary journeys; between these districts and San Salvador it increases in public estimation until when the true Congo country is reached — that within the scope of Dom Pedro's influence — we find the Nkimba inclosures at almost every village. The chalking of the body white and the wearing of a coarse dress of brown grass, in imitation of the white-robed priests and the rude vestments of the monks; the penalty inflicted on women who venture to approach or gaze upon the Nkimba (white priests never married, and no woman could enter a monastery); the chanting of strange songs in a new tongue and the learning of a new language, even as the rites of the Catholic Church are performed in a strange tongue (Latin) and a novice entering a monastery would have to learn that language; the giving of new names, as a monk often adopts a new cognomen and ceases to be Mr. So-and-so, but becomes Brother Ignatius or Father Hyacinthe; and finally the strange deception practised in pretending that the newly received boy has died and must be raised again from the dead and given back to life — all seem to point to one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church which asserts that no man can be saved unless he be born again.

THE SELECTION OF THE NGANGA ON THE UPPER RIVER AND HIS START IN LIFE.

It is only on the Lower Congo, where the Nkimba is found, that any training in his profession is undergone by the fetish-man; in all other parts of the Congo region the office devolves upon its holder in quite an accidental manner: the distinction is thrust upon some native whose fortune has in some way distinguished him from his fellows. Every unusual action, every display of skill or superiority, is attributed to the intervention of some supernatural power, and thus the future wielder of charms or utterer of predictions usually begins his priestly career as Nganga by some lucky adventure.

A young man by showing prowess in the hunting-field, by being successful on the fishing-grounds or brave in war, at once becomes the object of a certain admiration in his village. His superiority commands respect; his steady



CHARM ROOT.

aim, his lucky hauls of fish, and his boldness in the fight are credited to the agency of some supernatural spirit or to some charm of which he may be possessed. Such a belief on the part of the villagers is never discredited by the fortunate object of it; on the other hand, he takes advantage of this credulity on the part of the ignorant, and in consideration of payment received will pretend to impart his power to others. This is almost invariably the way in which the fetish-man receives his calling to the office, and having once secured the estimation of his neighbors he will start a lucrative business for the supply of charms consisting of different herbs, stones, pieces of wood, antelope horns, skins and feathers, tied in artistic little bundles, the possession of which is supposed to yield to the purchaser the same power over spirits as the vender himself enjoys. Having once become known as the purveyor of charms he will continually add to the attractiveness of the stock in trade of his calling by the aid of a fertile imagination. Besides charms of his own manufacture he will obtain others from well-known fetish-men in distant villages, and thus after a time he acquires a large store of charms for all phases of life.

THE FETISH-MAN AT HOME.

ESTABLISHED in reputation, the efforts of the fetish-man are next directed towards the acquirement of a demeanor calculated to impress his clients with a sense of awe; he aims at assuming an appearance at once grave and mysterious; he seldom speaks unless professionally, and then always in a gruff, husky tone. He cultivates a meditative look, and seems as if he were the victim of great mental anxiety. At home he keeps himself very select, and occupies his time principally among his charms. There is generally some sign of his calling just outside his hut, taking the form, as a rule, of an earthen vessel, out of the neck of which sprout long feathers — the pot being colored with red, white, and yellow chalks, and the orange-like tint derived from chewed betel-nut, the expectoration of which substance is supposed to have a very pacifying influence upon the spiritual evil-doer.

Sometimes the fetish-man's gesticulations will be directed to a carved image or some exaggerated form of charm. Suspended from the rafters in the interior of his hut are little parcels of mystic character, smoked grimy by the constant fires these people maintain in their dwellings. And outside, over the door, the same mysterious character of ornamentation proclaims to all the occupant's pretensions to sorcery.

THE FETISH-MAN ABROAD.

WHEN abroad the fetish-man is always a conspicuous figure in a village. He wears a tall hat of animal skin; around his neck hang suspended by strings a few small specimens of his wares, and slung around his shoulders are little parcels of charms, into which are stuck birds' feathers. Metal rings, to which mysterious little packages are attached, clash and clang as he walks, serving, together with a liberal supply of iron bells fastened to his person, to announce the Nganga's presence; and, as if his body did not offer a sufficient surface to display all his magical outfit, he carries, slung over his left shoulder in a woven pocket, a load of wonder-working material. A peep into a fetish-man's sack discloses a curious assortment of preventives — eagles' claws and feathers, fishbones, antelope horns, leopard teeth, tails and heads of snakes, flint-stones, hairs of the elephant's tail, perforated stones, different colored chalks, eccentric shaped roots, various herbs, etc. There are sufficient reasons for his carrying these with him: if he left them in his village some one might steal them; and, again, provided as he is, he can administer at a moment's notice to suffering humanity some devil-proof mixture.

The flight of the poisonous arrow, the rush of the maddened buffalo, or the venomous bite of the adder can be averted by the purchase of these charms, and the troubled waters of the Congo can be crossed in safety by the fisherman's frail craft. The Moloki, or evil spirit, ever ready to pounce upon humanity, is checked by the power of the Nganga, and halts at his whistle through an antelope's horn, or the waving of a bunch of feathers.

HIS CLIENTS.

THE fetish-man finds his best customers among those whom wealth and success have rendered objects for the envy and spite of their covetous neighbors. A chief whose fortunate trading ventures have enabled him to accumulate wealth of slaves and ivory becomes a devotee to charm usage; the fetish-man is continually by his side, and new charms are in constant requisition to ward off real and imaginary dangers which the uneasy possessor believes threaten his person and property.

CEREMONY BEFORE DRINKING.

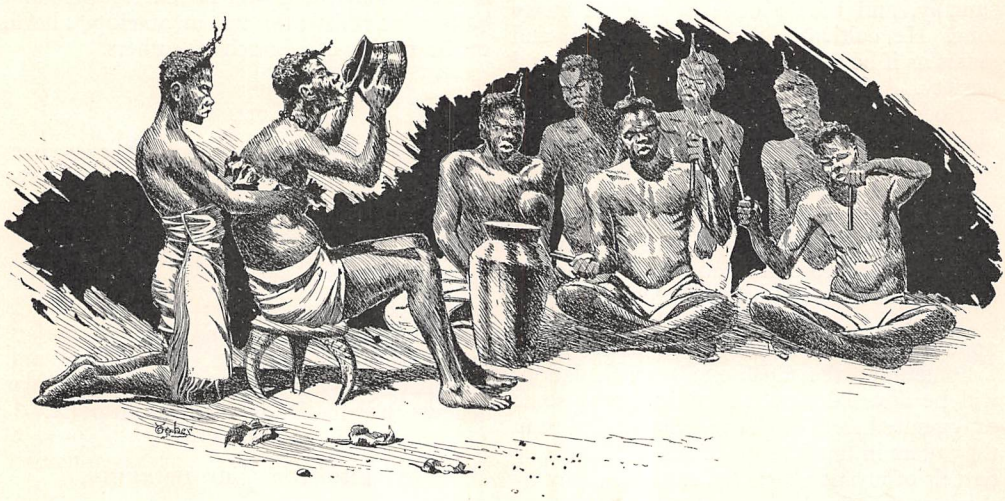
WHEN, in 1884, I was stationed at Lukolela, eight hundred miles in the interior, I was much struck with the elaborate and grotesque rites prescribed by the Nganga to some of the leading men of the district as a necessary preliminary to eating and drinking. I find the following notes in a rough diary I kept at that time.

THE HAWK WHOSE TAIL FEATHERS BAFFLE THE EVIL SPIRIT.

IUKA'S DEVOTIONAL PRECAUTION.

JUNE, 1884.— Old Iuka, chief of Irebu, put into my beach to-day, on his way down river on a trading expedition. I gave him some *malafu* (palm wine), the drinking of which necessitated the most extensive fetishistic preparations that I have as yet noticed. The old chief placed a small leaf between his lips, then fastened others rather larger under his shoulder-blades and on his chest, keeping them in place by means of a string tied tightly around the body; a slave guarding the pot containing the beverage also had a leaf in his mouth, as did another who held the cup from which the

chief was to drink; two more slaves provided a musical accompaniment to the ceremony by clanking small bars of iron; one of the wives of the chief clasped him round the chest from behind, while four slaves knelt down in front of him and beat their closed fists on their knees. When everything was ready, all shut their eyes, except the men in charge of the pot and cup, who required the use of these organs so as not to spill the precious liquor. The Nganga has also enjoined Iuka from taking the cup from his lips until he had drained the last drop. My guest was a spare-built little man, but the prodigious quantity of malafu which he imbibed on this occasion astonished me, and I concluded that rather than perform this ceremony frequently he was drinking enough to last him several days. It is noticeable that rites of the kind prescribed by the fetish-men to Iuka are only used preparatory to a draught of palm or other concocted beverages, and are omitted when drinking water at a stream or spring. The reason is that poison plays a prominent part in the drama of savage life. These observances imposed by the wielder of charms are most earnestly adhered to. A native, although he has a great weakness for palm wine or other strong drink, will deny himself the beverage if he is not prepared to carry out the ceremony ordered by the Nganga. As the fatal draughts are always prepared by the Nganga, and as he is also the only person able to furnish antidotes to his own poisons, he reaps much benefit from this branch of the business. It enables him to command a ready sale for any charms he may wish to force on the market, and is an excellent means of collecting back payments and securing further custom. Any trader who succeeds in massing together his little pile of cloth, beads, trinkets, etc. thereby excites the jealousy of his fellow-men, and if his fees are not liberal he may one day find himself suddenly bound hand and foot in the merciless clutches of the fetish-man, who will trump up some charge against him of having exercised an evil influence, or of causing the death of some villager who has lately died.



FETISH DEVOTIONS BEFORE DRINKING.

"MBUNDU"—TRIAL BY POISON.

It is also by means of drugs that the Nganga pretends to discern the innocent from the guilty when natives accused of crimes are brought before him for sentence. When a native is accused of any breach against tribal laws he has to prove his innocence by undergoing the poison test. *Mbundu*, or *Nkasa*, is an herbal poison composed of the bark of a tree mixed with water. The effect of imbibing this concoction depends upon the strength of the preparation; with but little water it is deadly, but it may be diluted until its effect is almost harmless. The accused is compelled to sit down, and then the Nganga administers the preparation to the accused, who, should he be able to vomit the nauseous mixture, proves his innocence of any crime of which he is accused. But too often the poison has an awful effect. The accused falls down, foaming at the mouth, the limbs become rigid, the eyes protrude, and if death ensues the guilt of the poor unfortunate is held as clearly proved, and the distorted body of the victim is pierced through and through with the spears of his accusers. The fetish-man whose duty it is to prepare the test regulates the strength of the poison ac-

cording to the wish of the majority. It may be that the accused is popular in his village; in that case the Nganga will take care that the mbundu is not too strong. The natives themselves place great faith in this mode of trial. A declaration of guilt renders the poison test unnecessary, payment being accepted instead.

Besides the power that he exercises over the life and death of his followers, the Nganga is also credited with a controlling influence over the elements. Winds and waters obey the waving of his charm or the whistle through his magic antelope horn. Tropical storms give notice of their beginning and cessation, so that the fetish-man is easily able to time his predictions of change without much fear of startling contradictions. If rain is desired by the villagers for their crops, he sets to work with his charms preparing for the object in view, but he will not be quite ready until a distant roll of thunder gives him notice that a storm is nigh; then, assuming all the gravity which he can muster, surrounded by his charms he boldly commands the rain to fall, and when the storm, seen in the distance, breaks, it is regarded as a triumphant indication of his supernatural authority. When I was at Lukolela the river remained in a swollen condition far beyond its usual duration. Upon my asking the natives the cause they accounted for it by telling me that an up-river Nganga, who had been in the habit of controlling the rise and fall of all the Congo, had recently died, and at present there was no one sufficiently skilled to take his place.

Superstitions of all kinds are so rife among these people that the Nganga has a fruitful field to work in. He has merely to direct current beliefs in the strange and wonderful so that they may in some way tend to increase his influence over the credulous. Every unaccountable effect is attributed to some superstitious cause, the workings of which are known only to him. Every familiar object of their daily life is touched with some curious fancy, and every trivial action is regulated by a reference to unseen spirits who are unceasingly watching an opportunity to hurt or annoy mankind.

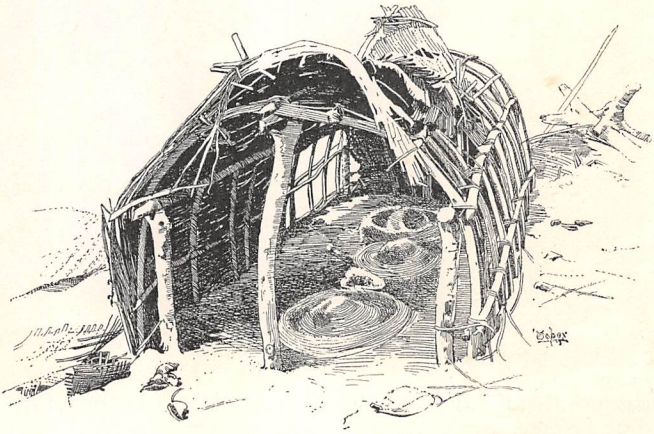
"NGÖI MOLOKI"—EVIL SPIRITS AND ANIMALS.

As all natives are either hunters or fishermen, a number of quaint beliefs have naturally attached themselves to birds, beasts, and fishes. Some birds are of ill, others of good, omen. Some beasts are friendly to man, and others seek only to do him harm.

The mournful hooting of the owl heard at midnight by the villager is a message that death is stealing silently through the huts waiting to select a victim, and all who hear the call will hasten to the neighboring wood and drive the messenger of ill tidings away with sticks and stones.

There is a belief common to all natives of the Upper Congo regions which ascribes to certain possessors of evil spirits ability to assume at will the guise of an animal, reassuming the human form whenever they wish to do so. The incident that follows will serve as an illustration of the strength of this conviction.

As I had lost several goats from the frequent nocturnal raids made on the station by a leopard, I determined to try to rid the district of this wily robber. For several nights I watched, tying up as bait a young goat, which announced the presence of its own savory body by ill-advised bleatings from sunset to dawn. But the leopard did not return to reward my vigilance. It happened, however, that as soon as I omitted my watch the tracks around the station showed that the beast had renewed his visits. The natives then explained to me that this was no ordinary leopard, but was an evil spirit which had assumed the shape of that animal, Ngöi Moloki ("evil-spirited leopard"), and that it was useless to watch for him, as the evil spirit which possessed the beast at night was perhaps visiting my station in human form each day, learning my intentions and timing his raids accordingly. They said, "When you next intend waiting up for the leopard be careful to keep the matter a secret; tell no one, and then perhaps, being unwarned, the animal may venture out."



LOWER CONGO GRAVE.

This transmigration of spirits is supposed to be not altogether without its advantages to some of the powerful head men, who are believed to have in their service crocodiles, hippopotamuses, and other dangerous animals that once were men and to whom death has brought strange changes.

I was living at one time in a clearing of thick forest with an extensive view of the mighty river before me. A thousand yards from my house was a small island covered with thick tropical vegetation. At the upper end of this an old hippopotamus had taken up his quarters, and at midday would lie in the shallow waters round it basking in the sun.

My little black servant, who was a most enthusiastic sportsman, was delighted when he could bring me the welcome news that he had seen some animal or bird that I might shoot, and he would disturb me at most untimely hours with such information. Sometimes, when I had been hunting all the morning, I would lie down in the heat of the day for a couple of hours, and often was rudely awakened by this youngster tugging away at me and starting me out of my sleep in a most unceremonious manner. He would tell me that there was an old monkey in some of the neighboring trees, or that he could hear the call of a guinea-fowl; this information delivered, he would hurry off to prepare gun and ammunition. The sharp eyes of this boy first saw the hippopotamus, and he imparted to me the news while waking me out of my sleep. It is not usual in hunting even big game to fire at such a distance as a thousand yards, but I fired just a few shots to startle the unwieldy brute with the splash of the bullets falling close by him.

"TU-KU-LINGA MVULA" ("WE WANT RAIN").

AN UNWIELDY COMPANION.

In the evening of the same day one of the head men of a neighboring village, named Mpuké, paid me a visit, and in a very grave and ceremonious little speech informed me that that particular hippopotamus was a friend of his. He said: "That hippopotamus was originally a man who died, and he assumed the shape of this animal. It is useless for you to try to shoot him, because he has supernatural

power and is bullet-proof. That hippopotamus accompanies me on all my trading expeditions, and is generally of very great use to me. When I go away in my canoes the animal follows me, swimming behind at a short distance, protecting me against all enemies, whether they are men or other hippopotamuses, and he will upset the canoes of natives who are unfriendly to me."

"Do you really think that I am unable to kill the beast, Mpuké?" I asked.

The old chief replied with the emphasis of solemn conviction, "I do."

"Well," said I, "have you any objection to my trying?"

"No," he had no objection, he answered in tones which suggested regret that good powder and shot should be wasted in trying to prove that which every man, woman, and child in the district knew to be a fact.

I decided to try the experiment. I sent around into the neighboring villages that evening and informed them of the conversation I had had with Mpuké concerning his strange friend, and announced my intention of proceeding the next morning to put the matter to the test. The natives were naturally very curious as to what would be the result, and at the very earliest streaks of dawn large canoes full of people made their appearance on my beach. About eight o'clock in the morning I manned my canoe and paddled across to the island, followed at a respectful distance by the canoes of the neighborhood propelled with muffled oars, all the crews maintaining perfect silence.

Upon arriving at the island I ran my canoe ashore just below the shallows, and walked through the forest until I arrived at the edge. I selected a position whence I had a good view of old Mpuké's devil-possessed friend the hippopotamus. In shooting this game it is necessary to be a good shot, because, although the animal is easy to hit, unless you strike fair on some vulnerable spot you are simply cruelly and unnecessarily wounding it. The proper place to aim at is in the forehead, three inches above a line drawn between the two eyes; or in the ear, in the eye, or between these two organs. I had crept so carefully to my position that the hippopotamus was unconscious of my presence. I realized that my reputation was most seriously at stake, and I waited patiently until the animal presented a good mark. Then I raised my Martini rifle and fired, hitting him squarely in the forehead. After three or four spasmodic kicks in the air he sank to the bottom, and the waters became still. That evening the waters around the sandbank were undisturbed, and the smell of boiling and roasting hippopotamus meat pervaded the whole district. The enemies of Mpuké were now able to cross the river in their canoes in safety. I earned the reputation of being a good shot, and a useful member of society in being able to replenish the larder. Moreover, I scored a point against this particular kind of superstition.

There are, on some reaches of the river, fetish crocodiles which are credited with the power to change their scales to the black skin and curly wool of the African. It is firmly held by the villagers that many members of the community who have disappeared suddenly from their homes and families have been lured to the river by a stranger who beguiled them with fair promises of beads and cloth, and who, when the water's edge was gained, changed instantly to a crocodile and disappeared in the oozy mud, dragging his deluded victim with him. Crocodiles are also, for what reason I know not, considered as generous and social in their natures. Natives have frequently assured me that when a crocodile is fortunate enough to secure a human being it will invite all the crocodiles along the banks to share in the meal, and my men have pointed out places where such banquets have been held.

THE "SOKO."

A CURIOUS account is given by the natives of the origin of the Soko. The Soko is a large monkey of the gorilla type, brown-haired, large-eared, with round face, smooth except the eyebrows, and a scanty beard. The Soko, if we are to believe the Congo negro, is a man who in ages past, having unfortunately drifted into debt and difficulty in his village, has fled to the woods to escape his creditors, and while waiting for his troubles to blow over, his limbs have altered in shape and his body become covered with long hairs. The women are much frightened at the sight of the Soko and clutch their babes fearfully to their bosoms, as they are persuaded that the only property the transformed debtor now attempts to lay hands on are very small children; these, they say, he will catch and carry to the topmost bough of some tall tree. To recover possession of the infant the Soko must be humored. If approached with threatening gestures by the natives he will hurl it in rage to the ground, but if it is left to him to decide, the child will be returned unhurt by its captor. The habits of these strange creatures certainly afford some foundation for the exaggerated statements which the superstitious African makes about them. I myself have seen a family of them at early morn clustered for warmth round a camp-fire which has been left smoldering by some fishermen.

Animals furnish the Nganga with some of his most potent charms. Portions of the skin, hair, or horns of the wild beasts of the forest or river bank command a ready sale; for such

when worn as charms and proclaimed fetish will transfer to the wearer the courage or cunning of the original owner. Elephant tail hairs are in great demand, and a buffalo's horn loaded with small magic trinkets is considered as possessing peculiar virtues.

The babe in the earliest days of its existence is protected from the efforts of the evil-doer, for to the furry belt in which the little one is slung to its mother's breast is attached some charm.

EVIL SPIRIT IN A RIFLE-BARREL.

ANY hitch or hindrance occurring in everyday affairs is at once placed to the credit of evil influences. The Moloki, or evil spirit, will be guilty of petty annoyances in the smallest matters of domestic life. I was once somewhat astonished to hear this mysterious being accused of tampering with firearms. Continual practice among African big game gave me a steady hand and rendered my aim with the rifle fairly sure. As a rule after a day's hunting among the buffaloes or hippopotamuses I returned home with at least one of these animals. But during one season it happened that for two consecutive days I failed to kill anything although I saw plenty. I had used every effort, too, as my larder stood much in need of fresh supplies. The men who accompanied me were thoroughly disheartened at my want of success, and were convinced of the interference of some spirit who had bewitched my gun, and they earnestly asked my permission to expel the objectionable evil-doer. "Let us have your rifle and we will remove the Moloki," said they; and upon my inquiring the mode of ejectment they proposed trying, "Simply put the barrel into the fire," they answered. As the cure suggested seemed to me worse than the evil it was intended to remedy, I decided that the Moloki could retain his present quarters rather than that my rifle should suffer such treatment.

WAR CHARMS.

A DECLARATION of war between two villages is the signal for great activity among the fetish-men. They must find out by their insight into the future how the coming fight will terminate. Charms to protect the warriors against gunshot, spear, and arrow must be prepared. These consist of small packages the size of a tennis ball which contain stones, beads, pieces of iron, fish-hooks, and shells, and are worn round the necks or shoulders of the warriors. Besides the actual charm, devotional duties are imposed upon the wearer by the Nganga. A warrior supplied with a talisman to protect him in time of war against the enemy's weapons has, in order to render the charm effectual, to observe carefully certain injunctions dictated by the fetish-man to be carried out before eating or drinking. Sometimes it is necessary to smear the face and body with various colored chalks, but the extent of such ceremonies increases with the importance of the client. Manjimba, the village blacksmith at Lukolela, having by his handicraft been enabled to obtain a great number of slaves, considered himself liable to the zealous efforts of the Moloki evil spirit, and as supplement to his charm against the enemy's spear received instructions from his Nganga to carry out the following preliminary before partaking of malafu. First he tied himself around the waist with a thin string of fiber and covered it with a cloth, then with a nut in his mouth, and his knife in his left hand, he carried his cup into a dark corner of his hut where no one could see him.

These elaborate observances attendant upon the possession of charms are simply the result of the fetish-man's fruitful imagination. They fail to give a reason for the precaution of tying a toe, placing a bean between the toes, etc. The ignorant native performs these duties because the fetish-man commands it. To all my inquiries as to the reason for such preparations "fetish" was the only answer.

Sometimes before a fight the fetish-men will be busily engaged for a month or so finding out the best course to pursue in the coming struggle, the warriors the while being engaged in renovating their weapons and in dancing and drinking. It is needless to say that the plan mapped out by the Nganga is not vigorously followed in the war by the warriors, as their actions must necessarily depend much on the reception they meet with when face to face with the enemy. Then, if defeat is the result, the fetish-man will say: "Aha! if you had done exactly as I told you all would have ended differently. You would not have lost a man; you would have captured many slaves, and have returned loaded with ivory and cloth. But, of course, if you do not attend to what I say you cannot expect to succeed." And the contrite warriors will answer: "It is quite true, that is what we ought to have done; why did we not do it?" Then all hotly discuss who should bear the blame for disobeying instructions, finally coming to the conclusion that the next time they go to war they will follow the guidance of the fetish-man. But they never do so. It is easy to understand that they cannot. If they find their enemies too strong, and that they are likely to get the worst of it, they beat a hasty retreat. If in overwhelming force, a precipitate rush is made to the enemy's stronghold, as every man is anxious to steal as much as he can. I have often been amused by watching the return of my neighbors' canoes from some warlike expedition. It is not difficult to

tell at a glance what the result has been. If they have been victorious, and have secured much plunder in the shape of ivory, slaves, goats, etc., they are welcomed back with beating of drums, tinkling of bells, blowing of trumpets, hootings and yellings, a tumult of indescribable sounds. On the other hand, if they have been thrashed, they sneak back to their villages, and the whole affair is hushed up as quickly as possible.

NATIVE SURGERY.

To his religious functions the Nganga unites those of the surgeon and the physician, and however his pretensions in the one calling may be, his skill in the other is more than considerable. In skirmishes of intertribal warfare natives are often badly wounded: powder is a scarce commodity in this part of the world, so the owner of a musket will not fire at his enemy unless he is near enough to be certain of his aim. The slugs used are rough pieces of copper, brass wire, and stones of all shapes. These fired at a distance of twelve or fifteen yards inflict ugly wounds, and are found deeply embedded in the flesh. In the extraction of these rude bullets the fetish-man displays great surgical skill, although of course he always attributes this to the agency of his wonder-working charms. During a little fight I was forced into by the hostile attitude of a neighboring chief several of my men received wounds from the enemy's overcharged flintlocks. I called in a native charm doctor who was renowned for surgical skill. When he arrived I told him that if he succeeded in extracting the slugs from my men I would give him a handsome present. One of my men was badly hit; the charge had entered the shoulder just below the neck and worked its way down towards the armpit. The Nganga, covered with magic paraphernalia, assumed the impressive demeanor characteristic of his clan. He first compelled all present to seat themselves on the ground before him, allowing no one to stand behind him while he was performing the operation. My man was then brought and firmly held, while the Nganga examined the wounds, carefully probing with the hair of an elephant's tail to ascertain the position of the slugs. Having satisfied himself on this point he addressed himself to his charms, bewildering the simple onlookers with muttered incantations of fearful-sounding words; he would often consult a basin filled with water placed near the head of the patient, into which he had dropped a few shells; then he smeared his body with different colored powders, and to increase the keenness of his insight into the hidden things of the spirit world he anointed his eyelids with a bluish paste. All influences being propitious he proceeded to work again, gently squeezing and pinching the flesh to coax the bullets from the wounds. When his fingers assured him that he had succeeded in his endeavor to bring the bullet near the surface, he produced a number of leaves from a bag carried on his person, pressed them to pulp between his palms, and placed a portion of them over each wound. This done he continued his manipulations with one hand while gesticulating to a mysterious bundle he had in the other. Finally he removed the leaves, and taking the extracted bullets from the aperture of each wound dropped them one by one with a triumphant gesture into the basin. The skill of the Nganga compelled my admiration, and yet all the natives who witnessed the extraction, the patient included, departed more impressed by the irrelevant and absurd rites that accompanied the operation than by the knowledge and dexterity of the operator.

There is much sickness among the tribes of the interior. Fevers and agues haunt the swamps, and ulcers and other sores are very general. Herbal medicines of valuable properties are known to these people. But the fetish-man, in order to maintain his reputation, invests all actual medical treatment with such elaborate magical surroundings as to convince the ignorant savage that the cure is due to the charm, and the application of the herbal mixture subservient to fetish agencies.

"MOLOKI."

THE native when old, too, is frequently stricken with paralysis, a visitation that is utilized by the Nganga for obtaining by terrifying predictions as many fees as he can frighten the sufferer into giving. "It is an evil spirit that I have discovered in you," he will tell the stricken one. When all the remedies of the fetish-man have failed, and in spite of charms and incantations one of his patients dies, he often decides to hold a post-mortem examination, and if it is then determined that the dead native had an evil spirit the body is thrown into the water; if, on the other hand, the absence of the Moloki is proved, due burial rites are observed. In some districts on the Lower Congo for several weeks after interment palm wine is periodically poured down to the deceased through a small hole leading from the surface of the grave to the body. This custom is not general. In other localities the natives mark the final resting-places of their friends by ornamenting their graves with crockery, empty bottles, old cooking-pots, etc., all of which articles are rendered useless by being cracked or perforated with holes. Were this precaution not taken the grotesque decorations would be stolen.

They believe in an existence carried on underground as on earth, a life in which the departed ones require the services of slaves and wives to attend to their several wants. They believe also in spirits or ghosts, which they call Barimu, and affirm that occasionally the Barimu visit the village at night to frighten and annoy mortals.

The fetish-man is in some instances a dupe to his own art. Surrounded by his own people, who place implicit confidence in him, he may in time grow to believe that his actions have really some of that mystical virtue which is everywhere attributed to them; but more often he is a conscious knave. I had among my crew when exploring some of the little-known tributaries a bright, intelligent young fellow who had gained in his village the reputation of being a rising Nganga. One day I asked him to tell me something about the fetish profession. Making sure that no other native was within hearing to betray his words to the villagers, and eliciting from me a promise that I would not divulge anything he told me, he confessed that so far as he was concerned it was an imposture, and that he invented charms simply to meet the demand of the credulous. He had in his hand a large antelope's horn, over the aperture of which was a woven covering. "This," said he, "is a piece of fetish. By this I can discover in case of sickness whether the sufferer will recover or die. When I am called to a sick person this horn will at once foretell his fate. If he is to die, the charm will remain silent; but if recovery is certain, a low whistle will be heard. See, I will hold the charm at arm's length and it shall whistle when you wish." I tendered the necessary invitation, and was surprised to hear a wheezy whistle, which sounded as if it came from the horn. I asked the man to explain it to me, but he was not inclined to part with so valuable a property without some consideration. Finally he agreed that I should become the possessor of the charm and its working for an empty bottle, which I gave him. Going to the door to make sure that no listeners were there, he drew from his nostril a perforated bean. It was with this that he had made the sound supposed to come from the horn. He explained to me that it was by such means that the fetish-man amassed his wealth.

Natives fear the fetish-man, as they are unable to determine the extent or limit of his authority over evil influences. But the belief in his power has no deeper root than this uncertainty, and it is greatly lessened in natives who come in contact with white men, who, they are quick to perceive, perform greater wonders than the Nganga, and without his supernatural pretension.

I have had under my command natives who in their own villages would observe most religiously all the imposition which their fetish-man thought fit to decree. Before eating and drinking they would adopt the usual measures of precaution, and would wear on their persons the requisite package of guardian charms; but after a few months' contact with the skepticism of the white man these same natives felt as safe and secure in eating fish and drinking malafu without fetish precaution as I myself in sipping a cup of coffee. When I had killed an elephant, a buffalo, or a hippopotamus, I often asked them: "Can your Nganga kill these big beasts? Has he even the courage to face them and to risk his life to obtain them for you? I do it and succeed. But I have no fetish charm." Such reasoning on my part was not without effect; my men invariably ignored the power of the Nganga, but on returning to their villages they relapsed into the same feeble submission to senseless custom, not because they still had any faith in it, but because they knew that any declaration of disbelief in the power of the fetish-man would bring trouble upon them, and in all probability the Nganga would soon find an opportunity to accuse them of witchcraft. The poison test would be administered, and the draught so mixed as by certain death to establish guilt.

There is an element of hopefulness in the little permanence attaching to the customs of superstition of the African savage. Their beliefs never attain the dignity of traditions. They are a people absolutely without legends or history. Each generation lives its life and passes from the face of the earth, leaving no sign, no memorial, of its existence. There are no records of great men in the tribes, nothing to mark either the progress or the decay of a race, and all the unreasoned fetish system has not the sanction that superstition gains in other countries from ancient laws and sacred literature.

The African knows of no past, and he is bound by no great memories. He lives entirely in the present, and his beliefs are made to fit the needs of the moment. It is easier to correct the vagaries of childlike ignorance than to combat creeds which have outlived centuries of progress. It should therefore be only a question of time when the increasing light derived from the spread of Christianity, due to the self-sacrificing efforts of devoted missionaries and the accumulating incentives to industrious labor which commerce extends to all, shall have penetrated the dark spots of central Africa and illuminated the still darker intelligences of her savage children.

E. J. Glave.

AN INFLATED CURRENCY ACT.

JEREMIAH PEPPER, although a man of means and sense, was forever getting into some ridiculous scrape. Just as some fish cannot exist in calm waters but must seek the wildest and most troubled streams, so Jerry, instead of drifting down the current of life like the rest of mortals, must perforce run into every eddy and whirlpool on the way. Never was there a time in which he did not manage to have at least a couple of difficulties on hand. Before they were finally disposed of others were sure to be well under way. If there had been some subtle quality in his very name permeating his nature and keeping him eternally in a stew, this state of things could not have been more chronic. For it really seemed that our worthy, in the words of the Irish bull, could not be happy unless he was miserable.

Now it was a fight touching politics at the election; now a dispute about running a new road, or a squabble over a hog mark. Again he was whipping a neighbor's negroes without warrant or cause. Indeed, if there was any scrape possible in a rural community in which, first and last, he had not been involved, I cannot now conceive of it. The consequence was that he was always at law, always in the wrong, and, as tightly as he clung to money, always being mulcted.

The most memorable, and certainly to him the most wholesome, of all the pickles into which he ever chanced to fall was that long known as the Inflated Currency Act.

In a ridiculously small, fragile excuse for a hovel lived old Aunt Charity, or, as she was called, Chetty Raglan. Although it was hard to tell whether white, negro, or Indian blood predominated in her veins, she belonged to the despised caste of free negroes. For unnumbered years the old woman, harmless as a bird and well-nigh as timid, had held the scrap of worthless rocky knoll on which she lived. For all that was known to the contrary, it was a pitiful remnant of the once broad heritage of her Indian ancestors, which no one had thought worth while to appropriate. Always just as her habitation—which was scarcely less ephemeral than the habitations of the wild things in the woods around her—was tottering in its fall, another, its counterpart, would be started hard by. These structures, otherwise so unlike, were in one respect like the Eternal City—they were not built in a day. The log walls went up by slow degrees as she could beg the gift and hauling of the poles, one or two at a time. The slabs for the roof came in the same way, while the handful of plank for the floor—unless the old one, which perhaps, having already served once or twice, could be made to answer again—was still longer in collecting. The lugubrious little chimneys of sticks and mud, which invariably leaned backward, as if too proud to touch the house, till they seemed in imminent peril of falling, were often so long building that the total collapse of her old abode drove Aunt Chetty into the unfinished one, compelling her to cook out of doors for many months. The result was that by the time one hut was finished its rapidly advancing dissolution admonished her to begin another.

While not creeping around begging material or assistance in her never-ending house-building she contrived to gain the scantiest living by selling gingerbread of her own preparation, eked out by the sale of wild nuts and berries and persimmon beer in season. These products she, like others, took wherever found, regardless of the ownership of the land on which they grew.

It was Pepper's ill fortune to meet her while on one of these incursions into his own woods. Why he should attack the old woman no one could tell, unless, as was suggested, to keep his hand in. The circumstances of the assault were too scandalous to be tolerated, for while others might be pitiful Aunt Chetty was pitifulness itself. Being a negro, her testimony, of course, would not be taken against a white man, but fortunately a small white boy had witnessed the whipping, and on his evidence Jerry was arraigned and duly convicted.

Just before the termination of the case the defendant learned from the suppressed whispers of the court room that the crowd had determined to subscribe and pay any fine that should be imposed. No sooner was he called to the bar and the penalty of fifty dollars fine and costs announced than the dense crowd began to file out of the court room. Jerry, who, all alertness, stood bareheaded facing the judge, with his hands crossed at his back, felt as each man passed behind him a crisp note thrust into his fingers. It is not the proper thing to look a gift-horse in the mouth, so he simply acknowledged each donation with a profound bow as he conveyed it to his pocket.

It was a great day, and, as I have said, the audience was a large one. So when one arm got tired he changed hands and deposited the notes in the other pocket. But there is a limit to human endurance, even if the labor consist in the delectable task of guiding a golden flood into one's own pockets. Especially is this the case if the day is hot, the air close, and one is fat and unaccustomed to exertion, and has to bow like the penny-receiving puppet on a hand-organ. Therefore, by the time that the last man passed out, this favorite of fortune, though he held out manfully to the end, was all redness and perspiration.

It must be remembered that as at this time there were few or no small notes in circulation, each bow must be a five-dollar one. It was clear that the heart of his race had been touched by the spectacle of a gentleman arraigned by a free negro, and that, with a noble disregard of gold and the addition table, it had, by one spontaneous, uncalculating impulse, thrown a fortune at his feet.

When I say that the English language contains no word strong enough to express Jeremiah Pepper's love of money, his frame of mind may perhaps be imagined. In dreams, sometimes, but never before in the waking hours of day, came to man such an experience.

Alas, alas, for earthly felicity! Jerry's case was but an epitome of human experience. Before he could reach a safe place to unburden his pockets and compute the results, his wealth, like the fairy gold, had all turned to dead leaves — the leaves of an old Webster's Speller.

David Dodge.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, 1452–1519.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

LEONARDO was the illegitimate son of Ser Piero of Vinci, a little Tuscan town near Empoli, and is recorded by Vasari as a "lad of good parts, handsome, clever, and volatile, so that he was disposed to do a little of everything." Showing a fondness for drawing, he was taken by his father to Verrocchio, who, according to Vasari, was amazed at his precocity and accepted him as an apprentice. He remained in the studio of his master until he was past twenty, doing all sorts of work — drawing, modeling, architecture, and plans of engineering schemes. His companions in the studio were Perugino and Lorenzo di Credi, and he must have met there all the artistic minds of the Florentine school, just then in the highest phase of its activity and originality. The circumstances were such that one may say that in no instance in the history of art had the time and the man so completely coincided to produce the complete artist, had only constancy been added. Giotto before and Titian after found the stars in conjunction in their favor, but even Giotto does not seem to have possessed so complete an outfit of talents as Leonardo. Vasari tells us that he was as gracious and sympathetic as he was wise and handsome, and such was the fascination of his conversation that he drew men to him universally; and though he was never wealthy he always had horses and servants at his command. "So many were his caprices," says the biographer, "that, philosophizing on natural objects he got to understand the properties of plants, observing the movements of the heavens, the course of the moon and the motion of the sun." In his first edition Vasari says that he became in this way a heretic and thought that to be a philosopher was more than being a Christian, but the sentence is omitted from the second edition of the life. He also says of Leonardo that his imagination and ideal were so high that he hardly ever succeeded in satisfying himself with his productions, and that this is the reason why he left so many works unfinished; but the true reason is probably deeper than this, viz., that he was too fickle in his impulses to be able to persist long in the pursuit of one object. Seeing him as we can see him now, at the distance of centuries and in comparison with his rivals if not his peers, we can judge him better than could Vasari, who was overpowered by the reputation of the greatness of the man and attributed to him achievements of which he had only the possibilities. When he failed it was, first, from the want of persistence, and, secondly, from the want of perception of the ideal, so that he succeeds entirely only in what must be considered realistic art.

Of the work of his early Florentine period we have very little; he is inscribed in the company of painters in 1472 and his first recorded commission was given in 1478. Of this period are the "Rotella," the "Medusa," "Neptune," and a cartoon of Adam and Eve. He seems to have gone to Milan about 1483, having prospered little in Florence. A letter of his exists proposing to Ludovico il Moro, regent for his nephew, Gian Galeazzo, plans of engineering work and military devices. Vasari

places his departure from Florence in 1494, when Ludovico became Duke, but it is certain that he had been at Milan for several years during the regency. One of the curious legends which Vasari has handed down to us is that Leonardo was sent to Ludovico by Lorenzo de' Medici on account of his skill as a musician, and that he had made for himself a lyre of silver in the form of a horse's skull on which he produced sounds surpassing all that other musicians could produce. He was, however, employed also as a painter, for we find that he was ordered to paint a Nativity which was sent as a present to the Emperor Maximilian. He then painted the fresco on which his legendary reputation rests more than on all else he did, and to which, ruined and twice repainted as it is, the general estimate attributes virtues it never possessed when the hand of Da Vinci could be seen in it — the Cenacolo, or Last Supper, in the convent of Sta. Maria delle Grazie.

A great deal has been written and said about the supposed sublime renunciation of the painter in leaving the head of Christ unfinished, but I believe mostly in entire inappreciation of the true difficulties which beset him. The story relates that Leonardo while engaged on the picture would often stand half a day gazing at it and doing nothing. The prior of the monastery, impatient at this inefficiency, after repeatedly reproaching Leonardo, who made no reply, complained to the Duke, who, as in duty bound, brought the complaint to Leonardo, explaining that he did so only in order to content the prior. Leonardo replied that he was working harder than when he was handling the brush, and that he was puzzling over two heads in the picture, those of Christ and Judas, not finding a type for the second or being able to conceive the first, but that if nothing better provided itself he would make a Judas of the prior.[1]

While living in Milan under the protection of Ludovico he occupied himself during sixteen years with what he considered his great work, the colossal equestrian statue of Duke Francesco I. The clay model is said to have been completed, but when the French came into the city in 1499 they amused themselves by demolishing it. Leonardo is reported to have composed a work on the anatomy of the horse; this is also lost, as well as the wax model of the equestrian group. His desultory habit of mind was made more desultory by poverty during the last days of his Milanese career. Ludovico was able to make but tardy and insufficient provision for him and the Academy he had founded in Ludovico's name. On his return to Florence he heard that the monks of the Convent of the Servi had commissioned Filippino to paint the altarpiece for the high altar of the Annunziata and expressed his desire to be intrusted with such a work, on which Filippino resigned the commission in Leonardo's favor. Of course the monks gladly accepted the substitution, invited the painter to their monastery, and charged themselves with the care of his family. As usual he thought and studied more than he worked, and only after a considerable period of idleness did he produce the cartoon, with which he contented himself, and Filippino painted the picture. His principal work subsequently seems to have been in portraiture, and he did many portraits of women. Of one of these, the "Mona Lisa," portrait of the wife of Francesco del Giocondo, which is the frontispiece of the present number of this magazine, I have no need to speak; it is the best known and probably the best preserved of all Leonardo's finished works. Vasari's description of it, drawn in his usual exaggerated style, will be useful to us in determining the real character of the artist's genius, and it is worth giving in full.

> The eyes had that moisture and sparkle which we see continually in nature, and cannot be rendered without great subtlety. The lashes, showing how the hairs grew in the skin, in one part thicker and in another thinner, and following the curves of the pores, could not be more natural. The nose with its nostrils, pink and tender, seemed to be alive. The mouth with its line of separation, and its extremities united by the red of the lips with the carnations of the face, seemed not color but really flesh. In the dimple of the throat, if you looked carefully, you saw the pulse beat; and in truth one might say that it was painted in a manner to make any artificer fear and tremble, be he who he might. He employed also this artifice, that, Madonna Lisa being most beautiful, he had some one who, while he drew her, sang or made music on some instrument, and buffoons who kept her merry so as to relieve that gravity which painting gives to portraiture; and in this work of Leonardo there was a smile so charming that it was a thing more divine than human to see, and it was held so wonderful a thing that the living person could not be beyond it.

The success of this portrait was such that the city would have some work by the painter, and he was commissioned to paint the council hall, for which he made the cartoon which was in competition with that of Michael Angelo. Both are now lost, but we have a part of Leonardo's in a copy; several engravings also exist, but of uncertain authority. Leonardo, if Vasari is to be believed, began to paint the picture in oil on the wall, and if so,

[1] Giraldi tells us that the head of Judas was finally painted from studies Leonardo made from all the vile and wicked heads he saw during the year he was at work on the picture. This is more probable than that he painted it, as the tradition is, from the prior, as in that case it probably would have been soon effaced.

this is sufficient to explain the destruction of it; for though he understood the use of oils as a vehicle as no one else of his time understood it, no means had yet been invented to make it answer for wall-painting proper. The story of this work, though interesting in the history of art, has no lesson for us. He was interrupted in it by a request from the French governor of Milan that the Seigniory would lend him Leonardo for a time, and he had leave of absence for three months, afterward prolonged, and becoming finally, as is probable, the cause of the total abandonment of the picture, as he became engaged in engineering schemes which indulged his desultoriness and mechanical tendencies, inclinations which seem to have been at all times stronger with him than his love of art. He painted at this time several pictures which have perished from the defects of the method of execution, being experiments in mediums which his researches in chemistry had suggested to him. Being commissioned to paint a picture for the Pope, he began at once to distil oils and essences for the varnishing of it, on which the Pope remarked, with great good sense, "Alas! he will do nothing who thinks of the end of his work before beginning it."

The rivalry between Leonardo and Michael Angelo, which had its origin in the competition for the decoration of the council hall, broke out into so decided antagonism that the former accepted the invitation of the King of France to go to that country and enter into his service. But in the employment of the king the same want of the power of continuous application which had been the cause of the barrenness of his life in all adequate results of his talents made them as fruitless as they had been in Milan and Florence. He was requested to paint a St. Anne, but postponed it, as was his custom, and died, without having executed the commission, on May 2, 1519, at the age of sixty-seven. The story Vasari tells of the painter dying in the arms of the king is, unfortunately for the romance of his life, a fable. It is shown by contemporary records that Da Vinci lived and died at the Château de Cloux, while the king at the time of his death was at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and learned the death of his favorite from Francesco Melzi. Vasari says of him:

> The loss of Leonardo pained beyond expression all who had known him, because there had never been a person who did such honor to painting. He, by the splendor of his manner, which was most beautiful, tranquillized every troubled mind, and by his words bent to his will every obstinate determination. His strength was such that he could control the most violent rage, and his hand twisted the iron ring of a door-knocker or a horseshoe as if it were lead. His generosity took in and fed every friend, poor or rich, so long as he had genius and character. He honored and decorated by every action even an empty and dishonored chamber, on which account Florence had a great gift in the birth of Leonardo, and a loss more than infinite in his death. In the art of painting he added to the method of using color a certain shadow by the use of which his successors have given great force and relief to their figures. . . . From Leonardo we have the anatomy of the horse and that of man much more complete; whence from all his powers we understand that although he worked more in word than in deed his name and reputation will never become extinct.

Of the art of Leonardo we have scarcely enough that is authentic to do more than estimate his powers. The two works by which above all others his reputation is established, the Cenacolo and the Mona Lisa, are so badly retouched that we can hardly do them complete justice; of the former, indeed, we probably have nothing but the composition and general effect. Most of the pictures which have been attributed to him are of more than doubtful authenticity, and are probably either emulations of his manner by his followers or copies of his work made by men more careful of their mediums and manner of working than he; for he seems to have made art more the subject of his theories and experiments than of true artistic devotion. The plain truth concerning Leonardo is that he had of the supreme qualities of the artist only the accuracy of vision, which is his scientific outfit, and the power of concentration, which he used fitfully and rarely. His temperament and mental qualities were purely scientific and his painting was realistic; he had immense executive power, as we see from his drawings, of which many have been preserved, but his imagination ran into mechanism and science exclusively. He was a great engineer and geometrician; his scientific investigations far outran the science of his time, and his intellectual power and fascination were such that he imposed himself on all who knew him as great in all that he had a mind to undertake. It is easy to understand that Michael Angelo should hold his art as mistaken and inferior; but to the general public, to whom the imitation of nature in her material aspect is the only standard of excellence, it is certain that his work was a revelation, and that it must have made his reputation commensurate with his opinion of himself. He was the first great Italian realist, possibly the first who actually attempted to paint the model directly from the life; for this we can suppose from the manner in which the painter is reported to have succeeded in securing the smile which has made the picture of Mona Lisa a unique attainment in the art of its day. A proof of his limitations to the actual representation of what he had be-

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

"THE GOLDSMITH." ATTRIBUTED TO LEONARDO DA VINCI.

fore him is found in the entire want of nature in the background of the few pictures on which we have the right to base conclusions — his distances are fabrications of the studio, with no evidence of his possession of any ideal faculty. On the whole, therefore, I conclude that the greatness of Leonardo's reputation as painter is very largely the reflection of the personal influence he exercised on his contemporaries through his stupendous intellectual power.

The so-called "Book of Painting" of Leonardo da Vinci is simply a collection of precepts which were probably noted down for the instruction of the pupils of that academy of arts which he instituted in Milan, and consists in the main of generalizations and theories which show the tendency of his mind to a positivism in art which excludes the purely poetic conception of it. There are certain precepts, too, as to the study of nature and notation of her phenomena which prove his extraordinary powers of vision and lucidity of apprehension of things seen — both rare faculties, and the combination of which is so rare that a true artistic imagination may be held to be more common. He had a passionate love of nature in all her manifestations, and even in his painting it is not art, but nature, which commands his allegiance; his drawing was the handmaid of his science, and not of the ideal.

A single example of these precepts of which his book is composed will illustrate what I have said. It is headed "Of Imitating Painters," and among all that his book contains it is one of the clearest of his injunctions: "I say to the painters that no one should ever imitate the manner of another, because he would thus be the nephew and not the son of nature; because, the material of nature being so abundant, they ought rather to go to her than to the masters who have only learned from her. And this I say not for those who desire to become rich, but for those who desire by art to acquire fame and honor." This is entirely in the latest vein of modern realism, ignoring the greater truth that art is the result of a long evolution, a secular education in which every successive master has advanced the standard of excellence a little. And with all this he lays down rules which are nothing less than conventional prescriptions; such, for instance, as this: "When you have to draw from nature take your position three times the height of the object distant from it." Of the nearly one thousand rules in this code of laws of art there are many which are astonishing from the evidence they give of his unsurpassable accuracy of perception of the facts of nature, and many which only show the limitation of his views on art, and as a system would have no other result than that of crippling the student who should attempt to obey them. Leonardo da Vinci is the most luminous proof in the history of art that the really scientific and the completely artistic faculty do not coexist in one mind.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE ON THE "ADORATION."

THE unfinished work of Leonardo da Vinci, "The Adoration of the Magi," from which I take the detail, hangs in the large hall of the old masters, the next room to the Tribune of the Uffizi. This is an authenticated picture, and bears the stamp of Leonardo's hand as strong and clear as can be. It is a large work, measuring seven and a half feet square, exclusive of its frame. It is painted on wood, upon a gesso ground in tempera. The ground tints of the picture are merely laid in, and consist of greenish and yellowish tones. The composition is truly magnificent. The Madonna seated is the central object and immediately seizes the attention, while round about her (though at a respectful distance, as though not desiring to approach too near) are distributed the kings and high personages in attitudes of adoration and awe. The Madonna is quite unconscious of it all, and looks down smiling and happy upon the Child. One could not imagine a more graceful attitude or more winning appearance. It thrills me every time I look at it, and the ease of her way of holding the Child is very charming and delightful. The Child, too, appears to me the incarnation of a very high idea. He is receiving the gift of the old king, while with the other hand he appears to be pointing heavenward —a very graceful action, and as though he meant by it that he received the gift in the name of his heavenly Father. The act seems to inspire the old king above with wonder and amazement.

The background is fanciful and fascinating. A tree rises to the left and behind the Madonna. The top of the picture abruptly terminates it. This is well studied and worked up. It mingles its foliage with another, a palm whose spray-like leaves are most minutely and delicately finished up. This is the most finished part of the picture.

To the left is a ruin. A flight of steps ascends above arches and there ends. Graceful figures, outlined, are seated upon them or stand about, losing themselves in nothingness. Through one of the arches to the left a group of horsemen come prancing. Other figures in outline are traced here and there between the colonnades. To the right of the picture a group on horseback are engaged in combat. One holds a standard. They bend towards one another and mingle with other forms and rocks half made out and sketchy, as though reminiscent of his famous cartoon of the "Battle for the Standard."

This "Adoration" by Leonardo as far surpasses anything else of its kind as his famous "Last Supper" does all others in its own line.

T. Cole.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

A DETAIL FROM THE UNFINISHED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI."

COLD CHEER AT CAMP MORTON.

I WAS captured by a squadron of Ohio cavalry on Walden's Ridge, near Chattanooga, October 5, 1863, and was exchanged in front of Richmond, Va., March 1, 1865. When made a prisoner I was a private soldier in Company I of the 4th Alabama Cavalry, known as "Russell's Regiment."

As soon as I was disarmed my captors proceeded to divest me of the slender stock of personal effects I possessed, such as knife, pocketbook, blanket, and oil-cloth. Two comrades taken at the same time were put through a similar process, but as they had surrendered without resistance, they escaped some forcible epithets which were addressed to me by one of our captors, a sergeant. Under the excitement of the moment I think he was excusable, for I had come within an ace of shooting him only a minute before. Nor was there any surprise at being deprived of one's effects, because at this period of the war it was a pretty general practice to consider everything your prisoner had as your property, even to an interchange of clothing when the best of the bargain was on the side of the captor.[1]

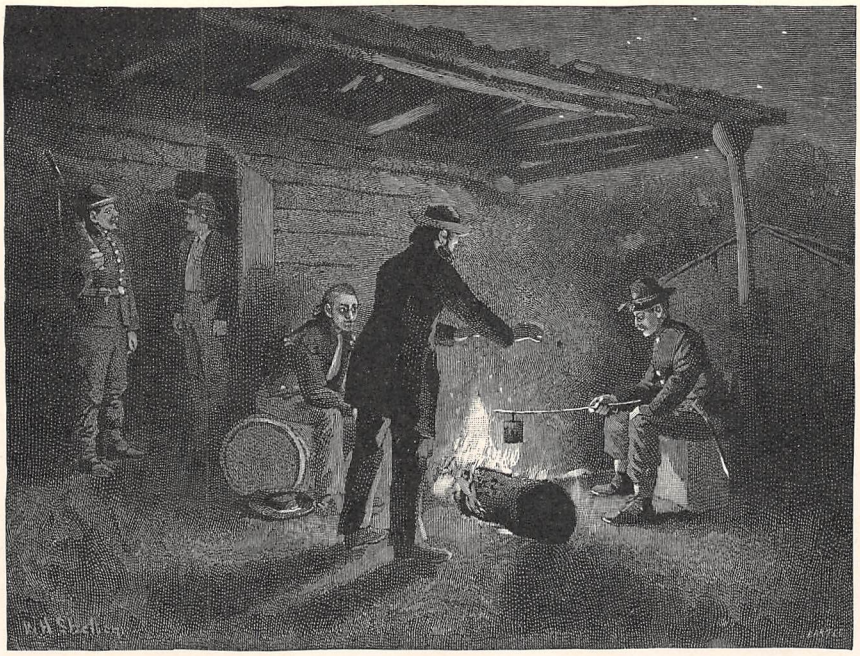
On this occasion, however, we did not exchange clothing, but kept our slim and ragged wardrobe of jacket and trousers, and one change of undergarments. We marched under guard into Sequatchie Valley, where at dusk we were turned over to the 10th Illinois Infantry. By a coincidence, almost strange, the soldiers who stood guard over us this first night of our captivity belonged to a company of which my own cousin was commander — Captain Thomas Smith, of Jacksonville, Ill.

The men of this company treated us with great kindness. They were on very short rations, for we had destroyed their train only three days before, yet they cheerfully and generously divided their slender supply with us. An officer — I was informed that he was adjutant of this regiment — ordered us to be placed in a stable near by where we could be more securely guarded. It was so very dirty that I objected to spending a night in such an atmosphere, and asked him to allow us to sleep in the open air, notwithstanding we were without blankets. My objection was overruled by an argument which was unanswerable. "Young man," he said, "Jesus Christ was born in a stable, and I guess you can stand it for one night." As soon as it was dark one of the three guards detailed to watch us said, "Boys, if you will give us your word of honor that you won't try to get away, you can come out and sit around the fire with us." We did this, and spent the night chatting with these true soldiers until, overcome with fatigue, we fell asleep. Several years after the war, in Jacksonville, Ill., I called upon one of these men to show my appreciation of his treatment of myself and comrades. They were then untried soldiers, having never been engaged in battle, but I was not surprised to hear of their splendid record achieved in the campaign from Missionary Ridge to Atlanta. It was the general verdict in prison that at the front, where the brave men were, a prisoner was treated with the consideration due one man from another. We did not often find such soldiers doing guard duty around a military prison.

On October 7 we started for Stevenson, Ala., going by wagon down Sequatchie Valley. For the greater part of this day we traveled over the road where we had the running fight four days before. For ten or fifteen miles the way, here and there, was obstructed by wagons partly burned, some of them still smoldering. In places detours had to be made to get at a respectful distance from ammunition wagons whose places were readily revealed by the occasional explosion of shells or cartridges. The air was full of the sickening smell of dead animals. With this train of more than two hundred wagons we had captured about one thousand mules and horses, and, not being able to carry them away, had, by orders of our commander, destroyed them.

On this day an amusing incident occurred.

[1] In one instance, which I shall never forget, this enforced swapping was carried to a cruel extreme. After one of our charges at the battle of Chickamauga, in which the Federal cavalry were driven from the field, a number of prisoners were taken, among these an officer who had on a splendid pair of Wellington boots. He had met with a double misfortune in being shot through the foot and captured by a man who had no sympathy for a foe in distress. The Texan asserted his claim by saying, "Take off your boots." The prisoner took the boot from the sound foot and gave it to him, but requested that on account of the wound in the other foot his captor would split the leather so that it might be removed without pain. The only reply was, "I 'll be —— if I spoil that boot"; and he pulled it off *vi et armis*.



CAMP-FIRE PAROLE.

As our wagon stopped for the guard to speak with a group of Federal soldiers one of these addressed me, saying, "Hello, we 've got *you* this time!" I recognized in him a man I had captured three or four days before, under the following circumstances. Having been dismounted in the fight of October 2, and cut off from my command by a squadron of Federal cavalry, which came upon us unexpectedly, I, with three comrades, escaped capture by scrambling up the cliffs of Walden's Ridge. Here we spent the remainder of that day and night, nearly famished for water, the desire for which was not made less extreme by hearing, every time we were awakened, the sound of water rushing over a mill-tail at the foot of the mountain. At daylight we concluded to descend to the mill to get water and try to find something to eat. From the mill I followed a footpath which led up to a double log cabin. It was near sunrise, and as I reached the open door a soldier in blue uniform appeared at another door opposite my position. Covering him with my army six-shooter I requested him to surrender, which he did, seeing he could not reach his gun, which was standing against the fireplace, at one end of the room. After I had secured his Springfield and cartridges, he asked me what I was going to do with him, and informed me that he had taken refuge in this house during the capture of the train. I told him he was free to go where he pleased, said good-by to him, and rejoined my comrades. On the day after this we were taken, and by a strange coincidence my former prisoner and I again met.

We were confined at Stevenson, Ala., for several days, meeting with kind treatment; thence we were taken to Nashville, where we spent several very weary days in the State penitentiary, being forced to associate with a miserable lot of Union deserters, bounty-jumpers, and criminals of various sorts, most of whom had a ball and chain attached to the leg. I was confined in a narrow stone cell which was damp and chilly, and, being without blankets, bedding, or heat, was uncomfortable enough.

By way of Louisville we traveled to Indianapolis, arriving in the prison grounds at Camp Morton about ten o'clock at night, where, no provision having been made for us, we slept, or tried to sleep, through the cold night, in the open air and upon the ground.

During the night I was seized with a violent chill, which lasted for several hours, the prelude to an attack of pneumonia, from the effects of which I did not recover for many years. As soon as it was day a comrade begged the officer in charge that I be taken to the hospital, or given shelter. The few tents used as hospitals were all full, and the answer came back that there was no room, but that I should have the first vacancy. The vacancy occurred, as the hospital steward afterward informed me, at 2 P. M., and I was in the dead man's bed an hour later. I found myself in kind hands, and under the direction of a physician to whom I shall ever be grateful. During my prison life,

"HELLO, WE 'VE GOT *YOU* THIS TIME!"

broken down in health by exposure and hunger, and by this illness, I spent several months in the hospital at Camp Morton, and bear witness to the conscientious attention and kindly treatment accorded to myself and comrades by the physicians and hospital authorities.

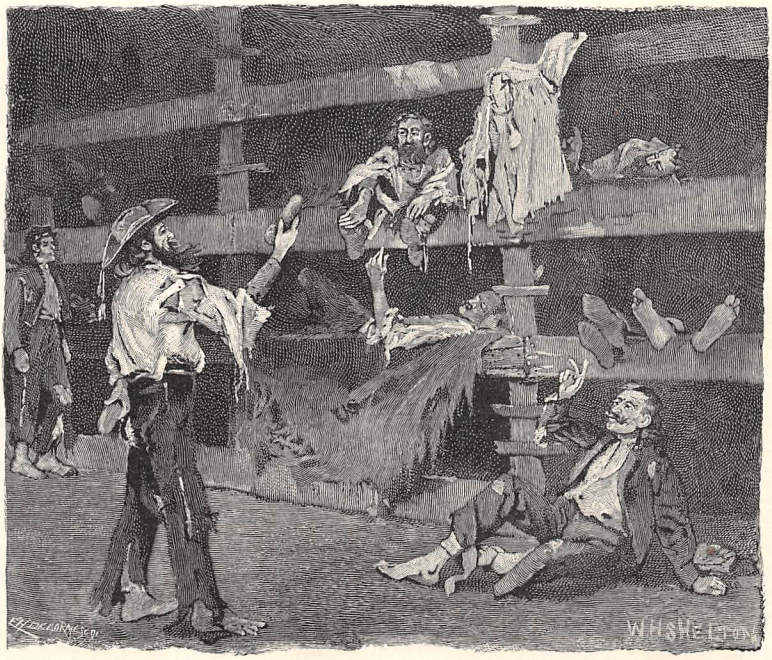
It is true that in 1863, and as late as the summer of 1864, the facilities for treating the sick were wholly inadequate, and many deaths were doubtless due to this failure to provide the necessary quarters; but later on some wooden pavilions with plastered walls and ceilings were erected, and by the fall of 1864 these were increased to a number and capacity equal to all ordinary requirements.

Camp Morton, the military prison, was, in 1863, a plot of ground formerly used as a fair-ground, in shape a parallelogram, containing, as well as I could estimate, about twenty acres of land, inclosed by a plank wall about twenty feet high. In its long axis this plot was bisected by a little rivulet, which the prisoners christened the "Potomac." On each side of this branch the barracks were situated. These barracks had been erected as cattle sheds and stables: they were about twenty feet wide, in height ten feet to the eaves, fifteen feet to the middle of the roof, and eighty feet long. The sides were of weather-boards ten to twelve inches wide, set on end and presumably touching one another, and covered with strips when first put up. When they served as shelter for us, however, the planks had shrunk, and many of the strips had disappeared, leaving wide cracks, through which the winds whistled and the rain and snow beat in upon us. I have often seen my top blanket white with snow when we were hustled out for morning roll-call. The roof was of shingles and did not leak. Along the comb an open space about a foot wide extended the entire length of the shed. The earth served as floor, and the entrance was through a large barn door at each end. Along each side of this shelter, extending seven feet towards the center, were constructed four tiers of bunks, the lowest about one foot from the ground, the second three feet above this, the third three feet higher, while the fourth tier was on a level with the eaves. Upon these long shelves, not partitioned off, the prisoners slept, or lay down, heads to the wall, feet towards the center or passageway. About two feet of space was allotted to each man, making about 320 men housed in each shed. As we had no straw for bedding, and as each man was allowed only one blanket, there was little comfort to be had in our bunks until our miseries were forgotten in sleep. The scarcity of blankets forced us to huddle together in cold weather, usually three in a group, with one blanket between us and the planks, and the other two to cover us with. The custom was to take turns in occupying the middle place; but, on account of my small stature and boyish appearance, I

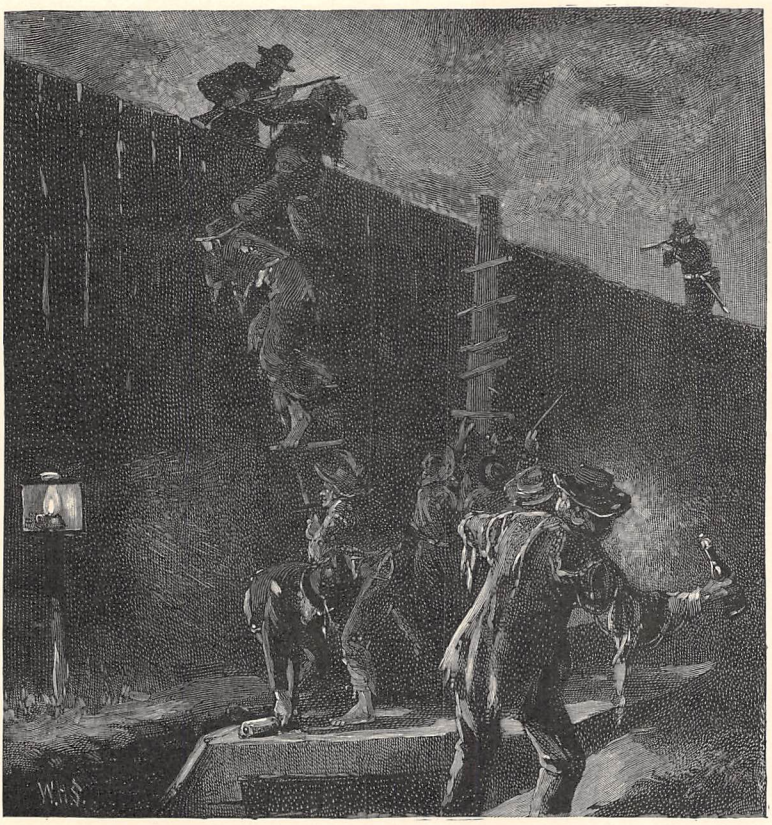
was allowed to sleep in the middle all the time. The only attempt at heating this open shed (Barracks No. 4) was by means of four stoves placed at equal distances along the passageway, and only the strong man who could push or fight his way to the stove, and then have muscle enough to maintain his position, enjoyed the luxury of artificial warmth. Up to Christmas of 1864 I had not felt the heat from the stove. To men the greater number of whom had never been in a cold climate the suffering was intense when with such surroundings the mercury was near zero. A number were frozen to death, and many more perished from disease brought on by exposure, added to their condition of emaciation from lack of food. I counted eighteen bodies carried into the dead-house one morning after an intensely cold night. During these very cold spells it was our habit to sleep in larger groups or "squads," so that by combining blankets and body heat the cold could be better combated. Another practice was, just at sundown, when we were forced to "go to bed," to dip the top blanket in water, wring it out fairly dry, so that, being thus made more impermeable, it would retain the warmth generated by the body. Lots were drawn for position, and woe to the unfortunate end men, who, although captains of the squad for the night, paid dearly for their honors in having to shiver through the weary hours. And yet all this was not without a strong suggestion of the grotesque. The squad or file of men slept "spoon fashion." No one was allowed to rest flat on the back, for this took up too much room for the width of the blankets. The narrower the bulk to be covered, the thicker the blanket on top. At intervals all through these intensely cold nights, above the shivering groans of the unhappy prisoners could be heard the order of the end men, "Boys, spoon!" and, as if on parade, they would flop over upon the other side, to the gratification of one end man and the disgust of the other, whose back by the change was once more turned on a cold world. Of course it was only in the winter months that we had such intense cold, but no one can imagine how long these days and nights seemed unless he has gone through this experience. The two winters I passed in Camp Morton were the worst I have experienced, although I had no means of recording the depths to which the mercury descended.

When the bugle sounded, between daylight and sunrise, we gladly tumbled out for roll-call, for we were tired of our hard berths, in which we were compelled to remain from sunset until daylight. Our toilet, which in winter consisted of putting on our hats (we slept in our shoes and clothes), was soon over, and we were in line to answer to our names. If all were "present, or accounted for," we were soon dismissed, and each man's first move was to get something to eat.

At no period of my imprisonment was the ration issued sufficient to satisfy hunger. It seemed strange that human beings were actually starving to death in a country rich in the necessaries of life, yet I was reduced to such straits that I gladly paid fifteen cents for a single ear of corn, and this in sight of fields of this grain, not worth, outside the prison walls, one dollar a bushel. During the first four or five months of our life at Camp Morton prisoners who could obtain money from friends outside were allowed to purchase certain arti-



SELLING BREAD.



A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

cles from the prison sutler, tickets, worthless except with this man, being issued to the prisoners in return for greenbacks placed to their credit at headquarters. Although the prices paid were outrageously high, we never ceased to regret the order which closed this source of supply.

I know from personal observation that many of my comrades died from starvation. Day after day it was easy to observe the progress of emaciation, until they became so weak that when attacked with an illness which a well-nourished man would easily have resisted and recovered from they rapidly succumbed. One feature of this miserable process of starvation by degrees, far sadder than death itself, was the moral degradation to which many of the prisoners sank. Beings who had proved themselves men in the trials of battle, who had borne reputations for honesty and soldierly conduct, not only practised stealing from their comrades, but so far forgot their manhood as to feed like hogs upon the refuse material thrown into the swill-tubs from the hospital kitchen, and even went farther in degradation than I can describe on this page. I was an active member of a committee whose duty it was forcibly to prevent these men from making hogs of themselves and bringing shame unjustly upon their comrades by such unmanly practices. We even went so far as to inflict bodily chastisement upon several who persisted in feeding on this filthy refuse, and on one occasion we ducked an offender head foremost in the swill-barrel.

The entire ration for one day was not enough for a single meal. The more improvident devoured their scanty loaf of bread as soon as it was issued, and usually the bread came in first. I have often seen great crowds of prisoners watching for the opening of the gate and the arrival of the bread-wagon, shouting piteously, "Bread, bread!" and when it came their shouts would rend the air. The small piece of meat was in like manner eaten when received, and then there was nothing to do but suffer and wait until the next day. The more sensible men restrained their appetites until the entire ration was received, and then divided it into two portions, for a morning and an afternoon meal. The mess to which I belonged was composed of seven men. A ration of meat for the entire mess was received and divided into seven portions, so equally distributed that each member expressed himself as entirely satisfied before lots were drawn. Then, in order to prevent partiality, one member turned his back, and as the chief of the mess touched one portion with, "Who gets this?" the arbiter would call the name of the person to whom it was allotted. There was no appeal from this decision.

As a rule vegetables were not issued to the men directly, a pint of vegetable soup being given instead as soon as morning roll-call was over.

For the last year in Camp Morton, although

I could command all the money I wanted, I could not use it, since I was not allowed to purchase food; and when at last I was exchanged I was so broken down that I could walk only a short distance without resting, and so emaciated that I was not recognized by my mother and sisters when I reached them in their refugee home in Georgia in March, 1865.

Moreover we had no way of letting those ready and willing to send us food know of our wants. Every line written was scanned by the camp post-office department, and a letter containing any suggestion of lack of food, or of maltreatment, was destroyed. For a short time I acted as "camp messenger" at headquarters, and while there I witnessed the method of "going through the mail." The postman would come in from the prison barracks with a pile of unsealed letters collected from the various barracks. These would be placed upon a table in the headquarters building, and several attachés would immediately begin to search them. Many of the letters would contain little pieces of jewelry,—rings, breastpins, etc., made by the prisoners and sent by mail to friends,—and such of these as were suited to the tastes of the searchers were appropriated. On one occasion I saw a clerk take a ring from my own letter, addressed to my uncle, a major in the Union army.

Of course men in such wretched surroundings were always on the alert to escape, and many took desperate, and some fatal, chances to gain their liberty. The prison wall was so high, the sentries so close together, and the approach so well lighted, that an attempt to scale the parapet was virtually inviting death; and yet a number took this risk. In 1863 and early in 1864 there was no ditch between the prison yard and the wall. The wall was about twenty feet high and of smooth surface. The sentries were above and so concealed that only their heads and shoulders could be seen; and at night strong lights with reflectors were so placed that, while the yard was well illuminated, the sentries and walls could with difficulty be distinguished. Later on we were forced to dig a ditch sixteen feet wide and ten feet deep to prevent ourselves from escaping.

The first attempt at escape I witnessed was, I think, in January, 1864. A daring young Texan about twenty years of age, who was captured when I was and had been brought to prison with me, quietly remarked, one evening after we had gone to bed, "Boys, I am going to go over the fence, or die in the attempt. If I am killed, write to my folks and let them know how I died." He took down from his berth, where it had been concealed, a slender ladder, made by tying fragments of planks together with twine and twisted clothing, and started towards the door of the shanty. Despite the snow which was falling, he was able to observe the movements of the sentries just opposite his position, and only about seventy yards distant. As these two guards, having approached each other in their beat, turned their backs and marched away until they were about a hundred and fifty feet apart, he rushed to the wall, placed his ladder against it, and in another moment was over the fence and free. The sentries did not see him, and the ladder was not discovered until daylight. In a few weeks we had a letter which, although not signed by his real name, informed us that he was in Kentucky making his way to "Dixie."

Soon after, encouraged by this success, seven men, about nine o'clock at night, made a rush together to scale the wall. Two were killed, one wounded, and four captured. These four brave fellows were tied up, their backs to a tree, the rope lashed to the wrists and arms at full length above their heads, all through the remainder of the night. I saw them taken down the next morning in a most pitiable condition of exhaustion, their hands blue with stagnated blood, and showing deep furrows where the rope had buried itself in the skin of the arms and wrists.

But this disaster did not deter other efforts, even after the great ditch was made. One of the most daring and successful attempts followed. Between thirty and forty picked men quietly organized themselves, selected their leaders, and agreed upon a plan. Ladders were hastily constructed by splicing bits of plank, taken from the berths, with strips of blankets and clothing. Armed with stones, pieces of wood, and bottles filled with water, just as the bugle sounded to bed, and before the patrol had reached the prison yard, they rushed in a solid body towards the fence, overturned a privy-shed into the ditch, which filled it and served as a bridge, over which they swarmed, and placed their ladders against the fence, while some pelted the sentries with stones. One gun was fired without effect, and one cap exploded without igniting the charge. The guards ran away, and the entire assaulting party gained the outside. Some few were recaptured the next day, but the majority reached Canada or the South.

Other methods of running the gantlet were tried by the detail composed of prisoners selected to accompany the garbage wagons to some distant point outside the walls, where they were unloaded. On one of these occasions five prisoners, at a preconcerted signal, seized the two guards, disarmed them, and escaped. At another time one member of the detail broke away and was killed. On one occasion two men who did not attempt to escape were mortally wounded by a ball fired

by a guard from behind, the assassin doing his work so well that the same ball passed through both bodies. I staid by one of these men as he was dying and heard him solemnly assert, in the presence of death, that he had made no attempt to escape, and that he and his comrade had been deliberately murdered. On several occasions shots were fired into the barracks at night. In Barracks No. 7 a prisoner was severely wounded while asleep, and in the "Louisiana" barracks a Creole while sound asleep was shot through the pelvis. He died in the same ward in the hospital where I was ill. The depth of the ditch around the prison made tunneling exceedingly difficult and laborious. I think only one successful escape was made in this manner, and this was followed by a cowardly murder. On the night of its completion several prisoners escaped. The next night others, foolishly hoping the outlet had not been discovered, essayed the same route, and as the leader stuck his head out, the guard, standing at the hole, placed a gun against his head and blew the unfortunate man's brains out. Those behind him in the tunnel lost no time in crawfishing back into the prison.

I was interested in two tunnels, one of which had to be abandoned on account of filling with water. The other was completed, but on the day preceding the night we were to cut it through on the outside an informer laid our scheme open to the guards, and received the usual reward for such conduct in being taken within the protection of headquarters and receiving comfortable quarters and plenty of food.

During the summer of 1864 the barracks became so crowded by the influx of new prisoners ("fresh fish") that several rows of tents were placed between Barracks No. 4 and the fence. Our long tunnel was begun in one of these, about two hundred feet from the prison wall, the opening being covered over with blankets. There were sixteen men in the secret, and they worked in regular details. A shaft about ten feet deep was sunk, and two feet from the bottom of this the tunnel started, running level with the surface of the ground until the ditch was reached, where it dipped down to avoid opening into this. One man worked in the tunnel, cutting the loose earth with a case-knife and then using his hands to fill a sack at his side. This sack was attached to the middle of a cord, and when full a slight pull on the string was the signal for the man at the opening to haul the bag out. This was emptied, and the digger would pull in his end of the string until the sack was again at his side. On account of frequent inspection by the patrol, it was impossible to conceal any large quantity of fresh earth, and it became necessary to dispose of it every day. Whenever the picket on duty signaled that the patrol was approaching, blankets were thrown over the loose earth and the orifice of the tunnel, and the men would lie down upon these, either feigning to be asleep or innocently playing cards. Towards sunset, and just before we were corraled for the night, the earth was disposed of in the following manner. Each man would tuck his trousers into the legs of his socks, then fill the trousers from above with as much loose earth as he could waddle with, button his breeches up, and make for the "Potomac." Across this useful little branch planks were placed, over which we passed, to visit the various barracks on the other side. When a dirt-carrier reached the middle of the plank unobserved he would give his trousers legs a sudden pull upwards, thus disengaging these from the stockings, allowing the dirt to dump itself into the little stream, the rapid current of which soon obliterated all traces of his offense. Of course this was slow work. We began in June and it was September before we were ready to cut through. On this day our Judas Iscariot was not wanting. Early in the morning we missed one of our party. Upon searching for him he was found within the guard lines at headquarters, where he remained to the end of the war. The experience of the other tunnel, which was so fatal to the poor fellow who tried to escape, was not forgotten, for we knew they were ready for us on the outside. Fortunately for us we were not punished.

But worse than death, or the dangers incurred by efforts at escape, or even than the slow process of starvation, from which we were suffering, were the unnecessary and cruel indignities to which prisoners were often subjected. I speak only of those acts of which I was personally cognizant, and of course these form but a small proportion.

The non-commissioned officers in charge of the prison patrol were chiefly to blame. I saw one Baker (every prisoner at Camp Morton, up to the time of this cruel man's death, will recall the name) shoot a prisoner for leaving the ranks — after roll-call was ended, but before "Break ranks" was commanded — to warm himself at a fire only a few feet distant from the line. He did not even order the man back to the ranks, but calmly drew his pistol, saying with profanity, "I 'll show you how to leave ranks before you are dismissed," and deliberately shot him.

For no offense, other than his handsome and soldierly bearing, a prisoner (Scott) of the famous Black Horse Cavalry was by this same Baker and his patrol brutally maltreated and beaten, his hair forcibly clipped off, the tail of his coat cut or torn away, his hands tied behind his back, and himself kept at "marking

time" for several hours to the great amusement of his tormentors. I knew Scott well, and witnessed this attempt at his humiliation.

On various occasions I saw prisoners beaten with sticks for no other provocation than that they would not move quickly to get out of the way, or cease talking when an officer or one of the patrol was passing. On one such occasion an officer seized a stick of fire-wood and knocked down two men, striking them on the head and leaving them unconscious.

At night, whether winter or summer, no prisoner, when obliged to go to the sink, which was more than one hundred yards distant, was permitted to wear a full suit of clothes. He must leave trousers or coat behind. Two men from my barracks on one intensely cold night infringed upon this rule, trying to protect themselves by putting on coat and trousers. They were detected, and while the patrol sheltered themselves by the barracks, these poor fellows were compelled to mark time in the deep snow for more than an hour. One of these men was frost-bitten, and lost both feet from gangrene as the result of this exposure. He was one of the first draft of five hundred invalids sent for exchange in February, 1865, and died from the effects of this inhuman punishment on the train just west of Cumberland, Maryland, on the way to Baltimore and Aiken's Landing. I helped to bury him at a point on the Baltimore and Ohio road where our train was delayed for several hours. It was a favorite sport to beat prisoners, going to and from the sinks at night, with their heavy rubber cloths rolled up like a club.

Such cruelties practised upon helpless men go to prove that the true soldiers were mostly at the front, for none but a coward would maltreat a prisoner, though an enemy.

With little to do, except to try to get something to eat, and keep from being eaten by vermin, the hours and days were necessarily long and weary. Men rarely talked of any subjects to the exclusion of a "square meal," and the hope of an exchange, which meant—home. All the rats which could be caught were eaten, and woe to the dog which ventured on our territory. One fat canine was captured by my messmates and was considered a "feast." It was boiled and then baked. I was invited to the "dinner," and although the scent of the cooking meat was tempting I could not so far overcome my repugnance to this animal, as an article of diet, as to taste it. Those who ate it expressed themselves as delighted.[1]

Work for each other, barter or trade, all meant a bit of bread or a piece of tobacco. The staples of prison commerce were bread, crackers, bones, and bone butter. The only currency was tobacco, which it is scarcely necessary to state was never issued to prisoners. Those of us who had money to our credit at headquarters got sutler's tickets for it, with which we bought little black plugs of tobacco and traded these for bits of bread and other food with those who preferred to go without something to eat for tobacco to chew and smoke. In fair weather there was a regular market-place where the dealers kept their stands. The unit of currency was a chew (pronounced "chaw") of tobacco, cut about one inch square and a quarter of an inch thick. A loaf of bread about three and a half inches wide and deep by seven inches long was known as a "duffer," a cracker as "hardtack." The oil and marrow of beef bones, which were carefully split into fine particles and boiled, formed a luxury called "bone butter."

When the weather was inclement, and we were huddled in our crowded and miserable berths, the peddlers would stalk through the barracks with their small stock of groceries. "Who 'll give a cracker for a chaw of tobacco?" A response would come, "I 'll give you half a cracker for a chaw." If a trade was struck the parties met, and while one measured the size of the "chaw" to see if it was of standard gage, the other devoted his attention to the inspection of the hardtack.

"Twelve chaws for half a duffer," would be shouted by one tradesman; "Thirteen chaws," by a second; and so on until the highest bidder would get the half-loaf of bread.

The great prison luxury was bone butter, and it took a good many "chaws" to get the regu-

[1] By an order dated June 1, 1864, the daily ration for Northern prisons was fixed as follows: Pork or bacon, 10 ounces (or fresh beef, 14 ounces); flour or soft bread, 16 ounces (or 14 ounces of hard bread, or 16 ounces of corn meal). To every 100 rations: beans or peas, 12½ pounds; rice or hominy, 8 pounds; soap, 4 pounds; vinegar, 3 quarts; salt, 3¾ pounds; potatoes, 15 pounds. Every other day the sick and wounded were to have 12 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds of ground or 7 pounds of green coffee (or one pound of tea) to every 100 rations. The difference between the cost of the above rations and the regular rations of Union troops in the field was credited to a "prison fund" for the purchase of articles "necessary to the health and proper condition of the prisoners." The cost of the regular ration to prisoners was estimated at 13.63 cents; to prisoners employed on public works, 20.31 cents; to Union troops, 26.24 cents. The above exhibits the cheapest ration, which was under the order of June 1, 1864; between that date and April 20, 1864, the regular ration to prisoners had cost 16.48 cents; and on January 13, 1865, though the hard bread ration was reduced 4 ounces, the cost was raised to 16.81 cents.—EDITOR.

It would be interesting to discover how many times the contract to feed the prisoners at Camp Morton was sublet. I have no doubt the government intended to issue to each prisoner the regulation prison ration above given as official, but I know it never was received. I believe (in fact I heard while there) that it dwindled away under the contract system.—J. A. W.

lation slice of this delicacy. When beef was issued the men who fell heir to the large joint bones were deemed lucky, although there was only a small quantity of meat attached. The flesh was usually scraped off, cooked, and eaten. The bone was then split into very small pieces, put into a kettle, and boiled until all the fat was driven out and the water evaporated. The residue was filtered through a piece of cloth to separate the fragments of bone, poured into a plate, and allowed to harden. It was then ready to be eaten. I would not care to try Camp Morton bone butter now, but twenty-five years ago it had a taste more delicious than the best Berkshire butter found in our New York markets.

The chief struggle, as I have said, was for subsistence. The second in order was to keep fairly rid of vermin. Crowded as we were, in close personal contact with all sorts and conditions of men, many of whom did not have a change of clothing, with no place to bathe in except the open air, and this for months in a very cold atmosphere, and with slim accommodations for boiling our apparel, it is not to be wondered at that all were infested with parasites. On a number of occasions our committee forced those who were negligent in cleanliness to strip and boil their clothes, and would clip the hair from the heads of others who would not keep themselves clean of head-lice. After a few weeks of prison life many of the better class of prisoners in our barracks (I answered to roll-call in No. 7, but slept in No. 4) banded together and bought the upper berths of one side of the shanty, but even with this precaution we were not wholly rid of vermin. Our association soon excited comment, not always free from envy, and we were known as the "top-bunk aristocracy." One of our "top-bunkers" is now a United States senator.

In February, 1865, our hearts were gladdened with the assurance that a cartel had been agreed upon and a draft of five hundred prisoners was ordered for exchange. The selection was chiefly from those disabled by wounds or sickness, and I fell in with this number. We came by rail to Baltimore, and by steamer to Aiken's Landing on the James River, thence on foot to Richmond. With what a yell did we welcome liberty when our guards in blue turned back and we rushed over the breastworks and were once more among our own "boys." I reëntered the army early in April, and was with the command surrendered to General J. H. Wilson at the capture of Macon, Georgia, but succeeded in escaping. Two days later, while trudging on foot over the Southwestern Railroad, I met a man who inquired of me if it was true that the Yankees were in Macon. I at once recognized by his accent that he was a Northerner, and upon my inquiry as to his command he became confused and evidently agitated. As Andersonville was only a few miles off, I was convinced that he was an escaped Union prisoner, and upon so expressing myself he broke down completely, saying, "For God's sake don't take me back to that place." I had taken my life in my own hands just two days before rather than go back to Camp Morton, and I could appreciate this poor fellow's agony. He went with me to a house near by where he signed a parole and made oath on a Bible that he would not "take up arms against the Southern Confederacy until regularly exchanged as a prisoner of war." I shared my slender stock of rations and Confederate money (more money than rations) with him, told him Wilson was in Macon, and if suspected and arrested to show his parole for protection. He was by turns the most scared, most surprised, and most grateful human being I ever met.

I have waited to publish this unhappy experience until a quarter of a century has elapsed since it happened. The Southern side of prison life has not yet been fully written. The reputation of the South has suffered not only because the terrible trials of Northern prisoners in Southern prisons have been so fully exploited, but because the truth of the Confederates' prison experience has not been given to the world. My comrades died by the hundreds amid healthful surroundings, almost all of these from the effects of starvation, and this in the midst of plenty. The official records show that at Camp Morton 12,082 prisoners were confined, of which number 1763, or 14.6 per cent., perished. Excepting the few shot by the guards, the deaths from wounds were rare. The conditions were not malarial, for Indianapolis was not unhealthy. There were no epidemics during my imprisonment of about fifteen months, and little cause for death had humane and reasonable care of the prisoners been exercised.[1]

John A. Wyeth, M. D.

267 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

[1] According to the latest estimates of the War Records Office the prisoners, North and South, who died in captivity are estimated as follows:

U. S. prisoners confined by the Confederacy	196,713
" " died in " "	30,212
Percentage of deaths	15.3
Confederate prisoners confined by the U. S.	227,570
" " died in " "	26,774
Percentage of deaths	11.7

The above figures represent the number of prisoners captured and confined on each side. The total number of Federal prisoners captured was 213,381, of whom 16,668 were paroled on the field; the total number of Confederates captured was 476,169, of whom 248,599 were paroled on the field.—EDITOR.

EARLY INTERCOURSE OF THE WORDSWORTHS AND DE QUINCEY.

BY DE QUINCEY'S BIOGRAPHER.

WITH HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

DE QUINCEY, it will be remembered, tells us that he owed to the reading of the "Lyrical Ballads," and especially to the study of the "Ancient Mariner," the unfolding of his mind. His early instructive preconception in favor of English literature over that of the ancients—familiar as he was with that—was confirmed by his youthful devotion to Wordsworth and Coleridge. The "Lyrical Ballads" were published in 1798, and De Quincey, we learn, read them in the following year, while still only a mere schoolboy. His admiration for the two great poets henceforth amounted to a passion. He was on the outlook for everything, however trifling, from their hands. Nor did he, in spite of the peculiarity of his circumstances in some of the immediately succeeding years, miss much. His pilgrimages to the places most closely associated with the poets are well known; his anonymous gift of a considerable slice of his patrimony, through Joseph Cottle of Bristol, to Coleridge, to enable him comfortably to complete the work on which he was understood to be then engaged, suffices to attest De Quincey's sincerity and his firm belief in their greatness, and their power to give to English literature contributions in which future generations would find delight and profit. And all this on the part of a schoolboy, while as yet, in influential quarters, Wordsworth and Coleridge were only tabooed and laughed at. His first journey to Wordsworth's neighborhood, with the intention of calling on the poet, and then his retreat in an access of shyness and self-distrust, he has himself described in characteristic style in his "Autobiographic Sketches" and elsewhere.

His determination to devote all his powers to awaken the public to the value and significance of the protest of the authors of the "Lyrical Ballads" against eighteenth-century artificiality, and the return of the authors to simplicity, nature, and reality, speaks for his self-denial as well as for his insight: for, in these days, little profit or even fame seemed to lie in that direction. So little encouragement did he get for his attempted poetic proselytism at Oxford that he came at last to cease speaking of poetry altogether to anybody; and even from friends and those who might have been regarded as in some degree sympathetic he met with unexpected rebuffs. In the notes of De Quincey's "Conversations" by Richard Woodhouse, which Dr. R. Garnett was privileged recently to give to the public,[1] we find the following under date of September 28, 1821:

> The Opium-Eater was formerly (and he is still) a great admirer of Wordsworth. So much was he so, that he would not even bring himself to mention his name in Oxford, for fear of having to encounter ridiculous observations or jeering abuse of his favorite, who was laughed at by most of the Oxonians. Of this he felt himself so impatient that he forbore even to speak upon the subject. Meeting one time with Charles Lamb, who, he understood, had praised Wordsworth's poetry, he was induced to mention the poet's name, and to speak of him in high terms. Lamb gave him praise, but rather more qualified than the Opium-Eater expected, who spoke with much warmth on the subject, and complained that Lamb did not do Wordsworth justice; upon which Lamb, in his dry, facetious way, remarked, "If we are to talk in this strain, we ought to have said grace before we began our conversation." This observation so annoyed the Opium-Eater that he instantly left the room, and has never seen Lamb since.
>
> "This anecdote," said Hessey, "the Opium-Eater told me himself, along with some others of a similar tenor, in exemplification of points in his own character. He told it with much humor, and was quite sensible how ridiculous his conduct was; and he will be glad to see Lamb again, who, he supposes, will have long since forgotten or forgiven the circumstance."

But it is evident that as regards his Wordsworth propaganda, De Quincey soon learned to some extent to combine the harmlessness of the dove with the cunning of the serpent, and carefully to diagnose and discriminate those with whom he was brought into contact, before unveiling his idol.

So great was Wordsworth's influence that

1 "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," with notes, etc. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

no doubt it determined the spirit of some of De Quincey's earlier writings. The following may be regarded as supporting this view:

> We talked about his (De Quincey's) articles on Pope, Shakspere, and Goethe, in the seventh edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." On my telling him how much pleased I had been to find my own preconceived notions of Goethe confirmed by his high authority and by the good reasons he gave for such an opinion, he went pretty fully into the whole question of the nature of Goethe's genius. Among other things he mentioned that Wordsworth, who was apt to take extreme opinions upon such subjects, regarded Goethe as little better than a quack. Wordsworth, he said, never read books, but somehow or other "Wilhelm Meister" had fallen in his way, and he had gone through it, till he came to the scene where the hero, in his mistress's bedroom, becomes sentimental over her dirty towels, etc., which struck him with such disgust that he flung the book out of his hand, would never look at it again, and declared that surely no English lady would ever read such a work.

This is the very spirit of De Quincey's review of "Wilhelm Meister" which so disconcerted Carlyle when he read it in that bookseller's shop.

But assuredly De Quincey because of discouragements did not cease to work vigorously for the cause he had espoused. His earlier writings are studded with striking quotations from Wordsworth; their authorship veiled, that prejudice might be, in some degree, disarmed. Such services to literature would entitle a man to great indulgence even if afterward he did fall into what some would call personalities and ill-judged revelations in relation to one of those concerned. If De Quincey *needs* that indulgence, his friends may boldly claim it for him; and in estimating justly his later unfortunate relations to Wordsworth the earlier intercourse should be, in our opinion, clearly borne in mind to relieve and brighten it. It was his loyal reverence for Wordsworth and admiration of his poetic genius that first led him to the Lakes, and afterward drew him to settle there; and Wordsworth at the time regarded him with exceptional affection and feelings of gratitude. He had written to Wordsworth as early as July, 1803, while he was residing with his mother at The Priory, Chester, after his sad time in Greek street, Soho, and his reconciliation with her friends, and just before he proceeded to Worcester College, Oxford. Wordsworth at once replied at considerable length, although he was on the eve of that memorable tour in Scotland with his sister and Coleridge — a tour all the details of which have been fortunately preserved for us in Miss Wordsworth's journals, which the late laborious and sympathetic Principal Shairp presented to the public, very carefully edited and annotated, some years ago. We are enabled to give in full that remarkable letter, heretofore unpublished.

"GRASMERE, NEAR KENDAL,
"WESTMORELAND, July 29, 1803.

"DEAR SIR: The very unreasonable value which you set upon my writings, compared with those of others, gave me great concern. You are young and ingenuous, and I wrote with a hope of pleasing the young, the ingenuous, and the unworldly above all others; but sorry indeed should I be to stand in the way of the proper influence of other writers. You will know that I allude to the great names of past times, and above all to those of our own country. I have taken the liberty of saying this much to hasten on the time when you will value my poems not less, but those of others more. That time, I know, would come of itself, and may come sooner for what I have said, which at all events I am sure you cannot take ill.

"How many things are there in a man's character of which his writings, however miscellaneous or voluminous, will give no idea! How many thousand things which go to making up the value of a practical moral man, concerning not one of which any conclusion can be drawn from what he says of himself or others in the world's ear! You probably would never guess from anything you know of me that I am the most lazy and impatient letter-writer in the world. You will perhaps have observed that the first two or three lines of this sheet are in a tolerably fair legible hand, and now every letter from A to Z is in complete rout, one upon the heels of the other. Indeed, so difficult do I find it to master this ill habit of idleness and impatience, that I have long ceased to write any letters but upon business. In justice to myself and you, I have found myself obliged to mention this, lest you should think me unkind if you found me a slovenly and sluggish correspondent.

"I am going with my friend Coleridge and my sister upon a tour into Scotland for six weeks or two months. This will prevent me from hearing from you as soon as I could wish, as most likely we shall set off in a few days. If, however, you write immediately, I may have the pleasure of receiving your letter before our departure; if we are gone, I shall order it to be sent after me. I need not add that it will give me great pleasure to see you at Grasmere if you should ever come this way.

"I have just looked over what I have written. I find that towards the conclusion I have been in a most unwarrantable hurry; espe-

cially in what I have said about our seeing you here. I seem to have expressed myself absolutely with coldness. This is not my feeling, I assure you. I shall indeed be happy to see you at Grasmere if you ever find it convenient to visit this delightful country. You speak of yourself as being very young, and therefore may have many engagements of great importance with respect to your worldly concerns and future happiness in life. Do not neglect these on any account; but if, consistent with these, and your other duties, you could find time to visit this country, which is no great distance from your present residence, I should, I repeat it, be very happy to see you.

"Believe me to be, dear sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"WILLIAM WORDSWORTH."

Surely this is in every way characteristic. The reserve, which suggests slowness to receive praise, as well as the desire to appreciate it fairly; the fear lest excess of admiration for his writings should produce one-sidedness, and lead to disregard of the merits of others on the part of his young correspondent; the severe sense of duty to which all else is to be subordinated; and the honest, friendly mentorship not unbeseemingly assumed towards one so young—all bespeak the author of "The Excursion." De Quincey, it is evident, wrote on receipt of this letter a reply, which did catch Wordsworth before he left for Scotland. In it the poet had been informed of De Quincey's early entry on life at Oxford—a fact which, as will be seen from the next letter, dwelt on his mind. On his return home Wordsworth wrote again.

It will be admitted that this letter is a somewhat singular one from a man who had absolved himself from writing any save "business letters"; clearly showing that he regarded his correspondent as an exceptional person.

"GRASMERE, March 8, 1804.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your last amiable letter ought to have received a far earlier answer. I have been indeed highly culpable in my procrastination. It arrived just before we set off on our Scotch tour, and I am so sadly dilatory in matters of this kind, that unless I reply to a letter immediately, I am apt to defer it till the thought becomes painful, taking the shape of a duty rather than a pleasure, and then Heaven knows when I may set myself to rights again by doing what I ought to do. While I am on this subject I must, however, say, what you will be sorry to hear, that I have a kind of derangement in my stomach and digestive organs which makes writing painful to me, and, indeed, almost prevents me from holding correspondence with anybody; and this (I mean to say the unpleasant feelings which I have connected with the act of holding a pen) has been the chief cause of my long silence.

"Your last letter gave me great pleasure; it was indeed a very amiable one, and I was highly gratified in the thought of being so endeared to you by the mere effect of my writings. I am afraid you may have been hurt at not hearing from me, and may have construed my silence into neglect or inattention. I mean in the ordinary sense of the word. I assure you this has by no means been the case; I have thought of you very often, and with great interest, and wished to hear from you again, which I hope I should have done had you not, perhaps, been apprehensive that your letter might be an intrusion. I should have been very glad to hear from you, and another letter might have roused me to discharge sooner the duty which I had shoved aside.

"We had a most delightful tour of six weeks in Scotland: our pleasure, however, was not a little dashed by the necessity under which Mr. Coleridge found himself of leaving us, at the end of something more than [a] fortnight, from ill health; and a dread of the rains (his complaint being rheumatics) which then, after a long drought, appeared to be setting in. The weather, however, on the whole, was excellent, and we were amply repaid for our pains.

"As most likely you will make the tour of the Highlands some time or other, do not fail to let me know beforehand, and I will tell you what we thought most worth seeing, as far as we went. Our tour, though most delightful, was very imperfect, being nothing more than what is called the short tour, with considerable deviations. We left Loch Ness, the Falls of Foyers, etc., etc., unvisited.

"By this time I conclude you have taken up your abode at Oxford. I hope this letter, though sent at random partly, will be forwarded, and that it will find you. I am anxious to hear how far you are satisfied with yourself at Oxford; and, above all, that you have not been seduced into unworthy pleasures or pursuits. The state of both the universities is, I believe, much better than formerly in respect of the morals and manners of the students. I know that Cambridge has greatly improved since the time when I was there, which is about thirteen years ago. The manners of the young men were very frantic and dissolute at that time; and Oxford was no better or worse. I need not say to you that there is no true dignity but in virtue and temperance, and, let me add, chastity, and that the best safeguard of all these is the cultivation of pure pleasures—namely, those of the intellect and affections. I have much anxiety on this head, from a sincere concern in your welfare, and the melancholy retrospect which

forces itself upon one of the number of men of genius who have fallen beneath the evils that beset them. I do not mean to preach; I speak in simplicity and tender apprehension, as one lover of nature and of virtue speaking to another. Do not on any account fail to tell me whether you are satisfied with yourself since your migration to Oxford; if not, do your duty to yourself immediately; love nature and books; seek them, and you will be happy; for virtuous friendship, and love, and knowledge of mankind must inevitably accompany these, all things thus repeating their influence in their due season. I am now writing a poem on my own earlier life. I have just finished that part in which I speak of my residence at the university. It would give me great pleasure to read this work to you at this time, as I am sure from the interest you have taken in the L. B. that it would please you, and might also be of service to you.

"The poem will not be published these many years, and never during my lifetime till I have finished a larger and more important work to which it is tributary. Of this larger work I have written one book and several scattered fragments. It is a moral and philosophical poem; the subject, whatever I find most interesting in nature, man, and society; and most adapted to poetic illustration. To this work I mean to devote the prime of my life and the chief force of my mind. I have also arranged the plan of a narrative poem. And if I live to finish these three principal works, I shall be content. That on my own life, the least important of the three, is better than half completed — *viz.:* four books, amounting to about two thousand five hundred lines. They are all to be in blank verse. I have taken the liberty of saying this much of my own concerns to you, not doubting that it would interest you. You have as yet had but little knowledge of me, but as a poet's friend, I hope, if we live, we shall be still more nearly united.

"I cannot forbear mentioning to you the way in which a wretched creature of the name of Peter Basley has lately treated the author of your favorite book, the 'Lyrical Ballads.' After pillaging them in a style of plagiarism I believe unexampled in the history of modern literature, the wretch has had the baseness to write a long poem in ridicule of them, chiefly of the 'Idiot Boy,' and, not content with this, in a note annexed to the same poem, has spoken of me *by name* as the *simplest*—*i. e.*, the most contemptible — of all poets. The complicated baseness of this (for the plagiarisms are absolutely wholesale) grieved me to the heart for the sake of poor human nature; that anybody could combine (as this man in some way or other must have done) an admiration and love of these poems with moral feelings so detestable hurt me beyond measure. If the unhappy creature's volume should ever fall in your way, you will find the plagiarism chiefly in two poems, one entitled 'Evening in the Vale of Testeway,' which is a wretched parody throughout of the 'Tintern Abbey,' and the other the 'Ivy Hut,' also on the 'Truest Fay,' and some others.

"I must now conclude, not omitting, however, to say that Mr. Coleridge and my sister were much pleased with your kind remembrances of them, which my sister begs me to return. Mr. C. is at present in London, sorry I am to say on account of the very bad health under which he labors. Believe me to be, dear sir,

"Your very affectionate friend,
"W. WORDSWORTH.

"P. S.— Do not fail to write to me as soon as you can find time."

A careful scrutiny of the catalogues of the British Museum Library in the hope of finding Peter Basley's volume was unsuccessful, and especially disappointing inasmuch as excerpts could no doubt have been gleaned from it, amusing and instructive in several ways.

It will be admitted, we think, by every reader whose opinion is worth anything, that the disappearance of this last letter of Wordsworth's or the withholding it from the public would be nothing short of a great general loss. And this not only on account of the lofty morality and the tender concern it shows for the welfare of the young men of the day, but for the expression it gives of what is most distinctive and characteristic of Wordsworth — his sobriety, his economy, his reserve of sympathy, and his calm wisdom.

In the end of 1807 De Quincey met Coleridge at the Hot Wells, Bristol, and learned from him that, owing to his having to lecture at the Royal Institution in the coming winter, he was in some difficulty in finding an escort for his wife and children to the North, where they were to visit Wordsworth, and be taken in charge by Southey. De Quincey agreed to be their escort.

Mrs. Coleridge was accompanied by her two sons, Hartley, aged nine, and Derwent, about seven; and her beautiful little daughter Sara, about five.

They safely reached Grasmere in about the usual time demanded for such stages in those days. De Quincey says that when at some distance he saw the cottage and recognized it as that of which he had previously gained a glimpse from Hammerscar, on the opposite side of the lake, he was seized with something

of the old panic, which did not quite leave him till he was involved in the bustle of helping Mrs. Coleridge and the children out of the carriage and advancing to the door to intimate their arrival.

> Never before or since [he confesses] can I reproach myself with having trembled at the approaching presence of any creature born of woman, excepting, only for once or twice in my life, woman herself. But through the little gate I pressed forward; ten steps beyond it lay the principal door of the house. To this, no longer clearly conscious of my feelings, I passed on rapidly; I heard a step, a voice, and like a flash of lightning I saw the figure emerge of a tallish man, who held out his hand with the most cordial expressions of welcome.

And so Wordsworth passed him to advance and receive Mrs. Coleridge, and he had time to observe the quaint beauty and simplicity of the cottage, with its diamond-paned window, and its shrubberies, and profusion of roses, before he was ushered into the family parlor—somewhat dark through the luxuriance of vegetation, but not so dark as to prevent his seeing two ladies, who had just apparently entered it. One of these was Miss Wordsworth, the only sister of the poet, who in many ways owed so much to her. She is thus described by De Quincey:

> Her face was of Egyptian brown—rarely in a woman of English birth had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. The eyes were not soft, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling and hurried in their nature. Her manner was warm, even ardent, her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irresistible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked, in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age and her maidenly condition (for she had rejected all offers of marriage out of pure sisterly regard to her brother and his children), gave to her whole demeanor and to her conversation an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was sometimes distressing to witness.

On the third morning after their arrival in Grasmere De Quincey found all the family prepared for an expedition across the mountains. A common farmer's cart was brought to the door. "Such a vehicle I had never seen used for such a purpose," says De Quincey, "but what was good enough for the Wordsworths was good enough for me; and, accordingly, we were all carted to the little town or large village of Ambleside—three and a half miles distant. Our style of traveling occasioned no astonishment; on the contrary, we met a smiling salutation wherever we appeared—Miss Wordsworth being, as I observed, the person most familiarly known of our party, and the one who took upon herself the whole expense of the flying colloquies exchanged with stragglers on the road."

It may be well to remind the reader that Dorothy Wordsworth was nearly two years younger than the poet, the only girl in a family of five. Her mother died when she was little more than six years old, and the children were separated. Dorothy did not permanently rejoin William till she was four-and-twenty. She kept house for him in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, and afterward at the Lakes, remaining after Wordsworth married, and on till the end of her life. Wordsworth said that he "did not believe her tenderness of heart was ever surpassed by any of God's creatures, her loving-kindness had no bounds." Her genius was so remarkable that no estimate can be formed of her share in the work of William. He fully recognized it.

> She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
> And humble cares, and delicate fears;
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and thought, and joy.

De Quincey spent the latter portion of the year 1808 at Oxford, and towards its close returned to Grasmere. He remained as a guest under Wordsworth's roof at Allan Bank (for this was before the days of the more stately Rydal Mount, now so associated with the memory of the poet) for some months, and then returned to London, with a view to keeping terms at the Middle Temple in order to pass for the bar. This plan does not seem to have entered so deeply into his serious purposes, however, as to prevent him making arrangements before leaving in February, 1809, to return and occupy the Townend Cottage, which Wordsworth had just quitted, and to which De Quincey dedicates so effective an apostrophe in one of his essays, beginning "Cottage immortal in my remembrance." Now it was that he did Wordsworth the service of revising and editing his famous "Convention of Cintra" pamphlet.

In a budget of Wordsworth's letters we find a comparatively large number bearing on this "Convention of Cintra" pamphlet, attesting the care with which De Quincey had done his work. Wordsworth is surprised at the felicity of some of the emendations; "all," he says, "are improvements." Miss Wordsworth writes: "Soon you must have rest, and we shall all be thankful. You have indeed been a treasure to us while you have been in London, having spared my brother so much anxiety and care. We are very grateful to you." And Wordsworth himself hopes that De Quincey may soon

be at Grasmere, where he may think of the pamphlet labors in quiet, "as a traveler thinks of a disagreeable journey which he has performed, and will not have to repeat."

De Quincey's biographer says: "He agreed with Wordsworth in the main on this great question, which was then stirring Europe; and, instead of devoting his whole time in London, with prudent forecast, to the endeavor to open up avenues for himself to communicate to the world some of his many ideas, as more practical and less devoted spirits might have done, he patiently revised and edited Wordsworth's pamphlet, adding an appendix, which the author declared was 'done in a most masterly manner,' as well he might.

"Between Dorothy Wordsworth and De Quincey it is clear that a great liking sprang up — a relation of sympathy and mutual appreciation; so that to Dorothy after this time was delegated the chief burden of correspondence.

"When De Quincey had resolved to settle in the Lake District, Dorothy was his 'guide, philosopher, and friend' in matters pertaining to household affairs, such as De Quincey could not be presumed fully to understand.

"We have many records in the letters before us of her zeal and untiring interest in discussion of the most desirable colors in carpets and curtains, and of the best styles of furniture. She finds a good reason for preferring mahogany to deal for bookshelves in the consideration 'that native woods are dear; and that in case De Quincey should leave the country, and have a sale, no sort of wood sells so well at second hand as mahogany.' But in spite of such preoccupations, she does not fail to enliven her letters by reference to more liberal interests, as this will show:

"'The weather is now very delightful, and it is quite a pleasure to us to go down to the old spot, and linger about as if we were again at home there. The garden looks fresh and very pretty, in spite of the cruel injury done to the trees by Atkinson's unruly ax. If you had not lately been so happy in the enjoyment of a beautiful country and the society of your own family, we should have much regretted your absence. Yesterday I sat half an hour musing by myself in the moss hut, and for the first time this season I heard the cuckoo there. The little birds, too, our old companions, I could have half fancied were glad that we were come back again, for it seemed I had never before seen them so joyous on the branches of the naked apple trees. Pleasant indeed it is to think of that little orchard which, for one seven years at least, will be a secure covert for the birds and undisturbed by the woodman's ax. There is no other spot which we may have prized year after year that we can ever look upon without apprehension that next year, next month, or even to-morrow, it may be deformed and ravaged. You have walked to Rydal, under Nab Scar? Surely you have? If not, it will be forever to be regretted, as there is not anywhere in this country such a scene of ancient trees and rocks as you might have there beheld — trees of centuries' growth inrooted among and overhanging the mighty crags. These trees, you would have thought, could have had no enemy to contend with but the mountain winds, for they seemed to set all human avarice at defiance; and indeed, if the owners had had no other passion but avarice, they might have remained till the last stump was moldered away; but *malice* has done the work, and the trees are leveled. A hundred laborers, more or less, men, women, and children, have been employed for more than a week in hewing, peeling bark, gathering sticks, etc., etc., etc., and the mountain echoes with the riotous sound of their voices. You must know that those trees upon Nab Scar grow on uninclosed ground, and Mr. North claims the right of *lopping* and *topping* them — a right which Lady Fleming, as lady of the manor, claims also. Now Mr. North allows (with everybody else) that she has a right to fell the trees themselves, and he only claims the boughs. Accordingly he sent one or two workmen to lop some of the trees on Nab Scar. Lady Fleming's steward forbade him to go on; and in consequence he offered five shillings per day to any laborers who would go and work for him. At the same time Lady Fleming's steward procured all the laborers he could, also at great wages, and the opposite parties have had a sort of warfare upon the crags — Mr. North's men seizing the finest trees to lop off the branches and drag them upon Mr. North's ground; and Lady Fleming's men being also in an equal hurry to choose the very finest, which they felled with the branches on their heads to prevent Mr. North from getting them, and, not content with this, they fell those also which Mr. North has been beforehand with them in lopping, to prevent him from receiving any benefit from them in future. O my dear friend! is not this an impious strife? Can we call it by a milder name? I cannot express how deeply we have been affected by the loss of the trees (many and many a happy hour have we passed under their shade), but we have been more troubled to think that such wicked passions should have been let loose among them. The profits of the wood will not pay the expenses of the workmen on either side! A lawsuit will no doubt be the consequence, and I hope that both parties will have to pay severely for their folly, malice, and other bad feelings.'"

This is in every way the honest expression of the feelings of a poet and devout lover of nature.

For nearly two years after De Quincey's settlement in the Lake District he was almost a daily visitor at Wordsworth's. During the latter part of 1809 and the greater part of 1810 Coleridge was also there; and their many interminable conversations and discussions may be imagined. We know that Wordsworth, from the self-contained and self-sufficing nature of his genius and temperament, was not a person to answer well to certain demands of social sympathy. De Quincey says that never after the first year or so of introduction had he felt it possible to draw the bond of friendship closer with Wordsworth. Coleridge said that he never met a man with less of femininity of character than Wordsworth. But if the attractions towards Wordsworth failed, that of Dorothy and the children grew. Of the little hapless Catherine, he tells us, "She noticed me more than any other person, excepting, of course, her mother." De Quincey was a favorite with all the children, who formed an unfailing link between him and their elders. Every one of Miss Wordsworth's letters shows the hold that De Quincey had on their hearts. In one letter Dorothy writes:

"When your friend Johnny came from school last night his mother said to him, 'Here is a letter from'—'From Mr. De Quincey,' he replied; and with his own ingenuous blush and smile, he came forward to the fireside with a quicker pace, and asked me to read the letter, which I did with a few omissions, and leveling the language to his capacity; and you would have thought yourself well repaid for the trouble of writing it if you could only have seen how feelingly he was interested. When all was over he said: 'But when will he come? Maybe he 'll tell us in his next letter.' He is learning 'Chevy Chase,' and hopes, with some pride, to be able to repeat it to you when you come home. He is made up of good and noble feelings. He is the delight of everybody who knows him. All his playmates love him. Last night, when he had finished his prayers, in which he makes a petition for his good friends, he said, 'Mr. De Quincey is one of my friends.' Little Tom has been poorly and looks ill. He often lisps out your name, and will rejoice with the happiest at your return. I must remind you of a promise which you made to Johnny to buy him a new hat. Let it be a black, if you have not already bought one of another color."

In a later letter she says:

"There was perfect joy in the house over your sweet letter to Johnny. But here I must tell you that, in reading the letter to him, we omit that part after the description of the carriage, where you say you will buy one for him and Sissy. My dear friend, I believe you are serious, because you have said so to Johnny, but I earnestly hope that you will be prevailed upon not to buy it. We should grieve most seriously that so much money should be expended for a carriage for them when they are completely happy and satisfied with their own, which answers every purpose of the other. What matter if it is a little harder to pull? (Johnny often says that it is very hard up hill.) It is the better exercise for them."

This last portion about the carriage and the desirability that the children should learn hardness through pulling the old one is deliciously Wordsworthian.

In June, 1812, little Catherine Wordsworth died. De Quincey has in his "Recollections" preserved for us some faint reflection of the deep and sad impressions produced on him by that event. He tells us how he was haunted with illusions of the child's appearance in his walks and musings for some time afterward. In the notes of De Quincey's "Conversations" to which we have already referred, we have the following passage which has a bearing here, and also attests a vein of hypersensitive, if not superstitious, imagination in De Quincey:

He mentioned having had a presentiment, on leaving his residence for a visit to London some time back, that he should never again see a little child of Wordsworth's, who was afflicted and had but the use of one of its sides. It was a sweet little girl, about three years old, and the Opium-Eater was much attached to it. One night, while he was here, he heard a dog howling dismally at his door in the evening; it howled three times, and the Opium-Eater with some curiosity waited to hear the fourth howl, but in vain; the dog passed on and was silent. This happened on some particular day, either Christmas or New Year's Eve (which was named by him to Taylor), and he noticed the time particularly. The effect was so vivid upon the Opium-Eater's sensations that he at once began to consider which of all the persons he knew and loved might most probably be in trouble or dying at that time; and he thought that this little child was the most likely one of whom he might expect to receive ill news. He waited with some anxiety for the post on the day on which intimation of anything that might have occurred at home at the period he had noted would reach him in due course. He listened to the postman and heard him in the street, but he passed by his door without knocking. However, he received in the course of the day by the second post a letter sealed with black wax. It was from Miss Wordsworth (Wordsworth's sister), who, knowing how partial he had been to the child, had written to him to apprise him of its death.

The paralysis which deprived little Kate of the use of one of her sides was due to the fall for which the girl Green was blamable.

The following letter from Miss Wordsworth may be taken as indirect testimony to the truthfulness of De Quincey's "Autobiographic Sketches" in several aspects. Miss Wordsworth wrote to him:

"JUNE 5, 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I am grieved to the heart when I write to you, but you must hear the sad tidings.

"Our sweet little Catherine was seized with convulsions on Wednesday night at a quarter before ten or half-past nine o'clock. The fits continued till a quarter after five in the morning, when she breathed her last. She had been in perfect health, and looked unusually well; her leg and arm had gained strength, and we were in full hope. In short, we had sent the most delightful accounts to her poor mother. It is a great addition to our affliction that her father and mother were not here to witness her last struggles, and to see her in the last happy weeks of her short life. She never forgot Quincey. Dear innocent! she now lies upon her mother's bed, a perfect image of peace. This to me was a soothing spectacle after having beheld her struggles. It is an unspeakable consolation to us that we are assured that no foresight could have prevented the disease in this last instance, and that it was not occasioned by any negligence or improper food; the disease lay in the brain; and if it had been possible for her to recover, it is much to be feared that she would not have retained the faculties of her mind.

"We have written to my brother, and he will proceed immediately into Wales to impart the sad intelligence to my sister. You will be pleased to hear that Mary Dawson[1] has been very kind in her attentions to us. We are all pretty well. John has been greatly afflicted, but he has begun to admit consolation.

"The funeral will be on Monday afternoon. I wish you had been here to follow your darling to her grave.

"God bless you!

"Yours affectionately,

"D. WORDSWORTH."

This letter was immediately answered by a request for further particulars, and we find De Quincey writing again to Miss Wordsworth on June 21 as follows—his mind concentrated on little Kate and on all things associated with her:

"SUNDAY EVENING, June 21.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I thank you much for your long and most affecting letter. One passage troubled me greatly; I mean when you speak of our dear child's bodily sufferings. Her father and I trusted that she had been insensible to pain—that being generally the case, as I believe, in convulsions. But, thank God! whatever were her sufferings, they were short in comparison of what she would have had in most other complaints, and now at least, sweet love, she is at rest and in peace. It being God's pleasure to recall his innocent creature to himself, perhaps in no other way could it have been done more mercifully to her, though to the bystanders for the time few could be more terrible to behold. How much more suffering would she have had in a common fever from cold; and what anguish to us all if she had called upon our names in delirium, and fancied that we would not come to her relief! This I remember witnessing at my father's bedside on the morning when he died. I was but a child, and had seen too little of my father to have much love for him; but I remember being greatly affected at hearing him moan out to my mother a few minutes before he died, 'O Eliza, Eliza! why will you never come to help me to raise this great weight?'

"I was truly glad to find from your account of her funeral that those who attended were in general such as would more or less unaffectedly partake in your sorrow. It has been an awful employment to me the recollecting where I was and how occupied when the solemn scene was going on. At that time I must have been in the streets of London; tired, I remember, for I had just recovered from sickness—but cheerful, and filled with pleasant thoughts. Ah! what a mortal revulsion of heart if any sudden revelation should have laid open to my sight what scene was passing in Grasmere Vale! On the night June 3–4 I remember, from a peculiar circumstance which happened in the room below me, that I lay awake all night long in serious thought, but yet as cheerful as if not a dream were troubling any one that I love. As well as I recollect, I must have been closing my eyes in sleep just about the time my blessed Kate was closing hers forever! Willingly, my dear friend, I would have done this. I do not say it from any sudden burst of anguish, but as a feeling that I have ejaculated in truth and sincerity a thousand times since I heard of her death. If I had seen her in pain I could have done anything for her, and reason it was that I should, for she was a blessing to *me*, and gave me many and many an hour of happy thoughts that I can never have again.

"You tell me to think of her with tender cheerfulness; but, far from that, dear friend, my heart grows heavier and heavier every day. More and more her words, and looks, and actions keep coming up before me; and there is nobody to whom I can speak about her. I have struggled with this dejection as much as I

[1] De Quincey's servant in charge of his cottage.

can; twice I have passed the evening with Mr. Coleridge, and I have every day attempted to study. But after all I find it more tolerable to me to let my thoughts take their natural course than to put such constraint upon them. But let me not trouble you with complaints, who have sorrow enough to bear of your own, and to witness in others.

"Yesterday I heard from Mr. Wordsworth and was grieved to hear of Mrs. Wordsworth's state of mind, but I knew that it could not be otherwise. She would have borne her loss better, I doubt not, if she had been upon the spot. As it is, this great affliction would come upon her just when her mind would be busiest about thoughts of returning to her children. I think of her often with greatest love and compassion.

"This afternoon I was putting my clothing and books into the trunk. Whilst I was about it I remembered that it was the 21st of June, and must therefore be exactly a quarter of a year since I left Grasmere, for I left it on Sunday, March 22; this day thirteen weeks, therefore, I saw Kate for the last time. The last words which she said to me (except that perhaps she might call out some words of farewell in company with the rest who were present) I think were these:

"The children were speaking to me all together, and I was saying one thing to one and another to another, and she, who could not speak loud enough to overpower the other voices, had got up on a chair, and putting her hand upon my mouth she said, with her sweet importunateness of action and voice, "Kinsey! Kinsey! what a bring Katy from London?" I believe she said it twice; and I remember that her mother noticed the earnestness and intelligence of her manner, and looked at me and smiled. This was the last time that I heard her sweet voice distinctly, and I shall never hear one like it again! God bless you, my dear friend!

"Ever yours,
"T. DE QUINCEY.

"N. B.— Mary Dawson would surely suppose that, as a mark of respect to your family, I should wish her to get mourning at my expense. If she has not done this, pray tell her that I particularly desire it may be done. I forgot to mention it before.

"I shall leave London not earlier than Tuesday, nor later than Wednesday. I have been detained in a way I could not prevent. How soon I get to Grasmere will depend on the accidents of meeting conveyances, etc. I trust I shall find you all well.

"I wrote a second letter to you last Monday, June 15."

Not long after this De Quincey received a letter from Wordsworth, bearing news of another bereavement, the close of the letter being most tender and touching in its simplicity of pathos. The following letter from De Quincey to his sister embodies it.

"GRASMERE, SUNDAY NIGHT,
"January 3, 1813.

"MY DEAR SISTER: Your letters having lain some days at the post, and James having come round by London, they did not reach me so soon as you may have calculated. I wrote to Coleridge by last Friday morning's post begging him to forward, under cover to Westhay, whatever letters he could furnish for Sicily and Malta.[1]

"I have now, with sadness of heart, to inform you that dear little Thomas Wordsworth died of the measles on Tuesday, the 1st of last month. He was seized with them the Thursday before, and had none but favorable symptoms until about eleven o'clock on the Tuesday morning, after which he grew rapidly worse, and died about five in the evening. I was met at Liverpool, on my road home, by a letter from Wordsworth written the same night to inform me of the event, in which he writes:

"'His sufferings were short, and I think not severe. Pray come to us as soon as you can. My sister is not at home. Mrs. Wordsworth bears her loss with striking fortitude, and Miss Hutchinson is as well as can be expected. My sister will be here to-morrow.

"'Most tenderly and lovingly, with heavy sorrow for you, my dear friend,

"'I remain yours,
"'W. WORDSWORTH.'

"Unfortunately I did not receive this letter till the very night of the child's funeral, which (though I loved him tenderly, dear child!) I was thus unable to attend."

In matters literary and poetical Wordsworth was glad to be aided by De Quincey's judgment after some degree of disparity of taste and sentiment must have become manifest more or less to both. In February, 1814, we find Wordsworth writing to De Quincey during one of his visits to Somersetshire, consulting him about an added stanza in "Laodamia," which now appears in the poem and ends with the fine line,

> While tears were thy best pastime — day and night,

and requesting him to be more detailed in the expression of his opinion on certain poems and on the Preface than he had been — his opin-

[1] These were letters of introduction for a friend of De Quincey's.

ions, as it would appear, having been studiously general about the said Preface, and a request made for copies of the earlier draft of it. This leads Wordsworth to say that he wished De Quincey had mentioned *why* he had desired the *rough* copies of the Preface to be kept, as the request had led him to apprehend that something therein might have appeared to him better or more clearly expressed than in the after draft, adding, "I should have been glad to receive suggestions accordingly."

Things might have gone on in this way for an indefinite period, De Quincey's attachment to the children and his love of their foibles and quaint ways counteracting the coldness and severity which were growing on Wordsworth, and making themselves more and more felt in his intercourse with De Quincey. Of course people need not hope to cultivate the acquaintance of opium-eaters, and profit by their learning and large discourse, and not have a good deal to put up with now and then; and opium-eaters need not hope to find great poets always abounding in gaiety and good spirits to atone for and to compensate their own lack of goods in that particular line of exchange. De Quincey says Wordsworth was rude sometimes even in his way of declining a friendly aid.

In Mr. J. R. Findlay's "Recollections," under date of the 2d March, 1855, we read:

> Talking of Wordsworth's "Guide to the Lakes," De Quincey said that on its original publication he offered an account of the origin and character of the language of the Lake District which unlocked all its peculiar nomenclature; but Wordsworth, who never liked to be obliged to anybody for anything, declined it in his usual haughty and discourteous manner, and it was ultimately published in a Kendal newspaper.

Certainly in his self-absorption Wordsworth was somewhat indifferent sometimes to the feelings or the whims of others, as when in his impatient haste he ran the buttery knife through the uncut leaves of one of Southey's tomes, leaving the impress of his impetuosity all too manifest on its pages. But there might have been no open rupture if De Quincey had not married the woman he did marry. Margaret Simpson was only a small "statesman's" (or yeoman-farmer's) daughter, and made no pretension to culture or to intellect. But from all we can learn of her she ought to have attracted Wordsworth's regard as "a woman of a steady mind," like his own Margaret in "The Excursion." De Quincey celebrates her patient practical tact, and her devoted sympathy and helpfulness to him in many ways. She lives in the "Confessions" as M.—his Electra. He writes:

> For thou, beloved M., dear companion of my later years, thou wast my Electra! and neither in nobility of mind nor in long-suffering affection, wouldst permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. For thou thoughtest not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to servile ministrations of tenderest affection—to wipe away for years the unwholesome dews upon the forehead, or to refresh the lips when parched and bated with fever; nor, even when thy own peaceful slumbers had by long sympathy become infected with the spectacle of my dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies, that oftentimes bade me sleep no more!—not even then didst thou utter a complaint or any murmur; nor withdraw thy angelic smiles, nor shrink from thy service of love more than Electra did of old. For she, too, though she was a Grecian woman, and the daughter of the king of men, yet wept sometimes, and hid her face in her robe.

With the casuistry of love, he finds opportunities to celebrate the devotion of his wife in many relations. He acknowledges of the earlier period of his married life in Westmoreland, "Without the aid of M. all records of bills paid, or *to be paid*, must have perished; and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of political economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion." And again, when he has been led by the fantasy of inviting a painter to reproduce the interior of his Grasmere cottage, with all its surroundings in these evil days,—ruby opium-decanter and all,—to refer to the personal appearance of his wife, he exclaims, "But no, dear M., not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil."

The Wordsworths took no notice of her. De Quincey, it would appear, condescended to beg of them to do so, with no satisfactory result, leaving in De Quincey's mind a rankling sense of wrong. We can read between the lines that the good and wise Dorothy endeavored to play the peacemaker, but unsuccessfully; for we have proof that she visited Mrs. De Quincey so long as she was in Grasmere, though probably in a half underhand way, and did many a little service to the children hiddenly. When De Quincey went the second time to Edinburgh in 1828, to make an attempt to settle there and to prepare the way for the advent of his family,—though the comfort and the company at Professor Wilson's, where he staid, did not, we fear, add to his energies in practical matters,—we find Dorothy writing in the following strain of friendly and helpful interest, and, on the assumption of mutual sympathy still strong, tendering advice which was acted on:

"RYDAL MOUNT,
"Thursday, November 16.

"MY DEAR SIR: A letter of good tidings respecting Mrs. De Quincey and your family

cannot, I am sure, be unwelcome; and besides, she assures me that you will be glad to hear of my safe return to Rydal after a nine months' absence. I called at your cottage yesterday, having first seen your son William at the head of the schoolboys — as, it might seem, a leader of their noontide games; and Horace among the tribe, both as healthy looking as the best, and William very much grown. Margaret was in the kitchen, preparing to follow her brothers to school, and I was pleased to see her also looking stout and well, and much grown. Mrs. De Quincey was seated by the fire above-stairs with her baby on her knee. She rose and received me cheerfully, as a person in perfect health, and does indeed seem to have had an extraordinary recovery, and as little suffering as could be expected. The babe looks as if it would thrive, and is what we call a nice child. . . .

"Mrs. De Quincey seemed on the whole in very good spirits, but, with something of sadness in her manner, she told me you were not likely very soon to be at home. She then said that you had at present some literary employments at Edinburgh, and had, besides, had an offer (or something to this effect) of a permanent engagement, the nature of which she did not know, but that you hesitated about accepting it, as it might necessitate you to settle in Edinburgh. To this I replied: 'Why not settle there for a time, at least, that this engagement lasts? Lodgings are cheap in Edinburgh, and provisions and coals not dear. Of these facts I had some weeks' experience, four years ago.' I then added that it was my firm opinion that you could never regularly keep up to your engagements at a distance from the press, and said I, 'Pray tell him so when you write.' She replied, 'Do write yourself.' Now I could not refuse to give her pleasure by so doing, especially being assured that my letter would not be wholly worthless to you, having such agreeable news to send of your family. . . .

"I do not presume to take the liberty of advising the acceptance of this engagement or of that, only I would venture to request you well to consider the many impediments to literary employments to be regularly carried on in limited time at a distance from the press in a small house and in perfect solitude. You must well know that it is a true and faithful concern for your interests and those of your family that prompts me to call your attention to this point; and if you think that it is a mistake, you will not, I am sure, take it ill that I have thus freely expressed my opinion.

"It gave me great pleasure to hear of your good health and spirits, and you, I am sure, will be glad to have good accounts of all our family, except poor Dora, who has been very ill — indeed, dangerously ill; but now, thank God, she is gaining ground, I hope, daily. Her extreme illness was during my absence, and I was therefore spared great anxiety, for I did not know of it till she was convalescent. I was, however, greatly shocked by her sickly looks. They improve, however, visibly, and she gains strength and has a good appetite. Whenever weather permits she rides on horseback. My brother's eyes are literally quite well. This surely is a great blessing, and I hope we are sufficiently thankful for it. He reads aloud to us by candlelight, and uses the pen for himself. My poor sister is a little worn by anxiety for Dora, but in other respects looks as well as usual. . . .

"I cannot express how happy I am to find myself at home again after so long an absence, though my time has passed very agreeably, and my health been excellent. I have had many very long walks since my return, and am more than ever charmed with our rocks and mountains. Rich autumnal tints, with an intermixture of green ones, still linger on the trees.

"My brother and sister do not know of my writing, otherwise they would send their remembrances. Make my respects to Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Wilson, and

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Yours affectionately,

"D. WORDSWORTH.

"P. S.—Excuse a very bad pen and haste.

"*One o'clock Thursday:* I have been at Grasmere and again seen your wife. She desires me to say that she is particularly anxious to hear from you on her father's account. The newspaper continues to come directed to my brother, though, some time since, my brother wrote to request that it might not. The new editor, no doubt, however, wished to continue the connection with you; but we think that it would be much better that Mrs. De Quincey should write to order it not to be sent, at least until your return to Grasmere, especially as at present you are not likely to contribute anything to the paper. She agrees with me in thinking it right so to do, and will write to the editor unless you order to the contrary. Perhaps you will write yourself. Pray mention this matter when you next write to her."

In after years De Quincey unburdened himself on the subject of his grievance against Wordsworth in the following strain, which, however, he did not reprint from the magazine in which it appeared.

To neither of us [that is, neither to himself nor to Professor Wilson], though at all periods of our

lives treating him with the deep respect which is his due, and, in our earlier years, with a more than filial devotion, nay, with a blind loyalty of homage which had in it something of the spirit of martyrdom, which for his sake courted even reproach and contumely, yet to neither of us has Wordsworth made those returns of friendship and kindness which most firmly I maintain we were entitled to have challenged.

. . . Let me render justice to Professor Wilson as well as to myself; not for a moment, not by a solitary movement of reluctance or demur, did either of us hang back in giving that public acclamation which we by so many years had anticipated; yes, we singly—we, with no sympathy to support us from any quarter. The public press remains, with its inexorable records, to vouch for us that we paid an oriental homage, homage as to one who could have pleaded antique privilege and the consecration of centuries, at a time when the finger of scorn was pointed at Mr. Wordsworth from every journal in the land; and that we persisted in this homage at a period long enough removed to have revolutionized the public mind, and also long enough to have undermined the personal relations between us of confidential friendship. Did it ask no courage to come forward, in the first character, as solitary friends, holding up our protesting hands amidst a wilderness of chattering buffoons? Did it ask no magnanimity to stand firmly to the post we had assumed, not passively acquiescing in the new state of public opinion, but exulting in it, and aiding it, long after we had reason to think ourselves injuriously treated? Times are changed! It needs no courage, in the year of our Lord 1839, to discover and proclaim a great poet in William Wordsworth; it needed none in the year 1815 to discover a frail power in the French Empire, or an idol of clay and brass in the French emperor!

And then, after having maintained for Wordsworth an "unimpeachable integrity," he goes on to say that there are cases of wrong for which the conscience is not the competent tribunal, and thus sums up the whole matter:

The case of a man who for years has identified himself closely with the domestic griefs and joys of another, over and above his primary service of giving him the strength and encouragement of a profound literary sympathy, at a time of universal scowling from the world; suppose this man to fall into a situation in which, from want of natural connections and from his state of insulation in life, it might be lent him by a family having a known place and acceptation, and what may be called a root in the country, by means of connection, descent, and long settlement. To look for this might be a most humble demand on the part of one who had testified his devotion in the way supposed. To some it might. But enough. I murmur not; complaint is weak at all times; and the hour is past irrevocably and by many a year, in which an act of friendship so natural, and costing so little (in both senses so priceless), could have been availing. *The ear is deaf that should have been solaced by the sound of welcome call, but you will not be heard; shout aloud, but your "Ave!" and "All hail!" will now tell only as an echo of departed days, proclaiming the hollowness of human hopes.* I, for my part, have long learned the lesson of suffering in silence, and also I have learned to know that wheresoever female prejudices are concerned, *there* it will be a trial more than herculean of a man's wisdom if he can walk with an even step and swerve neither to the right nor to the left.

In confirmation of this we find the following in a contemporary letter by one who was not likely to assume knowledge when he had it not:

You will doubtless read the last "Tait's Magazine." It contains the first of a series of articles by De Quincey on Wordsworth. Poor De Quincey had a small fortune of eight or nine thousand pounds, which he has lost or spent, and now he lets his pen for hire. You know his articles on Coleridge. Wordsworth's turn has come now. At the close of his article he alludes to a killing neglect which he once received from the poet, and which embittered his peace. I know the facts, which are not given. De Quincey married some humble country girl in the neighborhood of Wordsworth: she was of good character, but not of that rank in which Wordsworth moved. The family of the latter never made her acquaintance, or showed her any civilities, though living comparatively in the same neighborhood. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.* When you read De Quincey's lamentations, you may thus better understand them.[1]

Mr. Sumner knew the facts, but he did not know them all. If he had done so, it is scarcely possible but he would have made an exception in favor of Dorothy Wordsworth, who certainly made Mrs. De Quincey's acquaintance and paid her many civilities, and did her many friendly services, though we are afraid not with the full countenance of those of Rydal Mount.

A very sorry ending to an interesting and elevating friendship, begun in heroic devotion on the one side and with high respect and admiration on the other.

[1] Charles Sumner to George Hillard, January 23, 1839.—*Memoir of Sumner.*

H. A. Page.

TWO EXPEDITIONS TO MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

I.—THE EXPEDITION OF "THE NEW YORK TIMES" (1886).

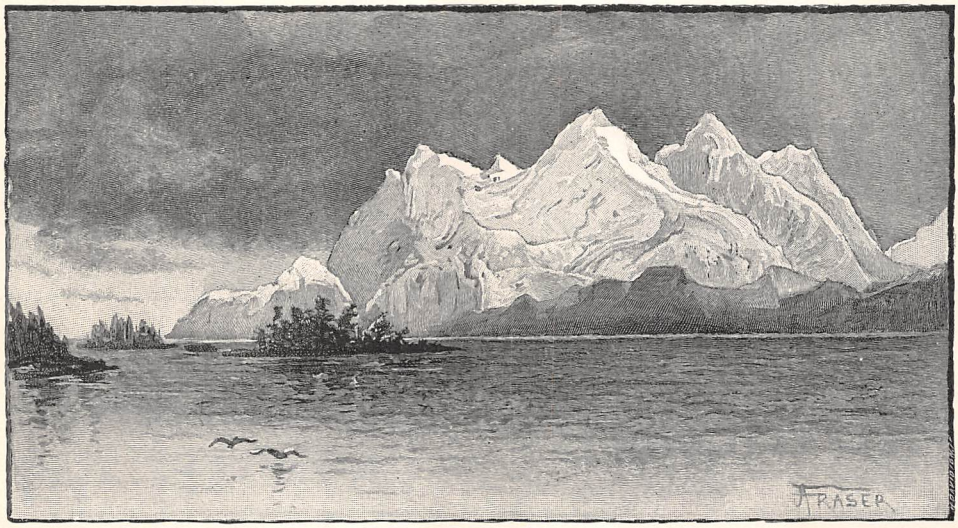
THE main object of "The Times" Alaskan expedition of 1886 was geographical research in the vicinity of the St. Elias range of Alaska. If the rear or even the higher points of that ponderous pile of peaks could be reached, it was known that wholly unexplored land on the British American side would be exposed to view. The attempt to cross the mountains was abandoned when we ascertained that only one trail led across the range, and that this could be traveled only in winter. In scaling the St. Elias peak we were fairly successful. Two previous expeditions had attempted without success the ascent of this colossal peak, the highest above the snow level in the world. The mighty St. Elias range, greater by far than the Swiss Alps, is off the line of ordinary travel and has only of late been accessible to tourists. It was therefore seldom visited except by those engaged in the duties of exploration. A fur trader here and there, or a prospecting party of miners, had invaded a few points offering favorable inducements to their vocation, but very little geographical knowledge of the country was gained through these sources.

From the northwest corner of the United States, along the Pacific coast-line of British America and the shores of Alaska to within sight of the St. Elias range, a beautiful, picturesque, and protected waterway extends for nearly two thousand miles, flanked by perhaps the most magnificent mountain and glacier scenery in the world.

It was originally intended, upon reaching Sitka by the excursion steamer, to employ the largest kind of native canoes, and in one or two of these to reach the nearest point off the St. Elias range; but we were not compelled to make use of canoes at all, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Whitney, the Secretary of the Navy, who authorized the

use of the man-of-war *Pinta* in the Alaskan waters.

Our party left Sitka on the 10th of July. It was composed of Professor Libbey of Princeton, who had charge of the barometrical and meteorological work, and who also made an ethnological collection from the Yakutat Indians; Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr, an Englishman and experienced Alpine climber, who joined forces with us and was the only person in our party able to sketch; Joseph Wood and John Dalton, cooks and men of all work; and Kersunk, or Frederick, a native boy from the Sitka mission school, who was taken along as interpreter. He was a perfect master of the T'linkit language, and withal a thoroughly conscientious lad, on whom we could rely when we could understand his imperfect English.



SALISBURY SOUND.

He also did good duty for us as a packer, an art in which all T'linkit Indians are proficient, the adults averaging about one hundred pounds over the roughest mountain trails for ten and twelve hours a day.

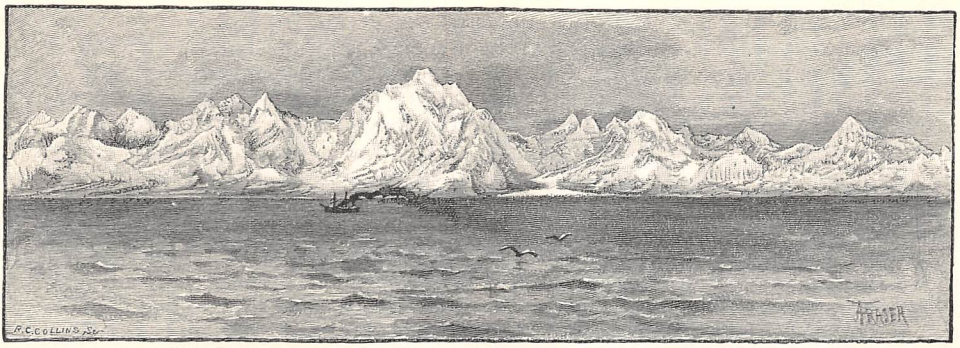
We left Sitka at ten o'clock, and after five hours spent in threading the complicated network of inland passages we reached Salisbury Sound, which opens into the Pacific Ocean. Just as we left the Sound Seton-Karr succeeded in getting a sketch of the cape at the northern entrance.

About ten o'clock the next morning the heavy fog that obscured the rising sun began slowly to lift, revealing the glistening white glaciers; then the misty vapor swept away, and like some wonderful phantasmagoria all the southern spurs of the mighty St. Elias range came into view. There were Fairweather, Crillon, Lituya, Ditgelet, La Perouse, and a dozen magnificent unnamed points and pinnacles besides.

Even as late in July as this the snow reached almost to the bases of the great peaks, and I could well appreciate that when Cook, the English navigator, first saw this part of the Alaskan Alps, in May, 1778, "these mountains were wholly covered with snow from the highest summit down to the sea coast." Down their rugged gorges creep some of the grandest glaciers south of the polar zone itself. Just beyond the base of Mount Fairweather, which reaches the ocean in a bold, beetling spur, lies La Grande Plateau Glacier, with a terminal front of some four or five miles. It is only one of many such frozen rivers between Cross Sound and Yakutat Bay, our destination.

On the morning of the 12th of July I did not arise until broad daylight, which might be considered procrastination on the part of an explorer; but as it was daylight at 2 A. M., and I had not retired till twilight, at 11 P. M. the night before, it was not inexcusable laziness. The sky was as clear as the proverbial crystal. We were just rounding Ocean Cape to enter Yakutat Bay as I looked from the little window on the port side of the *Pinta*, and there burst into view one of the most glorious alpine spectacles one could possibly imagine, with Mount St. Elias in the central background, covered to the very base with ice and snow, and raising his glistening white head for nearly twenty thousand feet[1] into the light steel-blue sky. There are half a dozen peaks in sight from Mount St. Elias, to the eastward; Mount Cook and Mount Vancouver in the foreground, and Mount Malaspina

[1] 15,327 feet by later measurement.



AFTER THE CLOUDS HAD LIFTED.

farther to the rear, are the only ones that are named. St. Elias stands isolated from the other high peaks, and to this isolation is undoubtedly due much of its grandeur and impressiveness.

Five o'clock in the morning saw us at anchor just in front of the Yakutat Indian village. It was as silent and deserted as a midnight graveyard. A solitary cur looked at us sleepily, and then slunk off into the high weeds back of the buildings. The Indians, we soon learned, were at the head of the bay hunting seals for their winter supply of oil and skins. In these waters seals abound, and the Yakutats catch them by shrouding the bows of their crafts with white cloth so as to resemble ice. In this way they are able to approach close enough to the seals to harpoon them.

The Indians considered our expedition a dangerous one, and it was five or six days before we could come to any agreement with them. Some solace was found between discussions in wandering around and examining the curious features of the new country. One of the most unexpected was the dense profusion of strawberry-vines, loaded with fruit.

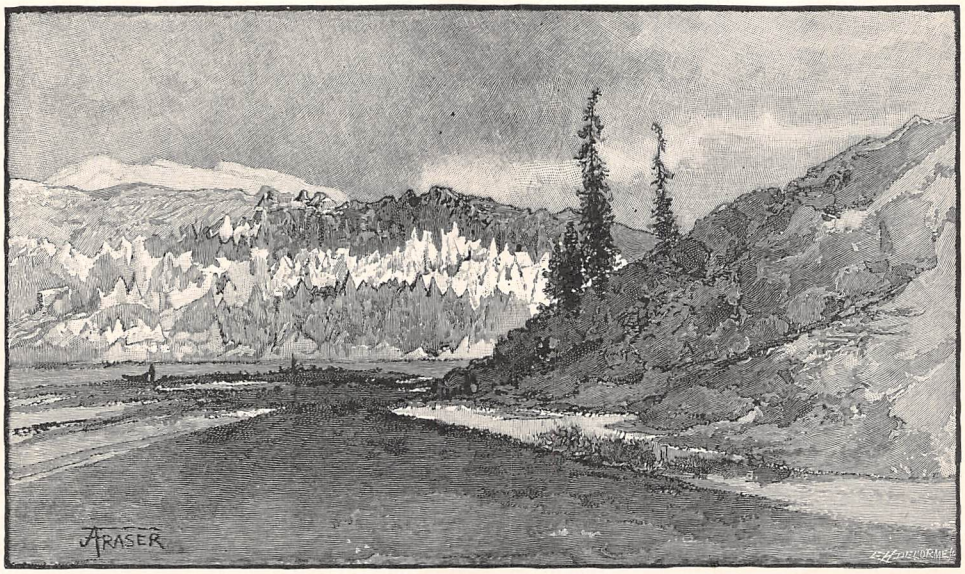
The Indians were at last obtained, a small Yakutat canoe was added to the party's property, and the *Pinta* headed for Icy Bay, some fifty miles farther up the coast, it being a better base for operations in the little-known region about Mount St. Elias. A mighty glacier from the seaward flanks of the mountain has advanced at this point a short way into the ocean, and the shallow crescent thus formed is called Icy Bay.

Of course it was out of the question to think of landing on the side of Icy Bay formed by the glacier, the least contact with its sides being liable to detach an iceberg, which would add an unpleasant amount of freight to the boat that started it, not to mention the abrupt way in which it would be loaded. The other side of the bay — the eastern — was a low, flat, sandy coast, on which the high surf from the great Pacific swells kept constantly thundering, even in the best of weather. To get through that surf was the problem of the day. It was, however, finally solved in a way not altogether devoid of ingenuity. The boat was rowed till it was very near the line of breakers forming the first indications of the surf, when a light anchor was cast over the bow and the boat headed seaward, every sailor being at his oar. The anchor rope was then slowly paid out, until the boat was nearly on the crest of the breaking surf, any attempt of the rushing waves to carry it ashore being overcome by the oars and the rope until the breakers were at their minimum height and force, when the boat was allowed to drift in on a favorable crest, the men jumping overboard as it struck, and remaining alongside to push it farther up as each succeeding wave lifted it. In this way all our effects were landed with immaterial wetting, although the men were drenched to the skin in the splashing surf. There yet remained on the *Pinta* the little Yakutat canoe. We had about given up attempting to get it ashore, when one of our Yakutat Indians, who saw our dilemma, volunteered to bring the craft to us safely, and returned in the last ship's boat for that purpose. His feat of landing the little canoe through the heavy surf was the prize act of that day's performance, and was witnessed both by those on land and those on shipboard. Many of the latter were old sailors who had "surfed it" on almost every coast of the world where the surf beats and breaks, and they too pronounced it the "slickest" piece of nautical work a mortal could do. Its bare narration can do it but scanty justice, even though an abler pen than mine should essay it. Approaching the first white-cap on the breaker, he steadied his little craft carefully until what must have appeared to him to be a favorable opportunity, though it was the very reverse of the large boat's choice, for he selected the biggest breaker, and, mounting its crest as it broke into suds around

him, he maintained this position by lightning-like strokes of his paddle, the great breaker throwing him as if from a catapult, and landing his canoe in the seething foam that spread up the shallow, sandy shore. Half a dozen sturdy fellows seized the craft, and actually pulled it up to the dry sand beyond, while the Indian still sat laughing in the canoe, the inside of it as dry as dust.

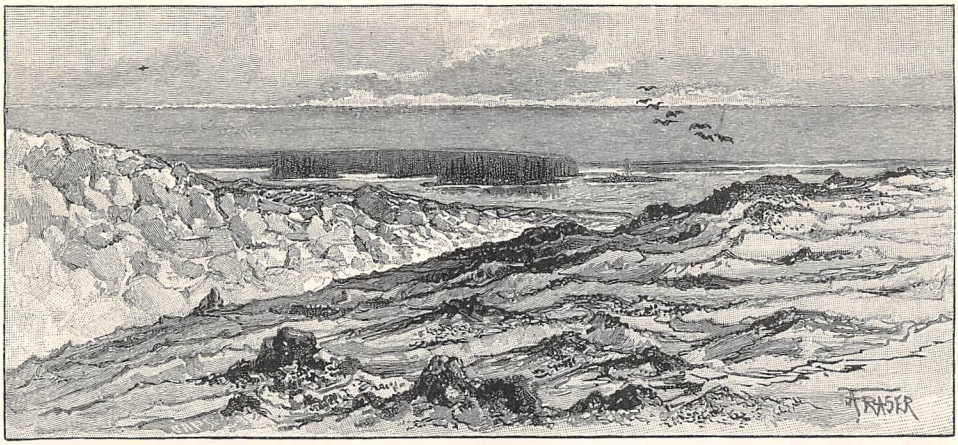
The *Pinta*, with whistle screaming, sailed away. A day or two was occupied in wandering around among newly discovered strawberry fields, measuring grizzly-bear tracks, some of them eight by fourteen inches in dimensions, and getting our effects in shape for our contemplated journey to the interior. The first party got away on the 19th of July, in the morning, and our route lay along the shore of Icy Bay, almost at right angles to our general course. As we started we had a good view of the upper part of Mount St. Elias projecting through the drifting clouds. A perfectly clear atmosphere about this great range is almost unknown in summer. The vapor in the warm air above the equatorial ocean current which impinges upon this coast is condensed into fog as it strikes the frozen sides of the great mountain, and thus keeps it perpetually cloud-capped.

Shortly after ten o'clock, as we broke through a pretty little clump of firs and hemlock, we came suddenly on the banks of the great river described by the Indians. It was probably a mile and a half wide. My first idea was that we had found it during a high freshet, but the assurances of the natives, and the knowledge gained during the remainder of our time on its course, convinced me that we had probably struck it during a comparatively low stage of water. Its western bank was the same glacier that formed the western shores of Icy Bay; but as the swift-running water, loaded with sediment and cutting like sandpaper, eroded the glacial front even more rapidly than the pounding waves of the open bay, there was more white ice exposed along its course. The point where this marble-like bank faded into the dark moraine far away to our left we inferred to be the mouth of the river. It appeared to me at the time, and subsequent investigations confirmed the idea, — though not beyond all cavil, I will admit, — that the flow of this mighty stream was too steady to be fed only by the seaward watershed of the St. Elias range. I named it the Jones River, after Mr. George Jones of New York City, the patron of the expedition. A short distance up its course we came unexpectedly upon what appeared to be an unknown tributary coming in from the right. It turned out to be a channel of the main river that had swung far out into the country, and was probably caused by the slow forward movement of the western glacier intruding upon the river-bed.



LOOKING ACROSS JONES RIVER TO GUYOT GLACIER FROM CAMP NO. 2.

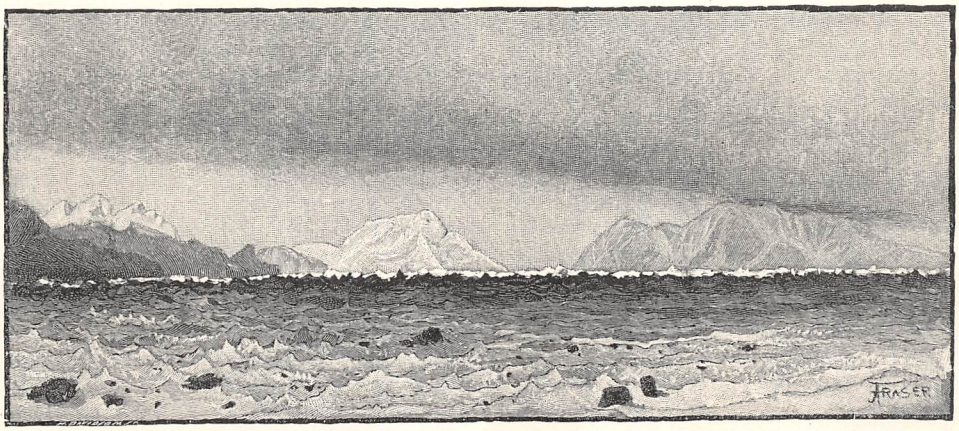
That evening we reached a point about ten miles from the coast, and camped where Jones River came out from between two huge glaciers. The scene here is weird and desolate, but withal extremely picturesque. About two miles from Camp No. 2 the glacier from the east — which I named Agassiz Glacier — comes down to the river-bed and spreads over



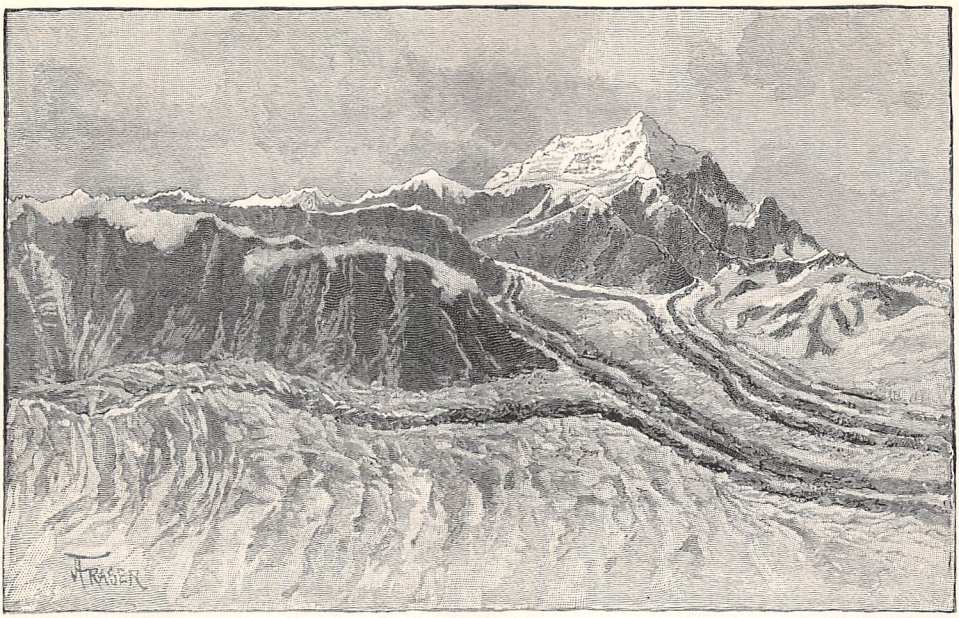
MEETING OF AGASSIZ AND GUYOT GLACIERS.

the huge stream in a natural bridge of ice till it abuts upon the glacier from the west, or Guyot Glacier. From this point of juncture to the foothills of St. Elias Jones River is a subglacial one, and in our trips of from twelve to fifteen miles across the ice we often passed from one glacier to the other over the ice bridge thus formed. The line of demarcation between the two seas of ice was well marked. The debris of rocks, so characteristic of all glaciers, on the Agassiz was nearly all dark colored and of igneous origin, while the Guyot moraines were lighter in tint and of sedimentary character. The hard Plutonic rocks of the first glacier were but little worn, while the soft sandstones and shales of the other were ground into powder, which, mixed with the melting ice, made fields of mud.

The two days' tiresome trip across the chaotic hummocks of ice being completed, we entered a little forest at the foot of some hills, which I called the Chaix Hills, after the president of the Swiss Geographical Society. These hills were covered with green moss and alpine shrubs, and looked like an oasis in the desert, surrounded as they were with fields of ice for many miles around. At one point the ice-foot of the glacier had shoved down into the timber, crushing into pulp and splinters huge trees five and six feet in diameter and piling them up in immense windrows, as a child would sweep together his pile of jackstraws with his hand. Where two branches of the Jones River united just before passing under the ice bridge already spoken of a beautiful lake had been formed. The quantity of water, being too great to rush easily through the subglacial culvert, had caused it to gather here. Huge icebergs were detaching themselves and floating out into the deep water from both the Agassiz and the Guyot fields. The lake, having no outlet, was so clogged with bergs and fields of floating ice that only in a few places was open water to be seen. I named this lake Caetani, after the president of the Italian Geographical Society.



MOUNT COOK AND MOUNT VANCOUVER ACROSS TYNDALL GLACIER.



MOUNT ST. ELIAS AND TYNDALL GLACIER.

On the 25th of July we traveled from the forest at the base of the Chaix Hills to the foot of Mount St. Elias. The entire distance of fifteen or eighteen miles was over glaciers, about a fourth or fifth of the way being over the Guyot and the rest over a new glacier coming from the *névé* of St. Elias itself, and which I named the Tyndall Glacier. All around us was a wild scene of alpine and arctic desolation, and on a scale that nearly overpowered the senses. Mr. Seton-Karr said that the Alps seemed like toy representations of the colossal chain ahead of us, all white with snow, steel-blue with glacial ice, or black with frowning flanks of igneous rock. Cumulus clouds threw over the snow shadows like gigantic fields of retreating black.

The early morning of the 26th revealed a clear sky with only a few light clouds clinging to the cones of St. Elias. The night had been so cold that ice had formed; this is indeed a summer resort for those desiring cool weather!

The point of attack on St. Elias was to be by way of the Tyndall Glacier, and the plan was to keep going, if nothing interfered, from early morning — from four to six o'clock — all that day and the next day till nine or ten o'clock in the evening; or, in short, about forty hours' continuous walking and climbing, broken only by rests so short that we should not get chilled in the intervals. There were three persons to make the ascent, Seton-Karr, Wood, and I, each carrying from ten to twenty pounds of food, extra clothing, and scientific instruments, all packed in the most condensed form.

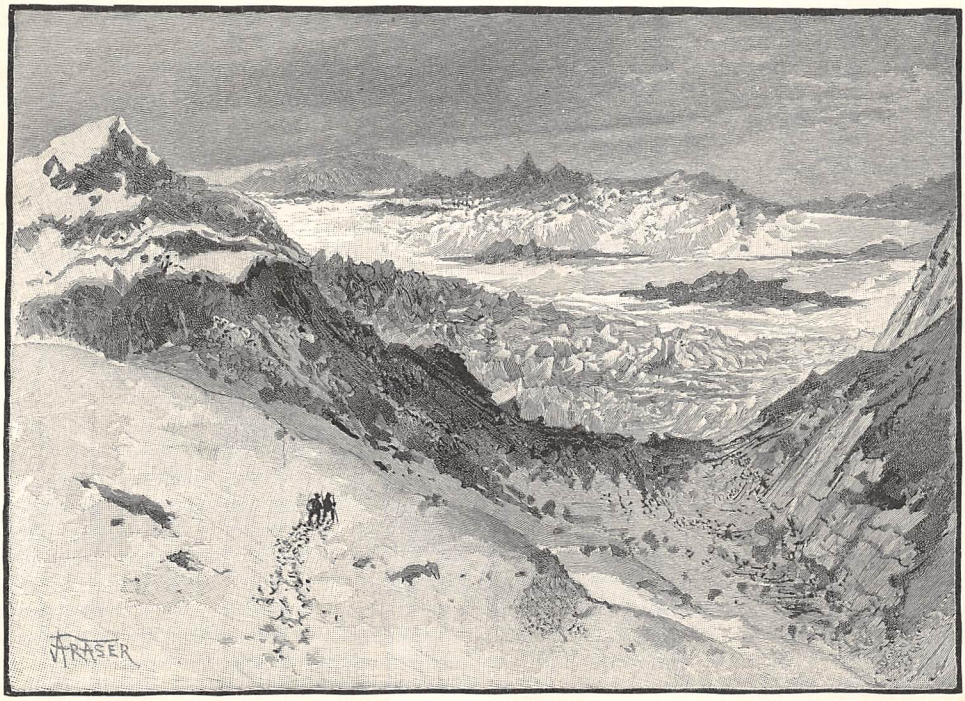
We scrambled up the broken, winding, icy ways between the crevasses on the edge of the Tyndall until we got to the center of the glacier, where we found better walking. The ascent from this point became somewhat steep. At seven o'clock we halted for a short rest; not that we needed it, but the alpine scene before us was so inexpressibly perfect that we stopped long enough for Mr. Seton-Karr to get a sketch of it. A half-hour's more walking brought us to a change in the aspect of the glacier. Heretofore the ice of the glacier and the snow bridging the crevasses could be easily distinguished, and the latter readily avoided as the more dangerous. But now the snow bridges could hardly be told from the weather-worn ice on the surface of the glacier, and, as is usual in such alpine climbing, the members of the party were tied together with a rope. We were arranged in the following order: Wood came first at the head of the rope, I second, and Mr. Seton-Karr last. At quarter-past ten we were high up on the Tyndall Glacier, and could truly say we were ascending the mountain proper. Both center and sides of the great ice stream were now breaking into frightful crevasses running in all directions, with very few snow bridges spanning them, and these required the most laborious windings to reach. We often walked a hundred yards to make a dozen along the axis of the glacier. Straight ahead towards the great mountain we could plainly see every glacier on its southern side. At a long distance they had looked easy enough of ascent, but a nearer inspection revealed an ice

cascade, that bane of alpine climbers, on every one. The perpendicular descent of the smallest was probably hundreds of feet, and being at an inclination of not less than from sixty to seventy-five degrees they were simply impassable. It was quite evident to any one that the only road would be up some of the rocky ridges that projected through the ice and snow like black buttresses from a marble building. Once above 10,000 or 12,000 feet, the summit of the highest cascades, it was evident that there might be some hope of traveling over the snow and ice again. With this idea in view we started for the most practicable-looking ridge of rock ahead of us, but long before we had reached its base we could see that it too was impassable, a front view exposing an arch of ice connecting the flanking glaciers the face of which was perpendicular for at least a hundred feet.

In about another half-hour's struggle over the heavy hummocks the ice began to be broken by both lateral and transverse crevasses into a mass of steel-blue pinnacles. There were very few snow bridges now, the crevasses being so wide that the bridges apparently could not sustain themselves over the abysses. Often two of the three persons would be on a wide bridge at one time, and more than once it happened that the whole party was on one at the same instant which would give a crevasse over fifty feet in width.

As we advanced the crevasses became wider and wider, and at some points we walked as if on the comb of a roof. As the transverse crevasses became wider the snow bridges became scarcer, having tumbled into the abysses below, and at last we reached a point where no man could go unless furnished with wings. We had got far enough to see that the ridge ahead was impracticable, when we were compelled to turn back on that route. There was still another to our left, however, and thinking we might find a circuitous route here we essayed it about noon; but light clouds were now collecting on the mountain side and heavy fog-banks were seen rolling in over the Chaix Hills from the ocean. St. Elias had received the best of reinforcements in the struggle.

The ascent of this ridge of the mountain lasted from 12.40 P. M. till within a few minutes of five o'clock, when we were 5800 feet high, with the clouds rapidly closing in on us. Our fight off the glacier and up the ridge was the usual alpine struggle, and I will not dilate upon it except to mention one incident. We had come to a crevasse seemingly too wide to jump; the second bench of ice was also some feet below the first, and it would be like jumping on a stone sidewalk from an upper story. At one point we found a snow-bank jutting forward over the bench we wished to reach, and although it was a sort of Sam Patch game we



SEVEN THOUSAND FEET UP THE ST. ELIAS SLOPES.

made it, cutting steps up the incline to the ice on the other side.

It was now deemed advisable to stop and read the mercurial barometer, as at least three readings should be had, each a half-hour apart, which would take up a little over an hour in time — a long period considering the threatening weather. Mr. Seton-Karr and Mr. Wood volunteered to try to get a little higher before the clouds made work over dangerous paths impossible, and an aneroid barometer was given the former to compare with the standard before going and after returning. My mercurial barometrical measurements show 5800 feet as the point reached by that instrument, to which must be added 1500 gained by the aneroid, or 7300 feet altogether, fully nine-tenths of which was above the snow level, and which is believed to be the highest climb above the snow limit ever made — a result well worth the expedition.

The return to Icy Bay was made over the same route by which we came. The *Pinta* had left us a whale-boat, and in it we hoped to reach Yakutat Bay. The first attempt to launch our craft in the heavy surf of Icy Bay was a disastrous failure, swamping the boat and wetting its contents. Our Indians, who were the only persons present knowing anything of such nautical movements, informed me afterward that probably few of us knew what danger we ran in the attempt, and which they assured me they were glad to get out of so easily. Under their management our second attempt was successful, and after a long day's rowing and sailing we reached Yakutat Bay. Here we remained about a month among the Indians of the same name, making a few excursions into the surrounding country. Before we left on the *Pinta* we saw St. Elias many times, but never long at a time, thus verifying our opinion that the lack of continuous fine weather, an absolute necessity in an alpine attempt over unknown paths, was the most formidable obstacle in conquering this king of the continent.

Frederick Schwatka.

II.—THE EXPEDITION OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY AND THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY (1890).

THE National Geographic Society has for its object "the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge." In pursuance of this object an expedition was despatched in the spring of 1890 to make geographical, geological, and glacial explorations and surveys in the region about Mount St. Elias, Alaska. The expedition was under the joint auspices of the Society and of the United States Geological Survey, and was placed in my charge.

The party consisted of myself as geologist; Mark B. Kerr, topographer; E. S. Hosmer, general assistant; and seven camp hands, of whom J. H. Christie was foreman. On account of uncertain health, Mr. Hosmer left us at our first camp, and our force throughout the remainder of the season consisted of nine men all told.

The expedition sailed from Sitka on the United States steamer *Pinta*, Lieutenant-Commander O. W. Farenholt, U. S. N., commanding, early on the morning of June 25, and reached Yakutat Bay, two hundred and fifty miles to the northwest, near sunset the following day. The voyage was over rough seas, obscured by fog and rain. The Fairweather range was shut out from view during the passage, and we anchored in Port Mulgrave, at the mouth of Yakutat Bay, without a glimpse of the magnificent scenery for which that region is famous.

At Port Mulgrave there are two small Indian villages, one on the southeastern end of Khantaak Island, the other on a point of the mainland a mile and a half east. At the village on the mainland there is a trading post sustained by Sitka merchants, and a Moravian mission in charge of the Rev. Carl J. Hendricksen, who has one assistant, like himself a son of Sweden. The native inhabitants of these villages number about fifty and call themselves Yakutats. They form the most westerly settlement of the great T'linkit family, which occupies all of southeastern Alaska and part of British Columbia. The Yakutat Indians are of fine physique, have well-built houses of their own design and workmanship, and live by hunting and fishing. They are "canoe Indians," and spend a large part of their time on the water in quest of salmon, seals, and sea otters. The catch of sea otters, whose furs are most valuable of all, during the summer of our visit numbered thirty, and they were sold at from seventy-five to one hundred dollars each. The money derived from this source, and from

the sale of bear, goat, and hair seal skins, and from baskets woven in large numbers by the women for the tourist trade in Sitka, brings a comparatively large revenue to the village and enables the natives to live in comfort.

The weather after our arrival continuing foggy, with heavy rain squalls, Captain Farenholt deemed it inexpedient to take his vessel up the bay, where all sorts of imaginary dangers were reported to await her. Purchasing a canoe from the trader and hiring another of large size from the Indians, we left Port Mulgrave at sunrise on June 28 in a driving rain storm, accompanied by two of the *Pinta's* boats in charge of Ensign C. W. Jungen. Mr. Hendricksen went with us as guide and interpreter, and, as on several subsequent occasions, greatly assisted our enterprise. Our little flotilla, traversing the narrow, misty water-ways between the forest-covered islands along the eastern border of the bay, made a very pleasing picture. The trim white boats of the *Pinta* with their rhythmic oar-beats contrasted strongly with the more graceful canoes manned by our men, few of whom were experts with oars or paddles. The canoes of the Yakutats, hewn from a single spruce log, have high overreaching stems and sterns which give them a picturesque, gondola-like appearance. They are of all sizes, from tiny crafts seeming scarcely large enough to hold a single Indian, up to sea-going boats fifty feet or more in length, and capable of carrying a ton of merchandise and a score of men.

About noon on the day we left the *Pinta* a camping-place was found on the shore of the bay near the north end of Knight Island. Our tents having been pitched on a stretch of gravelly beach between the water and the encircling forest, the *Pinta's* boats sailed away to the southward before a freshening breeze, and our last connection with civilization was broken.

On the third day after leaving the *Pinta* we reached the west shore of Yakutat Bay a few miles from its head, a locality long before selected for beginning our work. We landed through the surf on a low, sandy beach, heavily encumbered with icebergs, among which the waves were churned into foam. The landing was effected by the aid of Indians in small canoes, with such skill as to prove them experienced surfmen. All of our baggage was carried through the fringe of floating ice and placed above the white line of breakers without serious damage.

Our first walk on the shore taught us something of the nature of the as yet unseen land around us. The black sands of the beach contained garnets, and, as we afterward learned, occasional flakes of gold. The boulders were of many kinds of crystalline rock, including large masses of glittering white marble; indicating that the mountains from which they are derived consist in part, at least, of metamorphic rock. The strand was pitted with irregular holes, the origin of which was a puzzle until it was noticed that icebergs stranded on the beach and rocked to and fro by the waves were making similar excavations.

Late in September we were again encamped on this same shore during a northeast gale which piled the icebergs high on the beach, and fringed with blue and white the line where land and water meet. Many of the larger bergs, stranded in thirty or forty feet of water, stood like rocks against which the heavy swells broke in splendid sheets of foam. The shattered waves, dashing high in the air, often quite obscured the icy ramparts that sought to hold them back. The icebergs are of pure, glittering white or of turquoise blue, with every intervening tint and shade that a painter could fancy; those of deepest color had recently turned over, or had been repeatedly swept by breaking waves. One night when the storm was more than usually severe the hoarse roar of the tempest, mingled with the grinding and crashing of thousands of tons of ice, rendered sleep impossible. The raging waters, the black, stormy heavens, the strange moving shapes on the shore, like vessels in distress, now faintly visible in the uncertain light, and now buried in foaming brine, made a strangely fascinating picture. The romance of the scene was heightened, perhaps, by the fact that the rising tide, combined with the shoreward blowing gale, threatened to sweep away our tents. The white line of roaring breakers, thick with ice fragments, crept higher and higher, until only a few inches intervened between the edge of the surf and the crest of the bank that sheltered us. But the limit was reached at last; the waters ceased to advance, and then began to fall, leaving a fringe of ice within arm's reach of our frail shelters.

The day after we reached the west shore of the bay dawned clear and beautiful. The veil of mist vanished from the mountains, revealing for the first time to our eager eyes a scene of surpassing beauty. The days of sunshine in a land of mist and rain are so lovely, the air is of such wonderful transparency, and the warmth is so welcome, that even the most stoical cannot resist their inspiration. We found ourselves at the base of a magnificent mountain range trending northwest and southeast and bordered along its southern base by a low tableland stretching many miles seaward. Yakutat Bay divides this tableland like a wedge, the sharp end of which, reaching northward, cuts through the first rampart of mountains to the base of

the snow-covered peaks beyond. The waters of the bay flashed brightly in the warm sunlight and broke into foam where kissed by the breeze. Scattered over the broad shining plain were thousands of icebergs, seemingly a countless fleet of fairy boats with hulls of crystal and fantastic sails of blue and white. When the summer days fade into the long northern twilight marvelous mirage effects are added to the beauty of the softly lighted, far-reaching view. Floating bergs miles away become of huge proportions and assume strange, deceptive shapes; at times appearing like fountains gushing from the sea, but most often simulating magnificent cities with towers, battlements, and minarets of unknown architecture. One's early training in geography is apt to leave the impression that the sultry desert is the home of the mirage; but as wonderful effects due to the refraction of light are to be seen among the ice-packs of the North as ever deceived a weary traveler on the alkali deserts of Utah or Nevada, or on the sand-blown plains of Sahara.

The shores of Yakutat Bay, where the slopes are moderate, are densely wooded up to a height of about fifteen hundred feet; above that elevation there is a belt tinted with alpine blossoms, intervening between the forest and the great snow fields which cover all the higher peaks. North of our camp and less than a mile distant a rugged mountain slope rose abruptly from the sea, its higher summits brilliant with snow, and every gorge and cañon on its sides filled with glacial ice. Beyond this dark, sharply defined foreground, and filling all the northern sky, were numerous peaks and crests of dazzling whiteness, stretching away to the eastward and blending in the dim distance with the vapory mountains of the sky. Many of the spires and roof-like crests rise precipitously to a height of more than six thousand feet, forming a splendid panorama in which fresh details are revealed with every change of light. A more interesting or more completely unexplored land was never unveiled before even the greatest of voyagers. None of the great peaks in sight had ever been climbed, none had been named, and few had ever been seen by white men. A new land awaited us. No one could even fancy what wonders it might contain.

The most interesting excursion made from our camp on the shore was a canoe trip to a high rocky island in the upper part of the bay. This, the farthest point in the bay reached by the Spanish explorer Malaspina in 1792, was named by him Haenke Island, after the naturalist of his expedition. It stands in the opening through which Yakutat Bay penetrates the first mountain rampart, and rises a thousand feet above the water. Its rounded summits of polished and striated sandstone tell of a time when the ice streams of Alaska were at their flood, and Yakutat Bay was filled by a seaward flowing glacier more than two thousand feet thick. Our trip to the island in a frail canoe was not without excitement and danger. The bay was crowded from shore to shore with floating ice, and a heavy swell was rolling in from the ocean. To navigate this grinding ice-pack required not only skill in the use of the paddle, but also much muscular effort to keep our canoe from being crushed. But the reward gained on reaching the summit of the island more than repaid for the fatigue and danger incurred in doing it. As we ascended the steep bluffs hundreds of sea birds, startled from their nests in the cliffs, filled the air with their cries.

To one standing for the first time on those polished domes and surrounded by a strangely magnificent landscape in which all the changes of season are combined in a single view, there comes a feeling of awe and unworthiness. The island is the stage in a vast amphitheater. The spectators are hoary mountain peaks, each a monarch crowned by time, and holding his place in defiance of the ceaseless war of the elements. How insignificant the wanderer who confronts such an audience!

The shores of the bay, both east and west of the island, are formed of rocky promontories, bare of vegetation except at their immediate bases. From these dark headlands the shore sweeps away to the north, forming a rude semicircle inclosing a plain of blue on which float countless ice fragments broken from the ice walls to the west and north. From a wild, cliff-inclosed valley on the west there flows a broad river of ice, the sources of which are far back in the heart of the mountains. This ice stream, named the Dalton Glacier, creeps down a steep rocky descent and pushes far into the bay before it is broken up by the waves. It expands abruptly on getting clear of its confining walls, and ends in an outward-curving ice-foot, the seaward border of which is a blue wall of ice some three hundred feet high, diversified by outstanding pinnacles and glittering buttresses. The waves, aided by the tide, undermine the cliffs, causing great masses of ice to topple over and disappear in a cloud of rocket-like spray. Owing to the distance, the ice seems to break away without a sound and the foam to fall in silent cataracts; but soon there comes a roar like distant thunder, echoing from mountain to mountain, until an answering roar, still deeper and more prolonged, comes from the great Hubbard Glacier at the head of the inlet. The Hubbard Glacier, named in honor of the president of the National Geographic Society, where it enters the sea presents the most magnificent

ice cliffs of any of the glaciers of Alaska yet seen. From Haenke Island the eastern extension of this line of dazzling cliffs is concealed from view by a projecting headland, but this obstruction only adds to the fascination of the scene, and makes one fancy that the frozen ramparts may extend on indefinitely. At the end of the season we ascended Yakutat Bay in the *Corwin*, and, so far as known, penetrated farther towards the head of Disenchantment Bay than any vessel had previously ventured. During this trip we had the full extent of the ice cliffs of this great glacier in full view, and saw also, for the first time, another large, unnamed glacier to the eastward. This glacier descends from the mountain in two broad rivers, which unite but fail to reach the sea. Its lower portion is so completely buried beneath stones and earth that one not familiar with the habits of glaciers in this region might easily fail to recognize it as a living ice stream.

Towering above the glaciers and marshaled in long ranks towards the east are a host of sharp, angular peaks white with snow throughout the year. These give rise to many secondary glaciers that descend in blue ice tongues below the summer limit of the snow fields. The cyclorama of iceberg-crowded waters, ice cliffs, glaciers, precipices, snow fields, and towering mountain peaks encircling the observer on Haenke Island is so magnificent and has so many features of absorbing interest that I have almost forgotten the long journey the reader is to take with me towards Mount St. Elias.

From our camp on the shore we moved westward across the first mountain spur. To reach this we had to cut a trail through vegetation so dense that it was almost impassable. Once through it, however, and having gained the summit of the divide joining the end of the mountain spur with an outstanding butte, we had our first view of St. Elias. Its summit is a bold pyramid firmly placed on a rugged mountain mass and towering above angular foothills, each one of which would be celebrated for its grandeur in a less mountainous country. The great peak rose clear and sharp against the sky, and formed the central point in the vast landscape. At our feet lay a dirt-covered glacier several miles broad, bordered on the west by another southward-stretching mountain spur similar to the one first reached; beyond that again, another great glacier flowing down from the mountains is lost in the sea of ice to the south. Beyond the second glacier is another mountain spur, succeeded to the westward by yet another southward-flowing river of ice of far greater magnitude than those at our feet. The ice streams expand on leaving the valleys which direct their courses, and form a great ice plateau adjacent to the sea. This plateau extends from the shore of Yakutat Bay westward to beyond the base of St. Elias. The area of this great ice field exceeds five hundred square miles. Its glacial character was first recognized by officers of the United States Coast Survey, who named it Malaspina Glacier in remembrance of the great but unfortunate navigator Malaspina. West of St. Elias there is another vast ice field bordering the ocean, but whether this has a direct connection with the Malaspina Glacier remains to be determined. Our present knowledge of it is derived from distant views from commanding mountain peaks.

Late in the season I made an excursion far out on the Malaspina Glacier, and found it a vast, slightly undulating plateau of clear ice, with a general elevation of about fifteen hundred feet above the sea. Its surface is rough and irregular owing to thousands of shallow crevasses, and is bare of stones and earth. From the summits of the gentle swells the view is unbounded; the observer seems to be on a limitless plain with nothing to obstruct the vision excepting the great mountains to the north. It is one vast rolling prairie of ice. From the mountain spurs projecting like ocean capes into this veritable sea of ice one may look down on the great plateau from an elevation of two or three thousand feet without being able to discover its southern limits. The courses of the long lines of moraines stretching away from the mountain spurs can be followed for many miles; and far to the south the eye can distinguish a dark band near the southern margin, formed by stones and earth that have been concentrated at the surface as the ice melted. The outer border of this belt of moraines, like the lower, dirt-covered portions of many of the smaller ice streams, is densely covered with vegetation, and in places supports a vigorous forest of spruce trees. Dark evergreen forests with rank undergrowths of alders, ferns, and flowers, growing on living glaciers hundreds of feet thick, are among the most novel and interesting features of the Alaska glaciers, and, so far as I am aware, have not been noted in other countries. The great Malaspina Glacier is fed by the ice streams flowing from the mountains, and is truly a living glacier although of unique character. In many of its features it resembles the great continental glacier which covered the New England States and much of Canada during the geologically recent glacial epoch. It is the largest known glacier in the northern hemisphere with the exception of the ice fields of Greenland. When fully explored and carefully studied it should add an interesting and instructive chapter to glacial geology.

To continue our march: We crossed the first large glacier west of Yakutat Bay and traversed a deep transverse gorge in the next mountain range, which was once deeply filled with stones and earth and again excavated by running waters, leaving curious terraces along its borders. Beyond this spur we crossed another great glacier bare of debris and reached the next succeeding mountain spur. Traversing the bed of a lake at the southern end of this range, we reached another moraine-covered ice field which we named the Marvine Glacier. On the eastern border of this glacier there is a rocky island that rises through the ice and is densely clothed with ferns and flowers and deep-shadowed groves of spruce. This lovely oasis in a desert of ice we named Blossom Island. Here we established a base camp from which to explore the high mountains.

The vegetation on the lower portions of the mountains of southern Alaska, where the slope is not too steep to retain the soil, is so rank and luxuriant, and so marvelously rich in brilliantly colored flowers, that it must ever be a surprise and a joy to those who see it for the first time. The "Great North Land" is not a region of eternal frost and snow, but, during a portion of the year at least, is a land of flowers. The season of growth is short and the blossoms of the whole year appear all together. The violets of spring bloom side by side with the purple lupines of summer and the asters and gentians of autumn. The many hours of sunshine during the long summer days, when the twilight has not faded before the east is flushed by the dawn; the abundant moisture; the richness of the soil, fertilized by the slow decay of hundreds of generations of plants — all combine to force the vegetation and give it a rank luxuriance not exceeded even under the equator. The upper limit of tree growth, the "timber line" on the foothills southeast of St. Elias, is at an elevation of about two thousand feet, but decreases rapidly towards the west. All the seaward portion of western Alaska, including the Aleutian Islands, is treeless. The most abundant tree, and the only one on Blossom Island, is the spruce (*Picea pungens, Eng.*), which grows in dense groves on rocky ridges and attains the size of a noble forest tree. The dense thickets are formed of alder, currant, and salmon-berry bushes, with here and there a showy mountain ash, loaded in September with bunches of scarlet berries that rival the flame of its ripe foliage. In August and September the thickets are filled with a profusion of berries remarkable for their size and richness of color. Huckleberries of large size are abundant, while the salmon berries surpass all other similar fruits in size and richness of color, and ripen in such profusion that they frequently give a tint to the shrubbery. Purple-black currants are the most abundant of all the fruits, but the least palatable. On sandy tracts near the shore strawberries bloom throughout the summer and produce berries that are as large and fine as many cultivated varieties. The most delicious of all the berries on which we feasted were the dwarf raspberries (*Rubus arcticus, L.*), which grow with the strawberries amid the rank grasses on the shore.

On the lowlands the spruce trees stand so thickly that the sunlight can scarcely penetrate their interlocked branches, and mosses, lichens, and fungi flourish beneath them in strange beauty. Throughout the forests the ground is covered with a soft, spongy mat of mosses two or three feet thick. Each fallen trunk is a lovely bank of green and brown adorned with graceful ferns and brilliant flowers. Even the trunks and branches of the living trees are heavily loaded with mossy coverings, making strange, weird shapes in keeping with the noonday twilight. These somber retreats are most beautiful after a storm, when the air beneath the trees is heavy with drifting mists, and the deep, rich tints of the shaggy trunks are brightened here and there with patches of sunshine.

The fields of flowers skirting the forests surpass in rank luxuriance and in brilliancy of color anything of the kind it has been my fortune to see elsewhere. On the terraces and lower slopes of the mountains projecting into the Malaspina Glacier one may walk for miles through flowery meadows, shoulder-deep in a sea of bloom. No daisy meadow in New England is more thickly carpeted with blossoms than these remote, unexplored gardens of southern Alaska. Winter and summer, lovely verdure and icy desolation, are here side by side. One may stand on the border of an ice field miles in breadth and pluck as beautiful a garland of flowers and ferns as ever graced a May festival.

A few hundred feet above the timber line it is always winter. Near the lower limit of the summer's snow there are occasional sunny slopes so situated as not to be swept by avalanches, which are covered with a dense plush of brilliant alpine blossoms, and form a most pleasing contrast to the sparkling cliffs of snow and ice surrounding them. In the higher mountains there is absolutely no vegetation. Even the tints of lichens and mosses are absent from the precipices, and all the less rugged slopes are buried beneath snow and ice.

After leaving the shores of Yakutat Bay, we did not see a single sign to indicate that man, either civilized or savage, had preceded us. No trail, except those made by the bears, was met with; not a tree had been cut; no

half-burnt embers marked the site of former camp-fires; no tin cans or fragments of black bottles, the flotsam and jetsam of the advancing wave of civilization, were anywhere seen. For the first time in my life I had the experience, dear to the wanderer's heart, of traversing a region never before seen by man and bearing no marks of his destroying hand. I could join with the poet in saying:

> Nature is perfect wherever we stray,
> 'T is man that deforms her with care.

The rank vegetation seems to fulfil no other mission than the scattering of its own seeds. There are but few birds or mammals to eat the luscious fruits. The only animals besides the birds that feed on the berries are the bears. Of these there are at least two species, the black and the brown. The brown bears are closely related, if not specifically identical, with the grizzly: they have the same square head, and are as large, and probably exceed in size the rulers of the California forests. Two that I saw near at hand seemed as large as the largest of polar bears. The tracks made by one walking across a smooth, soft surface measured nine by seventeen inches; the stride was sixty-four inches. There are many marmots among the cliffs and living in burrows. Besides the bears and marmots no other game was seen. The mountain goat is known to live on the southeastern side of Yakutat Bay, but no signs of its presence were observed in the region we explored. Apparently the only animals that can exist there are such as hibernate during the winter.

On the 2d of August, Mr. Kerr and I left Blossom Island with its wealth of summer bloom, and started for the higher mountains to the northwest. Our course at first led up the most westerly of the main tributaries of the Marvine Glacier, where it seemed likely that a pass would be found leading westward towards St. Elias, the summit of which it was desirable to occupy in order to map the surrounding country. The day we started was stormy, and thick mists covered the mountain. Occasional rain squalls swept down from the higher ice fields and made traveling both difficult and uncomfortable. At the start we were accompanied by all of the camp hands, each man having a heavy load of instruments, rations, blankets, tents, etc., but about noon all of the men except two turned back, leaving their packs at a rendezvous on the ice. During our stay above the snow-line the men who returned to Blossom Island were busy in advancing supplies from caches made on the trail leading to Yakutat, and in carrying such things as were desired to the rendezvous at the snow-line. The men who shared our fortunes during the most of our stay in the snow were W. L. Lindsley and Thomas Stamy. After our party divided, our little band of four pressed on through the storm and gained an elevation a short distance above the snow-line, where the clear blue ice of the lower portion of the glacier disappeared beneath the white *névé* fields above. We there made our first camp in the snow. All of the valley and all of the mountain slopes not precipitous were covered with snow and ice. The mountain spurs, descending out of the clouds, plunged down beneath the snow in steep precipices, leaving not a square foot of level rock on which to pitch our tent. By the side of a steep lateral gorge, where a small quantity of dirt and stones had fallen on the glacier, and where we judged we should be safe from avalanches, we leveled off the surface so as to mark a platform about seven feet square, sustained on the lower margin by a wall of stone. On this little terrace we pitched our tent, and after a light supper, cooked over our small coal-oil stove, spread our blankets and sought the sleep that usually comes so quickly to the mountain climber. The storm increased as the night came on, and, what is quite unusual in southern Alaska, the rain fell in heavy drops, like a tropical storm, and beat through our tent, filling the interior with spray. As the storm increased, the louder and more frequent became the roar of the avalanches. Now a heavy crash, mingled with the sharp rattle of falling stones, would come from the cliffs on the opposite side of the valley, telling that an avalanche had discharged many tons of snow and rock on to the glacier; this would be answered by another similar roar, near at hand, and repeated again and again from other cliffs somewhere out in the darkness. The wilder the storm the louder became the avalanche-thunder, the bolts of which are more to be dreaded than the lightning's flash. Soon we were startled by the rush of a small avalanche right at our door, telling that the rocks above had been loosened by the rain, and that our perch was no longer tenable. Looking out, I saw rocks the size of one's head whizzing past within arm's reach of the tent. The next instant a falling stone struck the alpenstock to which our tent was fastened, carried it away, and left us exposed to the pouring rain. As quickly as possible we moved our tent down to the open glacier, at the extremity of a tapering mountain spur which projected far into the ice, where it seemed impossible for falling rocks to reach us. Moving our soaked blankets to this new shelter, if such it could be called when those within were nearly as wet as the storm-swept cliffs without, we passed

the night as best we could, sleep being impossible. On this occasion, as on many others while camped in the snow, we found our oil stove not only a convenience but a blessing. A cup of coffee was soon made, and the tent warmed sufficiently to be comparatively comfortable.

The following morning the vapor wreaths were rolled away from the great peaks, revealing to our astonished eyes glaciers and snow fields, vast precipices and towering pinnacles, grouped in one wild, picturesque, mountain panorama. Not a tree or shrub was in sight, but a few of the lower mountain slopes were aglow with alpine flowers. The temptation to return to Blossom Island, where all was sunshine and summer, was great, but we pressed on, taking the center of the glacier as our route, and threaded our way between deep crevasses to the heights above.

Space will not permit a detailed account of our life above the snow line, which will be described more fully elsewhere. Each day we advanced over the crevassed ice, many times crossing the yawning chasms on narrow snow bridges, and at night pitched our tent where darkness overtook us, or when we became too weary to travel farther. Sometimes we found a perch on the crest of a rocky ridge at a sufficient distance from the cliffs above to escape the falling stones, but many times were forced to camp on the open glaciers, without even the luxury of a few handfuls of gravel to keep our blankets from freezing to the ice.

On the third day after leaving Blossom Island we reached the head of the Marvine Glacier at the point where the most westerly spur of Mount Cook leaves the main mountain mass. Fortunately for us a break there occurs in the mountains, forming a pass leading westward. From the many tapering spires and pinnacles on the cliffs overlooking this natural highway we named it "Pinnacle Pass." The elevation of its summit is 4000 feet above the sea, and on its northern side there is a magnificent line of cliffs from 1000 to 2000 feet high, trending east and west. From the divide at Pinnacle Pass the snows flow both east and west and form a gentle grade, which would be easy to traverse were it not for the multitude of open fissures or crevasses. Crossing Pinnacle Pass we descended the western snow slope for several miles, having on our right the great line of cliffs already mentioned, which shut out the view of mountains to the north; but on passing the end of these cliffs and gaining the Seward Glacier, the next ice stream which flows southward down the mountains, the St. Elias range with its many giant peaks bursts into view. From this point we had our first unobstructed view of Mount St. Elias. The sun was just setting behind the great pyramid that forms the summit of the mountain, and all of the white-robed peaks to the north were flushed with a soft sunset glow. At last we had reached the most secret recesses of the mountains. The veil was lifted, and we stood silent with awe in the holy of holies!

The Seward Glacier is by far the largest and grandest of the alpine glaciers discovered during the expedition, and was named in grateful remembrance of Hon. William H. Seward, the purchaser of Alaska. At the place we first reached it the ice flows down a moderate slope, and is broken in a wonderful way. The ice stream here forms a rapid, the descent not being steep enough to produce what is known as an ice cascade. The ice is so shattered that it was impossible to cross, and we had to climb a projecting mountain spur and ascend the bank of the stream for a distance of two or three miles before being able to find a way to the western shore.

We crossed the Seward Glacier above the rapids, and, ascending a tributary stream of ice which comes in from the west, found another pass having about the same elevation as Pinnacle Pass, and, like it, leading westward. On each side of the crest of this divide there stands a bold, snow-covered dome, which suggested the name "Dome Pass" for the opening. Westward from the pass the snow surface slopes downward and joins another glacier which is fed by the snows falling on the southern slope of the main range between St. Elias and Malaspina. The lower end of this glacier, far to the south of where we crossed it, was named Agassiz Glacier by the expedition in charge of Lieutenant Schwatka in 1886. Its western branch drains the snow from the northeast slope of the crowning pyramid of St. Elias. Our way led up this western branch, which we called the Newton Glacier after the great triangular pyramid on the main mountain ridge above, next northeast of St. Elias. To gain the highest snow field of this glacier we had to ascend two ice-falls; one in the Agassiz Glacier, and the second where the Newton branch joins it. At these places the ice flows over precipices, and is so greatly shattered and crevassed that it is all but impassable. These cascades have a resemblance to what one might fancy would occur if a closely built city had been upheaved and tossed about by an earthquake. A more rugged or more fearful assemblage of chaotic ice forms could scarcely be fancied. After trying unsuccessfully to find a way through the first of these wildernesses of ice pinnacles, bottomless cañons, and broken and tossed tablelands, we left the glacier and endeavored to ascend the side of the ice stream. After much difficulty, and one or two unsuc-

cessful attempts, we found a passage leading to the comparatively smooth plateau of snow above the cascade, and encamped for the night on the top of a large table of ice bordered on all sides by crevasses hundreds of feet deep, in which no bottom could be seen.

The next day we attempted to thread our way through the maze of crevasses and pinnacles of the upper fall, but after several hours of weary climbing were obliged to turn back and endeavor to scale the cliff at the side. This cliff is nearly perpendicular and runs at right angles to the course of the glacier. Its prolongation beneath the ice gives origin to the ice cascade. Near where the cliff emerges from the ice there seemed to be a practicable route for reaching the top. I attempted to scale it at this point, but found the way so difficult, and was suffering so severely from snow-blindness, that I was obliged to give up the attempt. Kerr and Lindsley threw off their packs, and, taking alpenstocks and a life-line, succeeded in finding a way through the deeply crevassed ice to the top of the cliff at the point where I had endeavored to ascend it. Soon a rope was made fast, and a way to the snow plateau above was secured. Along the top of this precipice, which we called "Rope Cliff," towered an overhanging wall of ice, thirty or more feet in height, which threatened every moment to crash down in avalanches; but by making the ascent while the cliffs were in shadow this danger was greatly lessened. Above Rope Cliff our way led for half a mile close underneath a towering mountain mass, from which avalanches frequently descended. This was the most dangerous portion of the ascent. The cliffs above us rose fully a thousand feet, and were covered with crevassed ice which had every appearance of being ready to fall. We had to cross the tracks of several avalanches, and once while we were making the passage an avalanche of new snow started from the cliffs above and flowed down, spreading as it descended, until within a few yards of our trail, when it ceased. On retracing our steps over this portion of our route in descending we found that the tracks made while going up had been swept away. The path of one of these avalanches was deeply grooved, and sheathed with glare ice, formed by the freezing of the waters melted by the friction of the descending mass.

A mile above the cliffs that had given us so much trouble we found the snow even more heavily crevassed than usual, and our way blocked by precipices of snow and ice from 50 to 100 feet high. We searched for several hours for a passage through this labyrinth, but found none. At last we attacked one of the cliffs with our hatchet, and after two hours' hard work had a set of steps leading to the top. This was the last serious obstacle in the ascent. Above the steps we found ourselves on a vast plateau bordered on all sides, except that on which the glacier flowed, by cliffs and towering mountain slopes white with the snows of many winters. The highest point on the rim of this great amphitheater was Mount St. Elias, which rose above us, a vast pyramid five thousand feet in height.

Crossing the great snow field forming the floor of the amphitheater were hundreds of yawning chasms, many of them twenty to forty feet in breadth and half a mile in length. These we had to cross by narrow snow bridges or follow for long distances before being able to pass around their ends. A view into the blue depths of one of these great crevasses is a sight never to be forgotten. Their lips are of white snow, festooned and overarching in a thousand fantastic forms; below, the color changes by imperceptible gradations to the deepest blue. Their extreme depths are as dark in color as the unfathomable sea. Many times their bottoms are beyond the reach of vision; again they are level-floored and form a fairy-like valley with walls of sculptured crystal; in other instances they are partly filled with water of the deepest indigo, in which every detail of the fretted walls above is reflected. Some of the larger crevasses are crossed by snow arches, thrown directly from bank to bank, and resembling in their grand proportions the Natural Bridge of Virginia. Our way lay for miles across this beautiful but treacherous pavement, along the brink of dizzy precipices, and across narrow bridges with bottomless gulfs on each hand. Although we had been living on the glaciers for weeks and had become familiar with many of their wonders, the great crevasses in the upper snow regions were so magnificent in their proportions and so wonderful in color that they called forth exclamations of admiration from every member of our party.

On the evening of August 21 we pitched our tent in the snow at the border of a blue glacial pond near the immediate base of the great pyramid forming the culminating point of St. Elias. For ten days we had enjoyed beautiful weather, and the sun went down behind the great mountain peak we wished to climb, spreading a flood of yellow light over the rugged landscape and promising a continuance of clear skies. Every inch of the way to the top of the mountain was in plain view, and we felt confident of making the final climb on the morrow. When we retired each peak stood out clear and sharp against the dark, starlit heaven; but when we awoke next morning it was apparent that a change had taken place. The peaks were no longer clearly defined, and

from the higher summits cloud banners were streaming off towards the southeast. The vapor banks in the east were flushed by long streamers of light, and then faded to a dull, ashen gray, while the cloud banners between us and the sun became brilliant with rainbow tints. The rare beauty of that silent, wintry landscape, so delicate in its pearly half-tones and so softly lighted, was unreal and fairy-like. The winds were still, but strange forebodings of coming changes filled the air. Long, waving threads of vapor were woven in lace-work across the sky. The white-robed mountains were half concealed by shapeless cloud-masses that drifted like spirits along their mighty battlements, and far, far above, from the topmost pinnacles, irised banners were signaling the coming of a storm.

In spite of the unpromising conditions, we started on what we hoped would be the final climb; but the indications of bad weather increased, the clouds grew heavier, and at last, at an elevation of 9500 feet, we reached the base of a dark vapor bank which concealed the view above, and snow began to fall. After twenty days of fatigue and hardship since leaving Blossom Island, with our goal almost within reach, we were obliged to turn back. Regaining our tent, we concluded to remain until the morrow, hoping that the weather would moderate. But the snow continued to fall throughout the day, and the storm increased in force as night came on. In the morning the tempest was still raging. We were in the midst of the storm cloud; the vapor and fine drifting snow crystals obscured everything from view. The snow was already more than three feet deep about our tent, and to remain longer with the short supply of provisions on hand was hazardous, as there seemed no limit to the duration of the storm. Resuming our packs, we roped ourselves together and began to descend through the blinding mist and snow, which rendered the atmosphere so dense that a man could not be distinguished at a distance of fifty yards. With only our instinct and the direction of the storm to guide us, we worked our way downward between the deep crevasses and over the snow bridges that had obstructed our way during the ascent. All day long we continued our slow journey through the blinding storm, and at night believed ourselves to be near the steps cut during the ascent, but the darkness came on before we reached them. Shoveling the snow away as best we could with our hands and our basins, we cleared a space down to the old snow large enough for our tent, and went into camp. In the morning the storm had spent its force, leaving the mountains with an immaculate covering of white, and still partly veiled with shreds of storm clouds. We found ourselves on one of the many tables of snow, bounded on all sides by yawning crevasses, and not far from the great crevasse in the side of which we had cut steps. The steps were obliterated by the new snow, but by means of a rope and alpenstocks we made the descent without much difficulty, and passing beneath the cliffs, dangerous on account of their avalanches, reached the precipice where we had left a rope. A heavy avalanche had swept down from the heights above during our absence, sending its spray over the cliff where we had to descend. We gained the previous camping-place below the cliff, but far enough away to be out of reach of the stones and avalanches that were frequently shot down from above, and there passed the night.

The following day, after some consultation, it was decided to attempt once more to reach the summit of St. Elias. Lindsley and Stamy, who had shared without complaint the privations of our life in the snow, volunteered to descend to a lower camp for additional rations, while Mr. Kerr and myself returned to the higher camp, hoping that we might be able to ascend the peak before the men returned, and if not, to have sufficient rations, when they rejoined us, to be enabled to continue the attack. The men departed on their difficult errand, while Mr. Kerr and I, with blankets, tents, oil stoves, and what rations remained, once more scaled the cliff, where we had placed a rope, and returned on the trail made the day previously. About noon we reached the excavation in the snow where we had bivouacked in the storm, and there prepared a lunch. It was then discovered that a mistake had been made as to the quantity of oil in our cans, as scarcely enough remained to cook a single meal. To attempt to live several days in the snow with this small supply of fuel seemed hazardous. Mr. Kerr volunteered to descend and overtake the men at the lower camp, procure some oil, and return the following day. We then separated, Kerr starting down the mountain, and leaving me with a double load to carry through the deep snow to the high camp previously occupied.

Trudging wearily on through the deep snow, I reached the high camp at sunset. I pitched my tent in the excavation previously made, using my alpenstock for one tent-pole, and piling up snow, saturated with water, for the other; the snow froze in a few minutes and held the tent securely. The ends of the ridge-rope were then stamped into the snow and water was poured over them; the edges of the tent were treated in a similar manner, and my shelter was ready for occupation. Cooking some

ST. ELIAS FROM DOME PASS, LOOKING NORTHWEST.

supper over my oil stove, I rolled myself in a blanket and slept the sleep of the weary. On awakening in the morning I found the snow drifting into my tent, and, on looking out, discovered that I was again caught in a blinding storm of mist and snow. The storm raged all day and all night and continued without interruption till the evening of the second day. The coal oil becoming exhausted, I filled a can with bacon grease, in which a cotton rag was placed for a wick, and over this "witch lamp" did my cooking during the remainder of my stay. The snow, falling steadily, soon buried my tent, already surrounded on three sides by a wall of snow higher than my head, and it was only by constant exertion that I kept it from crushing in. With a pint basin for a shovel, I cleared the tent as best I could, and several times during the day re-excavated the hole leading down to the pond, which had long since disappeared beneath the level plain of white. I also began the excavation of a tunnel in the snow, with the expectation that the tent would soon become uninhabitable. The night following I found it impossible to keep the tent clear in spite of almost constant efforts, and early in the morning it was crushed in by a great weight of snow, leaving me no alternative but to finish the snow-house and move in. I excavated a tunnel into the snow some four or five feet, and made a chamber at right angles to this, about six feet long by four wide and three feet high. In this I placed my blankets and other belongings, and hanging a rubber coat, supported by an alpenstock, at the entrance, found myself well sheltered from the tempest. There I passed the day and the night following. In the morning I was awakened by the croaking of a raven on the snow immediately over my head, and found that the soft blue light of my grotto was replaced at the entrance by a pink radiance, telling that the day had dawned bright and clear.

What a glorious sight awaited me! The heavens were without a cloud, and the sun shone with dazzling splendor on the white-robed mountains. The broad, unbroken snow plain seemed to burn with light, reflected from millions of snow crystals. The great peaks were draped from base to summit in the purest white, as yet unscarred by avalanches. On the steep cliffs the snow hung in folds like drapery, tier above tier, while the angular peaks above stood out like crystals against the sky. St. Elias was one vast pyramid of alabaster.

The winds were still. Not a sound broke the solitude. Not an object moved. Even the raven had gone, leaving me alone with the mountains.

As the sun rose higher and higher, and made its warmth felt, the snows were loosened here and there on the steep slopes and broke away, gathering force as they fell, and rushed down in avalanches that made the mountains tremble and awakened the echoes with a roar like thunder. From a small beginning high up on the slopes the new snow would slip downward, silently at first, and cascade over precipices hundreds of feet high, looking like a fall of foaming water; then came the roar, increasing in volume as the flowing snow involved new fields in its path of destruction, until the great mass became irresistible and plowed its way downward through clouds of snow-spray, which hung in the air long after the roar of the avalanche had ceased. All day long, until the shadows of evening fell on the steep slopes, this mountain thunder continued. The echoes of one avalanche scarcely died away before they were awakened by another roar. To witness such a scene under the most favorable conditions was worth all the privation and anxiety it cost.

On the sixth day after parting from my companions, judging that they must have returned at least to the camping-place where we had separated, I packed my blankets and the meager remnants of food still remaining, abandoned the tent, and started to descend the mountain. Even under the warm sunshine of the previous days the snow refused to melt sufficiently to enable it to freeze at night and form a crust. It had settled somewhat, but was yet six feet deep. Tramping wearily on through the dry, chaff-like snow, I slowly worked my way downward and again threaded the maze of crevasses and snow bridges now partly concealed by the newly added layer. Midway to the next camping-place I met my comrades, coming up to look for me.

During my imprisonment at the highest camp Mr. Kerr was detained under similar circumstances at the camping-place below Rope Cliff. On endeavoring to rejoin me with the supply of coal oil, so very valuable under

A GLACIER RIVER FLOWING OVER ICE AND ENTERING A TUNNEL.

SKETCH MAP OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS REGION. (WESTERN PORTION FROM MAPS BY H. W. SETON-KARR AND H. W. TOPHAM.)

the circumstances, he was caught in the storm and was unable to reach the meeting-place appointed. He reached Rope Cliff in the afternoon of the first day of the storm, climbed the precipice, and found his way through the gathering darkness along the nearly obliterated trail beneath the avalanche cliffs and up the steps cut in the side of a crevasse to the site of our bivouac camp. Finding nothing there, and being unable to proceed farther through the blinding storm, he abandoned the attempt and returned to the camping-place below Rope Cliff. In descending the rope he found that its lower end had become fast in the snow. The taut line, sheathed with ice, was an uncertain help in the darkness. Midway in the descent his hands slipped and he slid to the bottom, but the cushion of new snow broke the fall and prevented serious injury. Alone, without fire, without blankets, having only a canvas cover and a rubber blanket for shelter, and with but little food, he passed three anxious days and nights before the return of the camp hands.

Deciding that the ascent of St. Elias could not be accomplished through the deep snow, the attempt was abandoned and the descent begun. Our retreat was none too soon. Storm succeeded storm throughout September, and each time the clouds lifted the mantle of new snow was seen to have descended lower and lower. Our last view showed the wintry covering nearly down to timber line.

After an excursion up Seward Glacier nearly to the upper ice-fall, where I was again turned back by a heavy snow-fall, I returned to Blossom Island and there found Mr. Kerr, who had descended immediately after our failure to reach the summit of St. Elias. My stay above

the snow line lasted from August 2 to September 6. Though traveling through rain and snow and sleeping on the ice is uncomfortable, I shall never regret the experience gained and never forget the magnificence of the great mountains when freshly robed in snow.

From Blossom Island Mr. Kerr returned at once to the mission at Port Mulgrave, while I made an excursion out on the great plateau of ice intervening between the mountains and the Pacific, which has already been briefly described. From the level sea of ice into which the mountains thrust rugged headlands the mighty range to the north appears higher and more rugged than from any other point of view. St. Elias rises from the ice in what appears a sheer precipice, fifteen thousand feet high. I doubt if a more impressive mountain face exists anywhere else in the world.

Retracing our steps to the shore of Yakutat Bay, we reoccupied our former camping-place, and in a few days were rejoiced to see the United States Revenue Marine steamer *Corwin* coming up the bay. Captain C. L. Hooper, her commander, did everything in his power to make us welcome, and to him we are indebted for a delightful voyage back to civilization. The morning of our departure was exceptionally bright and clear, thus adding to our joy at finding a ready means of returning to homes and loved ones.

After steaming up the bay nearly to the ice cliffs of the Hubbard Glacier, and giving us a fine view of the mountains and glaciers about Disenchantment Bay, the *Corwin* returned to Port Mulgrave and on September 25 put to sea. After a splendid ocean passage we arrived at Port Townsend on October 2.

During our stay in Alaska not a man was sick and not an accident happened. The work planned at the start was carried out almost to the letter, with the exception that we did not reach the summit of St. Elias. The results of the expedition embraced geological and glacial studies, and a topographic map of an area of upward of a thousand square miles, previously entirely unknown. The heights of all the principal peaks within a distance of many miles of our route were determined. Although the elevations of the mountains were found to be less than was previously supposed, they are still to be ranked among the most magnificent uplifts on the North American continent. The highest peak in the region explored is St. Elias, which has an elevation of 15,350 feet; next in importance is Mount Augusta, 13,105; Mount Cook, 12,370; and Mount Logan, named in honor of Sir William E. Logan, formerly Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, 12,616; Mount Irving, named for Professor Roland D. Irving, late professor of geology in the University of Wisconsin, 9151; Mount Newton, in honor of Professor Henry Newton, formerly of Columbia School of Mines, 11,387. Other peaks of equal magnificence are too numerous to name. For these measurements I am indebted to Mr. Kerr.

These mountains are not ancient volcanoes, as has been stated by certain writers, but are composed of stratified sedimentary beds which have been broken by profound fractures and upheaved as great mountain blocks. The huge pyramid presented by St. Elias when seen from Yakutat Bay is not a volcanic cone like Mount Shasta or Mount Rainier, as its shape might suggest, but is the end of a roof-like ridge. It is the highest corner of a great mountain block, and furnishes a typical example of a class of mountains formed by the upheaval and tilting of massive blocks of the earth's crust without folding or crumpling.

Israel C. Russell.

THE TWENTY-THIRD OF APRIL.

A LITTLE English earth and breathéd air
Made Shakspere the divine: so is his verse
The broidered soil of every blossom fair;
So doth his song all sweet bird songs rehearse.
But tell me, then, what wondrous stuff did fashion
That part of him which took those wilding flights
Among imagined worlds — whence the white passion
That burned three centuries through the days and nights?
Not heaven's four winds could make, nor the round earth,
The soul wherefrom the soul of Hamlet flamed;
Nor anything of merely mortal birth
Could lighten as when Shakspere's name is named.
How was his body bred we know full well,
But that high soul's engendering who may tell!

R. W. Gilder.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.—VI.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

CHAD ON HIS OWN CABIN FLOOR.

THE night after the eventful dinner in Bedford Place the colonel, accompanied by his guests, had alighted at a dreary way station, crawled into a lumbering country stage, and with Chad on the box as pilot stopped before a great house with ghostly trailing vines and tall chimneys outlined against the sky.

When I left my room on the following morning the sunlight was pouring through the big colonial window, and the breath of the delicious day, laden with the sweet smell of bending blossoms, floated in through the open blinds.

Descending the great spiral staircase with its slender mahogany balusters,—here and there a break,—I caught sight of the entrance hall below with its hanging glass lantern, quaint haircloth sofas lining the white walls, and half-oval tables heaped with flowers, and so on through the wide-open door leading out upon a vine-covered porch. This had high pillars and low railings against which stood some broad settles—all white.

The colonel, Fitz, and the English agent were still in their rooms,—three pair of polished shoes outside their several doors bearing silent witness to the fact,—and the only person stirring was a pleasant-faced negro woman with white apron and gay colored bandana, who was polishing the parlor floor with a long brush, her little piccaninny astraddle on the broom end for weight.

I pushed aside the hanging vines, sat down on one of the wooden benches, and looked about me. This, then, was Carter Hall!

The house itself bore evidence of having once been a stately home. It was of plaster stucco, yellow washed, peeled and broken in places, with large dormer windows and sloping roof, one end of which was smothered in a tangle of Virginia creeper and trumpet vine climbing to the very chimney-top.

In front there stretched away what had once been a well-kept lawn, now a wild of coarse grass broken only by the curving line of the driveway and bordered by a row of Lombardy poplars with here and there a gap—bitten out by hungry camp-fires.

To the right rose a line of hills increasing in height as they melted into the morning haze, and to the left lay an old-fashioned garden—one great sweep of bloom. With the wind over it and blowing your way, you were steeped in roses.

I began unconsciously to recall to myself all the traditions of this once famous house.

Yes, there must be the window where Nancy waved good-by to her lover, and there were the flower-beds into which he had fallen headlong from his horse—only a desolate corner now with the grass and tall weeds grown quite

POLISHING THE PARLOR FLOOR.

up to the scaling wall, and the wooden shutters tightly closed. I wondered whether they had ever been opened since.

And there under my eyes stood the very step where Chad had helped his old master from his horse the day his sweetheart Henny had been purchased from Judge Barbour, and close to the garden gate were the negro quarters where they had begun their housekeeping. I imagined I could pick out the very cabin.

And that line of silver glistening in the morning light must be the river Tench, and the bend near the willows the spot where the colonel would build the iron bridge with the double span, and across and beyond on the plateau backed by the hills the site of the future city of Fairfax.

I left my seat, strolled out into the garden, crossed the grass jeweled with dew, and filled my lungs with the odor of the sweet box bordering the beds — a rare delight in these days of modern gardens. Suddenly I came upon a wide straw hat and a broad back bending among the bushes. It was Chad.

"Mawnin', Major; fust fox out de hole, is yer? Lawd a massey, ain't I glad ter git back to my ole mist'ess! Lan' sakes alive! I ain't slep' none all night a-thinkin' ober it. You ain't seen my Henny? Dat was her sister's chile rubbin' down de flo'. She come ober dis mawnin' ter help, so many folks here. Wait till I git a basket ob dese yer ole pink rose-water roses. See how I snip 'em short? Know what I 'm gwine to do wid 'em? Sprinkle 'em all ober de tablecloth. I lay dey ain't nobody done dat for my mist'ess since I been gone. But, Major,"— here Chad laid down the basket on the garden walk and looked at me with a serious air,—"I done got dat coal

HENNY.

lan' business down to a fine p'int. I was up dis mawnin' 'fo' daylight an' I foun' dat rock, an' de crotch is dar yit; I scrape de moss offen it myself; an' I foun' de tree too. I ain't sayin' nuffin', but jes you wait till after breakfas' an' dey all go out lookin' for de coal! Jes you wait; dat 's all! Chad 's on his own cabin flo' now. Can't fool dis chile no mo'."

This was good news so far as it went; for our sudden exodus from Bedford Place was determined upon immediately after Chad's dismal failure to locate the coal-field, Fitz having carried the day against Yancey, Kerfoot, and even the agent himself, who was beginning to waver over the accumulation of uncertainties.

"Dat 's enough roses to bury up de dishes. Rub yo' nose down in 'em — ain't dey sweet! Now, come along wid me, Major. I done tole Henny 'bout you an' de tar'pins an' de times de gemmen had. Dis way, Major; won't take a minute, an' ef ye all go back to-night,— an' I yerd Mister Englishman say *he* got to go,— you might n't hab anudder chance. Henny 's cookin', ye know. Dis way. Step under dat honeysuckle!"

I looked through an open door and into a dingy, smoke-dried interior, ceiled with heavy rafters and hung with herbs, red peppers, onions, and the like. This was lighted by three small windows, and furnished with a row of dressers filled with crockery and kitchen ware, and permeated by that savory smell which presages a generous breakfast. On one side of the fireplace rested the great hominy mortar, cut from a tree trunk, so common in Virginia kitchens, and on the other the universal brick oven with its iron doors — the very doors, I thought, that had closed over Chad's goose when Henny was a girl. Between the mortar and the oven opened, or rather caverned, a fireplace as wide as the colonel's hospitality, and high and deep enough to turn a coach in. It really covered one end of the room.

Bending over the swinging crane hung with pots and fringed with hooks — baited so often with good dinners — stood an old woman with bent back, and with gray head bound up with a yellow handkerchief.

"Henny, de major made a special p'int o' comin' to see ye 'fo' he gits his breakfas'."

She looked up and dropped me a courtesy.

"Mawnin', marsa. I ain't much ter see, I 'm so ole an' mizzble wid dese yer cricks in my back an' sich a passel o' white folks. How did my Chad git along up dar 'mong de Yankees?"

I gave Chad so good a character that every tooth in his head came out on dress parade, and was about to draw from Henny some of her own experiences — this loyal old servant whose life from her girlhood to her old age had been one of the romantic traditions of the roof that sheltered her — when Chad, who had gone out with the roses, returned with the news that the colonel and his guests were breathing the morning air on the front porch and were much disturbed over my prolonged absence.

The colonel caught sight of me as I rounded the corner, Fitz and the agent joining in his outburst of hilarious welcome, intoxicated as we all were with the elixir of that most exhilarating of all hours — the hour before breakfast of a summer morning in the country.

"Welcome, my dear Major; a hearty wel-

come to Caarter Hall! Come up here where you can get a view of Fairfax, suh!" were his first words, and by the time I had mounted the steps he was leaning over the railing, with Fitz on the one side and the agent on the other, sweeping the horizon with his index finger and drawing imaginary curves and building bridges and locating railroad stations in the air with as much confidence and hope as if he really saw the gangs of laborers at work across the fields, their shovels glinting in the dazzling sunlight.

"Jes cast yo' eyes, suh,"—this to the agent,—"and tell me, suh, if you have ever in yo' world-wide experience seen such a location for a great city. Level as a flo', watered by the Tench, and sheltered by a line of hills that are beauty itself—it is made for it, suh!"

The agent did full justice to the natural advantages and then asked:

"Is the coal in that range?"

"No, suh; the coal is behind us on an outlyin' spur. I will take you there after breakfast."

And then followed a brief description of the changes the war had made in the homestead, the burning of the barns, the abandonment of the quarters, the destruction of the lawns—"A yard for their damnable wagons, suh"; the colonel pointing out with great delight the very dent in the ridge where General Early had ridden through and captured the whole detachment without the loss of a man.

While we were talking that same rustling of silk that I had learned to know so well in Bedford Place was heard in the hall, then a sweet, cheery voice giving some directions to Chad, and the next instant dear Aunt Nancy—Fitz and I had long since dared to call her so—floated (she never seemed to walk) out upon the porch with a word and a courtesy to the agent, a hand each to Fitz and me, and a kiss for the colonel.

Then came the breakfast, and such a breakfast! The outpourings of a Virginia kitchen, with the table showered with roses, and the great urn shining and smoking, and the relays of waffles and corn-bread and broiled chicken; all in the old-fashioned dining-room with its high wainscoting, spindle-legged sideboards, and deep window seats, and the long moon-faced clock in the corner—and the rest of it! After that the quiet smoke under the vine-covered end of the portico with the view towards Cartersville.

"There comes the jedge," said the colonel, pointing to a cloud of dust following a two-wheel gig, "and Major Yancey behind on horseback." (They had both been dropped outside their respective garden gates the night before.) "Now, gentlemen, as soon as my attorney arrives with the surveys and deeds

MAJOR YANCEY'S HORSE.

we will adjourn to my library and locate this coal-field."

Yancey's horse proved, on closer inspection, to be the remnant of an army mule with a moth-eaten mane and a polished tail bare of hair—worn off, no doubt, in a lifelong struggle with the Fairfax County fly. The major was without the luxury of a saddle, some one having borrowed the only one the owner of the mule possessed, and his breeches, in consequence, were half way up his knees. The judge arrived in better shape, the gig being his own and fairly comfortable,—the same he rode to circuit, a yellow-painted vehicle washed only when it rained,—and the horse the property of the village livery man, who had a yearly contract with his Honor for its use.

Chad was waiting on the flagstones when the procession stopped, and he assisted the major to alight, with as much form and ceremony as if he had been the best mounted gentleman in the land. The saddleless fragment was then led to a supporting fence. The judicial equipage was accorded the additional luxury of a shed,

where the annual contract was served with a full measure of oats — Chad's recognition of his more exalted station.

The judge bowed gracefully and with great dignity and with the air of a chief-justice entering the court room; then, preceding the colonel and his guests,— without a word having fallen from his lips,— he entered a small room opening into the parlor. There he placed upon a chair certain mysterious-looking packages, long and otherwise, one a tin case, which he uncapped, spreading its contents upon a table.

It proved to be another and larger map than the one Chad had pored over, and showed distinctly the boundary lines between two dots marked "Oak" and "Rock" dividing the Carter and Barbour estates.

Up to this time Fitz and the agent had preserved the outward appearance of two idle gentlemen visiting a friend in the country, with no interest beyond the fresh air and the environments of a charming hospitality. With the unrolling of this map, however, and the discovery of the very boundary points insisted on by Chad in Bedford Place, their excitement could hardly be suppressed. The agent broke loose first.

"Before we find out, Colonel Carter, to whom this coal belongs, which may take some valuable time, I want to examine the quality of the vein itself. I would like to go now."

"By all means, suh; and my people shall go with us," said the colonel, turning to Kerfoot with instructions to bring Chad and all the maps later. (Yancey had excused himself on the ground of the heat.) Then donning a wide straw hat and picking up a cane,— something he never used in New York,— he led the way through the rear door, across a stone wall, and up a hill covered with a second growth of timber.

The experienced eye of the Englishman took in the lay of the land at a glance, and beckoning Fitz to one side he stooped and picked something from the ground which he examined carefully with a magnifying glass. Then they both disappeared hurriedly over the hill.

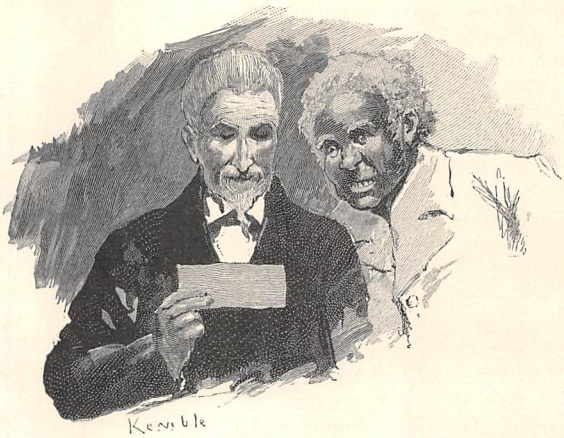
When they returned, half an hour later, the perspiration was rolling from the agent, and Fitz's eyes were blazing. Both were loaded down with a collection of broken bits of rock, tied up in their several handkerchiefs, large enough to start a geological collection in a country museum.

"What is it, Fitz — diamonds?" I said, laughing.

"Yes; black ones at that." He was almost breathless. "Solid bed of bituminous! Clear down to China! Don't breathe a word yet, for your life!"

The agent was calmer. The coal-bed, he said, seemed to be of more than ordinary richness, and as far as he could judge lay in a vein of generous width. He was ready for the survey, and would like the boundary points located at once.

The next instant Chad's head peered through the tangled underbrush, followed by Kerfoot. He carried the roll of maps, the judge contenting himself with a package tied with red tape.



"WHAT 'S DIS, MARSA GEORGE?" (SEE PAGE 891.)

The old darky's face was one broad grin from ear to ear.

The judge unrolled a map and placed it on a flat rock with a stone at each corner. Then he untied the package, selected an ink-stained and faded document marked "Deed — John Carter to E. A. Barbour," and ran his eye along the quaint page, reading as he went:

> Starting from an oak, blazed diamond C ⓒ, along a line S. E. to a rock marked C cross B, C + B, in all a distance of 1437 linear feet.

"Now, Chad, we will fust find the tree," said the judge, looking around for his map-bearer. "Where is that nigger? Chad!"

The old man had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. The next minute we heard a faint halloo below us at the edge of a small swamp. A man was waving his hat, and shouting:

"Eve'ybody come yer!"

Fitz started on a run, and the agent and I followed on the double-quick. At the end of a crooked stone wall, half surrounded by water, was a great spreading oak, its branches reaching half way across the narrow marsh. Within touching distance of the yielding ground stood

Chad pointing to a smooth blaze, stained and overgrown with lichen. It bore this mark, ⊂⊃.

"It tallies to a dot. Now, Chad, the rock! the rock!" said Fitz, hardly able to contain himself.

The darky pointed straight up the hill, the sky line of which could be seen entire from where we stood, and indicated an isolated rock jutting out above the treetops.

I thought Fitz would have hugged him.

"How do you know it is the rock with the crotch in it? Speak, you grinning lunatic!"

"I was dar dis mawnin' by daylight."

"What 's it marked?" said Fitz, catching him by both shoulders. "What 's it marked? Quick!"

"Wid a C an' a cross an' a B—so." And the old man traced it with his finger in the mud.

"Every pound of coal on the colonel's land!" said Fitz, with a yell that brought his host and Kerfoot as fast as their aged legs could carry them.

"Stop!" said Kerfoot. "This only settles the Caarter and Barbour division. There was another division here a year ago between Miss Ann Caarter and the colonel. With that I am mo' familiar, for I drew the deeds, which are here," holding up a bundle; "and I was also present with the surveyor. You are wrong, Mr. Fitzpatrick; this entire hill outside the Barbour division is Miss Ann Caarter's, and the coal is on her land. The colonel's portion is back there along the Tench."

THE ENGLISHMAN'S CHECK.

An hour later I found Fitz flat on the grass under one of the apple trees behind the house, completely broken up by the discoveries of the morning.

After all his work, here was the colonel worse off than ever. Nobody could tell what a woman would do. Aunt Nancy was better than the average (Fitz was a bachelor), but then she had peculiar old family notions about selling land, and ten chances to one she would not sell a foot of it, and there right in the house sat a man with his pocket full of blank checks, any one of which was good for a million of pounds sterling. Even if she did sell it she would pension the dear old fellow off on a stipend instead of an establishment. He wanted somebody to dig a hole and cover Fitzpatrick up. Anybody could see that the railroad scheme was deader than a last year's pass, the farm hopeless, and the house fast becoming a ruin. It was enough to make a man jump off a dock.

Fitz's tirade was interrupted by Chad, who appeared with a message. The colonel wanted everybody in the library.

When we entered the judge occupied the head of the table, surrounded by law papers, all of which were opened. The agent was bending over him, reading attentively and entering extracts in his note-book. Everybody became seated.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick," said the agent, "I have spent an hour with Judge Kerfoot going over the title of this property and I am prepared to make a proposition for its purchase. I have reduced it to writing,"—picking up a half-sheet of foolscap from the table,—"and I submit it to the owners through you."

Fitz read it without changing a muscle and handed it to the colonel. Yancey and the judge craned forward to catch the first syllables.

The colonel read it to the end, getting paler and paler as its meaning became clear, and then, with a certain pathos in his voice that was childlike, it was so genuine, said:

"If this is accepted, I presume, suh, you will not look any further into my road?"

"You are right. My instructions cover only the purchase of this deposit. I have room for only one operation."

The colonel rose from his chair, steadied himself on the low window-sill, and looked out across the Tench. The silence was oppressive — only the ticking of the clock in the next room and the bees among the flowers outside.

"Wait until I return," he said, crumpling the paper.

In a moment he was back, leading in his aunt by the hand. Miss Nancy entered with a half-puzzled look on her face, which deepened into a certain anxiety as she began to realize the pronounced formality of the proceedings. The colonel cleared his throat impressively.

"Nancy, an investigation begun in New York by my dear friend Fitz, and completed here to-day, results in the discov'ry that what you have always considered as slight outcroppin's of coal, and wuthless, is really of vehy great value." The colonel here unbuttoned his coat and threw out his chest. "A syndicate of English capitalists have, through our guest, offered you the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the coal-hill, with a royalty of ten cents per ton for every ton mined over a certain amount, one thousand dollars to be paid now and the balance on the search of title and signin' of the contract. I believe I have stated it correctly, suh?"

The agent bowed his head and scrutinized Miss Nancy's face with the eye of a hawk.

The dear lady sank into a chair. For a moment she lost her breath. Yancey handed her a fan with a quickness of movement never seen in him before, and the colonel continued.

"This will of course still leave you, Nancy, this house and about half of the farm property transferred to you by me at the fo'closure sale."

The little woman looked from one to the other in a dazed sort of way, and her eye rested on Fitz.

"What shall I do, Mr. Fitzpatrick? It seems to me a grave step to sell any part of the estate."

Fitz blushed at the mark of her confidence, and said that with the royalty clause he thought the proposition a favorable one.

"And you, George?" turning to the colonel.

The colonel bowed his head. He must advise its acceptance.

"When do you want an answer, sir?"

"To-day, Madam," said the Englishman, who had not taken his eyes from her face.

"You shall have it in half an hour," she said gently, and rose hastily and left the room.

I looked at the colonel. Whatever great wave of disappointment had swept over him when his own idol was broken there was no trace of it in his face. Even the change that owing to this sudden influx of wealth into the family might occur for the better in his own condition never seemed to cross his mind. As between his own plans and his aunt's good fortune there was but one course for him. He did not follow her. He simply waited.

The room took on the whispered silence of a court awaiting an overdue jury. Fitz was still incredulous and still anxious, saying to me in an undertone that he felt sure she would either refuse it altogether or couple it with some conditions that the agent could not accept; either would be fatal. Yancey and the judge, who had been partly paralyzed at the rapidity of the transaction, conferred in a corner, while the agent proceeded to make a copy of the proposition with as much composure as if he bought a coal-mine every day. The colonel sat by himself, his chair tilted back, his eyes half closed.

In the midst of this uncertainty Chad entered with a message. "Miss Nancy wants de colonel." In five minutes more he entered with another. Miss Nancy wanted Fitz and me.

We followed the old servant up the winding staircase and down the long hall, past the old-fashioned wardrobe and the great chintz-covered lounge.

Aunt Nancy sat by the window in her bedroom by the side of the high post bedstead, rocking gently to and fro. The colonel was standing with his back to the light, coat open, thumbs in his armholes, face beaming.

"I sent for you," she began, "because I want you both to hear my answer before I inform the agent. The land only was mine, and but for your love and devotion to the colonel would still be a wild hill. The coal, therefore, belongs to him. Go and tell the Englishman I accept his offer. The land and all the coal I give to George."

When, an hour later, the transaction was complete, the receipts and preliminary contracts signed, and the small, modest-looking check — the first instalment — had been transferred from the plethoric bank-book of the agent to the narrow, poverty-stricken pocket of the colonel, and the fact began to dawn simultaneously upon everybody that at last the dear old colonel was independent, an enthusiasm took possession of the room that soon became uncontrollable.

Fitz caught him in his arms and began hugging him in a way that endangered every rib in his body, calling out all the time that he never felt so good in his life. Yancey and Kerfoot, who had stood one side appalled by the magnitude of the sum paid, and who during the signing of the papers had looked at the colonel with the same sort of silent awe with which they would have regarded any other potentate rolling in estates and mines and millions, broke through the enforced reserve and exclaimed, with an outburst, that the South was looking up, and that a true Southern gentleman had come into his own, the judge adding with emphasis that never in his life had the colonel looked so much like his noble father as when he stooped over and signed that receipt. Even the Englishman, hard, practical fellow that he was, congratulated him on his good fortune in a few short words that jumped out hot from his heart.

With this atmosphere about him it is not to be wondered at that the colonel lost the true inwardness of the situation. The fact that his aunt's boundary line included every acre of valuable land on the plantation, while his own poor portion only bordered the Tench, was to him simply one of those trifling errors which sometimes occur in the partition of vast landed estates. And although when the gift was made he felt more than ever her loving kindness, he could not now, on more mature reflection and after hearing the encomiums of his friends, really see how she could have pursued any other course.

And yet, with the sale accomplished and he rich beyond his wildest dreams, he was precisely the same man in bearing, manner, and speech that he had been in his impecunious days in Bedford Place. He was rich then — in hopes, in plans, in the reality of his dreamland. He was no richer now. The check in his pocket made no difference.

The only perceptible change was when he

recounted to me his plans for the restoration of the homestead and the comfort of its inmates. "I shall rebuild the barns and cabins and lay out a new lawn. The po'ch"—looking up—"needs some repairs, and the ca'iage-house must be enlarged. The coaching days are not over yet, Major; Nancy must have"—

Chad, entering with a luncheon for the exhausted circle, diverted the colonel's train of thought, cutting short his summary. For a moment he watched him musingly, then following him into the next room he called him to one side, and with a marked tenderness in his manner unfolded the Englishman's check.

The old servant put down the empty tray, adjusted his spectacles, and examined it carefully.

"What 's dis, Marsa George?"

"A thousand dollars, Chad."

"Golly! Monstrous quare kind o' money. Jes a scrap. Ain't big enough to wad a gun, is she? An' Mister Englishman gib ye dis for dat ole brier patch?"

Chad was trembling all over, full to the very eyelids.

The colonel held out his hand. The old servant bent his head, his master's hand fast in his. Then their eyes met.

"Yes, Chad; for you and me. There 's no hard work for you any mo', old man. Go and tell Henny."

THAT night at dinner, Fitz on the colonel's right, the Englishman next to Aunt Nancy, Kerfoot, Yancey, and I disposed in regular order, Chad noiseless and attentive, the colonel arose in his chair, radiant to the very tip ends of his cravat, and in a voice which trembled as it rose said:

"Gentlemen, the events of the day have unexpectedly brought me an influx of wealth far beyond my brightest anticipations. This is due in great measure to the untirin' brain and vast commercial resources of my dear friend Mr. Fitzpatrick, who has labored with me durin' my sojourn Nawth in the development of these properties, and who now, with that unselfishness which caaracterizes his life, refuses to accept any share in the result.

"They have also strengthened the tie existin' between my old friend the major on my left, who oftentimes when the day was darkest has cheered me by his counsel and companionship.

"But, gentlemen, they have done mo'." The colonel's feet now barely touched the floor. "They have enabled me to provide for one of the loveliest of her sex—she who graces our boa'd—and to enrich her declinin' days not only with all the comforts but with many of the luxuries she was bawn to enjoy.

"Fill yo' glasses, gentlemen, and drink to the health of that greatest of all blessings—a true Southern lady!"

F. Hopkinson Smith.

THE END.

HERR VON STRIEMPFELL'S EXPERIMENT.

IF there is one time more than another when men are inclined to be confidential it is after dinner, when they are left with the Madeira and Reinas. Robert Eglington's cheery dining-room was just the place to make one forget the existence of the winter night and the blinding snow-storm that raged outside. A blazing fire of the driest hickory crackled and spluttered as it licked up the snow-flakes which fell down the ample chimney, a piece of masonry built long before the days of tissue-drying steam heaters and enervating furnaces. The soft, pink light from a dozen shaded candles gave a ruddier glow to the Château Margaux in the curious Venetian decanters, and the blue cloud of tobacco smoke floating lazily over the table contributed to an artistic picture of comfort. Eglington and his old friend Jack Peabody were left alone. They had been lifelong friends, had gone through Columbia together and chummed in the University Building long before "Cecil Dreeme" was written. Eglington had studied law, and was now a prosperous, middle-aged man, while Peabody had gone abroad to devote himself to science. He had written to his old friend from time to time, his letters being at first full of enthusiasm and interest in his work at Erlangen, but they had become less and less frequent, and finally ceased altogether.

How many of such friendships are known, and how often they are resumed in some unexpected way! For the first time in twenty years Eglington met Peabody. He had last seen him when the *Cuba* left her dock at the foot of Canal street, and he had gone sadly back to his lonely rooms. He was then a young fellow of three and twenty, whose handsome face was seen at every german at the Fourteenth street Delmonico's before the days of shoddy contracts and the sudden ways of mak-

ing money incident to the war and thereafter. Eglington was surprised and startled at the appearance of his friend, whom he had met breakfasting at the Brunswick. He was prematurely old, with close-cropped beard plentifully sprinkled with gray, and a face bearing furrows which could only come from the most poignant kinds of sorrow and anxiety. All the old elasticity was gone; he found the man before him hardly more than a broken-down wreck. A delightful meeting of the two resulted in Jack's instalment in Eglington's comfortable house on Ninth street, and his trunks and chattels were sent for at once.

How can the meeting of two dear old friends be properly described? The going over of reminiscences of days long dead, the boyish sprees, the thousand and one delicious sensations of the past which happen only once in our lives, and are stored away in the brain to crop out when all the youthful life has left the heart and the seriousness of middle age has taken its place.

After two hours of this there was a pause. Peabody had said little or nothing of his life abroad, and Eglington was disinclined to prompt him to be more communicative. Peabody finally introduced the subject himself. "And now, dear Bob, you are naturally anxious to hear what I have done for so many years. I will gladly tell you, but I fear my story will only shock and distress you. To say that it is romantic would convey in only a beggarly way the startling and terrible career which the most unfortunate of men has experienced. I went, as you remember, to Munich, from thence to Erlangen and Vienna. Ah, how full was I of my new life! Possessed with youth and strength, and, as you know, dear fellow, a love of metaphysics, I felt with Hamlet that the world was mine oyster. I went at once to the house of one of the faculty, Herr von Striempfell, to whom I had letters. He was one of the first to enter the field of psychical research from the physiological standpoint, and long before Hitzig and Fritsch, Münk and Ferrier, began their work my patient old German friend had toiled for years. I furbished up my German by long discussions with him over my beer at the Hofbrauerei, and on Sundays we walked out to the park. I became delighted and absorbed in my work, and this must be my excuse for neglecting you, for letter-writing is impossible when Gall and Hegel are in a man's mind. In the summer I went down to the Austrian Tyrol, and with my alpenstock and knapsack derived the benefit of the purest of air. It was during the first summer that an event occurred but for which my life might have been entirely different.

"At the Hotel de l'Europe at Salzburg I met an English family named Baynesford, the eldest daughter of which I saw frequently, and having much in common we soon became constant companions in our walks. We went daily to the monastery upon the Capuzinenberg or climbed the wooded Monchsberg. For hours we sat by the Salzach or strolled along its low bank. Kate Baynesford was a clever girl, and despite a certain frigidity of manner and a directness and matter-of-fact way of saying things peculiar to many of her English sisters, she had a great deal of sentiment. Her reading had been of the best kind, and while not at all a *bas bleu*, she was familiar with many of the subjects which so engrossed me. Need I, dear Bob, tell you how inseparable we became? Her beauty and gentleness made her saintlike in my eyes, and a growing tendency to materialism, which was fast possessing me, seemed to be completely neutralized when I sat beside her in the old church and watched her holy, quiet devotions. Her face was a study, and every feature suggested a more than ordinary force of character—not untinctured with womanly delicacy and dependency, mind you. Her blue eyes were rather widely set apart, and her lips, while firm, were not at all thin or ascetic. Her chin was full and broad, and there was just enough squareness of the jaws to hint at resolution. Her perfectly modeled head crowned with the sunniest of golden hair was delicately poised, suggesting that of the graceful Venus of Milo. As to her figure, it was beauty itself. I soon felt that I had met the woman I was to marry; and despite the perturbation of dear old Von Striempfell, to whom I had written, and who dreaded that a more serious state of affairs would completely interfere with my studies, I obtained her consent and we were married. Need I tell you of all my happiness, and of all the little endearing ways of my handsome young wife? Possessed of a desire to keep pace with me, she read by my side and listened for hours to the details of my experiments. She was guided by me in everything, and instead of being a drag, as had been feared by Von Striempfell, she became a loving helpmate and in every way encouraged me in my life's work. From time to time I was obliged to leave Erlangen in relation to business in Berlin. Good Von Striempfell amused her in my absence—in his heavy, amiable manner, for he had grown to love her almost as much as I. She always wrote to me, but upon the last of these occasions two weeks passed without the receipt of a word, and I then hurried back, fearing the worst.

"How can I tell you of the horrible shock that I received when upon my return to town I found that my poor wife had sustained a most terrible injury; that a heavy antique lamp had fallen upon her head, and that for two weeks

she had been almost entirely unconscious? This explained her silence most eloquently. As chance had it, Herr von Striempfell was near at hand when the accident occurred, and she was carried into his laboratory. Late as was the hour, with the instruments, antiseptics, and bandages always at hand in his workshop he ministered to her wants without assistance, raised the fractured bone and nursed her carefully and tenderly. All that human skill could do he did, and at once. So he told me.

"Picture my anguish and suspense for weeks; but, thank God, she slowly recovered, and when we left for England, believing the radical change would do her good, her physical health seemed almost restored. And yet—I sometimes feel that it would have been better had she died then.

"It was just five years ago that we reached London, and I took a little house in Wilton street. You have no idea, dear Bob, how closely I watched my darling, and how I looked for changes, for such there were.

"She slept but little and only in the daytime, and always found the confinement of the house irksome. Many a moonlight night have I wandered forth with her into the silent street, for she seemed at her best after the sun had set. She still kept up her cheerful heart, and would delight with me in a run over the fields. About this time I noticed a still more marked change, which filled me with alarm. Naturally fond of pets of all kinds, and tender-hearted to a degree, she seemed now to take a malignant pleasure in worrying the living things which had formerly been her delight and care. Her aversion seemed to be most wicked towards dogs and birds, so that the former were sent away, and what was my horror one day to find a dead canary clutched in her hand. She was terribly excited, but upon my coming burst into tears, and admitted that an irresistible impulse had led her to destroy her pet. For months she suffered from attacks of moodiness and depression.

"She was always restless at night and every faculty seemed upon the alert. So acute were her senses that she would detect the slightest sound in the house, and her vision was so exaggerated after nightfall that she saw many objects that I could not perceive at all. Every effort was made to divert her and to correct, if possible, the growing mental trouble. My clever friends did their utmost to help me, but she lost all interest in her old amusements or studies. Her vagaries were new and startling. At a dinner at Lady Esmeth's an event occurred which put an end to her further appearance in public. Just after we had joined the ladies a commotion was raised by the appearance of an inoffensive mouse. With true feminine consistency Lady Esmeth and her friend Mrs. MacNish took a point of vantage upon their chairs, while my wife appeared transformed with intense excitement. Her eyes were scintillating and her face was fairly livid. Before I could interfere she threw herself forward upon the floor, and with a quick movement caught the mouse between her teeth before it could escape. When I went to her side I found her unconscious and breathing heavily.

"Need I tell you of my humiliation—of the tender solicitude of the ladies, and the astonishment of the men? The next day she was herself again, and distressed beyond measure. In vain did we consult the best medical men in London. She grew worse instead of better. Over the horrors of the next six months I must draw a veil. My sweet, gentle Kate became a creature who was swayed at times by rage; at others she became cunning and sly, and cruel, in the extreme, in all her ways. My peace of mind was constantly startled by some fresh specimen of eccentricity. So the wretched day came when, by mutual consent, we separated, she going to her friends.

"I saw her but once again, at her father's house, in Devon, where she died after a long struggle, and manifesting a vitality which puzzled all the local medical men. From time to time Von Striempfell had been made aware of my poor darling's strange condition, and manifested the tenderest solicitude. Immediately on the fatal termination of her inexplicable mental and physical agony I went down to Erlangen to strive to forget myself, if possible, in my studies, and to find my old friend, whose sympathy I so strongly needed. I at once sought my friend's humble quarters near the Oppelzstrasse, but sought vainly for admission. All I could learn was that Herr von Striempfell had moved away six months before. The authorities, to whom I next went, gave me more satisfaction, if such it could be called. Von Striempfell's body had been found in his small quarters, suspended from a beam in the ceiling, and he had evidently been dead several days. In an inner pocket of his coat was a paper which was directed to me. I give you the contents."

Peabody drew from his pocket a roll of crumpled foolscap, which he carefully arranged and read:

CONFESSION OF WILHELM VON STRIEMPFELL.

I, Wilhelm von Striempfell, privat-docent, in my last moments of life do desire to unburden my mind of a terrible secret which has overpowered me. I sacrifice my life because I am haunted by my sense of crime, and if my self-destruction can at all atone for the

great wrong I have done two innocent persons, I do so cheerfully. I fear my only excuse must be my aim to advance science.

In 1836 Uphold of Bonn left in his posthumous papers several strange speculations, which I alone knew. He believed that the occipital cortex was the sole seat of intellect, and the middle vertical region contained the motor centers, as has since been described by others. He went still further, for he believed that by delicate removal and substitution of the cortex from another animal an interchange of nervous substances could be effected, and with it a transmission of intellectual functions. Startling as this theory is, it did not discourage me from believing that human faculties might be ingrafted; that the dying philosopher might, as a last gift, bestow upon a deficient person some of his excellent central cells. How tremendous were the possibilities! Whole races of criminals might be reconstructed, and anthropological research would, through the process of brain grafting, become a new delight. Just think of the power of being a maker of men! For years I carried on in a quiet way a series of experiments with the lower animals, until I attained a degree of dexterity and success which was remarkable. The growing passion became all-absorbing. I only needed a human subject. Alas! the opportunity came, and I yielded.

Upon the 30th of January the sad accident occurred which brought to my house the unconscious body of Frau Peabody, the wife of my dear young pupil. As I bent over her I saw a vigorous, beautiful woman reduced to a condition of insensibility; and upon looking for the cause I found a serious fracture over the posterior parietal region on the left side. Gently and carefully I raised the depressed bones and removed a loose fragment. The brain beneath was slightly injured. Great God! here was a subject for my lifelong theory. My head swam, and — I heard the pulsations of my heart. My whole frame trembled so that I was obliged to sit down to recover my composure. My better nature revolted at the idea of doing anything more than my strict professional duty. I reasoned with myself, but my reasoning was always from my own false premises — all from self-interest. I thrust aside sentiment, loyalty to my friend, my duty to God, and rapidly removed a small piece of the first occipital convolution from an anesthetized cat upon which I had been at work when my friend's poor wife had been carried in; and after hurriedly scraping the brain of the unfortunate victim before me, I applied it. Hearing the steps of my assistant upon the stairs, I hastily stitched together the scalp. After careful watching, my beautiful patient recovered. Ah! never shall I forget her gratitude; and for what? Life has been a curse to me since, and I have ever been haunted by thoughts of my folly. Oh, that I could undo my work! For months I have watched for news of my poor friend's career. I have read and re-read his letters, and their miserable recitals have frequently torn open the wound of my conscience. The horrid success of my experiment has made me miserable, instead of filling me with joy. And now all is over, and I will expiate my crime with my own wretched life.

WILHELM VON STRIEMPFELL.

Allan McLane Hamilton.

A RACE ROMANCE.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON,

Author of "Ben and Judas," "A Dusky Genius," etc.

FOR many years Wiley Brimson had been the owner of Sassafras Pocket, a small but fertile nook between two great projections of what is known as the "Pine-log Mounting," in Cherokee, Georgia. He owned one slave, a coal-black negro, whom for the greater part of his lifetime he had threatened with condign freedom.

"Ef they air anythin' 'at air pine blank wrong," he was fond of saying, "hit air human slavery. Ther' 's thet nigger o' mine, thet nigger Rory; he 's jest as good as I air. He hev jest as much right ter boss me as I hev ter boss him. He orter be free; but then I cayn't stan' the expense o' settin' 'im free, fer he 's wo'th nigh onto thirteen hundred dollars. Hit air too much money ter lose."

A great deal of talk in this strain made Brimson unpopular long before the war broke out. The fact is, he was not of a disposition to be a common favorite at best, especially among the mountaineers, who are the most conservative and least argumentative folk in the world, while at the same time they are the most tenacious of their opinions, right or wrong.

Rory, the negro, was younger than his master, and had been bought by him at sheriff's sale as the legal victim sacrificed to pay the debt of a drunkard.

"Ye may thank yer lucky stars, Rory, thet I hed thet money on han' an' bought ye," Brimson often said to his slave; "fer ef I hed n't 'a' done it ye 'd 'a' went down ter New Orleans jest er-callyhootin'."

This was true, for a buyer who traded in the Louisiana market was present at the sale and bid close to the margin on Rory, who at the time was a strong, fine boy of fifteen.

Brimson was a bachelor, and very naturally found Rory a most acceptable and interesting companion as well as a decidedly clever and faithful servant. The lad's droll humor and abundant animal spirits filled Sassafras Pocket with new life.

"The dern leetle rooster," said Brimson to a select company over at Peevy's still-house — "the dern leetle rooster he air twice as smart as two white boys. He kin sing like er tom-tit, he kin climb like er squirrel, he kin run like er rabbit, an' he kin pick the banjer ekal ter er showman."

As time went by and Rory grew to stalwart manhood his master's admiration for him confirmed itself in many ways not in the least relished by the residents of the Pine-log region.

"W'y, fellers," exclaimed Dick Redden to a group of friends, "thet ther' low-down, no-'count Brimson he lets thet ther' nigger eat at the table with 'im, an' Gabe Holly say he see 'im bite er chaw off'n the nigger's terbacker."

"Well," remarked Dave Aikens, "I hearn 'im 'low thet he 'd l'arn Rory ter read, ef he knowed how his own self."

"Gent'men," remarked Squire Lem Rookey, with a judicial reserve in his manner, "hit hev some 'pearances 'at Wiley Brimson air er dern aberlitionist."

Usually Squire Rookey's word was the final one, and from that day forth Brimson's name had attached to it the most opprobrious qualification to be found in the Southern vocabulary. The man was ostracized in the fullest sense of the word. Such friends as he had now dropped him. The meetings over at the still-house voted him out, and even the children avoided passing him in the public road. He felt all this to a degree which gradually intensified his peculiarities of disposition and shut him like a hermit within the limits of Sassafras Pocket.

"Me an' my nigger kin live all ter ourselves," he growled; "an' ef folks don't jest like our way er doin', w'y, jest let 'em keep off'n these yer premerses."

Deprived of the social privileges and comforts hitherto grudgingly afforded him by courtesy of his wide acquaintance in the Pine-log settlement, he began to thirst for education. It is not certainly known how he did it, but in time he learned to read and write, after a fashion, and the next thing was to teach Rory, who, much to Brimson's chagrin, was anything but an apt scholar.

"He air er leetle slow an' sort o' clumsy erbout gittin' at the main p'ints o' the spellin'-book," was Brimson's self-consolation; "but then w'enever he do once git started he air er-gwine ter jest knock the socks off'n me er-l'arn-in', see 'f he don't."

They usually devoted the warm part of the afternoon to the daily lesson, sitting side by side on a rude wooden bench in the shade of the vine that almost overloaded the low, wide, rickety porch on the south side of Brimson's cabin. Through a rift they might have a fine view of the little valley, or pocket, beyond which the foothills swelled up, overtopped by the blue peaks of the Pine-log range. On one hand they had a garden and truck patch, on the other a small area, called the plantation, which was given over to corn and wheat and cotton. In front, between the house and the little gate by the roadside, was the well with its mossy curb and long, stone-weighted sweep. Brimson was a small man, and as he sat by the almost giant negro, spelling-book in hand, he looked the very embodiment of persistent insignificance. A painter might have sketched the twain as a study for an allegorical picture of the absorption of one race by another. The massive head and shoulders of the negro leaned over the attenuated white man, as if about to fall upon him and crush him, or as if on the point of breathing him in through the gaping, voluptuous, and infinitely stupid mouth. Brimson, irascibly patient and hysterically persevering, drilled his good-natured pupil, day in and day out, up and down the pages of Webster's Spelling-book and back and forth through the mazes of McGuffey's First Reader. To Rory all this was a sort of fascinating and yet singularly vexatious punishment, to which he went with perfunctory promptness and from which he escaped with a sense of taking a deep, inspiring draught of thankfulness. He often gazed during lesson time on the slender, bloodless cheeks, the sunken pale blue eyes, and the broad, high forehead of his master, while a vague but powerful realization of the Caucasian's superb endowments crept through his benighted consciousness. A glimmer of ambition, mysteriously moonlike and wan to Rory's vision, began to spread over the much-thumbed leaves of the books.

"Knowledge air power," urged Brimson —

"hit sartingly air, Rory; an' him thet reads air him thet conquers."

"Dat 's so, mars; dat 's so," responded Rory, his voice as vacant as his face.

"Ye see," continued Brimson, crossing the attenuated index finger of his right hand over the corresponding member of his left, and drawing his earnest little face into a wisp of wrinkles — "ye see, Rory, this air er day o' liberal idees an' 'mazin' progress. Hit air the day o' fraternity an' ekal rights."

"Dat 's so, mars; dat 's so."

"The nigger race 'll be ekal ter any race under heving jest as soon as it kin read an' write, Rory."

"Dat 's so, mars; dat 's so."

The years stole past, and the monotony of life in Sassafras Pocket scarcely varied a hair's breadth until the great war came on and freedom began to send its warning puffs of freshness and fragrance through the air in advance of the steadily moving armies of Sherman and Grant. Rory, by some indirect flash of perception, foresaw the coming of emancipation long before his master had dared to dream of such a thing; but it brought him no special pleasure. Brimson had been fairly kind to him, and then there was something in the negro's heart that drew it tenderly towards the little old man. This tenderness was neither love nor genuine respect; it was more a mere active quality of Rory's nature. In fact, between the black man and the white there had long ago risen a vague but powerful apparition of danger, which both had tried to brush aside with sentimental recognition of their need of each other.

"Hit air inlightenment thet you kin git out'n me, Rory, an' hit air work thet I kin git out'n you," argued Brimson.

"Yah, sah; dat 's so," assented Rory.

The war went crashing past them, a great roaring sea of flame and smoke and blood, but not one ripple of it found a way into the remote security of Sassafras Pocket. The Emancipation Proclamation never reached them, and peace had been established for months before they found it out. Meantime Brimson's patience and zealous earnestness in the cause of rescuing Rory from heathen ignorance had risen to higher and higher planes of self-devotion; but strangely enough did the negro respond. He developed, it is true, and rapidly took on a most interesting veneering of knowledge, so to speak, outstripping his teacher at certain turns of the race and evincing now and again a most wonderful acumen; and yet the barbaric nature within him seemed to deepen and broaden apace with his educational acquirements. His taste for baked possum grew more intense, and his proficiency in banjo-picking wonderfully increased, as if his imagination were liberating itself altogether along savage lines. Brimson obeyed an opposite law, growing more and more pale, thin, and nervous-looking, while his hair whitened and his forehead assumed a more pronounced scholarly baldness, touched with a bland, wavering, philanthropic sheen which added to his countenance, naturally none too strong, the appearance of being about to fall into a nebulous state of disintegration.

"Ye 're free now, Rory," he said one day, when at last the news had come to the Pocket, "an' hit air yer juty ter show up freedom at her best paces. Look up at the flag, Rory; look up at the flag o' liberty! Hit air yer flag, Rory — yer flag thet yer forefathers fit fer at Buncombe Hill an' Sarytogy Lane! Gaze onto the yearth, Rory, fer hit jest nat'rally berlongs ter ye! Take hit, Rory, an' rule over hit, fer ye 've yarnt hit by yer endoorin' intelligence an' patriotism!"

Rory looked up, as he was bidden, but saw no flag; and as for the earth, that part of it visible from his point of view was merely Sassafras Pocket with its rim of purple mountain-peaks.

"Hit air the leadin' doctrine o' moral ph'los'phy thet ter the victor berlongs the lands, temptations, an' haryditerments," continued Brimson, fervently mopping his brow; "an' now air yer time er never, Rory."

"Yah, sah; dat 's so, sah," said Rory. "I notices de fo'ce ob yo' awgement, sah, an' I gwine ter 'flect on it p'intedly, sah."

The war being over and the freedom of the colored race having been accomplished, the inhabitants of the Pine-log region began slowly to relax their feelings towards Brimson, and in due time he was once more received among the visitors at the still-house, albeit he could feel that his relations with his neighbors were yet pretty violently strained, no matter what attempts were made to conceal the old dislike. He was not a man to care much for public opinion so long as he felt that public opinion was wrong and his opinion right, and now that his privilege of free speech was no longer withheld he enjoyed to the fullest airing the philosophy he had been storing during all these years of social exclusion and unremitting study.

"He air jest 'zactly the same ole aberlition eejit thet he was afore the war," exclaimed Squire Lem Rookey, whose judicial caution had been somewhat shaken by the cataclysm of rebellion, "an' I jest wush thet he hed ter maul rails under er nigger boss fer the next forty-nine years."

"I hearn Gabe Holly say thet Bud Peevy tole him thet Wiley Brimson air still er-talkin'

up nigger soope'ority ter thet black Rory," remarked Sol Rowe. "Seem lak some fellers cain't l'arn no sense w'en they hev the chaince."

The real truth was that the neighborhood viewed with surprise the turn affairs seemed to be taking over in the little pocket, where the relations between the white man and the black, although greatly altered in name, appeared to be even more profitable than under the old order of things. Brimson himself was inclined to speak boastfully of the fact that it was no loss to him that Rory had been made free.

"Look at my craps," he exclaimed; "they is bigger an' better 'an they ever was in them slavery days. Freedom an' edication hev made er inlightened laborer of Rory. He seem ter take er wider view o' the lay o' life 'an he did w'en he war in the gallin' chains of onhuman bondage."

Some of the more impatient and bellicose men of the settlement could with difficulty brook Brimson's arguments and allusions. Personal violence surely would have been indulged in had it not been for Brimson's age and physical weakness.

"I 'd slap 'im clean through onto the other side o' hisself w'en he gits ter talkin' thet ther' way ef he wa'n't so dern puny-lookin'," remarked Bud Peevy; "but he do look more like er runt pig 'at 's been fed on buttermilk 'an any one man I ever see in all my life."

If there had been a disinterested onlooker at Sassafras Pocket the proceedings there would have furnished him much food for reflection as well as no little amusement. Brimson was pressing education upon Rory with ever-increasing insistence, and the negro, though now well along in middle life, was beginning to show the first signs of genuine advance towards self-regard in the matter.

"How kin dis book-l'arnin' eber do me any good? Ain't I er nigger, all de same, arter I done fill myse'f plumb full o' dat edication?" he would demand, wagging his head half willfully, half doubtfully.

"W'at ef ye air er nigger? W'at do thet ermount to? Ain't the Constertootion of the Union done said 'at all men is free an' ekal? Ain't ye er man same as anybody?"

"Dat 's so, boss; dat 's so." This was the first time that Rory ever had substituted "boss" for "mars" in talking to Brimson. The latter accepted the change with all the secret pleasure of a teacher who is proud of his work.

"An', Rory, ef ye r'ally desires the regelar ole b'iled-down essence o' percoon-root freedom, ye mus' jest re'ch out an' take hit," he went on, as if delivering a set lecture to the negro, who stood before him a black giant whose massive proportions appeared to be increasing day by day.

"Dat 's so, boss; dat 's so. I 's been er sorter calc'latin' 'bout dat yer lately."

"Well, I 'd s'pose hit war erbout time ye was usin' yer gumption er leetle," continued Brimson, excited and encouraged by Rory's signs of interest. "'F I 's you, I 'd take my

LEM ROOKEY.

proper position into sassiety, an' I 'd wrest f'om the white man my jus' dues. W'at hev ye done all yer life? Ye 've worked fer the white man. W'at hev ye got fer hit? Victuals an' clothes. Whar 'r the land ye 've yarnt? Hit b'longs ter the white man. 'F I 's you, I 'd take hit erway f'om 'im. Yer big an' strong, ye 've got the power, an' yer er fool ef ye don't use it."

"Dat 's so; dat 's so. I 's 'sturbin' my min' er mighty heap 'bout dat fing lately; sho 's you born, I is."

"'Sturbin' yer mind, 'sturbin' yer mind!" cried Brimson with eloquent impatience. "W'y don't ye act? W'y don't ye show up yer power? W'at hev I been er-larnin' ye all this time?"

Gradually, under this sort of pressure, Rory lost his childlike simplicity, and his bubbling, jocund humor was changed into something bordering on moroseness. He avoided Brimson at times and brooded aside, as if contem-

plating some deep and troublesome problem. Whatever it was, it took him a long while to satisfy his mind in regard to it; for the months and the years went by while he slowly changed from a careless, happy negro to a strangely reticent savage in appearance. So gradual, indeed, was this transformation, or rather *quasi* reversion to type, that Brimson did not fully realize it.

The Pocket had no visitors now, the men of the Pine-log having dropped Brimson again when his doctrines of "freedom an' ekality" had become absolutely unbearable to them; and the two, the white and the black, were left undisturbed, while the former perfected the latter's education and engendered in him the full measure of a doctrine whose immense fascination at last overcame every opposition in his genial temperament and aroused all the dormant barbarism of his nature. Not that in the worst sense Rory became bad; the change in him was more a development of the ancient strain of African character which had come to him by hereditary descent, but which had needed just this patient drilling by the white man to coax it up to something like the ancestral force and quality.

It was a red-letter day for Brimson when at last Rory assumed full equality with him by addressing him as Mr. Brimson. It was done in a manner so superb, too, with a gesture and a bodily pose simply overpowering to one of Brimson's nervous habit. Rory noted the effect with evident satisfaction, while Brimson felt a fine sense of self-gratulation suffuse his diminutive frame. At last he had forced the light of high civilization into the negro's soul, he thought, and henceforth Rory would be a man and a brother, imbued with all the subtle forces of the most advanced nineteenth-century life.

"No, Mr. Brimson; I cain't saddle yo' hoss fer yo' any mo', 'ceptin' yo' calls me Mr. Marting," said Rory, with enormous gravity, but with a certain imposing awkwardness which had its weight.

"Never heerd afore 'at that war yer name," apologized Brimson, as soon as he could find the words.

"Dat 's hit; dat 's my name. Mr. Marting, sah; Mr. Marting," responded Rory, with great emphasis and pride.

Brimson felt an almost irresistible swell of laughter within him, and, strange to say, along with it an impulse towards lifting his foot and kicking Rory off the veranda. What he did do, however, was to say:

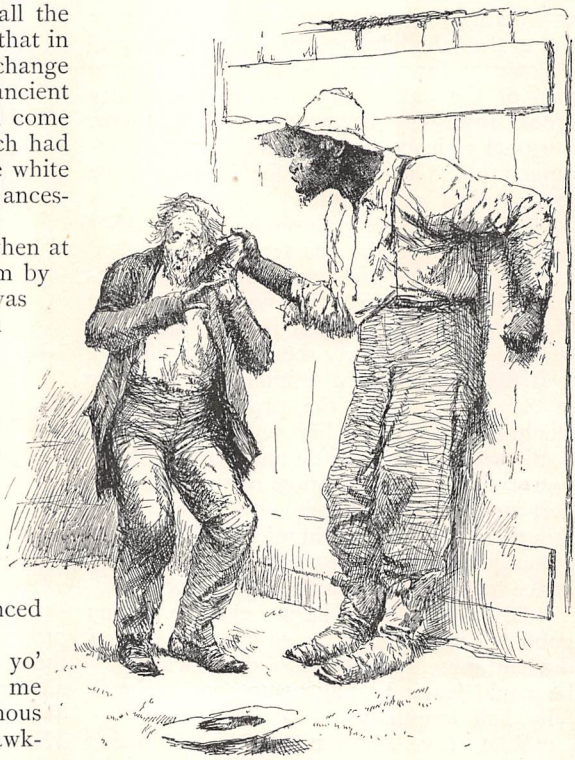
"Beg parding, Mr. Marting; but ef ye please, sir, fetch out ole Sor'l an' saddle 'im. I hes er notion ter go erp ter the still-house."

Late on the evening following, Brimson returned to his home a pretty badly punished man. He had talked too much to the wrong persons on his favorite topic. He was in a desperate mood, which found vent in the most intemperate and sweeping emphasis of his pet opinions.

"'F I 's er nigger, I 'll be blamed ef I w'u'd n't rise erp an' jest nat'rally clean erp the whole endoorin' white race!" he raged forth as he followed Rory down to the little rickety log stable where old Sorrel was to be housed.

"Dat 's so, Mr. Brimson; dat 's so," said Rory. "Dat 's jest w'at I 's been er mem'rizin' w'ile yo' been gone."

"I 'd rob 'em; I 'd take the'r lan's, tempta-



"CALL ME MR. MARTING."

tions, an' haryditerments; I 'd mek slaves out'n every two-legged one of 'em; I 'd pay 'em back fer all the'r meanness an' everlastin' onery cussedness, blame ef I w'u'd n't, Rory," continued the white man.

"Dat 's so, Brimson; dat 's w'at I been er-studyin' out w'ile yo' been gone ter-day, Brimson," responded Rory. There was something in his voice which went like a sudden chill through the hot rage of the quondam master.

As when a man has been lost in the woods, and all at once, by a seeming whirl, things right themselves and he knows where he is,

Brimson discovered an astounding but perfectly natural state of affairs.

Rory unsaddled old Sorrel and put him into the stable; then he came out, shut the door, and said:

"I 's done concluded, Brimson, 'at I 's de boss roun' yeah. So yo' mought jes as well take yo' med'cine right now!"

"W'at — w'at air the matter, Rory?" stammered Brimson.

Rory stretched forth his brawny hand, and, gripping the white man's collar, fairly lifted him from the ground.

"Brimson," he growled, "did n' I tole yo' ter call me Mr. Marting? Yo 's gwine ter ketch it ef yo' Rorys dis pusson any mo'! Yo' mem-'rize dat, will yo'!"

After this Brimson was not seen abroad in the Pine-log region, and for months, perhaps years, little thought was given to him by the people. Often enough Rory was observed going to mill on old Sorrel or riding to and from the country town; but no suspicion of the true status over in Sassafras Pocket was aroused until one day Bud Peevy, by merest accident, discovered the whole thing.

He was sitting on a huge fragment of lichen-covered limestone not far from the dim little trail which led into the Pocket. His gun was lying across his knees, and he was fretfully wondering what had become of the brindle cow he had been looking for, when a voice, accompanied by the sound of shuffling feet, came to his ears from some point of the road above him.

"Hit jest do beat de berry debbil how I hab ter w'ar my feets off clean up ter de ankles er-runnin' af'er yo', blame yo' ole hide!"

The voice was a negro's, strong, soft, vibrant, full of the peculiar African *timbre*. It was resolute, brimming with self-assertion, and yet, in a way, it was suggestive of something like what one might call brutal tenderness.

"De berry nex' time 'at yo' runs erway I jes gwine ter w'ar yo' out!"

The footfalls came nearer, but the foliage, now in its fullest springtime greenery, shut out from Peevy's point of view everything more than instantaneous glimpses of the approaching forms of two men.

"Dar 's dat dar co'n jest er-gittin' ready ter be hoed, an' dar 's dem dar 'bacco plants jest ready ter be sot out, an' yar yo' is er-runnin' erway ag'in, dog gone yo'!"

Peevy craned his long, lean neck to see, if possible, what manner of apparition was about to be disclosed, but he was not altogether prepared for that which presently emerged from the grove and passed along the little road not a rod from him.

"Git erlong yar, I tole yo'!" continued the resonant voice. "'Fo' de Lor', I jest erbout cut yo' all ter pieces wid dis yar whorp fust t'ing yo' knows! W'a' yo' been ter all dis time, anyhow? Yo' look poorty now, don' yo'? S'pose I 's gwine let yo' go er-feeshin' eber' day, does yo'?"

Peevy noticed that a blue jay in a thorn bush just beyond the road was preparing to fly away, and by this sign he knew that the men would soon appear.

"W'at I feed yo' fer, an' w'at I furnish yo' dem dar clo's fer, 'ceptin' yo' gwine ter wo'k fer me? Who yo' b'long ter anyhow, tell me dat, won't you? Yo' eats more 'n ary two peegs an' fo' mules, an' 'en yo' jest don' want ter wo'k one libin' lick. Bet I 's gwine ter mek yo' fink yo' hide done made out'n red pepper an' smartin'-weeds 'fo' I 's got done wid yo'!"

Certain sharp sounds, as if from heavy blows laid on with a long limber stick or rod, emphasized these vocal performances. Peevy felt a strange thrill run through his nerves. The blue jay suddenly left its thorn bush and flew away like a shimmering blue streak through the light mountain air.

"Lif' dem foots libely; lif' 'em mo' 'an libely! Git erp an' waddle, blame yo' ole hide, er I jest p'intedly 'll frail de whole laigs off'n yo' clean up ter yo' galluses! Lif' dem foots, I says, er I gwine raise 'em fer yo' wid dis yar hick'ry, see 'f I don't!"

The first figure that broke from the dusky cover of the wood was the form of a small, lean old man, whose thin, white locks were laid in sleek strands across a bald spot on his head, and whose high forehead was wrinkled into a network of most appealing worry and fright. He wore no hat, but in one hand he carried a dilapidated bell-crowned straw tile, while in the other, tightly clutched, rested a long cane fishing-rod, from which dangled a short, much-tangled line, and his countenance, drawn, shrunken, and pathetic, expressed with more power than any form of words could the dread he felt of the storming negro behind him.

"I 's gwine ter mek de dus' rise out'n yo' gyarments tell yo' fink some pusson done built er fire under 'em an' dey 's smokin' like er tah kiln!"

Along with this gush of vehement rage out came Rory in close pursuit of the panting white man, whom Peevy now recognized as Wiley Brimson.

The negro bore in his hand a long, flexible hickory gad, the end of which was much frayed from the effect of rapid blows delivered with it on the ground close to the heels of his scudding victim. The pursuer was in a state of such concentrated earnestness of purpose that he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but held his massive shoulders very high, at the same time thrusting his head forward and downward. The tuft of grizzled woolly

beard on his chin was flecked with the foam of his strenuous scolding. His strides were melodramatic in their length and swing, while the collapsed brim of his old hat flapped energetically to the motion of his muscular body.

Something poetically savage, like a suggestion from Homer, or like a thought half-expressed by some ancient, rude inscription, beamed from that corrugated African face. Browning might have set such a sketch in verse; Giotto could have fixed it on a panel. Even Peevy was aware of its significance, as the white man, passing him, flung out towards him a quick, appealing, despairing glance.

"Keep yo' nose straight afore yo', er I 's gwine ter wa'm yo' ole laigs tell yo' feels lak yo' 's er-wadin' in b'ilin' tah up ter yo' wais', wid er red-hot eel er-floppin' roun' yo' blame spindlin' shanks! Git erlong, I tole yo'!"

An indescribable expression came into Peevy's face as he watched this strange procession go by in the direction of Sassafras Pocket and disappear amid the low-hanging sprays of the wood. The voice came bellowing back from time to time, gradually modified by distance and intervening objects, until at last, mellow and far, it had something of lyric softness in its notes.

"Hate ter be erbleeged ter frail de pelt clean off'n yo', Brimson, an' hab yo' gwine roun' yer like er fresh-skinned possum; but ef yo' *will* run erw'y, w'y, I s'pose I 's got ter let yo' hab it in yarnest. Hustle erlong yah, I tole yo'! I can't stan' no foolin'!"

The strokes of the gad upon the ground, given with rhythmical regularity, made a sort of rude counterpoint which added a singular effect to the now but faintly echoing strains.

Presently silence closed in and was not broken till the blue jay came chattering back to its thorn bush, where it whisked itself about from bough to bough, and shone like a gem amid the tender green sprays.

Peevy drew a deep breath and began to chuckle reflectively as he rubbed the long, heavy barrel of his gun with his sleeve.

"Jest 'zac'ly as I 'spected," he said to himself, pausing to puff out his gaunt, thinly bearded cheeks; "thet thar nigger hev finally tuk the hint!" He shook his head and shut one eye, as if in deep enjoyment of what he was thinking.

"HE WATCHED THIS STRANGE PROCESSION."

Once more Rory's voice, favored by a gentle current of wind, came distinctly back to him.

"Now yo' jest grab dat hoe poorty libely, ole feller, an' git inter dat co'n patch mighty sudden, er I 's gwine ter 'bout finish yo' erp. Drap dat fish-pole, I tole yo'! Drap it, I says!"

Peevy arose and shouldered his gun preparatory to making further and more diligent search for the brindle cow. As he walked away he continued to chuckle at intervals in that dry manner known only to mountaineers.

"Hit don't take quite allus ter eddicate er nigger; hit air mos'ly er matter o' stickin' ter it, as Brimson hev — thar 's that thar dern cow, now!"

Maurice Thompson.

TO CALIFORNIA BY PANAMA IN '49.[1]

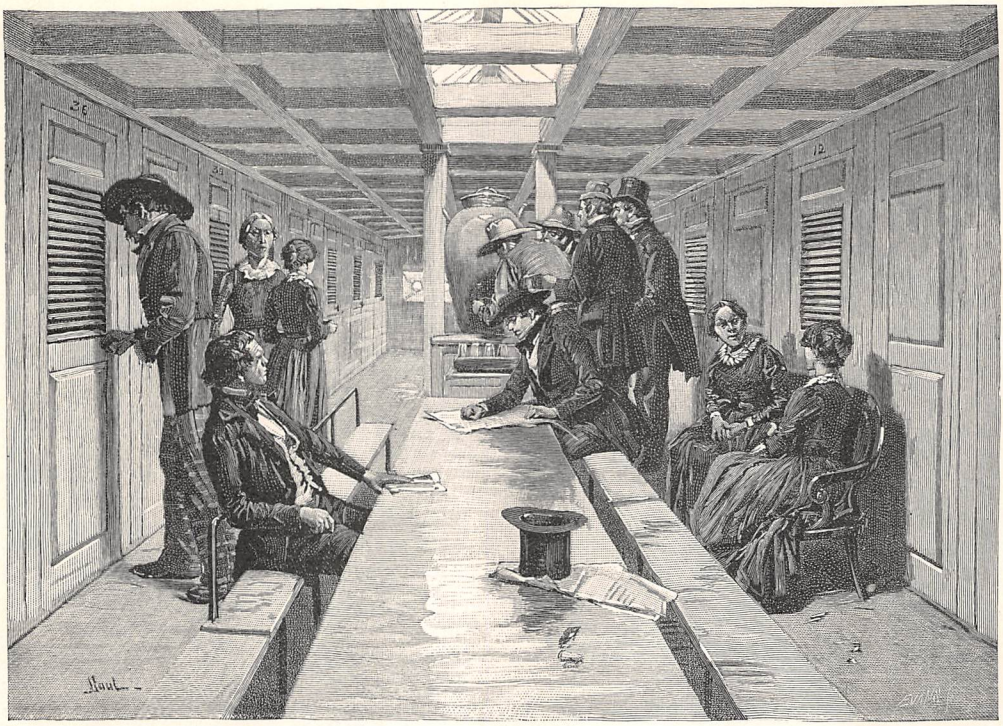
IN the autumn of 1848 the whole United States was electrified by the rumor of astounding gold discoveries in our newly acquired territory of California. The authentic statements subsequently received more than confirmed what at first seemed a fable, and made it certain that throughout a large area of country on the Pacific coast the valleys and ravines showed the presence of vast deposits of nuggets and particles of pure gold in plain sight in the midst of the drift, while a slight excavation of the soil revealed far richer deposits beneath. Any man who could wield a pick and a shovel and a tin pan for washing the dirt was sure of large returns, with the chance of a fortune. The country was almost without inhabitants, and the field was open to all who could get there. The wildest excitement and activity immediately prevailed throughout the United States, and every city and village throbbed with a feverish impulse to rush to the diggings. The difficulty and expense of reaching this *terra incognita* restrained thousands from the attempt, so that only those who possessed natural courage or adventurous proclivities, or whose local attachments were weak, actually made the great plunge into the unknown experience which awaited the gold hunters of '49.

The world has never witnessed so motley and promiscuous a throng in pursuit of a common object as sprung into life simultaneously in the winter of 1848–49 and turned their course towards the gold fields of California. Men of all ages, clergymen, professors, doctors, lawyers, farmers, traders, mechanics, laborers of every degree, adventurers, thieves, gamblers, and murderers, jostled one another in the struggle to gain access to some of the avenues which were supposed to lead to the desired goal.

The "Argonauts" had several routes among which to select. By those from the New England and the Middle States the Cape Horn route was generally preferred; those from the Southern States chose the Isthmus of Panama or Nicaragua or Mexico; while the hardy pioneers of the West, who had become accustomed to prairie travel, started in their covered wagons, and, following buffalo trails, broke the paths which in a few months were plainly outlined by the bleaching bones of their beasts and the mounds of dead companions who had succumbed to the hardships of the desert. Many who could not leave their homes sought to invest their capital in the seductive venture, and a coöperative plan was generally adopted in the New England States by which the services of working members were offset by a fixed amount of money contributed by others. Hundreds of companies were organized on this plan, each of them with a physician, and in many instances with a chaplain also.

At the time of this great social upheaval I was a victim of enforced idleness in consequence of the destruction by fire of the manufactory in which I was interested as office man, and which could not be rebuilt and stocked with machinery for a year or two. I was then twenty-seven years old, in robust health, and, being fond of adventure, I determined to see California for myself. In a short time I organized a company of twenty good, intelligent Yankee men, taken from various trades and occupations, each of whom subscribed to a code of laws for associate government and to articles of agreement for a two years' service. The capital paid in was ten thousand dollars, and the profits were to be divided, after all expenses were paid, on the basis of five hundred dollars as the equivalent for one man's services. Most of the members were married men, and respectable citizens of the New England town in which we lived. The proposed expedition became a matter of interest to the whole community, and until we took our departure was the chief topic of discussion. A stalwart physician from a neighboring town joined us as one of the company; but as a substitute for the regulation chaplain books of sermons and other good reading were deemed sufficient, because they might be read aloud to appreciative listeners on Sundays, and would not consume any rations on workdays. There were singers enough in our company to carry all the parts, and we took with us our collection of glees and other music. Each man was restricted to seventy-five pounds of clothing and personal effects, to be packed in a water-tight rubber

[1] The illustrations for this article are by Gilbert Gaul after drawings made by the late Charles Nahl, in 1850, and representing the personal experiences of a party of emigrants of whom the artist's family were a part.—EDITOR.



PLEASANT WEATHER IN THE GULF.

bag. Each was provided with a carbine for shot or ball, and a revolver. Camp equipments and provisions for the journey were also purchased, and our physician procured a chest of medicines and a set of surgical instruments.

The question of route was a perplexing one. The maps then published exhibited all the territory west of the State of Missouri as a blank, across which were printed the words, "Great American Desert." This desert extended to the Pacific coast, where, according to the maps, there were four towns — Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), Monterey, Los Angeles, and San Diego, the insignificant commerce of which had been monopolized by one or two Boston firms. The voyage around the Horn seemed too long for our impatient spirits, and we finally selected the route by the Isthmus of Panama.

The Isthmus was then an unknown wilderness, traversed occasionally, however, by traders and adventurers in canoes on the Chagres River a part of the distance and thence by a single mule-trail to Panama. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company had just been organized and had already sent around the Horn two steamers, the *Oregon* and the *California*, and would soon send another, the *Panama*, all to ply between Panama and San Francisco. We reasoned that if we could reach Panama our journey thence would be easily completed by means of one of these steamers.

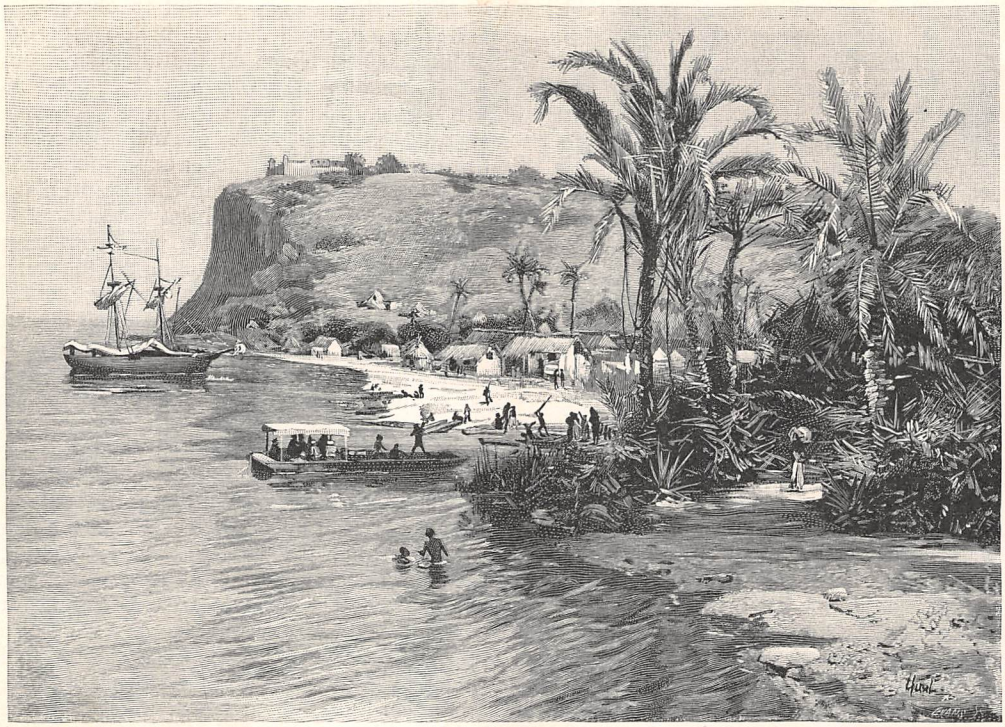
New York particularly was alive with excitement, and all sorts of schemes were advertised for conveying the gold hunters to California, the projectors being as ignorant as their prospective victims of the routes to be traversed. All the old unseaworthy hulks that were lying idle in our harbors were suddenly transformed by a new coat of paint, dressed up with attractive bunting, and advertised as about to sail by "the best" routes to California, while their unscrupulous owners well understood that their destination was in the direction of misery, shipwreck, and death. From the numerous vessels advertised to sail for Vera Cruz, Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, and Chagres I selected a little brig of one hundred and forty tons called the *Mayflower*, advertised for Chagres.

On the evening of our departure, by request of our friends, public exercises were held in the largest church of the town. The room was crowded. A very impressive address was delivered by our talented clergyman, and other appropriate exercises followed according to a printed program. I conducted the music, and our choir performed an original chant of selections from the twenty-eighth chapter of Job, beginning with, "Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it." After service and a general leave-taking we all crossed the street to the railroad station, where our company boarded the train which

soon after bore us away, bountifully blessed with the farewell tears and prayers of many anxious friends. The next day we arrived in New York and made all necessary arrangements for our final departure the same afternoon. Among other precautions I bought two large bags of dimes for expenses on the Isthmus, where, as I had learned, these coins were rated as "reals" (eight for a dollar). I had already shipped provisions and numerous articles and implements such as we should require at "the diggings" by two vessels sailing from New York to San Francisco *via* Cape Horn, but we took with us tents and good supplies for camp life wherever we might be, *en route* or in California.

We left New York on the 22d of March, 1849. The passengers consisted of forty-five persons, and occupied a cabin extemporized from the hold by fitting up berths on the sides. Immediately after passing Sandy Hook we encountered a terrific northeast gale. The passengers, most of whom had never been to sea, soon took to their berths, too sick to move. The baggage and some freight in half-barrels and boxes, which had been placed promiscuously amidships in this cabin just before leaving the dock, with the intention of stowing them away as soon as we were at sea, were hurled by the terrible lurching of the vessel from side to side and from end to end with a violence awful to observe. I had been accorded a place in the captain's cabin, a small house on the after-deck, but when the fury of the waves threatened to carry away this outside structure I became alarmed, and when at last the main-boom and the topmast came down with a crash on the roof overhead I sought safety in the cabin below, the hatches of which had been fastened. The main-boom as it fell knocked down the man at the helm, breaking his ribs, and at the same time destroyed the steering apparatus, and for forty-eight hours we were tossed about like an egg-shell at the mercy of the waves, which sometimes entirely submerged us. The captain told me he thought the chances were even whether we weathered the storm or foundered, but on the third day we were drifting in smooth water with a clear sky. The captain proposed to adopt some temporary shift for steering and with the foresail make for Norfolk; but when I informed him that we had good mechanics, blacksmiths, and one ship carpenter in our company, he set them to work on an extra spar to make a new main-boom. They also repaired the wheel and the rudder, and we all went to work with needles and twine to make a new sail from canvas which we had in the hold, and in two days more we were bounding cheerily along on our course, and on the 13th of April came to anchor in the harbor of Chagres.

LANDING AT CHAGRES.



OLD CHAGRES.

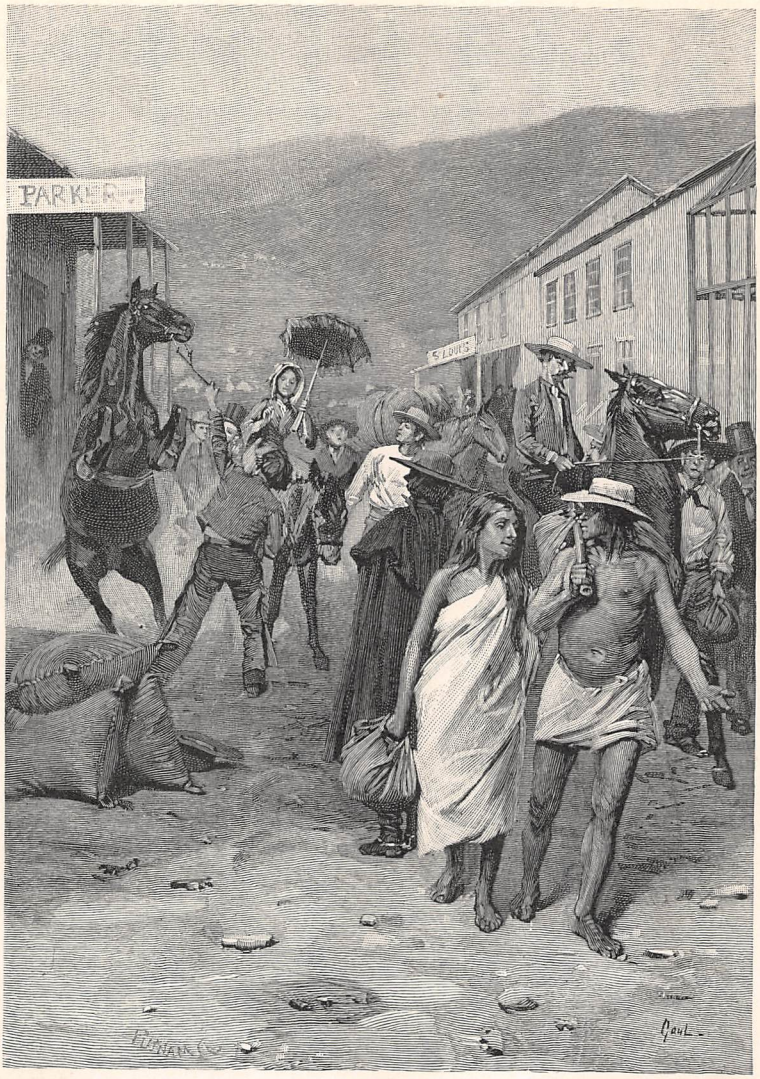
There were other vessels and two or three steamers at anchor near us, which had brought hundreds of people with the same purpose as our own.

The only means of travel across the Isthmus at that time was by canoes, or bungos, up the Chagres River to the village of Gorgona and thence by mule-trail twenty-eight miles; or, if the river was full, to Cruces and thence twenty-four miles to Panama. At the time of our arrival the rush of people from all parts of the world had made it difficult and very expensive to obtain transportation up the river, and the passengers on our vessel, most of whom had revolvers and rifles, agreed to organize as a military company. They made me captain of the expedition, and after waiting until the crowd had gone ahead, and returning bungos and boatmen had accumulated, I made a very reasonable contract for transportation, and, late in the afternoon of the 15th of April, we started with ten boats and thirty native boatmen. The river was broad, and its banks low and covered with an impenetrable jungle. As night came on the stillness and darkness of that tropical wilderness were very impressive. The boatmen chanted monotonous songs to the dip of the oars, and the wild beasts on the shore responded with savage howls. Our progress was slow, and at about eleven o'clock at night we landed on the bank at a point where a few huts were located. One boat was missing, and at daybreak we sent back a detachment to learn the cause. In a few hours they returned with the boat and passengers, who reported that the boatmen had claimed to be tired out and had refused to proceed; so they had passed the night in the boat. While we were eating our breakfast a quarrel broke out between the boatmen and the contractor, which took the form of a mutiny and the refusal to go any farther with us. This became more and more serious until at length we formed our company into line behind the boatmen and drove them into the boats at the muzzles of our guns and revolvers. The two succeeding nights we encamped on the river-bank, and on the morning of the fourth day landed at the village of Gorgona. Here we learned that the city of Panama was overcrowded with people from all nations, but more especially with Americans who had come expecting to find means of transportation to California. There was neither steamer nor sailing vessel in port, and a large majority of the adventurers were prostrate with sickness. As we could in some way hear from Panama nearly every day, we concluded to pitch our tents in a pretty grove on the bank of the Chagres, which at this point was a clear, swift-running stream. Here our company of twenty remained three weeks, inquiring anxiously each day from people who came in from Panama what was

the chance of getting away from that point. We learned each succeeding day that there were neither steamers nor sailing vessels in the harbor, and no early prospect of escape from the pest-ridden city. At last the skies gave warning of the rainy season, which would greatly embarrass us in our journey across the remaining land route, and we divided into four detachments, each accompanied by five or six pack-mules loaded with our goods and provisions, and proceeded on foot towards Panama. Our last detachment, in which I was, reached our camping ground, two miles short of Panama, in a terrific rain; but we found that our comrades who had preceded us a day earlier had prepared our tents, and we were soon in comfortable quarters on high ground, and much better off than the crowd of gold seekers who were in the city, a large proportion of whom were sick and destitute. We found good hunting in the forests around us, particularly in one which was growing over the ruins of an old city three miles distant — a city which I afterward learned was the original Panama, destroyed by the torch of Spanish bucaneers two hundred years before. Upon some of the crumbling walls I saw trees growing that were five or six feet in diameter; at another place an arched gateway forty feet high; at another, the ruins of stone baths and fountains; and elsewhere, lemon and fig trees. We brought to camp dozens of birds — mostly parrots — and squirrels and a deer, and saw, but did not kill, a ferocious cougar.

Some of our party went to the city every day, but they uniformly brought back the discouraging report that no steamers or sailing vessels had arrived. At this time a ship of five hundred tons, the *Humboldt*, was anchored in the harbor as a storeship for coal, and it was under bond of $10,000 to remain as such. In view of the prevailing sickness and distress our case was desperate, and we sought the consignee and persuaded him to forfeit his bond and send the vessel to San Francisco. This he agreed to do on three conditions: the number of passengers was to be limited to four hundred, exclusive of the crew of forty men; the price of passage was to be two hundred dollars each; and no cooked provisions were to be furnished except such as could be prepared once a day in a large fifty-gallon iron kettle. It was arranged that the passengers should be divided into messes of sixteen persons, and each mess should be provided with a small tub of such victuals as should be cooked; coffee was to be distributed from the same kettle every morning, and tea at night. The hold of the vessel was cleared out and bunks of boards were arranged in tiers along the sides so that

THE FIRST STOPPING-PLACE ON THE CHAGRES RIVER.



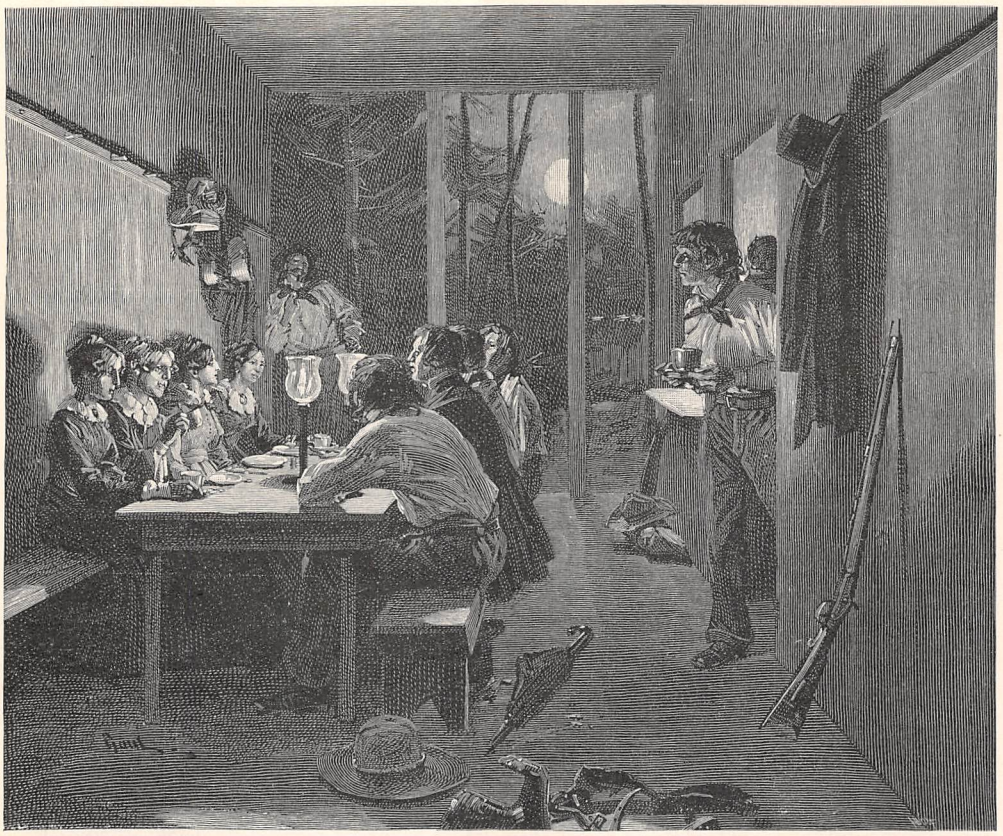
GORGONA.

each cube of space, measuring six feet high, wide, and deep respectively, should contain nine persons. This did not provide for all, but the rest were to seek places to sleep on deck or in the boats hung at the davits.

We paid our money and went on board the vessel, which was anchored three miles from shore. We found a promiscuous crowd from every nation under heaven, the predominating type being that of the American rough. The deck was so densely packed with men from stem to stern that we could scarcely move. Many were prostrate with sickness, or supported by friends, or lying in hammocks swung along the side rigging. All day long this crowd of men were seething, swaying, quarreling, and cursing. No food was provided, and hunger and thirst gave an edge to the bad passions of the mob. The captain, a United States naval officer, had not assumed command because he was shut off from his men by the chaotic crowd. At length, towards evening, he stood on the quarter-deck, and shouted above the angry mutters and jargon of the crowd that the deck must be cleared for his men so that they could raise the anchor. I had conferred with a few of the more respectable-looking passengers, and we had concluded that there were more men on board than our contract stipulated for, so we replied to the captain that the anchor could not be raised until we had had a count. The effort to get the men in order and to set them in motion so that they could pass around in line required two or

three hours, but was at last accomplished, and the result showed four hundred and forty persons on board besides the sailors. This attempt of the consignee to increase his enormous profits dishonestly at the risk and discomfort of the passengers excited a torrent of indignation. Inflammatory speeches were made, and a committee was appointed to visit the consignee and adjust the matter. About one hundred men left for the shore in boats that the natives had in waiting about the vessel, and those who remained agreed to keep the ship at anchor until they should return. A committee of five, of which I was one, directed the expedition, and about ten o'clock at night we reached the house of the consignee, a Frenchman. Every man was armed, and knowing that with the help of the Americans on shore, also armed, we could easily capture the city, we prepared to dictate terms. The house of the consignee was a three-story building with balconies on every story and fronting on a small plaza. Our company in marching through the town had attracted many adherents, and our formidable army occupied the whole place. The committee knocked at the door and demanded of a servant that he should call the proprietor. He replied that monsieur was not in, but if we would state our business he would inform him when he returned. We replied that we knew he was in, and that if he did not show himself in five minutes we would come in and find him. In less than that time he appeared on the upper balcony with a few attendants, and inquired what we wished. A volley of Anglo-Saxon anathemas was the response from the infuriated crowd, but as soon as quiet could be restored one of our committee stated our grievance and demanded a reduction of the number of passengers. The Frenchman was profuse in his protestations, and promised to arrange the matter to our satisfaction. A brief consultation by the committee was held, and he was informed that we should require the number to be reduced by forty to even the scales of justice, and then by forty more as a retribution for his attempted swindle; that volunteers who desired to leave the vessel should first be invited, and, if there were not enough, then the persons whose names had been entered latest on the list should be excluded, and the passage-money paid by them should be refunded. He apologized most abjectly, saying that the mistake was beyond his comprehension; that he would willingly consent to our demand; and that if our committee would guarantee him from bodily harm he would visit the vessel in the morning and carry out the plan. We agreed to protect him and to accompany him to the vessel, which we did early the next

A MEXICAN-INDIAN HUT BETWEEN GORGONA AND PANAMA.



HALT FOR SUPPER.

morning. We had some trouble with a party of eight or ten Alabama outlaws who met us at the gangway with the amiable threat to "knife the old cuss." I explained to their leader, whom I had known in schoolboy days, that the man was our guest and would be protected, and they retired while we called for volunteers to leave the ship. At this juncture a British brig, the *Corbière*, which had been approaching from the ocean, came to anchor within a short distance, and we suggested that our Frenchman should charter her for San Francisco with the eighty surplus passengers. He immediately took a boat and put off, and in less than half an hour returned and began to transfer the men who had been enrolled. Thus the *Humboldt* with just four hundred men, including the crew, was ready to sail, and before night something like order had been evolved from existing chaos.

Probably there is no prison in the United States where we could have found so little real comfort as we experienced on that ship. We were packed more densely, had less accommodation for sleeping, and were served with infinitely viler food and water than the inmates of the worst jail in our land; in fact we had for associates many who deserved to be within prison walls. At first discontent and quarreling prevailed, but in a few days all accepted the situation with resignation or indifference. The captain was discreet and established good discipline. I always slept on the deck, having brought with me a mantle with a rubber lining which I could inflate and make into an air cushion to defy the dampness beneath, while a waterproof blanket above was sufficient to shed the rain. We were three weeks drifting amid adverse currents and calms before we could get out of the Bay of Panama, and after that made but slow progress on our course.

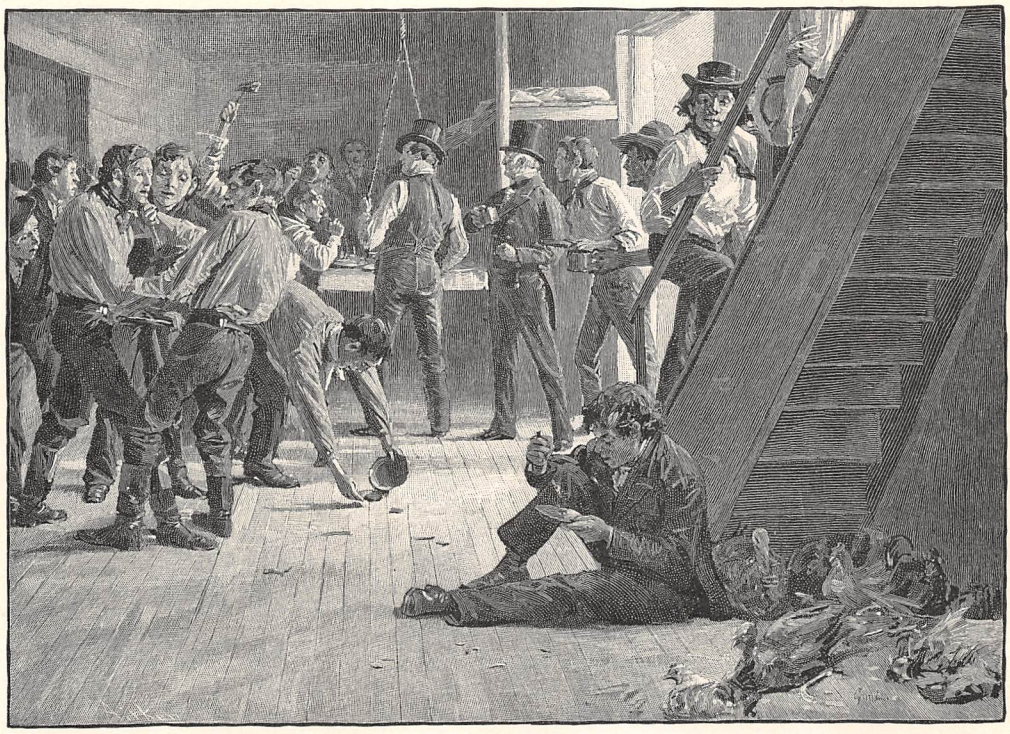
As the Fourth of July approached we determined on a celebration. Our orator was a talented young fellow from New Orleans, our chaplain a minister from Maine. I took in hand the music, acting also as special cook, and in that character prepared three barrels of doughnuts. A New York caterer made a hogshead of small beer; the captain hoisted all the bunting in the ship, and our rifles and pistols were brought into action for salutes. The small quantity of liquor brought on board by some of the passengers at Panama had long since

disappeared, and an enforced abstinence kept the violent spirits in a peaceful mood, so that Independence Day passed off to the complete satisfaction of all.

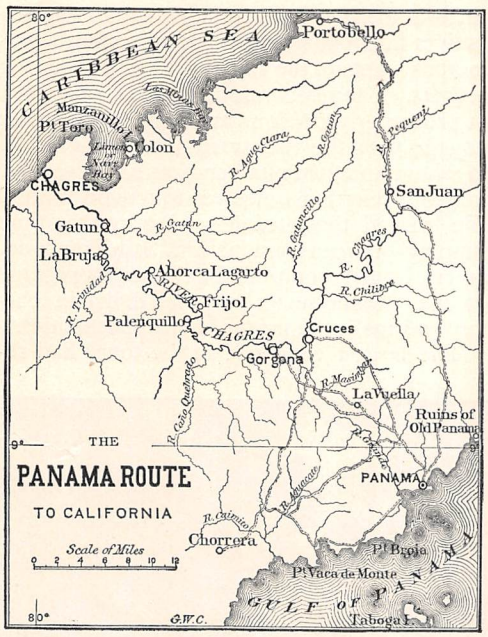
Forty-eight days were passed on this prison ship, and our rotten and wormy provisions and our intolerably nasty water were almost exhausted when we entered the beautiful harbor of Acapulco, July 7, 1849. The bay of Acapulco is one of incomparable beauty, entirely surrounded by rugged hills clothed with perpetual verdure. From the ocean there is a narrow inlet through the bluff, through which we sailed for more than half a mile, and then the bay, with water clear as crystal, and deep enough for the anchorage of the largest vessels close to shore, appeared in view like an inland lake. On the interior shore lay the village of Acapulco with its low adobe houses nestled under the shade of palm, cocoanut, and mango trees, the whole landscape rising gently from the beach for a mile or two, and terminating abruptly at the base of an amphitheater of mountains three thousand feet high.

On landing we met about twenty Americans who had come on foot from the city of Mexico, on their way to California. They were ragged and destitute, having exhausted all their money on the way. Our arrival infused new life into them and gave them employment among the natives in cooking and in providing for the numerous wants of the *Humboldt's* famished passengers. The vessel was delayed about a week in procuring provisions, and then resumed her voyage with the twenty destitute Americans, to whom an equal number of us had given our tickets, preferring ourselves to remain ashore. We learned that steamers were by that time running between Panama and San Francisco, and we hoped soon to find a chance for passage on one. Meantime we purposed to live in comfort and make the most of our opportunities.

The largest residence in the town had recently been vacated, and we rented it and began an independent club life. The house was in the form of a hollow square with an interior court, in the center of which stood a large orange tree. One side with a broad piazza fronted on the bay, another upon the plaza, and the rooms were many and spacious. We hired three servants and took turns in marketing. All the fish that we could eat, and of delicious varieties, were easily caught within a few feet of our piazza; and chickens, eggs, meat, vegetables, and fruits were obtained from the plaza early every morning. We bathed morning and evening, strolled through the town or over the surrounding hills, rowed or fished on the bay, lay in our hammocks under the piazza



THE RUSH FOR DINNER.



during the heat of the day, and enjoyed a luxurious ease.

Our comparative physical comforts in Acapulco could not compensate for our mental suspense and our anxiety to proceed on our way. We knew that steamers had been sent from New York around Cape Horn for the Pacific coast trade, and that one or more of them would stop at Acapulco. We dared not move out of sight of the bay lest one should enter and leave without us. In about three weeks after our arrival the steamer *Panama* sailed in at dusk and anchored about a mile from shore. Soon after, her boat came ashore with mail bags. I was the first to meet the boat, and I extorted a promise from the mate in command that he would wait until my comrade (Dr. Paddock) and I could go and get our effects and return with him to the steamer. We hurriedly threw our things into our trunks, and each with a trunk on his shoulder and other articles in his hands ran back to where we had left the boat. It had gone, as we were informed, to send from the ship a larger boat for all the Americans on shore. We waited, and half an hour later the large boat appeared. Meanwhile, by order of the custom-house officers, a company of soldiers was stationed at the landing to prevent the boat from coming ashore, the pretext being that the steamer had failed to comply with the quarantine regulations. We sought the American consul, who came to the scene and tried to persuade the officers to allow us to embark, but they replied that if the boat came nearer than twenty paces from the shore the soldiers would fire upon it. The boat lay on and off waiting for developments, and finally left without us. I then ran along the shore where canoes were hauled up, — all of them within sight of the custom-house, as required by the authorities,— and offered a large price to the owners to take me to the steamer. They replied that they dared not, as they would be attacked by the soldiers. I then purchased a boat for $25 from one of them, and with my comrade was loading our baggage into it when we were surrounded by several soldiers with muskets and fixed bayonets who forbade our pushing off. I had in my walks seen a canoe on the beach about a mile away, and separated from our part of the town by a high, rocky point. I hastily left our trunks in charge of one of our party to bring to San Francisco whenever he could get away, and Dr. Paddock and I took our carpet sacks and ran to the place where the canoe was lying: our purpose was to borrow the boat without asking, and after reaching the steamer to send it afloat for the owner to recover. We seized a pair of oars that were standing against the side of a hut near by, and, without stopping to discuss the legal points with a dog who disputed the title, rushed for the boat and pushed it off into the water. Our last ray of hope flickered in its socket as the water came rushing up through a great seam in the bottom, and we returned the oars to the hut with a thousand thanks to the owner, who had then appeared. On our way back we saw the steamer's lights disappear from the bay.

The next steamer to call was due one month later. The time came, and our eager eyes looked in vain for its arrival. We afterward learned that it was so overcrowded that the captain purposely avoided us, and kept out of sight on his course to San Francisco. My great anxiety to proceed to California can be understood when I state that all the business interests of my company had been placed in my special keeping, and no one else of my associates could manage its affairs. One object in leaving the *Humboldt* had been to take a steamer so as to arrive in San Francisco in advance of the company, and when it became manifest that they would reach our destination in advance of my own arrival, and that they would be without funds and without any knowledge of what to do, I was in a fever of impatience.

The steamer *California* stopped a day on her way down to Panama from San Francisco, and I extorted a promise from the captain that in case our American party should be unable to leave before his return trip, a month later, he would certainly take us to San Francisco. He came with his steamer at the time appointed, but the vessel was swarming with passengers, all suffering the greatest discomfort. He pro-

tested that his passengers far outnumbered the legal limit, and that the strife among them for such food and sleeping space as he could give amounted almost to a continuous riot, and that it was not possible to take us. He finally consented to submit the question to the passengers themselves, provided we would accept sailors' rations — salt junk and hardtack — and sleep wherever we could find a place. Our party spent some time in making friends among the passengers, and when the vote was taken it was in our favor. So we bade good-by to the beautiful shores and bay of Acapulco and were soon afloat again on the smooth Pacific. By a private arrangement with the steward I secured for a party of five a private room in a secret part of the ship, reached by a ladder from a small scuttle, where we had a private table and an abundance of the best things on board regularly served. Meanwhile the first-class passengers were all day long elbowing one another and scrambling for their chance to get something from the cabin table. Off the coast of Lower California we saw one day a hundred and twenty whales of different kinds, one of which, about seventy-five or eighty feet long, swam just across our bow. At San Diego we were detained two days. The landing was three or four miles below the town, and as soon as the steamer was at anchor close to the shore there was a stampede of hungry passengers in the direction of the town in search of something to eat and drink. There was no hotel, but there were two or three stores, which were completely cleaned out of everything eatable and potable by the first invaders. About the first of October, 1849, seven months after leaving home, we passed through the Golden Gate and stepped ashore upon the promised land.

My agent in San Francisco, to whom I had letters of introduction, and to whom I had consigned goods by sailing vessels around Cape Horn, was a merchant formerly of Honolulu, who was among the first to locate in San Francisco and take advantage of the tremendous business wave incident to the gold discovery. I found him very agreeable, and learned that my company had called on him on their arrival about a month before, and that he had generously advanced two thousand dollars to help them to get established at the mines, and that some of them had stopped at Sacramento City. This, like all other places in California at that time, including San Francisco, was a chaos of board cabins and tents. There was not as yet any defined and recognized ownership of land, nor any laws for the protection of life and property, but the universal instinct of self-preservation and the omnipotent power of public opinion guaranteed to both life and property complete security in one of the greatest communities of desperadoes and criminals ever congregated on the face of the earth.

My duty required that I should lose no time in bringing together the scattered members of our company and locating them in a suitable place in the mines. There was no way of reaching Sacramento except by sailing vessel, and without delay I took passage on a sloop loaded with lumber, and after a passage of four days found a tent near the river in which half a dozen of my old comrades were sick with scurvy and diarrhea. They were dieting on raw onions at one dollar each and raw potatoes at one dollar per pound. They gave me directions so that I could find two carpenters of our company on a ranch, and informed me of the whereabouts of others who had gone to the diggings on the American River. I found the two carpenters

PANAMA STAR.

VOL. 1. "PRESS ONWARD." NO. 1.

PANAMA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1849.

THE STAR

Will be published Weekly, in the City of Panama, by

J. B. BIDLEMAN & CO.,

at one real per copy.

Advertisements not making more than one square, inserted at the rate of $2.00 for the first insertion, and $1 50 for each subsequent insertion.

JOB WORK neatly executed at this Office on reasonable terms.

☞ *Printed by S. K. Hewarie & J. F. Bachman.*

To our American Friends in Panama.

In order to relieve the tedium of our, perhaps protracted stay in this, to us strange land, surrounded by the people, institutions and language so dissimilar to our own—a few Americans have undertaken this publication. Having embarked in a common object, the emigration to what seems to promise to be the El Dorado of the World, our interests are identical:—and we believe that whatever of news, information to future emigrants, or local matters we may find to place in our columns, must be alike interesting to those who are already here, to those who may hereafter arrive, and to those especially whom we have left behind, anxiously expecting news of our position, comfort and welfare.

We therefore embark in our agreeable undertaking, confident in your support, and desirous to afford to all, the means of temporary relief from the monotomy of our situation—and for this purpose we shall be glad to receive any hints or information that may be considered of sufficient interest to either of the classes of persons named above, to warrant publication here.

We congratulate our American Fellow Citizens on their safe progress thus far on their way to the "promised land," and we trust that much of happiness and prosperity may be the lot of all, and as large a share of the good things of this world as may be desirable for them to possess consistently with a due sense of the value of wealth, as a means of good, rather than the mere gratification of the appetite or propensities of man.

With these remarks we present ourselves to our friends, asking only that a fair allowance be made for the peculiarity of our position here, an excuse for any omission that may occur in our first number.

The barque Philadelphia left on the 7th inst, with about one hundred and thirty passengers for San Francisco.

Many of the passengers by the steamer Isthmus were among the number.

☞ We give below a translation of a Proclamation issued here by Gen. Smith, prior to his sailing for California. It created some considerable discussion at the time of its appearance, and public sentiment is still somewhat divided upon the subject.—We publish it without comment:

[*Translated from the Panameño, Feb. 11.*]

Wm. Nelson, Esq., Consul of the United States, at Panama, Sir:

The laws of the United States impose numerous and severe penalties upon those who unlawfully occupy the public lands. As nothing can be more unjust and immeasurable than for persons not citizens of the United States to direct their companies in pursuit and to dig the gold found in California, or lands belonging to the American government, and as such conduct is in direct violation of the laws, it will be my duty immediately upon arrival there, to put these laws in force to prevent any infection thereof, and in future to punish those who violate them with the full penalties prescribed therein.

As the existence of these laws is probably unknown to many who contemplate proceeding to California, I have deemed it proper to promulgate a kindness thereof, and of my intention to enforce them against all those who do not hold citizenship in the United States.

Your position as Consul here, and communication with our Consuls on the Coasts of South America, render you the most suitable organ to disseminate this information, and I therefore request your services for the promotion of this object.

With sincere respect,
I am your obedient servant,
PERSIFER F. SMITH,
Major Gen. U. S. A., Comd'g
Pacific Military Division.

Arrivals.

Steamers Falcon and Crescent City with two Brigs and a Barque from New York, one Brig from Philadelphia, and two from New Orleans, with about one thousand passengers in all, have arrived at Chagres within the last few days. It is supposed there are about fifteen hundred persons now on the Isthmus waiting for vessels.

The California.—The Steamer California left here on the 31st of January, with about four hundred passengers for San Francisco.

Caution to Emigrants.—Most of the preserved meats bought by the emigrants in New York are entirely spoiled and unfit for use.

The above reproduction represents the first number of a periodical published by American emigrants belated in Panama in 1849. The original consisted of four pages, about six by ten inches in size, and was printed on light blue paper. So far as we are informed, but four numbers appeared, the others being published on the 3d, 10th, and 17th of March. This publication throws interesting side lights on the Panama trip, of which there is an account. Lists of arrivals are printed in each number. Washington's Birthday, it appears, was duly celebrated by American citizens with a procession and a banquet, and record is made of a "large and respectable meeting" to protest against the exorbitance of the prices of tickets to San Francisco, after which 350 emigrants signed an agreement not to pay over $150 for passage in any sailing vessel to California—a protest which appears to have been successful. These papers also contain an announcement by the public interpreter that matter translated by any other person than himself would be of no force before any local tribunal; a protest by the editor against the inhuman barbarity exercised by some of the owners of animals on the route from Gorgona to Panama; and a communication from the Intendente of the Department of Panama, Don Mariano Arossemena, proposing to his government to do away with all custom-house and government monopolies, and thus to make the transit of the Isthmus free to the commerce of the world, the compensation for the loss of revenue to be found in the institution of a license for the transaction of business on the Isthmus.

The illustration is made by permission of Mr. H. S. Bachman, son of John F. Bachman, one of the printers of the paper.—EDITOR.

A CROWDED STEAMER.

enjoying themselves in a primitive California house of adobe which they were enlarging by a modern wooden addition. They were employed at their trade at sixteen dollars each per day and board. Their diet was mostly beef, one young bullock being slaughtered each day from the great herd of cattle. The family reserved the loin portions and the tongue, and gave all the rest to the Indian servants, who regarded the entrails as the choicest morsels of the animal. The ruddy brown cheeks of the women of the household bore testimony to the salutary effect of the six or eight pounds of beef which each of them daily consumed.

The next day, after making an appointment for my two friends to come to Sacramento, I rode across the country by a trail which led in the direction of the American River diggings. Having appointed a day for a rendezvous of the party at Sacramento and sent word to others of the company a few miles away, I started next morning on foot for that place, thirty miles distant. There I purchased a large covered wagon and five mules, which, with a horse, made a good team of six, and in two or three days, when all the men had arrived, we loaded the wagon with tents, baggage, and provisions, and all the company,— except two or three invalids, who were allowed to ride,— with revolvers in our belts and carbines on our shoulders, started afoot on the trail for Stockton, *en route* for the head waters of the Stanislaus. A journal published by Frémont had given me a good knowledge of the whole country, so that I felt no apprehension of getting lost, and the topographical features, as to rivers, plains, and mountains, were so uniformly as he described them that we made no mistake in our calculations of courses and distances. Two or three days later, just before we reached Stockton, the rainy season burst upon us, and it became very difficult to travel. We stopped a day at this embryo town, consisting of a few tents, took in some fresh supplies, and continued on our journey.

About sixty miles of level country intervened before we could reach the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, in the gold belt, where our winter quarters were to be located. This tract of country had now become flooded, and the soil was a soft paste, in which our wagon wheels would often sink to the hub. Often the mules were mired, and, becoming discouraged, one after another would lie down. On such occasions we unloaded the wagon, taking the goods ahead to some comparatively hard ground, and then by main strength hauled out the animals one by one, pushed or lifted the empty wagon forward, reharnessed and reloaded, only to repeat the same experience over and over again. Before night came on we usually found some spot where we could

encamp, and where we could tether our mules, so that they could browse on the dead grass, the new grass not having yet sprouted. We also gave them a little barley from our stores. Some nights they strayed away and were not recovered until late the next day. Thus our progress was slow — one day only three miles; but at length we reached the foothills, where the soil was hard, and then we had no more trouble in moving along. Having indicated where the party were to locate, I left them in charge of our second officer, in an open grove, where they at once began to build a spacious log cabin, near a ravine where other gold hunters had already begun work.

Returning to Stockton, I hired a man with a rowboat to take me down the river to San Francisco, where I had reason to expect the arrival of the two vessels from New York with a supply of goods and provisions suitable for our use at the mines. The vessels had been out nine or ten months, but when I reached San Francisco they had not appeared. I waited nearly two months in great suspense, hearing occasionally from the company at the mines through traders who went back and forth with pack-mules. I learned that they were not earning enough to pay for their provisions, the cheapest of which, such as pork and flour, on account of the difficulty of transportation, cost one dollar and fifty cents per pound. I arranged to send, partly by a boat and partly by ox-team, enough to keep them supplied, and after eleven months' and twelve months' passage respectively from New York both vessels arrived in port.

After three months' experience in gold washing in our associated capacity, the more intelligent and conscientious of our company reached the conclusion that it was inadvisable to continue the organization — a conclusion I had already reluctantly accepted. By our contract we were pledged to two years' service; the sick were to be cared for by a good doctor, who was one of our members, and for whose use we had a full supply of medicines and surgical tools. The departments of labor were assigned to and regulated by an executive committee, profits and benefits were to be equally shared, and as there was no civil administration of law, any needed discipline was to be enforced by a majority vote. Our members were superior to the average in intelligence and morals, and in mental and physical capacity, but it was soon demonstrated that a few would contribute a much larger share than others to the common product; that many would shirk duty; and that some, in the assurance that they would be provided for, were downright drones. Hundreds of companies, representing nearly every State of the Union, had been organized on a similar plan, and all had had the same experience. Most of them disbanded as soon as they reached California, and all did so after a short period. So, after a division which gave to each member the necessary outfit for digging and washing, and one month's rations, we dissolved, and each became free to pursue his own way. The financial settlement of the concern was left for me to adjust. I returned to San Francisco and sold off the effects of the company, realizing enough to pay all the debts incurred for the maintenance of the company during the eight months' interval between their departure from home and their arrival at the mines, besides the deficiency of earnings during the four months in which I had had to feed them there, and the heavy expense of travel; and then I was able to pay back to the stockholders sixty per cent. of the original capital. It was the only instance out of all similar companies that I could hear of where so much was saved to original investors.

The goods which we had shipped from New York were in great demand when they arrived. A cooking range and fixtures which had cost $60 sold for $400. A farm wagon and harness which had cost $90 brought $500. A lot of cheeses sealed hermetically in tin, for which we had paid 16 cents per pound, sold for from $1.25 to $1.50 per pound. At this time the labor of a good workman was worth $16 a day. Such goods as happened to be scarce and in demand would bring a fabulous price. Knee boots that cost me $6 a pair I could have sold for $100. Colt's revolvers, worth in New York $15 to $20, sold for $125 to $150. I paid in San Francisco $25 each for ordinary scythes and sold them in Stockton for $75 each. Beads which cost 30 cents a bunch I sold to Indians for $10 a bunch. Fresh eggs brought 50 cents each, a fowl being worth $16. The country was overrun with rats brought in by the vessels, and as no cats had been imported there was for a long time a boom in the feline market, and all the cats that could be collected from abroad were sold on arrival for $16 each. The fluctuation in prices of all kinds of merchandise may be illustrated by a single example. In the autumn of 1849 lumber was worth $500 per thousand feet. Nine months later, when the news of high prices had brought whole fleets of vessels from all parts of the world, and all kinds of goods were thus poured into the country, I bought the material of a large warehouse already framed and fitted for the bare cost of the freight, and constructed from it a respectable church in the town of Stockton for less than half the price it would cost to-day in New Jersey.

Having closed up the company affairs I cast about for some occupation for myself, and con-

DINING-ROOM OF FRENCH'S HOTEL, PANAMA.

cluded to open a store in Stockton for miners' supplies. I formed a partnership with a friend who was stationed at San Francisco to make purchases, and my sales were made mostly to traders who carried goods to the mines on pack-mules or in wagons. At first my profits were large, but before the year had closed the enormous inpouring of merchandise from all parts of the world had reduced prices so low that many articles could be bought by paying the freight bills, and the loss by the fall in value of my stock of goods wiped out the profit of the previous business. The only currency was gold dust, which was carried in small buckskin bags, the gold being rated at $16 per ounce and weighed out by scales, which were found at every place of business.

Life in California was at that time a wild romance. No words of mine can describe the scenes that were enacted during that chaotic period. Thousands of men, organized in bands or wholly disorganized, were constantly arriving from every part of the world and leaving for the diggings. Outlaws and professional gamblers opened saloons by the score at every point where men congregated. Money was scattered everywhere as if by the wind. Miners who had realized fortunes in a few days came down to Stockton, Sacramento, and San Francisco to squander them in a night at the gambling-tables. Scarcely a woman was anywhere to be seen. All restraining influences of society were absent, and I cannot find an expression better suited to the case than "Pandemonium on a frolic."

As there were no wives, there could be no homes or families. A few stores had been hastily put up along the shore, made of rough boards or canvas, and all of them were doing an enormous business. The rest of the village consisted of shanties or tents used for restaurants and saloons. Human life was a moving panorama. The whole place was alive with a mass of unkempt men clad in flannel shirts and heavy boots, who were inspired with the one desire to hurry on to the mines.

This rough life was not without its touches of sentiment. One day the town was electrified by the rumor that an invoice of women's bonnets had arrived and could be seen at one of the stores. The excitement was intense, and there was a rush from every direction to get a realistic view of even so insignificant a substitute for female society. I do not overstate the truth in saying that the thoughts of home that were awakened in the breasts of the rude-looking men at the sight of those bonnets started tears from eyes which the worst forms of privation and hardship had failed to moisten.

The Christian missionary was already on the ground, and good Parson Williams had managed to find a place where he could preach

on Sunday. One of the first men who arrived with his family came to one of these meetings attended by his wife and baby. During the sermon it chanced that the baby cried and the mother was about to withdraw, when the preacher addressed her thus: "My good woman, I beg you to remain; the innocent sound of that infant's voice is more eloquent than any words I can command. It speaks to the hearts of men whose wives and children are far away, looking and praying for a safe return to their own loved ones at home." Never shall I forget the sobs and tears which those words evoked throughout that rough assembly. That infant's cry seemed to them the music of angels.

With those who made San Francisco their temporary abode gambling appeared to be the chief occupation and Spanish monte the favorite game. One house fronting on the plaza, a two-story frame building called the Parker House, rented for $120,000 per annum, the rental being paid mostly by gamblers. A single store of small dimensions and made of rough boards rented for $3000 a month. A canvas tent used as a gambling-saloon rented for $40,000 per annum. Money was loaned on good security at fifteen per cent. a month, and out of the loan the borrowers made fortunes in real estate operations.

In February, 1851, I passed out of the Golden Gate laden with the experience of a most romantic chapter of life, no worse off financially, and perhaps a little better, than when I left home two years before. At Panama, by placing confidence in the honesty of a native porter, I lost my trunk with all my clothing, my gold watch, and about six hundred dollars' worth of gold. I spent three days in searching for it, by which delay I lost the company of all passengers who made the transit of the Isthmus in regular time for steamers about to leave Chagres. I had calculated the time so that by rapid riding on horseback to Gorgona and special boat service down the river to Chagres I could just catch the last steamer advertised to leave for New York. I knew nothing of the great risk in traveling alone, as the natives two years before appeared to me an exceptionally honest people. But two years' contact with American roughs had changed them to thieves and murderers, and the whole route across the Isthmus was infested with American, English, and Spanish highwaymen, who pounced upon defenseless travelers at every opportunity. I, however, faced the exigency, although quite ignorant of the full danger. I hired a horse from a man who had a partner at Gorgona to whom I was to deliver the beast, and started alone on my perilous journey. Just as I was passing out of the gate of Panama, at that time a walled city, I encountered a horseman riding the same way, a pleasant-looking American, who was overjoyed to learn that I was going to Chagres, as he had just come into Panama from Chili on his way to New York, and knew nothing of the route across the Isthmus, which he had

"THE STEAMER IS IN!"—PANAMA.

OUTSIDE THE GATE OF PANAMA.

feared he must travel alone. He gave his name as Fowler. His frank and confiding manner gave me assurance that he would be a safe and agreeable companion, and we at once became friends. We proceeded rapidly for a distance of eight or nine miles to where a branch trail led to the village of Cruces, the fork of the road being occupied by a tent with sundry refreshments. Here we rested. A few minutes later a horseman who had been in pursuit of us, and had ridden so hard that his horse was panting and sweating, stopped in front of the tent and appeared to be in suffering. I assisted him to alight, and helped to place him in a hammock. With groans and dazed eyes he informed me that he had a ticket for the New York steamer at Chagres, and was afraid he could not reach it unless he could have our company across. I felt of his pulse, which was regular, and asked him where was his pain. He was not explicit in locating his trouble, and seemed disconcerted when I told him that I had practised medicine. I asked him if he would have anything I could get. He replied that he would take a "stone fence" — a drink of rum and brandy mixed. I ordered it for him and he drank it. I noticed that he was quite watchful of us whenever he thought we were not looking. His general appearance was that of a genteel desperado, and after watching him awhile I signaled to my comrade to join me outside. On consultation we agreed that the man was a sham, and that he was seeking our company in order to entrap us among some confederates in ambush. We made a pretense of going out on the Cruces trail to look for our baggage mules, leaving the man to think that we would return, but in fact we took the road to Gorgona, determined that if he came near us again we would speedily settle matters with him. Near sundown, when within two or three miles of Gorgona, we met five horsemen, a bad-looking lot, Americans and Spaniards, who eyed us closely as they passed, and immediately after wheeled around to join us. We lost no time in starting at a run. They were evidently surprised at our movement and made a rapid pursuit, but became so scattered that in case of attack we should have had an even chance by fighting them singly. We kept in advance until we came within sight of the village, when they fell back. We learned that they made their headquarters at the public house where we

stopped, and were known there as desperate gamblers and outlaws. Robbery and murder were of frequent occurrence on the line we had traveled, and we were told on our way down the river that on the day of our arrival a party of eight coming up the river were overpowered, robbed, and murdered by their boatmen.

We reached Gorgona about dusk, and as it was necessary, in order to reach the steamer at Chagres, to take a light canoe and to leave at three o'clock next morning, I left Mr. Fowler at the so-called hotel and went out to engage a boat and three boatmen, taking the precaution to learn where they would sleep, so that I might waken them, for I well knew they would not otherwise keep their appointment. When I returned, in the course of an hour or two, I found my comrade quite overcome with nervous prostration. He hurriedly placed in my hands his gold watch, a pile of money and a banker's draft for $80,000, gave me the address of his father, and then sank exhausted to the floor with the feeling that he was dying. I obtained a stimulating drink for him, and, taking advantage of his confidence in me, told him that I possessed a mesmeric power which would restore him. I made a few passes over his head and took his hands in mine, asking him to notice the vital current passing from my fingers to his. He was so assured of this that he revived, and would not let go of my hands until he had gained strength enough to walk.

We embarked in a light canoe about daylight. My revolver was ready for immediate use, but we reached Chagres the next evening without mishap. Finding that the *North America*, a new independent steamer, was in the harbor and about to leave for New York, we paid off our canoemen, and at once embarked on a large yawl with six oarsmen over the rough waters to the steamer three miles away. The result of my gold hunting was that my entire stock of effects consisted of the clothing I had on, namely, corduroy trousers, a soiled shirt, and a brown linen coat, together with a grizzly bear skin which I had saved as a trophy of California. When we reached New York I was completely cured of my passion for adventure and ready to put on the harness of hard and sober work for all the rest of my life.

Julius H. Pratt.

THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA.

FOR many years after the Louisiana Purchase the Mississippi and Missouri rivers made the boundary line of occupied country. Above St. Louis and between these rivers an encroachment on the wilderness had been made by the first generation of this century. From the confluence of the two great rivers, where the Missouri rolls its yellow floods into the clear waters of the Mississippi, the line of settlement extended along the farther shore of the great tributary only to the mouth of the Kansas. The solitude of the turbulent river in its long course through unknown lands and from remote mountains was broken only by the yearly visit of the Fur Company's steamer on its struggling way to their ports on its upper waters, one or two thousand miles above St. Louis. In those early days the Missouri had for me a mysterious character. I remember with what real excitement I watched for the point where it entered the Mississippi as one of the grand features of the continent. In imagination I saw the tribe of dusky warriors who peopled its upper shores and with whom I afterward became familiar. But when I lately crossed it in the dusk of evening the shapes that I saw were of the comrades with whom I had traveled its solitary lands and who had now crossed the river of greatest mysteries.

Westward the Indian country stretched to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. On its southern edge were the detached settlements of Mexico, hundreds of years old and oblivious of progress. On the northern side were the British possessions. The great plains and beds of the Rocky Mountains made its eastern division. From the western foot of the Rocky Mountain ranges to the eastern foot of the Sierra Nevada lay the intervening Great Basin. Beyond was the "California Mountain," the trapper's name for the snowy Sierras. This broad region was unoccupied, unused, and trackless. The only traveled way across was the "Spanish Trail," which led along its southern border from the Missouri frontier to the old Mexican towns of the Del Norte, and thence across the "American Desert" to Los Angeles, in the southern part of what was then Upper California. This was the precarious road for trade between the American frontier and the Mexican settlements, subject always to Indian barbarities and the tribute exacted by the savages. Other than this were only the buffalo roads and the Indian trails.

[General Frémont here describes the country as it then appeared.]

Between the Missouri River and the Snowy Sierra the country was a wilderness which bore in its changes only the marks of nature. Indian tribes, more or less savage, sometimes rising into the dignity of nations, occupied the whole area, and all were at war. There were no white settlements, except rare offshoots of civilization where missionary devotion or American instinct for land penetrated its solitude to a short distance. Trading posts of the American and British fur companies were dotted about over this region, remote and disconnected. The British Fur Company, to protect its fur interests, discouraged immigration, but encouraged alliances between its employees and the Indian women, giving preference to the half-breeds. In contributing to the wants of the Indians these posts grew to be part of the Indian life, and so enjoyed immunity from all. For hunters and trappers they were places not only of barter, but also of refuge against the dangerous chances to which they were exposed. It was across this inhospitable wilderness that were to be traced the paths which made the approaches for the United States to Oregon and California.

To this region the Government had already directed its attention in the earlier part of the century. Events had forced upon it the question of future occupation and extension. Under the suggestions of a far-reaching statesmanship the great expedition of Lewis and Clarke in 1804 was followed by that of Long (1819–20), and, still later, by that of Pike (1831). But gradually the interests of expanding population required that our contiguous territory should be made more intimately known to the people, and in 1837–39 expeditions were sent to the northwestern prairies under the French astronomer and geographer Nicollet. Mr. Poinsett, then Secretary of War, had much to do with shaping these. I was then lieutenant of topographical engineers, and, having already been engaged in surveys of Indian country, I was chosen by him to accompany Nicollet as his assistant. These expeditions brought to common knowledge the great capacities of that region, then for all civilized uses unknown.

The house taken by Mr. Nicollet for making up the maps was at the foot of the Capitol, and became a meeting-place for all interested in Western affairs or in national expansion, and for men of large ideas. There came constantly Senator Benton and Senator Linn of Missouri, the sachem-like Governor Dodge of Iowa, my old friend Mr. Poinsett, and often the historian Bancroft, who was that winter in Washington.

A great interest had been kindled into life, and in the furtherance of it an expedition to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains was organized in the winter of 1841–42. This was the initial one of five expeditions planned by Senator Benton and me, and was in direct line with his long-cherished views for asserting the title of the United States to the undivided occupation of Oregon. General Harrison, as a military and Western man, would doubtless have favored this, as would his war secretary, John Bell of Tennessee. But his death put into power Mr. Tyler, who was unfriendly to disturbing the English occupation. Consequently, with wise distrust of Government interference, this expedition was directed, apparently, to aid emigration to the Pacific shores by searching for it the best lines of travel, and to select such situations for military posts as would best protect it. This expedition was to have been under the joint command of Mr. Nicollet and me, but Mr. Nicollet's health was giving way and he shortly after died. I had, in the mean time, become a member of Senator Benton's family. It was on New Year's evening of 1842 that he informed me I was to have sole command.

In June, 1842, I took the field with my party. The South Pass, which opens the way to the Columbia River Valley, was located in the Wind River Mountains, in which the four mighty rivers of the continent find their head springs. On the return of the expedition, in addition to the general map accompanying my report to the Government, maps of the route in atlas form were made, which pointed out for each day where the emigrants would find water, grass, and wood for their encampments. These accompanied the reports of the expedition, which were ordered to be published by Congress and were distributed for the use of the emigrants. Points were indicated where military posts were to be established for their protection. These proceedings by Congress, which showed a determination to protect the emigration into the valley of the Columbia, roused it into energetic movement, and the Western country, now fairly awake, sustained their representatives at Washington in their continued and bolder effort to secure the Pacific coast. This view opened up into our continent attracted great attention in England as well as among thinking Americans.

The winter months passed quickly in preparing these reports on the first expedition and in arranging the object of the second. The latter was organized and sent out under my command in 1843. In its course the expedition located various passes of the Rocky Mountains. I turned into the bordering territory of Mexico and established the position and character of Great Salt Lake. Thence I continued the line of the first expedition down

the line of the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, where my expedition connected, as ordered, with Wilkes's survey of the coast. I returned to the Dalles of the Columbia, and took up the examination of the coast mountains and worked my way southward along the flanges of the Pacific coast, searching the approaches into the Sierra Nevada for a railway passage to the ocean. A river, the "Buenaventura," indicated upon a map furnished me by the Hudson's Bay Company as breaking through the mountains, was found not to exist; and at length, by a rough winter passage, we forced our way across the great Sierra into what was then the shadowy land of California, soon to become a familiar name to the civilized world. By this passage the Central Pacific Railway now enters.

Descending the American Fork of the Sacramento River, we reached Sutter's Fort, in the "Great California Valley," early in March. A few weeks given to recruit the party from the exhaustion of their winter journey were utilized to obtain some knowledge of the bay and the dependent country. Its broad gates lay open to that trade of the Pacific for which we had been searching a way across the continent. The return expedition reached the frontier of Kansas, on the Missouri River, in August, 1844.

Meantime the covert struggle between England and the United States on the Oregon question had ripened into positive antagonism. In 1845 I was sent out at the head of a third and stronger expedition, for which the plans and scope had been matured on my return from the second. The geographical examinations proposed to be made were in greater part in Mexican territory. But in arranging this expedition the eventualities of war had to be taken into consideration. My private instructions were, if needed, to foil England by carrying the war now imminent with Mexico into its territory of California. At the fitting moment that territory was seized, and held by the United States.

During the winter preceding it the coming third expedition was an engrossing subject to Senator Benton and me, also to others who had interest in its scientific and its possible political results; largely so to General John A. Dix, then senator from New York, and to the Prussian Minister, Baron von Gerolt, an intimate friend of Humboldt, by whom he had been selected as Minister to Mexico. Baron von Gerolt had lived there some twenty years, was well acquainted with Mexican affairs, and had maintained active personal relations with men in power in that country. He was fully informed of their movements in this critical period. His intimacy with Senator Benton and his family and me had increased the interest with which he had followed the course of the previous expeditions, of which he kept Humboldt informed fully, giving him also personal details. Now the Baron, knowing from his correspondents in Mexico that there was to be interference by that government which would place me in peril and break up the expedition if it should enter California, came to give us warning.

It may be well to remind the reader that Senator Benton, not only from his political associations, but from his position as chairman of the Senate military committee,—a post he held for twenty-eight years,—was fully informed of every military measure of the Government. Mr. Benton had many clients from among old Spanish families in Florida and Louisiana, and his knowledge of their language led to friendships with them. He had always held that towards Mexico our relations should be that of the great Republic aiding a neighboring state in its early struggles; he belonged with those who preferred the acquiring of Texas by treaty and purchase, not by war; this he opposed and denounced, and he now held the same views concerning California.

President Polk entered on his office in March, 1845, with a fixed determination to acquire California, if he could acquire it in an honorable and just manner. The President and Cabinet held it impossible for Mexico, situated as things were, to retain possession of California, and therefore it was right to negotiate with Mexico for it. This it was hoped to accomplish by peaceful negotiation; but if Mexico, in resenting our acceptance of the offer of Texas to join us, should begin a war with us, *then, by taking possession of the province.* Relations with Mexico soon became critical and threatened war, leaving no room for further negotiations.

The Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan, and Senator Dix of New York came frequently to confer with Mr. Benton. Mr. Buchanan had discovered a leak in his department, and, not knowing the Spanish language himself, brought his confidential letters and documents from Mexico to be read to him by Mr. Dix and Mr. Benton, who knew the language well. For the whole of his senatorial term Mr. Dix was a near neighbor, a member of the military committee, and also personally intimate with Mr. Benton. In the security of Mr. Benton's library these despatches were read and discussed and many translations made for Mr. Buchanan's use by Mrs. Frémont and her elder sister. These frequent discussions in our homes among the men who controlled the action of the Government gave to me the advantage of knowing thoroughly what were its present wishes, and its intentions in the event of war.

Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, in his "Life of James Buchanan," gives, in chapters 21 and 22, Volume I., a compact and clear view of English policy towards the United States at this time. He says:

> In the mean time Mr. Buchanan had not only to manage the relations between the United States and Mexico under circumstances of great delicacy, with firmness as well as conciliation, but also to keep a watchful eye upon the course of England and France in reference to this measure. It must be remembered that Mr. Buchanan had succeeded as Secretary of State to the management of the Oregon question with England, as well as to the completion of the arrangements for annexing Texas to the United States. He was informed both privately and officially, by the Ministers of the United States at London and Paris, of the danger of an intervention by England and France in the affairs of Mexico. . . .
>
> In 1845, when the war between the United States and Mexico was impending, there was reason to believe that England was aiming to obtain a footing in the then Mexican province of California by an extensive system of colonization.[1] Acting under Mr. Buchanan's advice, President Polk, in his first annual message of December 2, 1845, not only reasserted the Monroe doctrine in general terms, but distinctly declared that no future European colony or dominion shall, with the consent of the United States, be planted or established on any part of the American continent. This declaration was confined to North America in order to make it emphatically applicable to California.

To Mr. Benton and other governing men at Washington it seemed reasonably sure that California would eventually fall to England or to the United States, and they were firmly resolved to hold it for the United States. The instructions early sent, and repeatedly insisted upon, to the officers commanding our Pacific squadron, gave specific orders *to be strictly followed in the event of war*. For me no distinct course or definite instruction could be laid down, but the probabilities were made known to me, as well as what to do when they became facts. The distance was too great for timely communication, but, failing this, *I was given discretion to act*. And for this, as soon as war was sure between Mexico and ourselves, Lieutenant Gillespie was despatched with instructions and with letters which, if intercepted when crossing Mexico, would convey no meaning to others, while to me they would be clear.

The first and second expeditions had their political as well as their geographical objects; both were successfully accomplished. The route to Oregon through to the mouth of the Columbia was definitely surveyed and mapped and its features were fully described for the use of the emigration. And the intended political effect was created of awakening the Government's interest in and protection to the emigration to Oregon. The third expedition had also its underlying political intention. Its chief geographical feature was very interesting. It was to explore and open what had hitherto been believed to be an uninhabitable desert — thence to find nearer passes through to the Pacific.

Our journey was continuously in Mexican territory from the head of the Arkansas River, and through all of the Salt Lake Valley. I found the beds of mineral or rock salt where Humboldt had marked them on his map of New Spain, "Montagnes de Gemme," to the eastward of the Salt Lake. He had so placed them from the journal of Father Escalante, who towards the close of the last century attempted to penetrate the unknown country from Santa Fé in New Mexico to Monterey, California. Father Escalante did not get beyond the southeastern rim of the lake. It was believed to be a desert without water. None of my men knew anything of it; not even Walker or Carson. The Indians declared that no one had ever crossed the immediate plain of sage-brush stretching westward to the stony, black, unfertile mountains which ran in range north and south in jagged saw-teeth profile.

Early in November we reached a river to which I gave the name of Humboldt, who did me the honor to write and thank me for being the first to place his name on the map of the continent. Both the river and the mountain to which I gave his name are conspicuous objects, the river stretching across the basin to the foot of the Sierra Nevada, and the mountain standing out in greater bulk and length than its neighbors. Here I divided the party: the main body with Walker, who knew the southern part of the California mountains well, as their guide, had a secure southerly line in following the Humboldt River, which was to be surveyed by Mr. Kern. For myself I selected ten men, among them some of my Delawares. Leaving the main party, I started on a line westward directly across the basin. This journey determined a route passable for wagons from eight to nine hundred miles shorter than any known, and through a country abounding in game and fine grasses and wood.

Passing over details of the separation of the party and its wanderings and hardships on the Sierra Nevada, I come to my arrival at Sutter's Fort on the 9th of December, 1845. On the 15th of January, 1846, I set out with Mr. Leidesdorff, American vice-consul, for Monterey, and on arriving went directly to the house of our consul, Mr. Larkin. My purpose was to get leave to bring my party into the settlements in order to refit and to obtain the

[1] Verified by the great McNamara grant. See the last page of this article.

supplies that had now become necessary. All the camp equipment, the clothes of the men, and their saddles and horse gear, were either used up or badly in want of repair.

The next morning I made my official visits. I found the governor, Don Pio Pico, absent at Los Angeles. With Mr. Larkin I called upon the commanding general, Don José Castro, and upon the prefect, the alcalde, and Ex-Governor Alvarado. I informed the general and the other officers that I was engaged in surveying the nearest route from the United States to the Pacific Ocean. I informed them further that the object of the survey was geographical, being under the direction of the Bureau of Topographical Engineers, to which corps I belonged; that it was made in the interests of science and of commerce; and that the men composing the party were citizens and not soldiers. The permission asked for was readily granted, and during the two days I staid I was treated with every courtesy by the general and the other officers. By the middle of February my party was all reunited in the valley of San José, about thirteen miles south of the village of that name on the main road leading to Monterey, which was about sixty miles distant.

The place I had selected for rest and refitting was a vacant rancho called the "Laguna," belonging to Mr. Fisher. I remained here until the 22d, occupied in purchasing horses, obtaining supplies, and thoroughly refitting the party. It was the delightful spring season of a most delightful climate, and many Californians visited the camp, and very friendly relations grew up with us. I established the rate of the chronometer and made this encampment a new point of departure.

March 1 we resumed our progress southward along the coast, and March 3 encamped at the Hartwell rancho. We were now passing Monterey, which was about twenty-five miles distant. The Salinas Valley lay outside of the more occupied parts of the country, and I was on my way to a pass opening into the San Joaquin Valley at the head of a western branch of the Salinas River.

In the afternoon the quiet of the camp was disturbed by the sudden appearance of a cavalry officer with two men. This officer, Lieutenant Chavez, was abrupt and disposed to be rude. He brought me peremptory letters from the general and the prefect, ordering me forthwith out of the department and threatening force if I should not instantly comply with the order.[1] I desired the officer to carry as my answer that I peremptorily refused to comply with the order, which was an insult to my Government. My men, like myself, were roused by the offense, and were eager to support any course I saw fit to adopt.

Near by was a mountain called the Gavilan (or Hawk's) Peak. Early the next morning I moved camp, following the wood-road to the summit, and camped in a convenient position. It afforded wood, water, and grass, gave a view over the surrounding country, including the Salinas plain and the valley of San José, and opened in case of need a retreat to the San Joaquin. Here we built a rough but strong fort of logs. A tall sapling was prepared, and on it the American flag was raised amid the cheers of the men. The raising of this flag proved a premonition of its permanent raising as the flag over California.

I remained in possession, the flag flying, for three days, during which I received information from Mr. Larkin, our consul, and from citizens of what was going on below. Late in the afternoon of the second day we discovered a body of cavalry coming up our wood-road; with about forty men I went quickly down this road to where a thicket among the trees made a good ambush, and waited for them. They came to within a few hundred yards of us and halted, and after some consultation turned back. Had they come on they would have had to come within a few paces of our rifles.

The protecting favor all civilized governments accord to scientific expeditions imposed on me, even here, corresponding obligations, and having given Castro three days' time in which to execute his threat, I slowly withdrew. Besides, I always kept in mind the object of the Government to obtain possession of California, and would not let a proceeding which seemed personal put obstacles in the way. In a letter written soon after to Mrs. Frémont, telling of this, I made an allusion she would fully comprehend.

SACRAMENTO RIVER,
Latitude 49°, April 1, 1846.

. . . . My sense of duty did not permit me to fight them, but we retired slowly and growlingly: they had between three and four hundred men and three pieces of artillery, and were raising the country against me on a false and scandalous proclamation.[2] I had my own men, and many Americans would have joined me, but I refrained from a solitary hostile or improper act, for I did not dare to compromise the United States, against which appearances would have been strong.

The following extracts from the report of the United States consul, Mr. Thomas O.

[1] This was the course of action decided upon in Mexico of which Baron von Gerolt had information and of which he had given us warning in Washington. In connection also see Bancroft's letter to Buchanan dated Washington, August 7, 1845.

[2] That we were *bandoleros* (highwaymen, or freebooters).

Larkin, to the Secretary of State belong to this subject. Mr. Larkin wrote:

MONTEREY, March 9, 1846.

SIR: . . . There will be two or three hundred men collected to-morrow with the intention to attack his (Frémont's) camp. Captain Frémont has about fifty men. Neither himself nor his men have any fears respecting the result, yet be the result for or against him it may prove a disadvantage to the resident Americans in California. . . . I have at some risk despatched out two couriers to the camp with duplicate letters, and this letter I sent to Santa Barbara in expectation of finding a vessel bound to Mazatlan. Having had one-half of my hospital expenses of 1844 cut off, and know not why, and even my bill for a flag, I do not feel disposed to hazard much for Government, though the life of Captain Frémont and party may need it. I hardly know how to act. I have only received one letter (of June) from the department for the year 1845. *General Castro says he has just received by the "Hannah" direct and specific orders not to allow Captain Frémont to enter California.*[1]

We made a stop of a week near Sutter's Fort to recruit the animals on the fine range, and then continued to travel slowly towards the Oregon line. One night I was standing alone by my camp-fire and thinking these things over, and how best to meet the expectations intrusted to me in case of war, when suddenly my ear caught the faint sound of horses' feet, and as I listened there emerged from the darkness into the circle of the firelight two horsemen riding slowly, as though horse and man were fatigued by traveling. They proved to be two men from Sutter's whom I knew, named Neal and Seigler. They had ridden nearly a hundred miles in two days, having been sent forward by a United States officer, Lieutenant A. H. Gillespie, who was on my trail with despatches for me. He had been sent to California by the Government across Mexico to Mazatlan, and had letters for me. He had been directed to find me wherever I might be. Accordingly on landing from the United States steamer *Cyane* he had started from Monterey, and had been looking for me on the Sacramento. Learning at Sutter's Fort that I had gone up the valley, he had made up a small party and had followed my trail for six hundred miles, the latter part of the way through great dangers from Modoc and Tlamath Indians.[2]

Then I knew the hour had come. Neal knew the danger from these Indians, and his party becoming alarmed and my trail being fresh, Lieutenant Gillespie had sent forward Neal and Seigler on their best horses to overtake me and inform me of their situation.

I selected ten of the best men, Kit Carson, Stepp, Dick Owens, Godey, Basil Lajeunesse, and Crane with four other Delawares, and at early dawn we took the backward trail, and after a ride of about forty-five miles we met Lieutenant Gillespie and greeted him warmly. It was now eleven months since any tidings had reached me.

Lieutenant Gillespie informed me that he had left Washington in November (1845), under orders from the President and the Secretary of the Navy, and had been directed to reach California by the shortest route through Mexico to Mazatlan. With many detentions on the way he had followed his instructions to find me wherever I might be, and under Neal's guidance had now overtaken me.

It was a singular coincidence that I was informed by Neal of Gillespie's coming on the 8th of May and met him on the 9th — the days on which were fought the first battles of the Mexican war, Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

Lieutenant Gillespie brought a letter of introduction from the Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan, and letters and papers from Senator Benton and family. The letter from the Secretary of State was directed to me in my private or citizen capacity, and, though seeming nothing beyond an introduction, it accredited the bearer, and in connection with circumstances and place of delivery it indicated a purpose in sending it. From the letter I learned nothing, but it was intelligibly explained to me by my previous knowledge, by the letter from Senator Benton, and by communications from Lieutenant Gillespie.[3]

This officer informed me also that he was directed by the Secretary of State to acquaint me with his instructions to the consular agent, Mr. Larkin, which were to ascertain the disposition of the California people and conciliate

[1] Larkin was evidently not deep in the confidences of the Government.

[2] These Indians became known to the whole country in 1873 by their treacherous assassination, when in council, of General Canby and his command.

[3] In a discussion in the Senate immediately after the close of the Mexican war Senator Badger of North Carolina said: "We next find him in Oregon, where he is overtaken by a messenger, an officer of the Government, who bore him a letter, and — there is no use in concealing it, sir — although it purported to be a mere letter of introduction, it was in reality an official document, accrediting the bearer of it to Colonel Frémont, with a view to the union of the two in devising some means to counteract the designs of the British emissaries. Captain Gillespie, the officer to whom I allude, in his evidence before the committee on military affairs states that he was directed to convey the order of the Government to Colonel Frémont, to watch the interests of the United States in California. This, sir, was the purport of Captain Gillespie's mission; and so soon as the communication was made to him Colonel Frémont returned to California, under the order of his Government, and by its express authority."

their feelings in favor of the United States.[1] This idea was no longer practicable, as actual war was inevitable and immediate; moreover, it was in conflict with our own instructions. We dropped this idea from our minds, but falling on others less informed, it came dangerously near losing us California. The letter of Senator Benton, while apparently only one of friendship and family details, was a trumpet giving no uncertain note. Read by the light of many conversations and discussions with himself and other governing men in Washington, it clearly made me know that I was required by the Government to find out any foreign schemes in relation to California, and to counteract them so far as was in my power. His letters made me know distinctly that at last the time had come when England must not get a foothold; that we *must be first*. I was to *act*, discreetly but positively.

The thread of my narrative must now be broken here to introduce the following evidence.

Some years ago, when publishing a volume of memoirs, I wished to be especially accurate on the subject of Lieutenant Gillespie's coming to me from the Government. Gillespie had been directed to commit his despatches to memory before reaching Vera Cruz, then destroy them. I asked Mr. George Bancroft, who as an accurate and reliable historian kept the data of this California period, which was solely in his charge, for his recollections, and he was so kind as to take much trouble to verify the subject from his record. He sent me full and distinct memoranda to use, marked "Not to be printed." With his consent, I have used the following extracts from these official and personal papers; now such of them as are needed here are given to show how subsequent events were governed by these instructions brought me by Gillespie. They were to be known only to Gillespie and myself. Commodore Sloat had his separate, repeated, definite orders.[2]

FROM MEMORANDUM BY THE HONORABLE GEORGE BANCROFT (SECRETARY OF THE NAVY), MADE FOR GENERAL FRÉMONT.

NEWPORT, R. I., 2d September, 1886.

Very soon after March 4, 1845, Mr. Polk one day, when I was alone with him, in the clearest manner and with the utmost energy declared to me what were to be the four great measures of his administration. He succeeded in all the four, and one of the four was the acquisition of California for the United States. This it was hoped to accomplish by peaceful negotiation; but if Mexico, in resenting our acceptance of the offer of Texas to join us, should begin a war with us, then by taking possession of the province. As we had a squadron in the North Pacific, but no army, measures for the carrying out this design fell to the Navy Department. The Secretary of the Navy, who had good means of gaining news as to the intentions of Mexico, and had reason to believe that its government intended to make war upon us, directed timely preparation for it.

In less than four months after the inauguration, on the 24th day of June, 1845, he sent orders to the commanding officer of the United States naval forces on the Pacific that, if he should ascertain that Mexico had declared war against the United States, he should at once possess himself of the port of San Francisco and such other ports as his force might permit. At the same time he was instructed to encourage the inhabitants of California "to adopt a course of neutrality." The Secretary of the Navy repeated these orders in August and in October, 1845, and in February, 1846. On one of these occasions (October, 1845) he sent the orders by the hands of an accomplished and thoroughly trustworthy officer of the navy[3] as a messenger, well instructed in the designs of the department and with the purposes of the administration, so far as they related to California. Captain Frémont having been sent originally on a peaceful mission to the West by way of the Rocky Mountains, it had become necessary to give him warning of the new state of affairs and the designs of the President. The officer who had had charge of the despatches from the Secretary of the Navy to Commodore Sloat, and who had purposely been made acquainted with their import, accordingly made his way to Captain Frémont, who thus became acquainted with the state of affairs and the purposes of the Government. Being absolved from any duty as an explorer, Captain Frémont was left to his duty as an officer in the service of the United States, with the further authoritative knowledge that the Government intended to take possession of California.

The Navy Department had no cause for apprehension that the movement upon California would lead to a *conflict* with any European power, and yet it was held that the presence of armed ships of any other power in the California harbors before annexation might be inconvenient. Therefore no orders were given to use force against any European powers; but the utmost celerity was used by the Navy Department in conveying to the commander of the American naval forces on the California coast orders in the event of war by Mexico to take instant possession of San Francisco and as many other places in California as the means at his disposal would permit. The information which the department possessed made it reasonably certain that if the United States commander in California should act with due celerity on receiving his orders, California

1 See "Californiana" in the present number for the text of this despatch.—EDITOR.

2 Undue value has been given by a few writers to the despatch sent by the Secretary of State to the consul at Monterey. It could in no way affect other and different instructions from the President and the Secretary of the Navy, or Secretary of War, who alone could govern the actions of officers. It would seem needless to state so simple a fact, but it appears the writers do not know that the different branches of the Government cannot interfere with each other; and though the President, as commander-in-chief, commands both army and navy, their officers are otherwise solely under the orders of their respective departments.—J. B. F.

3 Gillespie.

would be occupied before any European government or any armed ship in the Pacific could be in motion.

NEWPORT, R. I., 3d September, 1886.

My motive in sending so promptly the order to take possession was not from any fear that England would resist, but from the apprehension that the presence of an English man-of-war in San Francisco harbor would have a certain degree of inconvenience, and that it was much better for us to be masters there before the ship should arrive; and my orders reached there very long before any English vessel was off California. The delay of Sloat made a danger, but still he took possession of San Francisco before the British ship arrived. . . . After your interview with Gillespie you were absolved from any orders as an explorer, and became an officer of the American army, warned by your Government of your new danger, against which you were bound to defend yourself; and it was made known to you on the authority of the Secretary of the Navy that a great object of the President was to obtain possession of California. If I had been in your place I should have considered myself bound to do what I saw I could to promote the purpose of the President. You were alone; no Secretary of War to appeal to; he was thousands of miles off; and yet it was officially made known to you that your country was at war; and it was so made known expressly to guide your conduct. It was further made known to you that the acquisition of California was become a chief object of the President. If you had letters to that effect from the Secretary of War, you had your warrant. If you were left without orders from the War Department, certainly you learned from the Secretary of the Navy that the President's plan of war included the taking possession of California. The truth is, no officer of the Government had anything to do with California but the Secretary of the Navy so long as I was in the Cabinet. . . .

With this necessary digression to make clear my subsequent acts, I return to our camp of May 9 (1849) on the Tlamath Lake. We had talked late, but now, tired out, Gillespie was asleep. I sat far into the night, alone, reading my home letters by the fire, and thinking. I saw the way opening clear before me, and a grand opportunity was now presented to realize fully the far-sighted views which would make the Pacific Ocean the western boundary of the United States. I resolved to move forward on the opportunity, return forthwith to the Sacramento Valley, and bring all the influence I could command. This decision was the first step in the conquest of California.

[General Frémont here relates an attack upon his camp the same night by Tlamath Indians resulting in the death of three of his men, his reunion with the main party, his retaliation upon the Tlamaths, and his return southward.]

On the 24th of May we reached again Lassen's (near Sutter's Fort), and in the evening I wrote to Senator Benton a guarded letter. Until the arrival of Commodore Sloat my own movements depended on circumstances, and of them I could say but little. But I told him of the arrival of Lieutenant Gillespie, of the Tlamath fighting and the men we had lost, and how we fought that nation from one border to the other, "and have ever since been fighting until our entrance into the lower Sacramento Valley," and in phrases he would understand let him know I was to go the whole length of California; why, he knew.

Gillespie's arrival at Sutter's, and his taking the men to help him overtake me, had quickly spread among the people, and I found the settlers anxiously awaiting the result of his risky journey, and hoping to see me return with him. The Government vessels at San Francisco, the coming of a Government messenger to follow and find me, together with thick-coming rumors of war, were more than enough for our intelligent, quick-witted Americans. I found myself welcomed, and saw I should find support in carrying out my instructions.

The California authorities, under their orders from Mexico, had on their side given offense and alarm to old settlers and the incoming immigration—requiring all foreigners to be naturalized or expelled,[1] interfering with long acquired property rights, and fomenting disturbances by the Indians. I saw we must meet these Indian menaces and make them realize that Castro was far and I was near. And I intended to leave no enemy behind to destroy my strength by cutting off my supply of cattle and breaking communication with the incoming emigrants. So we raided all their rancherias on the western bank of the Sacramento, finding the men with feathers in their heads, faces painted black, and on the midst of their war ceremonies, and we did this so effectually as to put an end to the burning of wheatfields and intended attack on whites. It was a rude but necessary measure to protect the whites.

Then I began my preparations for carrying out my instructions. Except myself, then and for many months afterward, there was no other officer of the army in California. The citizen party under my command was made up of picked men, and though small in number was a formidable nucleus for frontier warfare, and many of its members commanded the confidence of the immigration. I wrote to Captain Montgomery, commanding the United States ship *Portsmouth*, then at Yerba Buena [San Francisco], asking for needed supplies from his ship's stores. With this was also an

1 Proclamation of the 30th of April, 1846, which was forwarded by Don Manuel Castro, prefect of Monterey, to his sub-prefect in San Francisco, and transmitted by the latter to the United States vice-consul at that port, Leidesdorff, to be by him made known to the American settlers.—J. B. F.

official letter from Lieutenant Gillespie,— who was well known to him,— which ended as follows:

Hoping you will be able to make the supply, I will only add that in the event of the party receiving from you the assistance requested, you may be sure the same will not only be highly appreciated by the President and departments, and confer an obligation upon Captain Frémont and myself, but will receive the heartfelt thanks of some of the bravest and most determined men, who are happy in suffering privations while serving their country with unsurpassed zeal and fidelity.

ARCHIE H. GILLESPIE,
First Lieut., U. S. Marine Corps, and special and confidential Agent for California.

Gillespie visited Captain Montgomery on his ship, and brought me in answer all I required — lead, powder, percussion caps, as well as camp supplies, and fifteen hundred dollars, to be repaid by an order on the proper department in Washington.[1]

Soon after, when urgently appealed to for powder to sustain his party by Mr. William B. Ide, who had raised the flag of independence, the Grizzly Bear flag, at Sonoma, Captain Montgomery, while answering with perfect courtesy, had to decline.

Permit me, sir, in response to your call for powder for the use of your party, to say that I am here as a representative of a government at peace (so far as I know) with Mexico and her province of California, having in charge the interests and security of the commerce and citizens of the United States, lawfully engaged in their pursuits, and have no right or authority to furnish munitions of war, or in any manner take sides with any political party, or even indirectly identify myself or official name with any popular movement (whether of foreign or native residents of the country), and thus, sir, must decline giving the required aid.

JOHN B. MONTGOMERY, *Commander*.[2]

In answer to urgent appeals made by the settlers I went to Sonoma on the 25th of June. On what I learned there I hurried back to head off advancing troops under De la Torre, a Mexican cavalry officer, but found he had retreated to Saucelito. At Saucelito I found an American vessel, the *Moscow*, Captain Phelps, of Worcester, Massachusetts. Before daylight next morning he was at the landing with one of his large boats. I took twelve of my men, my best shots; Captain Phelps and his boat's crew were excited and pleased to aid in the work on hand. On his ship were a quantity of rat-tail files, with which we supplied ourselves. It appeared that there was little or no guard maintained at the fort, which was at the point on the southern side of the gate which makes the entrance to the bay, and to which I gave the name of Golden Gate.[3] Pulling across the strait or avenue of water which leads in from the gate, we reached Fort Point in the gray dawn and scrambled up the steep bank in time to see horsemen escaping towards Yerba Buena. We promptly spiked the guns,— fourteen,— nearly all long brass Spanish pieces. The measures which I had taken and the retreat of De la Torre freed from all Mexican authority the territory north of the bay of San Francisco from the sea to Sutter's Fort.

On the fourth day of July I was back in Sonoma, where the day was celebrated by salutes, and in the evening by a ball. During that and the following day the settlers were organized into a battalion consisting of four companies, numbering 224 men. The force with which I had recently been acting was 160 men. It was now necessary to concentrate the elements of this force. Naturally, the people desired me to take charge of it. Its existence was due to my presence in the valley, and upon my withdrawal it would have collapsed with absolute ruin to the settlers. They saw the coöperation between me and the naval forces, and Carson, and some of my most trusted men, had enough information from me to assure them of my having the support of the Government. Accordingly, the settlers having met to offer me this command, I accepted it. In accepting I urged them to remember the responsibility which I had assumed as an officer of the United States army, and said I trusted to them to do nothing which would discredit it, themselves, or their country's flag.

This placed the settlers' movement under our flag, and made the necessary condition which both Mexico and foreign nations were bound to respect under the law of nations.

I sent out parties for horses to mount the battalion, and bring in cattle for their support.[4] The fine immigration coming in was full of enthusiasm for the new and lovely land of California. A picked body of a hundred men was also hastening down from Oregon, and we only waited the arrival of Commodore Sloat.

On the 10th the express from Captain Montgomery roused us to enthusiasm by the news that Commodore Sloat had raised the flag at Monterey, that he had hoisted one at Yerba

1 See also "Montgomery and Frémont" in "Californiana," THE CENTURY for March.— EDITOR.

2 While Montgomery could not aid a citizen movement, he knew through Gillespie enough of my secret instructions to realize that I represented the army and the flag.

3 This name I placed on the map made by me in June, 1848, for the United States Senate.

4 The value of these and all other supplies taken during my operations in California was afterward estimated by a board of officers at Washington, appointed by the Government, and the estimated value was appropriated by Congress and paid to the respective owners. Sutter also was paid for the use of his fort.

Buena, and sent one to Sonoma to be hoisted at that place. Montgomery also sent one with the request to have it hoisted at Sutter's Fort, and accordingly, with great satisfaction, I had this done at sunrise the next morning with a salute of twenty-one guns and amid general rejoicing. This paralyzed all opposition.

The following letter from Commodore Sloat to Commander Montgomery and myself shows the reason why I now marched to Monterey.

FLAGSHIP "SAVANNAH,"
MONTEREY, July 6, 1846.

SIR: Since I wrote you last evening, I have determined to hoist the flag of the United States at this place to-morrow, as I would prefer being sacrificed for doing too much than too little. If you consider you have sufficient force, or if Frémont will join you, you will hoist the flag of the United States at Yerba Buena, or any other place, and take possession in the name of the United States of the fort and that portion of the country. I am very anxious to know if Frémont will coöperate with us. Mr. Larkin is writing to him by the launch. Please put him in possession of this letter as soon as possible.

A long letter from Commodore Sloat to me, dated July 9, followed, in which he requested me to bring my force to Monterey, saying, "I am extremely anxious to see you."

Going down to Monterey by way of the Salinas Valley, we gave on the way a marching salute to the Gavilan Peak, where four months before we had hoisted the flag.

It was a day of excitement when we entered Monterey (July 19). Four of our men-of-war were lying in the harbor, and also the *Collingwood*, 80 guns, flagship of Admiral Sir George Seymour. She had come in on the 16th, and on her arrival the vessels of the American squadron had been signaled to prepare for action. I learned from Midshipman Beale, who was on shore at the time with a party building a blockhouse on the hill, that the signal was also made recalling to their ships all officers and men, and when he reached the *Congress* he found the men at quarters.

Immediately I went on board and waited on Commodore Sloat. I was accompanied by Lieutenant Gillespie. Commodore Sloat was glad to see me. He seemed excited over the gravity of the situation, in which he was the chief figure, and now wholly responsible for its consequences. After a few words he informed me that he had applied to Lieutenant Gillespie, whom he knew to be an agent of the Government, for his authority; but it had been declined. He then asked to see my instructions. "I do not know by what authority you are acting; I can do nothing. Lieutenant Gillespie has told me nothing; he came to Mazatlan and I sent him to Monterey, but I know nothing. I want to know by what authority you are acting."

I informed him that *I had been expected to act, and had acted, largely on my own responsibility, and without written authority from the Government to justify hostilities.*

He was greatly disturbed by this, and distinctly told me that in raising the flag at Monterey he had acted upon the faith of my operations in the north.

He had expected to find that I had been acting under such *written* authority as would support his action in raising the flag. He was so discouraged and offended that he terminated the interview abruptly, quitting the cabin and leaving me. I should have been glad to explain, and to satisfy him that the taking of California would exactly meet the wishes of the Government, but he closed his mind against anything short of "the written paper." He declined to see me again; and, as a much younger officer, I could not urge myself upon one of his rank and present command. Knowing the instructions to all officers on the coast, I could not suppose that the officer commanding the squadron was relying on me to justify his action.

I had turned back into the California valley two months before full of one purpose. I was so inspired with watchful excitement that the nights were almost as wakeful as the days. I saw California dangerously near to becoming an appanage of England. I knew that the men who understood the future of our country, and those who at this time ruled its destinies and were the Government, regarded the California coast as the boundary fixed by nature to round off our national domain. It was naturally separated from Mexico, and events pointed to its sure and near political separation. I had left Washington with full knowledge of their wishes, and, as far as could then be settled, their purposes. And I was relied on to do all in my power if opportunity offered to further their designs. When I was notified that the time had come, and I had my warrant, I turned back with great joy and the resolution to give my country the benefit of every changing circumstance. Now in two months the change was accomplished, and my work was done.

[The account of the night preceding the raising of the flag at Monterey is best told by Ex-Governor Rodman Price[1] of New Jersey (then an officer of the squadron under Commodore Sloat), and who had a deciding part in the raising of the flag. After stating that the *Cyane* was ordered to convey Gillespie to California or Oregon and land him at some port where he could overtake Frémont, he details the hesitation and final refusal of Commodore Sloat to give aid to Frémont (July 5); and although aware of active hostilities with Mexico Sloat also ordered Montgomery to "obey strictly our treaty stipulations with

[1] Governor Price had been a guest at the White House just before joining the squadron, and had been told by President Polk of his plans.

Mexico." He gives in detail his visit at night to Sloat, and how upon his presentation of the case Sloat recalled his refusal to aid, and not only ordered Montgomery to furnish all the supplies and all the aid Frémont required, but also on receipt of the order to raise the flag immediately at San Francisco. . . . The prompt decisive action taken by Frémont before Sloat raised the flag forced Sloat to do so, and that was the great cause which conspired to the acquisition of California.—J. B. F.]

In order not to embarrass the Government if it should find it best to disavow any act of mine, I sent to Mr. Benton, when I wrote to Montgomery for supplies, my resignation of my commission in the army. This he was to use in case of necessity. The date, May 24, 1846, would leave the sole responsibility on me should any political necessity require the Government hereafter to disavow any act of mine. But it was never used. The Government accepted, and paid for, all my acts on its behalf.

Referring to Commodore Sloat's failure to raise promptly the United States flag as ordered, his department sent a severe letter which shows how the situation was misinterpreted by Sloat and how the delay was regarded by the Government. It closes with the words:

> The Department does not charge you with disobedience of orders. It willingly believes in the purity of your intentions. But your anxiety not to do wrong has led you into a most unfortunate and unwarranted inactivity.
>
> Very respectfully yours,
>
> GEORGE BANCROFT.

Days of indecision followed my interview with Commodore Sloat, July 19, and finally, in company with Gillespie, I went on board the *Congress* to talk over the situation with Commodore Stockton. I said that in the course of the night I would decide whether I should return to the United States or remain in the territory. Stockton then informed me that within a few days he would be in command of the forces on shore and afloat, and that on assuming the command he would immediately communicate to me his future intentions. Meantime he asked me to remain.

On the 24th of July, Commodore Stockton received full command, succeeding Sloat. He asked me to join him with the men under me, and act with him and under him, I on land, he by water, as long as he was in possession of the territory. To accept the proposal of Commodore Stockton was to abandon the strong and independent position in which I had left Washington and under which I had continuously acted, and in which I knew I would have the support of the Government. Knowing, however, that the men under me would go only with me, I accepted Stockton's proposal to take service under him as long as he required my services; and I adhered to this engagement at the cost of my commission in the army. As I was an officer in the army, he could not command me. Gillespie was also independent, being on special service. Stockton therefore asked us to volunteer. There was no longer for me the clear initiative. The new situation was forced upon me, and for the general good I gave up my independent position which had led only to success, and in that way became later involved with the rivalries of Stockton and Kearney, who threw upon me the decision they could not make themselves, as to which should command. Each gave me the order to act under him. I remained with Stockton as I had agreed. When Stockton sailed for Mexico I was made to feel the revenge of Kearney.

But before that I had led the battalion a second time to the south; carefully making the people sure of our good-will and protection, and arriving near Los Angeles in good time to make with the insurgent Californians there a treaty of peace. They had been irritated by injudicious and petty restrictions which many resented. Their fine horsemanship, their inherent love of combat, and their great familiarity with the country enabled them to carry on a guerrilla warfare as harassing as it was successful. They were succeeding in confining their enemy near his ships when we bore down on them inland. This, and the friendship of some leading Californians, brought about a capitulation to me, arranged during Christmas week at Santa Barbara and completed on the plains of Cahuenga, January 13, 1847. This was signed by me as Military Commandant representing the United States, and by Don Andres Pico, Commander-in-Chief of the Californians.

With this treaty of Cahuenga hostilities ended and California was left in our possession, to be finally secured to us by the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo in 1848, thus becoming ours by purchase as well as by conquest and by treaty.

As part of the plan for putting California in English hands, Governor Pio Pico issued a grant to Father McNamara [a British subject] on the 7th of July, but the raising of our flag at Monterey that day ended Mexican authority. Both the religious and the civil authorities in the city of Mexico had considered and indorsed this colonization plan; and as the guest of the English consul in the city of Mexico McNamara was presumably in relations also with English officials. The consent of Mexican authorities having been secured to the granting of nearly fourteen million acres, Father McNamara was brought by the English war frigate *Juno*[1] to Santa Barbara in California,

[1] Contrary to custom, the English admiral sent the *Juno* to sea on this occasion without the formality of informing the American commanding officer of her destination.

and lost no time in making his application for the vast colonization grant based on the expressed condition that it was to keep out Americans, and it was immediately granted by Governor Pico. I took possession of the archives in August and later turned them over to General Kearney. This colonization grant I had already sent to the Government in Washington as proof of that concert of action of which Mr. Buchanan had been informed between England and Mexico.[1] It granted all the lands from the bay of San Francisco to the San Gabriel Mission near Los Angeles on the length of the San Joaquin River, the river and the Sierra Nevada being boundaries — 13,500,000 acres. The colony was to number three thousand British families, one square league to be assigned to each family. When Admiral Seymour left, about ten days after his arrival, he took Father McNamara with him on the flag-ship *Collingwood*. The English admiral would not admit that California as yet belonged to the United States, and so instructed the English consuls in their different ports.

In closing this paper the following letter of George Bancroft, the historian, referring to errors in a "History of the Pacific States," by Hubert Howe Bancroft [no relation of George Bancroft], will prove of interest. The points noted are from a review of the "History" contained in the New York "Sun" of August 29, 1886, and the errors mentioned have been repeated by other equally unreliable historians.

[1] See Curtis's "Life of James Buchanan," Vol. I., chapters 21 and 22.

Among pointed examples of the "blunders" referred to by George Bancroft in this letter are these statements:

. . . There is conclusive evidence that Frémont did not act in pursuance of instructions secret or inferential from the United States Government, and the Pathfinder is accordingly set down as a mere filibuster. . . . The conquest of California was the outcome of accident and of fitful irreflective effort rather than any forecast of its superlative importance. . . .

NEWPORT, R. I., September 6, 1886.

DEAR MR. FRÉMONT: My letter of Friday last crossed your inclosure to me and answers it in advance. I return the California newspaper [New York "Sun" of 29 August], as enjoined by you.

Yours very truly,

GEO. BANCROFT.

I add all wishes for the happiness of Mrs. Frémont, and severe justice to those who do her wrong or wrong any one she loves. How can a man commit such blunders as are found in the New York "Sun" of Sunday, August 29? I thought the paper Mrs. Frémont sent me was a San Francisco paper; can it be our New York "Sun"? If so it is, I shall get a copy of it.

DEAR MRS. FRÉMONT. P. S.—As I close this letter yours of Saturday arrives. If any one contests anything stated by me to you, I am ready to be referred to as its voucher.

Your most truly, G. B.

NEWPORT, 6 September, 1886.

The foregoing article has been edited by Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont from the manuscript and notes of

John Charles Frémont.

CALIFORNIANA.

The Official Policy for the Acquisition of California.

IN the recent papers in THE CENTURY on the seizure of California frequent mention has been made of the instructions brought across Mexico by Archibald H. Gillespie, "Confidential Agent of the United States for California," and communicated by him to Larkin and to Frémont. Gillespie's own testimony before a congressional committee in 1848 was to the effect that, on meeting Frémont in the Tlamath region he showed him the duplicate of a despatch from Secretary Buchanan to Consul Larkin. He does not mention any special instructions to Frémont from Secretary Bancroft, or from any other member of the Administration. The Government's policy, as outlined in the despatch to Larkin, is in full accord with the tenor of all the despatches from Secretary Bancroft to Commodore Sloat, both in 1845 and in 1846. A personal examination of all the secret records of the Navy Department bearing upon the seizure of California has shown us nothing in conflict with the conciliatory tone of the despatch to Larkin. On the history of the Larkin despatch we refer to the article by Professor Royce in "Californiana" for September, 1890. On Frémont's own original view of the nature of his instructions, we refer to his letter to Montgomery of June 16, 1846, as copied in "Californiana" in the March number, under the title "Montgomery and Frémont." In the present number we give *in extenso* General Frémont's own narrative of the events in controversy. Following is the full text of the despatch from Buchanan to Larkin. —EDITOR.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, October 17, 1845.

THOMAS O. LARKIN, Esq.,
Consul of the United States at Monterey.

SIR: I feel much indebted to you for the information which you have communicated to the Department from time to time in relation to California. The future destiny of that country is a subject of anxious solicitude for the Government and people of the United States. The interests of our commerce and our whale fisheries on the Pacific Ocean demand that you should exert the greatest vigilance in discovering and defeating any attempt which may be made by foreign governments to acquire a control over that country. In the contest between Mexico and California we can take no part, unless the former should commence hostilities against the United States; but should California assert and maintain her independence, we shall render her all the kind offices in our power, as a sister Republic. This Government has no ambitious aspirations to gratify and no desire to extend our Federal system over more territory than we already possess, unless by the free and spontaneous wish of the independent people of adjoining territories. The exercise of compul-

sion or improper influence to accomplish such a result would be repugnant both to the policy and principles of this Government. But whilst these are the sentiments of the President, he could not view with indifference the transfer of California to Great Britain or any other European power. The system of colonization by foreign monarchies on the North American continent must and will be resisted by the United States. It could result in nothing but evil to the colonists under their dominion, who would naturally desire to secure for themselves the blessings of liberty by means of republican institutions, whilst it must prove highly prejudicial to the best interests of the United States. Nor would it in the end benefit such foreign monarchies. On the contrary, even Great Britain, by the acquisition of California, would sow the seeds of future war and disaster for herself, because there is no political truth more certain than that this fine province could not long be held in vassalage by any European power. The emigration to it of people from the United States would soon render this impossible. I am induced to make these remarks in consequence of the information communicated to this Department in your despatch of the 10th July last. From this it appears that Mr. Rea, the agent of the British Hudson Bay Company, furnished the Californians with arms and money in October and November last, to enable them to expel the Mexicans from the country; and you state that this policy has been reversed, and now no doubt exists there, but that the Mexican troops about to invade the province have been sent for this purpose at the instigation of the British Government; and that "it is rumored that two English houses in Mexico have become bound to the new general to accept his drafts for funds to pay his troops for eighteen months." Connected with these circumstances, the appearance of a British vice-consul and a French consul in California at the present crisis, without any apparent commercial business, is well calculated to produce the impression, that their respective governments entertain designs on that country which must necessarily be hostile to its interests. On all proper occasions you should not fail prudently to warn the government and people of California of the danger of such an interference to their peace and prosperity; to inspire them with a jealousy of European dominion, and to arouse in their bosoms that love of liberty and independence so natural to the American Continent. Whilst I repeat that this Government does not, under existing circumstances, intend to interfere between Mexico and California, it would vigorously interpose to prevent the latter from becoming a British or French colony. In this they might surely expect the aid of the Californians themselves. Whilst the President will make no effort and use no influence to induce California to become one of the free and independent States of this Union, yet if the people should desire to unite their destiny with ours they would be received as brethren, whenever this can be done without affording Mexico just cause of complaint. Their true policy for the present in regard to this question is to let events take their course, unless an attempt should be made to transfer them without their consent either to Great Britain or France. This they ought to resist by all the means in their power, as ruinous to their best interests and destructive of their freedom and independence. I am rejoiced to learn that "our countrymen continue to receive every assurance of safety and protection from the present government" of California and that they manifest so much confidence in you as consul of the United States. You may assure them of the cordial sympathy and friendship of the President, and that their conduct is appreciated by him as it deserves.

In addition to your consular functions, the President has thought proper to appoint you a confidential agent in California, and you may consider the present despatch as your authority for acting in this character. The confidence which he reposes in your patriotism and discretion is evinced by conferring upon you this delicate and important trust. You will take care not to awaken the jealousy of the French and English agents there by assuming any other than your consular character. Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie of the Marine Corps will immediately proceed to Monterey, and will probably reach you before this despatch. He is a gentleman in whom the President reposes entire confidence. He has seen these instructions and will coöperate as a confidential agent with you in carrying them into execution.

You will not fail by every safe opportunity to keep this Department advised of the progress of events in California and the disposition of the authorities and people towards the United States and other governments.

We should also be pleased to learn what is the aggregate population of that province and the force it can bring into the field. What is the proportion of Mexican, American, British, and French citizens, and the feelings of each class towards the United States; the names and character of the principal persons in the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial departments of the Government, and of other distinguished and influential citizens. Its financial system and resources; the amount and nature of its commerce with foreign nations; its productions which might with advantage be imported into the United States, and the productions of the United States which might with advantage be received in exchange.

It would also be interesting to the Department to learn in what part of California the principal American settlements exist; the rate at which the settlers have been and still are increasing in number; from what portions of the Union they come, and by what routes they arrive in the country. These specifications are not intended to limit your inquiries. On the contrary, it is expected that you will collect and communicate to the Department all the information respecting California which may be useful or important to the United States.

I am, sir, respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

Hardships of the Isthmus in '49.

LATE in the month of November, 1849, I reached San Francisco on my way back from the mines to the States. Two hundred sail of vessels were anchored in the bay, and many thousands of gold seekers who had returned from the fields, fortunate or desperate, were waiting to secure homeward passage.

I had taken the precaution to secure a berth on the old steamship *Unicorn*, commanded by Captain David D. Porter, U. S. N., and carrying the United States mail. In hunting up a quantity of perishable goods which had been sent to me by Wardle & Co.'s Express, I met their San Francisco agent, Mr. Wadleigh. My goods I found "stored away" in a vacant lot, exposed to wind and weather, and gone to utter wreck and ruin. Just at this time, by one of the compensations of fortune, Mr. Wadleigh found himself in a difficulty. The young man in whose care a valuable package of express matter—gold dust, etc.—was to be taken to New York became suddenly very ill. Without further knowledge of me than that I purposed to sail on the *Unicorn*, and had had goods consigned to his company, Mr. Wadleigh offered me liberal compensation if I would take charge of the gold and valuables and deliver them in New York. I undertook the commission, and the *Unicorn* sailed on December 1.

Twenty-eight days from San Francisco, we anchored off the city of Panama. Boats put off from the shore for us, and, while the cathedral's bells were ringing, for one dollar each we were carried ashore on the backs of strong porters. The valuable packages of which I had charge were also safely deposited on the sands. At that early period there were no transportation facilities for crossing the Isthmus of Panama except such as were supplied by native carriers, boatmen, and the owners of mules, who had begun to find in this business a new and profitable industry. Consequently we were met by a number of natives, some with "cargo" mules, and others with mules for riding; still others offered their own broad shoulders rigged with a sort of chair on which one could sit high above their heads, or upon which, with equal security, a trunk or a bale of merchandise could be freighted.

My express matter was securely packed in a strong box, and needed two men to handle it. Its value amounted to a considerable sum and was betrayed by the weight of the box. I could not carry the box myself, and I did not dare to take my eyes off it, as the natives, I knew, were neither honest nor trustworthy. I then and there realized for the first time the grave responsibility I had taken upon myself; for, if the native carriers should appropriate the package or a band of robbers should attack us and capture it, how could I return to New York with the explanation that it had been stolen? Who would believe me? If I were murdered, and never heard of again, would it not be reported that I was a defaulter?

For my breakfast I had only three crackers, which I had brought from the ship; and, having hired two dark-skinned natives at $16 each, and two mules at $5 each, one to carry my package and the other for me to ride, I set out, keeping all the while a sharp eye on my muleteers and the cargo mule.

The limited supply of clothing with which I had embarked on the *Unicorn*, the fragmentary remains of a wardrobe that had been six months in contact with dirt, mud, and water in gold digging and gold washing, had been gradually thrown into the Pacific Ocean as it became the home of the pestiferous insects from the cracks and crannies and joints of the old emigrant ship. As I started from Panama my attire was a pair of much worn stout leather slippers, the remnant of a dirty straw hat, a thin summer coat, and trousers much worn and much bepatched and so discolored that the original hue was lost, and a blue woolen blanket that had also seen hard service. This airy costume did very well for the alternate showers and sun of the Isthmus, but I found it rather inappropriate when I landed in New York in midwinter. I was, however, not alone in this experience.

The climate of the Isthmus proved very trying. The sun would seem to me to be putting forth its best efforts to bake my head and to blister my body, and not without some success, when a sudden change would come, and the rain — no, the rain cloud — would drop down upon me. A few minutes later the sun would again obtain the mastery, and the steam would arise from my heated and saturated clothing, only to be drenched by another deluge of rain.

The first part of the trail was over water, stones, and mud — mostly mud. The mule, stumbling along over the hidden stones, would first pitch me over on his head; then his hind feet sinking deeply in the mud would throw me back towards his tail. Not being pleased with my evolutions, every now and then the mule would suddenly lie down under me and plunge me knee-deep into the mud.

After having passed this first section, which was a trail through chaparral, we came to the old Spanish route, worn down to a depth of from eight to twelve feet into the very rocks, from having become a water-course in the rainy season. The attrition of the feet of the mules had formed holes in the rocks to the depth of a foot or more at regular stepping distances apart, and as a mule lifted each foot out of one of these holes and placed it carefully into the next his body would sway from side to side, knocking, thumping, and scraping the rider against the rocks that fenced him in on each side. Through all these athletic and gymnastic exercises I never dared to take my eyes off my cargo mule and his drivers. In many places the passage was so narrow that two mules could not pass, and at the entrances to such defiles my drivers would halt, and, giving a yell like an Indian war-whoop, wait for an answering yell from any muleteer who had already entered the defile at the other end. If one had entered, they waited until he emerged. By nightfall I safely reached the few huts called Cruces, tired, wet, hungry, and bruised. Having paid my muleteers, and deposited my treasure inside a hut, I asked the *hombre* who acted as proprietor for a cup of coffee. "*No hai, Señor*," he replied. There was nothing to be had to eat. My three crackers were all the food of that day.

It was hot, misty, and muggy, and the air failed to satisfy the lungs. I sat astride that package all night, trying to sleep, with my wet blanket around me for protection against the swarming insects. The next morning I made an early start for the river, still fasting, and hired a bungo or dugout, with a crew of three natives who agreed to pole me down the river to Chagres, for the sum of twenty-five dollars. Perched upon my treasure package I began my downward passage. The second day was not much of an improvement on the first. The sun and rain were no less busy. I could watch the treacherous boatmen better than I had been able to watch my muleteers; but I never lost consciousness during the long, wearisome trip, knowing that at any time they could upset the canoe, drown me, let the package of gold sink, and recover it at their leisure. Just before nightfall we landed upon a low bank where stood a small native hut of brushwood and leaves. Here the boatmen procured some rice, which they boiled in a pot, but they could not be persuaded or bribed to share any of it with me. They were hungry, as they had eaten nothing since we started, and the supply was very small. I was hungry — more than hungry; I was ravenous. Close by stood another little hut, and to it I went in eager pursuit of something to eat. I found there a small boy, who, for a dollar, offered to sell me two sections of a lizard, or iguana, which he had skinned. He also offered to lend me a tin cup in which to boil them. I was hungry enough to devour almost anything, but I had seen these disgusting looking creatures, a foot or more in length, running up and down the trees, and I declined the purchase. The boy then produced an egg — an egg of uncertain parentage, to be sure; but without a thought of the laws of evolution I bought it. I placed it in the boatmen's pot of boiling rice; but it must have been to them forbidden food, for they objected, and their outbreak was quieted only when I pointed to my revolver. All that dismal night was spent in slowly descending the river amidst the swamp vapors and the poisonous miasma of the lowlands. The noises made by the occupants of the muddy jungles that spread over the submerged land on each side were at times perfectly appalling, often seeming to proceed from the spreading branches directly over our heads; and insects both small and great kept up such an incessant clatter and rattle that nothing in the way of conversation was possible.

About nine o'clock the next morning we were landed in good order, or rather disorder, on the deck of a small river steamer brought from New York for communication between the shore at Chagres and the steamers

at anchor in the roadstead. I reached the steamer none too soon, for I was physically exhausted. Never before or since have my vitality and physical endurance been so tried. Having stored my express matter safely on this little steamer, I was at last at liberty to search for food.

Two or three little huts that I visited could furnish me nothing; but an enterprising Yankee was already erecting a "hotel" not far from the landing-place, and speedy application having been made there, I was told that at eleven o'clock the proprietor would be ready for his clamorous and hungry patrons. This hotel was built simply of boards, and was only one story high. It consisted at that time of but one unfinished room, about one hundred feet by twenty, used for a dining-room. The kitchen was an arrangement of stones, out of doors but near by. The building had been put up by five young carpenters who had been induced by the high wages offered to defer their trip to California, whither they were bound, until they had erected it. Four of them had been buried at Chagres; the fifth returned to New York sick with Chagres fever, and died as the steamer was entering the harbor.

I waited anxiously for that breakfast, and at eleven o'clock it was served. The hotel was closed till the bell rang, and then there was a rush and a jam to find places upon the rough board seats at the long pine table. The bill of fare was hard bread, boiled mackerel, and coffee without milk. I was one of the first at the table. The hunger that I had, after all the anxiety and exposure and sleeplessness of more than forty-eight hours, made this a breakfast that will never be forgotten. Never have I since enjoyed a "Pioneer" dinner at Delmonico's or Martinelli's with half the relish with which I enjoyed that boiled salt mackerel and that muddy coffee. One dollar was charged for the meal, and over a thousand persons partook of it. That night we spread our blankets on the deck of the small steamer, which was literally covered with tired humanity, but we were all roused out of our deep sleep by a wretch who flashed a lantern into our faces and demanded ten cents tribute from each for our lodgings. The air was blue with profanity, but the fee was paid, and then we gathered our tattered blankets about us and lay down again, too tired to dream. The next day the sick and debilitated arrived, some on stretchers, some on mules; others had been left to die in Panama, and now lie with many other gold hunters in the American burial-ground. The appearance presented by these invalids caused a number who had started for the gold mines to return home with us on the *Chesapeake*.

We reached the North River pier in New York on a Sunday morning, about the 14th of January, and the *Chesapeake* was at once placed in the dry-dock, as a storm off Cape Hatteras had so battered her that she could no longer be kept afloat. It was a cold morning, and the change from the tropics — we were still wearing slippers, thin clothing, and battered straw hats — caused us to wrap ourselves again in our well-worn blankets. A crowd soon collected on the wharf and received us gaily and cordially, greeting us with cheers as we landed, the small boys running after our carriages and shouting "Californians!" as they ran. Although it was Sunday morning, clothing stores were readily opened for us to obtain more seasonable apparel, for were we not disbursing gold from California?

I lost no time in depositing the express matter safely at the office of Wardle & Co., and I rested well in the consciousness that the responsibility so thoughtlessly assumed was at last faithfully discharged.

HACKENSACK, N. J. *A. C. Ferris.*

Spanish Jealousy of Vancouver.

IN 1793–94 Vancouver, with his two vessels, the *Discovery* and the *Chatham*, was on the California coast partly on a voyage of discovery, partly, if I remember rightly, commissioned to establish a boundary in conjunction with Quadra, the Spanish commissioner. As mentioned in the published account of his voyage, he looked into San Diego and San Francisco. Borica, who was then governor, sent the subjoined letter to the fathers in charge of all the Missions, whether on the coast or inland, forbidding all intercourse with the explorer. The letter, which I believe has not before been published, illustrates the narrow jealousy of Spain in reference to her colonial possessions as recently as a hundred years ago.

[TRANSLATION.]

(*Most private.*)

MY DEAR SIR: Having been enjoined by repeated royal orders not to admit foreign vessels to any of the ports of America, I request and specially charge your reverences that, should any such arrive in the vicinity of your Mission, you abstain rigidly from any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the officers or crew thereof. Nor shall you furnish them with provisions, save in the exceptional case of a vessel compelled to make port there by most urgent necessity. Should such an instance occur, let the corporal of the guard extend to them such necessary assistance as hospitality exacts.

To Captains George Vancouver and Peter Ponget, who are in this port in command of the frigate *Discovery* and the brigantine *Chatham*, I have offered all they require for their voyage; hence should they touch at any of the ports of the Peninsula under pretense of replenishing their stores or water supply, their request should be denied.

I trust that your reverences, full of zeal for the public welfare, will in a matter of this importance act with becoming prudence and reserve, advising me of the receipt of the present communication.

May our Lord grant your reverences many years.

Your most approved servant kisses your reverences' hands.

DIEGO DE BORICA.

Rev. Frs. Missionaries of the Mission of San Antonio.

MONTEREY, NOV. 12, 1794.

The father in charge of the Mission of Soledad — fifty miles or so from tide-water — responded with the utmost gravity that "it would give him pleasure to comply with the governor's orders if Divine Providence should ever favor this inland Mission with a harbor!"

MENLO PARK, CAL. *John T. Doyle.*

Note.

THE picture of the "Golden Gate" published in THE CENTURY for February, on page 524, was drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph made by Lieutenant Henry L. Harris and kindly furnished by him to the art editors of this magazine.

[*BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.*]

THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

VIII.

IN AVENUE C.

IF Phillida could have known the thoughts that occupied the mind of Millard on Sunday afternoon, two or three weeks later, as he started for his monthly visit in Avenue C, she would not have judged his purposes in life severely. His walk lay through a cross-street which steadily deteriorated as he journeyed eastward, condescendingly assimilating itself to the character of each avenue in turn. Beer saloons, cheap grocery stores, carts against the curbstones with their shafts pointing skyward, and troops of children on the sidewalk, marked the increasing poverty and density of the population. Millard wondered at the display of trinkets and confectionery in the shop-windows, not knowing that those whose backs are cheaply clad crave ornaments, and those whose bellies lack bread are ravenous for luxuries.

Being a fastidious man and for years accustomed to the refinements of life, he exaggerated the discomforts of tenement-house living. How people endured such misery and yet seemed so cheerful he could not imagine. And though he did not feel that diffusive benevolence which prompted Phillida to try to ameliorate the moral condition of such of this mass as she could reach, he had a strong desire to lift his aunt and her children to a little higher plane. To this, hitherto, he had found an obstacle in the pride of her husband. Henry Martin was a tinsmith who had come to the city to work in a great factory for a little higher wages than he could get as a journeyman tinker in a country town. He did not refuse to let the children accept presents from "Cousin Charley," but he was not willing "to be beholden to any of his wife's folks," as he expressed it. He resented the fact that even in Cappadocia he had been somewhat outstripped by his brother-in-law, Charles Millard's father, and when the "Millard boys" had inherited money from their father's brother, and Martin saw their mother, his wife's sister, living in a style to which he could never hope to lift his own family, it weighed on his mind, and this offense to his pride helped to fix his resolution in favor of a removal to New York.

During the walk eastward Millard was debating what might be done for the promising eldest girl in his aunt's family and for the two boys. Once, it is true, the throng of children that obstructed his path, as they chased one another round and round in a maze, did suggest to him that from Miss Callender's standpoint he ought to do something "for those less fortunate than himself" even beyond the circle of relationship. But what could he do? He felt that by his very nature he was disqualified for contact and personal sympathy with humanity roughhewn. And as he crossed Avenue A, and paused to look up and down it, he saw such inexhaustible swarms of people that what one man could do for them seemed of no avail. He might give something to some mission or other agency, and thus get the disagreeables of benevolence done, as he got his boots blacked, by paying for it. Then he wondered what Miss Callender would think of such a device, and whether in the luminous moral atmosphere which enveloped her it would seem mean to substitute a money service for a personal one — to employ a substitute when you have no stomach for the war yourself.

He climbed the flights of dark stairs to his aunt's dwelling, which occupied half of the next to the top floor of a four-story building; the floor above being the dwelling and working-place of a slop-shop tailor. He was welcomed with sincere affection by Aunt Hannah Martin, and with shouts of delight by the two smaller children — the two older ones had not yet come back from Sunday-school. Mr. Martin, a tallish and rather broad-shouldered man, with a face whose habitual seriousness was deepened into a tombstone solemnity by its breadth and flatness in the region of the cheek-bones, shook hands cordially, but with a touch of reserve in favor of his own dignity, saying, "How are you, Charley? How 's things with you?" He was proud enough of his connection with a prosperous man like Millard, and among his comrades in the shop he often affected to settle points in dispute regarding finance or the ways of people in high life by gravely reminding the others that he had superior opportunities for knowing, since his nephew was a banker and "knew all the rich men in Wall street." But face to face with

[1] Copyright, 1891, by EDWARD EGGLESTON. All rights reserved.

Charley Millard his pride was rendered uneasy, and he generally managed to have some pressing occasion for absenting himself on the afternoons of Millard's visits.

Millard's attentions were soon engrossed by the little boy Tommy, who of all the children was his favorite. Tommy climbed on his knees and rifled his pockets, certain of finding something hidden there for himself. Presently Millard drew Uncle Martin into talk. With his chair tilted back and his broad hands locked together on his lap, Uncle Martin gave Charley an oracular account of all the mistakes which his employers had recently made in the conduct of their business. From his standpoint the affairs of the company were usually on the high road to bankruptcy, and all because of certain failures of judgment which Uncle Martin could have pointed out in a moment had they taken the trouble to consult a man of his experience. When Charley suggested that the company had paid an eight per cent. dividend during the past year Uncle Martin put on a look of contempt, and shook his head.

"Dividing their capital in order to keep up the price of stock," he said sagely. Then he proceeded to show that if they would only do this and not do the other they might easily crowd their rivals to the wall. He knew three months before it took place that tin would fall in price. But the company laid in a big stock just in time to get caught.

Having done the polite by Uncle Martin, Millard turned to Aunt Hannah. Uncle Martin proceeded, therefore, to fill up the stove; which done, he said:

"Well, Charley, I am going to see one of the men in our shop that got his foot hurt a week ago Friday. I 'll see you at supper; you 'll take tea with us."

"Thank you, Uncle Martin, but this time I can't stay so long. I 've promised to take dinner with some friends."

He held out his hand, and Uncle Martin said good-by, and good luck to you, and come again, and always glad to see you, Charley, and then made his exit, stooping a little as he went out through the low door, leaving Charley what he wanted most, a chance to talk with his aunt about the progress her children were making in their studies, and to find out what he could do to help them. The mother told him that besides their school they were reading some books brought to them by Dick's Sunday-school teacher, who took a great interest in all the children. Millard always expected to hear the praises of this Sunday-school teacher when he came to see his aunt. Once on this theme good Aunt Hannah could not easily stop.

"She does n't put on the fine lady or talk to me as though I was somebody different because I am a workingman's wife. I have n't many friends; the people down here are so different from the people up in the country. But I think she is the best friend I ever had. There, she 's coming up now," she said, hearing the clatter of feet and voices ascending the stairway.

Millard was a little curious to see the teacher of whom he had heard so much. He figured to himself some one only a little above his aunt in station, and so the more ready to form an intimacy with humble people. When Mary and Dick threw open the hall door of the apartment, so as to make the interior visible from the obscurity of the stair-landing, Millard, who was sitting with his back to the door, holding Tommy on his lap, heard the voice of Phillida Callender say:

"I 'll not go in this time; you have company."

"Do come in; it 's only our Cousin Charley," pleaded Mary Martin, a girl of fourteen.

Millard felt himself caught, and he would have liked to sit there and let Miss Callender go down the stairs without recognizing him. But he felt that he must be polite to her above all things, and his relationship to the Martins was not a thing to be ashamed of, and must besides soon be known to Phillida. So he rose with quick decision and said as he walked towards the door:

"Don't let my presence keep you from coming in, Miss Callender; I am on the point of leaving."

"You, Mr. Millard!" Phillida came forward, coloring a little, while Aunt Hannah and the children stood and looked on in amazement. "Who would have believed it! You are the cousin — the Cousin Charley of whom the children here speak as though he were a good fairy. They pronounce the name *Mill*erd, you know, and I did n't suspect *you*."

"But fancy *my* surprise!" said Millard. "I ought to have guessed that such a famous Sunday-school teacher could not be anybody but Miss Callender. But I did n't even think to ask the name. So you are the person of whose praises I am so jealous when I come here."

"Don't you think we 're lucky to have such a cousin?" said Dick Martin, the second child and the eldest boy, looking up at Miss Callender.

"Ah! now, Dick, you can't trap me into praising Mr. Millard to his face," said Miss Callender. "Maybe I 'll tell you some time when he is n't here what I think of him." She was patting Dick on the shoulder. "But I don't mind telling Mr. Millard right here and now that he is a very lucky man to have such an aunt as your mother."

"Well said and true," answered Millard. "I like that better than anything Miss Callen-

der could say about me, Dick, even if what she should say were to be all good; and that it would n't be, for she speaks the truth, and I 'll tell you for a secret that she does n't quite approve of a man that wastes his leisure time as I do. She 'd like me better if I were to come down to the mission every Sunday."

"Well, there ain't anybody at the mission as good as you, except Miss Callender," objected Dick.

That young lady only laughed and put her arms about Tommy, who had deserted Millard and was now climbing on her lap.

This encounter advanced Millard's acquaintance with Phillida more than a dozen calls or conversations in formal society. Phillida was pleased to find that Millard was not merely a male butterfly, and he in turn felt strangely drawn to this young woman who had discovered the royal excellence of Aunt Hannah Martin amid the rubbish of Avenue C. Millard, who was "just going" when Phillida came in, sat out the half-hour that she staid, and when she rose to go he asked her if he might have the pleasure of walking with her as far as Second Avenue. It seemed to him, though he did not say so, that a young lady needed an escort in that part of the town; but Phillida, who knew the people better, had no such thought.

"Thank you, Mr. Millard," she said; "I should be glad of your company. But I am not going home; I am going to Washington Square: I promised my aunt that I would go directly there from Sunday-school, and now I 've staid here longer than I intended, and I shall be late."

"Why, I 'm expected there too. If you don't object we 'll go together."

The two said good-by all around and descended the narrow stairs, holding on to the narrow steps with their heels, as it were. When they came into the light, and breathed the cool salt air blowing into the avenue from the neighboring East River, Phillida, who had something on her mind, said rather awkwardly:

"I did not know that you were expected at Aunt Harriet's this evening."

The speech was one of maidenly modesty; if Aunt Gouverneur had planned to bring the two people together at her table, Phillida wished it known that she was not a party to the plot. But Millard laughed and said:

"If you had known, I am to understand that you would have declined to go."

"I did not say that I should be sorry to have you there," she answered, with the hesitancy of one stepping among pitfalls.

"Shall we take the Tenth street car?" asked Millard. "It runs through Eighth street on the west side."

"As you please. I should have walked if alone," said Phillida.

"And I would much rather walk with good company than ride. So we will walk."

It took them full three-quarters of an hour to reach Washington Square, though either would have done it alone in a quarter less, for walking is a kind of work that is not shortened when shared with a friend.

Millard purposely drew Miss Callender into talk about the work of the mission, and he was soon rewarded by seeing her break through her habitual restraint and reveal the enthusiastic self within. She told him of the reading-room at the mission, and of the coffee-room where rolls and hot coffee were served to men every day in the week, so as to keep them from the saloons. Her face was aglow with interest as she talked, but Millard would rather have drawn her to speak of her own relation to the work. This she avoided, beyond confessing that she took her turn with the other ladies in superintending the coffee-room. At length, however, as they passed one of those open stairways that lead to thronged tenements above,—like the entrance to a many-chambered ant-hill, save that this mounts and that descends,—she spoke to a lad on the sidewalk, telling him to give her love to his sister and say that she was coming in to see her the next day. To Millard she explained that the boy's sister was an invalid young woman on one of the upper floors, bed-ridden for many years.

"And you visit her?" asked Millard, with a hardly concealed repulsion at the notion of Phillida climbing these populous stairs and threading the dingy and malodorous hallways above.

"Yes; she thinks so much of seeing me—because I am well, I suppose. She says it makes her stronger just to look at me. And if I can take her a flower, or some little bit of outdoors, it is more in her life than a trip to the country would be in mine. Poor Wilhelmina Schulenberg has not been down the stairs for five years. We talk of trying to get an invalid's chair for her when the warm weather comes, so that her brother can wheel her in the Square."

Millard turned and looked again at the stairway as though noticing all the particulars of its environment. It was a balmy day in the last of February, and they were soon crossing Tompkins Square diagonally towards Eighth street. He had caught the infection of Phillida's exaltation; instead of feeling repulsion at sight of the swarming children in cheap and often shabby clothes, racing madly up and down the broad asphalted walks, instead of turning in aversion from the commonplace people sitting talking, staring, smoking, sleeping, flirting, or courting on the benches, he was

able to take Miss Callender's view of the matter and to feel gratified that the poor, and especially the little folk so long winter-cribbed in narrow tenements, were now able to get so much happiness in the open ground.

IX.

WASHINGTON SQUARE AND ELSEWHERE.

MRS. GOUVERNEUR had invited both Phillida and Millard to a family dinner this evening with a notion of furthering their acquaintance and drawing her niece into society. She would not admit to herself any purpose or expectation ulterior. She had engaged each one to come two hours before dinner to make a quiet afternoon of it, and when she found them both unpunctual she wondered.

"Philip," she said to her son, who was sitting by the window reading a folio volume of Sir Thomas Browne, "I asked Phillida to come early this afternoon, and I can't imagine what keeps her."

"Oh, some leper, or some one who has fallen among thieves. It 's a dreadful thing to be a Christian. I have only known three or four, and Phillida is one of them."

"You don't mean to say we are not all Christians?" demanded Philip's father, a taciturn man with a rather handsome face of the broad Dutch type. What history it carried was mainly one of good dinners and fine wines. The senior Gouverneur had been sitting looking into the fire for half an hour without saying a word. His son's way of treating the sacred white elephants of conventionality was the main grief of this dignified, well-bred, entirely commonplace man.

"Yes, you 're all, we 're all, Christians in the sense that we 're neither Jews, Mohammedans, nor Buddhists. But most of us don't belong to the same totem with Jesus."

"What do you mean by the same totem with Jesus?" said the mother, who could not help shuddering a little at the temerity of her son's paradoxes, though fondly indulgent of his irreverent cleverness.

"A totem among the Indians is the subdivision of a tribe. The Mohawks or Cayugas, for example, were subdivided into totems called the 'Wolf,' the 'Turtle,' the 'Bear.' Every man belonged to the totem of his mother and was akin to everybody in it. If a Mohawk of the Wolf totem stopped in a village of the Cayugas or the Senecas, he was entertained by some Seneca of the same totem who claimed him for a kinsman."

"That 's very curious," said his mother.

"I don't see what it 's got to do with your cousin Phillida or with religion," said Mr. Gouverneur, who as an elder in the Dutch Reformed Church, and as the descendant of a long line of men and women who had traveled in the same wellworn path since the good old days of the Synod of Dort, felt much annoyed at Philip's waywardness.

"Well," said Philip, leaning back in his chair and letting the folio rest on his knees, "you see there are religious totems that run through all denominations of Christians and even through different religions, and the lines of cleavage between them are deeper than those between Moslems and Christians, or between Jews and idolaters. There is what I call the totem of the Wahahbees—the people who translate religion into dispute or persecution. In central Asia they get rid of an opponent by assassination in the name of Almighty God and his prophet. In the United States doctrine defenders are inconveniently placed, and they have to be content with newspaper and pulpit scolding and with excommunicating those who differ from them. Then there is the most respectable sect of all—the Pharisees, which counts eminent divines and rabbis of every religion among its people. Great church-goers and Sabbath-keepers, great distributors of shalls and shall-nots, great observers of scruples and ordinances. They hold a tight rein over recreations and keep their mint-and-cumin tithes by double-entry. Now, Phillida is no Wahahbee and she is no Pharisee. She is not above enjoying herself at your table on Sunday evening, you see, or going to Mrs. Hilbrough's reception. She takes her religion in the noblest way. Her enthusiasms all have a philanthropic coloring. She 's what I call a Jesus-ite. There are but few of them."

"Ah, now, Philip!" said his mother, half-amused and half-startled by the irreverent sound of this expression, but full of admiration for Philip's originality.

"And what are *you*, please?" demanded his father with some severity and a slightly heightened color. He knew that Philip must be wrong, for he had never seen anything of this sort in the "Christian Intelligencer" in his life. "What are you?" he repeated.

"Only a poor doubting, mocking, useless Sadducee, I suppose," said the son as he bent again over the Religio Medici. There was a touch of dejection in his voice, which served to disarm that resentment which his father felt towards every view of anything that varied from the consecrated commonplace.

The door-bell rang, and Mrs. Gouverneur, who had intended that Phillida and Millard should each consider the other a mere coincidence, was a little disconcerted to have them enter together at a later time than she had set, and with an air of slight fatigue, as though they had come from a long walk. And, more-

over, without a chaperon. The acquaintance was progressing more rapidly than she had expected.

Millard smilingly explained: "I encountered Miss Callender in a very unfashionable quarter of the city, and I thought it my duty to take charge of her."

At ten o'clock that evening Phillida was escorted to her home, her cousin Philip Gouverneur walking on one side and Millard on the other. She left them with a pleased sense of having passed an uncommonly happy afternoon and evening, but was alarmed, nevertheless, to think what a romance Agatha would build out of the encounter with Mr. Millard in Avenue C and the detected contrivance of Aunt Gouverneur.

And when she had finished deprecating Agatha's raptures and had escaped her sister's further questions by going to bed, Phillida found that her own imagination had been at length set a-going, and her pillow reveries kept her awake. Why was it always Mr. Millard? She had chanced upon him at Mrs. Hilbrough's; his desire to bring Mrs. Gouverneur to the Hilbrough reception had made him her escort; and now most unexpectedly she finds that he and she are intimates and, in a sense, benefactors in the same tenement in Avenue C; they are companions in a walk, and again guests at the same table. It made her superstitious; these coincidences looked like fate—or rather like a special manifestation of the will of Providence—to the mind of Phillida Callender.

Undeniably there was something in Charles Millard that attracted her. He was not just of her own kind, but if he had been would she have liked him so well? Certainly the young men at the mission, exemplary fellows that they were, did not excite even a languid interest in her mind. Millard took life less seriously than she did, but perhaps that very otherness was agreeable: when one is prone by nature to travel dusty paths and dutifully to wound one's feet on mountainous rocky roads, a companion who habitually beckons to green sward and shady seats, who makes life put on a little more of the air of a picnic excursion into the world, is a source of refreshment. She now knew that Millard was not without benevolence, that he clung faithfully to his aunt in spite of his connections in the great world, and that he was planning to assist in the education of his cousins. If she had not somewhat exaggerated these virtues of fidelity and generosity she would not have been a woman, for it is one of the crowning good fortunes of life that a woman can contrive to make so much of a little virtue in a man.

Having left Phillida, Millard and Gouverneur walked together up Second Avenue, past the closed gateways of Stuyvesant Park. Millard was doing the talking, at a great rate. Philip was silent in regard to everything, or if he spoke he said only so much as a decent courtesy demanded. This soon became tiresome to Millard, who was relieving the internal pressure of his thoughts by mere bubble talk about things of no interest to himself, while it seemed impossible to excite his companion's interest in anything.

"You and I have changed places to-night, Phil," he said at length; "you make me do all the talking. Come now, it 's your turn."

"I don't feel in the humor," said Philip. "Are you going to the club?"

"No; I shall go home and write some letters, maybe, now I think of it. So good-night."

Philip's "Good-night" was more curt than courteous, and he made his way to the club, where, according to his habit, he crouched his small form into one of the great chairs, drawing his head down between his shoulders, which were thrust upwards by the resting of his elbows on the chair-arms. Here he sat long, taking no part in any conversation, but watching the smoke from his cigar.

The next morning he was late to breakfast, and his mother lingered after the rest had left the table, to see that his coffee and chops were right and to mitigate his apparent depression.

"Your little match-making scheme is likely to succeed beautifully," he said to her when the servant had gone.

"What do you mean? I 'm sure I had no views of that kind in asking Charley Millard and Phillida. I only wished to encourage Phillida to go more into society."

"Views or no views, what it 'll come to will be a match," Philip retorted.

"Well, there 'll be no harm done, I suppose."

"Not if you think Charley the best man for her."

There was something of dejection in the tone of this last remark, and a note of reproach to her, that rendered Mrs. Gouverneur uneasy. When Philip had left the table she revolved it in her mind. Was Philip himself in love with Phillida? Or did he know anything to the disadvantage of Millard?

"Tell Mr. Philip I wish to see him before he goes out," she said to one of the maids.

When Philip came to her room she looked at him with anxiety.

"Do you know anything against Charley, Philip?"

"Nothing, whatever," said Philip, emphatically, as he pulled on his gloves.

"Philip, tell me truly, do you care for your cousin yourself?"

"Why, of course. She is my cousin, and a good girl — a little too tremendously good."

"You know what I mean, Philip. Don't trifle with me."

"What would be the use of my caring for Phillida, as you call it? Charley, with his usual luck, will get her, I am sure. You've fixed that."

"Now, Philip, you reproach me unjustly. You've had years of intimacy with Phillida. Why did you never let her know what your feelings were?"

"I? I have n't said that I have any feelings in the matter. Do you think Phillida would have me if Charley were out of the way? She knows me too well. She's a utilitarian. She would say, 'Cousin Phil is interesting, but he hides his talent in a napkin. He studied law, and now neglects to practise it because his uncle left him two or three thousand dollars a year.' To her I am only an idler, when I 'm not a mocker."

"She likes you, I am sure."

"Yes, in a way, no doubt. But I 'm a doubter, and a mocker, and a failure, and Phillida knows it. And so do I."

"Ah, now, Philip, why will you be so discouraged with yourself? You're the cleverest young man in New York."

But Philip only smiled and said, "Good morning, mother," and ran down the stairs and out the door.

When Philip had left Millard in Second Avenue the evening before, the latter was puzzled. He had never seen Gouverneur so depressed and irritable. But when they had separated, Millard was relieved that he no longer had to force a conversation about things of no interest to himself, and that his thoughts were at length free to range where they would.

He turned his footsteps towards his apartment, making a detour through Madison Square to lengthen the stroll. His interest in and affection for the family of his aunt was a fact so paradoxical to the rest of his life that it was in some sense his main secret. It was not a thing he should like to have explained to Philip Gouverneur, his bosom friend, for example. But that Phillida Callender was now in possession of the chief secret of his life gave him a sort of pleasure he had never known before. That she was in friendship with his aunt's family and a sharer in this off-color part of his existence made a sort of community of feeling between him and her. He turned the matter over in his mind, he went over in memory all parts of his encounter with her in his aunt's tenement, he dwelt upon the glow of surprise on her countenance, and in imagination he again took her hand in friendly greeting. He recalled every detail of the walk through Avenue C, in Tompkins Square, and then through the cross-streets. He made himself feel over again the pleasure he had felt in those rare moments when she turned her dark, earnest eyes toward him at some more than usually interesting moment in the conversation.

This was the pleasant side of the reverie. For the rest, he was tormented with a certain feeling of unworthiness that had never troubled him so much before. The more he thought of the purposes, sweet, high, and disinterested, that moved her, the more was he pained at a sense of frivolity, or, at least, at a want of "worthwhileness" in his own aims. He was a communicant at St. Matthias's, and highly esteemed for his exemplary life and his liberality to the church. But the rector of St. Matthias's did not trouble himself, as Phillida did, about the lost sheep in the wilderness of the lettered avenues. His own flock, well washed and kempt, were much more agreeable subjects of contemplation.

Millard sat by his fire a long time. He was really afraid that he should presently find himself in love with Miss Callender, and such a marriage was contrary to his whole plan of life. His purpose was primarily to remain a bachelor, though he had dreamed of himself well established, but always with a wife whose tastes and connections should incline her to those pursuits that go with a fashionable career, and he always saw a vision of himself and his wife entertaining the very elect of New York City. Here suddenly a new path, hitherto untrodden by his imagination, opened before him as a possibility. Judged by the standards used among his friends it was an undesirable road. It involved a voluntary sacrifice of that position of social prominence and leadership which he had striven so hard to secure. He resolved to put the thought away from him.

A little later his lights were out and he was abed. But he did not sleep at once, for in spite of the best resolutions he could not help recalling again and again the face and figure, the voice and movement, of Phillida Callender. Again and again he crossed Tompkins Square and walked through Eighth street and Waverley Place with her; and she once more confronted him across Mrs. Gouverneur's dinner-table.

One result of Millard's meditations was a desire to relieve his conscience by sharing a little — if ever so little — in the effort to improve the life of the multitudinous East-siders. To touch them by personal effort and contact was out of the question; he could not bring himself to attempt it, nor would it have availed anything, perhaps, if he had, for the East-siders would have shrunk from his gloves as instinctively as he did from their work-darkened palms. But there was the other resort of his check-book. He sent a check the next evening to the super-

intendent of the mission. He stated that he remitted this as assistant cashier of the Bank of Manhadoes on behalf of a gentleman who did not wish his name known, and requested that the subscription be announced merely as from "A Well-wisher." One half of the hundred dollars was to go to the expenses of the coffee-room and the other half to be appropriated to the library and reading-room.

Now it is not in the nature of things that a hen should see a new egg in her nest without cackling over it, or that a man in charge of a benevolent enterprise should have a hundred-dollar check mysteriously and unexpectedly dropped into his hat without talking about it. Such a gift smacks of special divine favor, and offers a good theme for an address calculated to animate those engaged in the work. The very next Sunday, when the Testaments had been shut up and the lesson papers had all been put away, Phillida and the others heard from the superintendent some very inspiriting remarks on the subject of the encouragements which ought to make them take heart in their work. He wound up, of course, by telling of this donation from an unknown well-wisher. Had he stopped there — but what talker to young people would or could have stopped there? He whisked out the check and showed it, and then the identical letter from the assistant cashier of the Bank of Manhadoes was held up before the admiring boys and girls and read aloud to show how modestly this benevolent well-wisher had hidden his hand.

And thus the only person in the audience from whom Millard had particularly wished to conceal his agency in the matter knew perfectly that the anonymous well-wisher was none other than the assistant cashier himself. And she thought what a fine thing it was to have money when there was so much good to be done with it.

X.

BROKEN RESOLVES.

ONCE the check was despatched, Millard's conscience, which had been aroused — irritated — by the standing rebuke of Phillida's superior disinterestedness, was in a measure appeased. After sitting an hour in slippered meditation he resolved to master his inclination toward Miss Callender's society, for fear of jeopardizing that bachelor ideal of life he had long cherished. Hilbrough's especial friendship, supported by Mrs. Hilbrough's gratitude, had of late put him in the way of making money more rapidly than heretofore; the probable early retirement of Farnsworth would advance him to the cashiership of the bank, and there opened before him as much as he had ever desired of business and social success. It was not exactly that he put advantages of this sort into one side of the scale and the undefinable charms of Phillida into the other. But he was restrained by that natural clinging to the main purpose which saves men from frivolous changes of direction under the wayward impulses of each succeeding day. This conservative holding by guiding resolutions once formed is the balance-wheel that keeps a human life from wabbling. Western hunters used to make little square boxes with their names graven in reverse on the inside. These they fixed over a young gourd, which grew till it filled the box. Then the hunter by removing the box and cutting off the end of the stem of the gourd, to make an opening like the mouth of a bottle, secured a curious natural powder-flask, shaped to his fancy and bearing his name in relief on its side. Like the boxed gourd, the lives of men become at length rigidly shaped to their guiding purposes, and one may read early resolutions ineffaceably inscribed upon them. But the irony of it! Here was Millard, for example, a mature man of affairs, held to a scheme of life adopted almost by accident when he was but just tottering, callow, from his up-country nest. What a haphazard world is this! Draw me no Fates with solemn faces, holding distaffs and deadly snipping shears. The Fates? Mere children pitching heads and tails upon the paving-stones!

But if the dominant purpose to which the man has fitted himself is not to be suddenly changed, there are forces that modify it by degrees and sometimes gradually undermine and then break it down altogether. The man whose ruling purpose is crossed by a grand passion may say to himself, like the shorn Samson, "I will go out as at other times before," for the change that has come over him is subtle and not at once apparent to his consciousness. Millard resolutely repressed his inclination to call on Miss Callender, resolutely set himself to adhere to his old life as though adherence had been a duty. But he ceased to be interested in the decorations and amused by the articles of virtu in his apartment; he no longer contemplated with pleasure the artistic effect of his rich portières and the soft tone of his translucent window-hangings. The place seemed barren and lonely, and the life he led not much worth the having after all.

But, like the brave man he was, he stuck to his resolution not to call on Miss Callender, from a sort of blind loyalty to nothing in particular. Perhaps a notion that a beau like himself would make a ridiculous figure suing to such a saint as Phillida had something to do with his firmness

of purpose. But when, a month later, he started once more for Avenue C, he became at length aware that he had not made any headway whatever in conquering his passion, which like some wild creature only grew the fiercer under restraint. In spite of himself he looked about in hope of meeting Miss Callender in the street, and all the way across the avenues he wondered whether he should encounter her at his aunt's. But Phillida had taken precautions against this. She remembered, this time, that the last Sunday in the month was his day for visiting his aunt, and she went directly home from the mission, disturbed in spite of herself by conflicting emotions.

Millard could not but respect her dignified avoidance of him, which he felt to be in keeping with her character. He listened with such grace as he could to Uncle Martin, whose pessimistic oration to-day chanced to be on the general ignorance and uselessness of doctors. His complaints about the medical faculty were uttered slowly and with long pauses between the sentences. Doctors, according to Uncle Martin, only pretend to know something, and use a lot of big words to fool people. "Now I doctor myself. I know what does me good, and I take it, doctor or no doctor." This was said with a you-don't-fool-me expression on his solemn face. "W'y, one doctor 'll tell you one thing, and another 'll tell you another. One says bathing 's good for you, and another says no; one wants you to get up bright and early, and another says sleep a plenty; one will half-starve you, and the other says the thing is to feed you up."

At this point Uncle Martin rested his elbows against his sides, threw his forearms outward and upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, holding his broad palms toward the ceiling, while he dropped his heavy shorn chin upon his breast and gazed impressively upon Millard from under his eyebrows. The young man was rendered uneasy by this climactic pause, and he thought to break the force of Uncle Martin's attitude by changing the subject.

"Doctors differ among themselves as much as ministers do," he said.

"Ministers?" said Uncle Martin, erecting his head again, and sniffing a little. "They are just after money nowadays. W'y, I joined the Baptist church over here"—beckoning with his thumb—"when I came to New York, and the minister never come a-nigh us. We are not fine enough, I suppose. Ministers don't believe the plain Bible; they go on about a lot of stuff that they get from somewheres else. I say take the plain Bible, that a plain man like me can understand. I don't want the Greek and Latin of it. Now the Bible says in one place that if a man 's sick the elders are to pray over him and anoint him with oil—I suppose it was sweet oil; but I don't know—that they used. But did you ever know any elder to do that? Naw; they just off for the doctor. Now, I say take the plain word of God, that 's set down so 't you could n't noways make any mistakes."

Here Uncle Martin again dropped his head forward in a butting position, and stared at Charley Millard from under his brows. This time the younger man judged it best to make no rejoinder. Instead, he took the little Tommy in his arms and began to stroke the cheeks of the nestling child. The diversion had the proper effect. Uncle Martin, perceiving that the results of his exhaustive meditations in medicine and theology, which were as plain as the most self-evident nose on a man's face, were not estimated at their par value, got up and explained that he must go to Greenpoint and call on a man who had lately lost a child; and then, fearing he would n't get back to supper, he said good-by, and come again, and always glad to see you, Charley, and good luck to you; and so made his way down the dingy stairs.

Charley Millard now turned to his aunt, a thin-faced woman whose rather high forehead, wide and delicately formed in the region of the temples, made one think that in a more favorable soil she might have blossomed. She was sitting by the window that looked out upon the narrow courtyard below and on the rear house to which Aunt Martin's apartment was bound by a double clothes-line running upon pulleys. In fact the whole straitened landscape in view from the back windows was a vision of ropes on pulleys. Sunday was the only day that Mrs. Martin cared to look on this view, for on week-days it was a spectacle of sheets and pillow-cases and the most intimate male and female garments flapping and straddling shamelessly in the eddying wind.

Millard, while yet the older children had not returned, broached the subject of their education. He particularly wished to put Mary, the eldest, into a better school than the public school in her neighborhood, or at least into a school where the associations would be better. He proposed this to his aunt as delicately as possible.

"It 's very kind of you, Charley," she said. "You want to make a fine lady of her. But what would you do with her? Would it make her any happier? She would want better clothes than we could give her; she would become dependent on you, maybe; and she would be ashamed of the rest of us."

"She could never be ashamed of you, aunt," said Millard. But he was struck with a certain good sense and originality in his aunt which kept her from accepting anything for good merely because it was commonly so

taken. What service, indeed, would it be to Mary to declass her? Of what advantage to a poor girl to separate her from her surroundings unless you can secure to her a life certainly better?

"It would be well," he said after a while, "if Mary could prepare herself for some occupation by which she might some day get a living if other resources fail. You would n't like her to have to go out to service, or to fall below her family, Aunt Hannah?"

"No; certainly. But there 's the trouble. Her father is like many other men from the country; he can't bear the idea of Mary's earning her own living. He says he expects to support his own girls. And you know Henry won't have her educated at your expense. He 's very proud. But if she could somehow get into a school better than the public schools in this part of the city, a school where she would get better teaching and meet a better class of children, I would like it, provided she did not get a notion of being a fine lady. There is nothing worse than half-cut quaiity, and that 's all she 'd be. And are you sure, Charley, that rich people are happier than we are? We don't worry about what we have n't got."

The children were now upon the stairs, and the private talk was ended. They greeted their cousin eagerly, and began as usual to talk of Miss Callender.

"We tried to bring her home with us," said Dick, "but she said, 'Not to-day, Dick, not to-day,' and she stuck to it. I told her you 'd be here, and I thought that would fetch her, but she only laughed and said she had to call and see a poor sick young lady that had n't walked for five years; and then she said, 'Give my love to your mother,' and left us. I sh'd thought she 'd 'a' sent her love to Cousin Charley too, but she never done it."

"Don't say 'never done it,' Dick," broke in Mary. "It 's not proper."

Millard accepted his aunt's invitation to tea, and then walked homeward by a very roundabout way. He was not quite aware of the nature of the impulse that caused him to turn downtown and thus to trace a part of the route he had walked over with Phillida four weeks before. He paused to look again at the now dark stairway up which lived the bedridden Wilhelmina Schulenberg, and though he shuddered with a sort of repulsion at thought of her hard lot, it was not sympathy with Mina Schulenberg that had arrested his steps at the mouth of this human hive. To his imagination it seemed that these dark, uninviting stairs were yet warm with the tread of the feet of Phillida Callender; it could not be more than two hours since she came down. So instead of following the route of a month ago through Tompkins Square and Eighth street, as he had half unconsciously set out to do, he walked through Tenth street to Second Avenue. This way Phillida must have gone this very afternoon, and this way he felt himself drawn by an impulse increasing in force ever as he journeyed. It seemed of prime importance that he should call on Miss Callender without delay, just to consult her about Mary's education. His reasoning in favor of this course was convincing, for logic never gets on so well as when inclination picks all the pebbles out of the pathway.

A long discussion concerning Mary Martin's education was held that evening between the young people sitting by the drop-lamp in Mrs. Callender's parlor. Many nice theories were broached by each of them, but during the whole of the discussion they were both in a state of double consciousness. Canvassing Mary and her outlook in life in one center of thought, they were thinking and feeling more profoundly regarding the outlook in life of two other people in another vortex of brain action. For Phillida could not conceal from herself the fact that Mr. Millard was only half interested in what he was talking about, but was utterly absorbed in her with whom he was speaking. His passion, so long denied, now had its revenge, and even the training of a man of the world to conceal what he felt and to say what he did not think was of no avail against it.

Notwithstanding the divided state of their minds, in consequence of which Mary's interests got only a minority of attention, her interests did not fare badly, for the very effort to keep the thoughts and feelings that were eddying below the surface from engulfing their whole mental action forced both talkers to concentrate their minds earnestly upon Mary's schooling.

In the first place both of them admitted the force of Mrs. Martin's objection to declassing Mary in such a way as to leave her segregated from family ties. Then it came out that Phillida did know a school — not a fine school, but a good school — where Mary would not be without companions in sober clothes, and where the teacher, a Miss Gillies, knew her business and had not too many scholars. But how to overcome Uncle Martin's objection to being helped by his wife's nephew?

"If," said Millard, "the teacher of whom you speak had given to her a sufficient amount to pay the tuition of some suitable girl from a plain family, she would naturally consult you?"

"Yes; I think so," said Phillida.

"And under such circumstances why could you not recommend Mary?"

Phillida hesitated.

"I see you are more truthful than we men of business, who could not keep our feet without little ruses. There would be an implied deception of Uncle Martin, you think. Well, then, I will make the subscription absolute, and will leave Miss Gillies in entire control of it. I will advise her to consult you. If she does, and you think some other child than Mary ought to have it, or if it should be refused for Mary, you may give it to some one else. Do you know any one else who would profit by such a tuition?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, perhaps a better way would be this. I 'll make it double, and you may have the entire disposal of both scholarships, if Miss Gillies will let you. Suppose I leave it to you to communicate the fact to her?"

"That will be very good indeed"; and Phillida's face lost for a moment the blushing half-confusion that had marked it during the conversation, and a look of clear pleasure shone in her eyes — the enthusiastic pleasure of doing good and making happiness. Millard hardly rose to the height of her feeling; it was not to be expected. Whenever her face assumed this transfigured look his heart was smitten with pain — the mingled pain of love intensified and of hope declining; for this exaltation seemed to put Phillida above him, and perhaps out of his reach. Why should she fly away from him in this way?

"And may I come — to-morrow evening, perhaps — to inquire about this matter?" he said, making a movement to depart.

The question brought Phillida to the earth again, for Millard spoke with a voice getting beyond his control and telling secrets that he would fain have kept back. His question, tremulously put, seemed to ask so much more than it did! She responded in a voice betraying emotion quite out of keeping with the answer to a question like this, and with her face suffused, and eyes unable to look steadily at his, which were gazing into hers.

"Certainly, Mr. Millard," she said.

He took her hand gently and with some tremor as he said good-evening, and then he descended the brownstone steps aware that all debate and hesitancy were at an end. Come what might come, he knew himself to be irretrievably in love with Phillida Callender. This was what he had gained by abstaining from the sight of her for four weeks.

When the elevator had landed him on one of the high floors of the Graydon Building, a bachelor apartment house, and he had entered his own parlor, the large windows of which had a southern outlook, he stood a long time regarding the view. The electric lights were not visible, but their white glow, shining upward from the streets and open squares, glorified the buildings that were commonplace enough in daytime. Miles away across a visible space of water Liberty's torch shone like a star of the fifth magnitude. The great buildings about the City Hall Park, seen through a haze of light, seemed strangely aërial, like castles in a mirage or that ravishing Celestial City which Bunyan gazed upon in his dreams. A curved line of electric stars well up towards the horizon showed where the great East River Bridge spanned the unresting tides far below. Millard's apartment was so high that the street roar reached it in a dull murmur as of a distant sea, and he stood and absorbed the glory of the metropolitan scene,— such a scene as was never looked upon in any age before our own decade,— and it was to him but a fit accompaniment to his passion for Phillida, which by its subjective effect upon him had transformed all life and the universe itself. A month before he had sat and stared a hard-coal fire out of countenance in apprehension of falling in love with Phillida. Now he eagerly drank in the glory of earth and air, and loved her without reserve and without regret.

XI.

IN THE PARK.

ALTHOUGH love had at length come to Millard like an inundation sweeping away the barriers of habit and preconception, he was quite aware that Phillida Callender's was not a temperament to forget duty in favor of inclination, and the strength of his desire to possess her served as a restraint upon his action. He followed the habits of business negotiation even in love-making; he put down his impatience and made his approaches slowly that he might make sure of success. As a prudent beginning to his courtship he called on Phillida at first but once a week. She soon regained her wonted placidity of exterior, and Millard found it difficult to divine how far his affection was reciprocated.

For himself, he kept up his round of post-Easter social engagements. It would be time enough to lop these off if Phillida should require it when his affairs with her should be upon a more secure footing. Phillida, too, kept up a series of post-Easter engagements, but of another sort. Besides the ordinary work of the mission, and the extraordinary work attending the preparations for Fresh Air excursions for the invalid poor which were to be carried on in the heats of summer, she went once a week to the parlor Bible readings of Mrs. Frankland, which were, in fact, eloquent addresses, and which served greatly to stimulate her zeal. Thus these two lovers journeyed upon paths that had no convergence, even while feeling

themselves drawn irresistibly towards each other.

As April wore into May, Millard ventured on more frequent attentions, and from day to day meditated how he might light on an opportunity to tell her what he felt and wished. But at her house he was always held in check by remembering the crash of an overturned chair at the time of his first call, and he could not speak very confidential words with no other screen than those thin sliding doors. When on two occasions he contrived to encounter Phillida returning from her Sunday afternoon mission to the east, he thought he perceived certain traces of debate going on in her mind, and an apparent effort on her part to hold the talk to cool and indifferent topics. That she was strongly attracted to him he readily believed, and had she been a woman of the ordinary type this would have been sufficient. But she was Phillida Callender, and he who would win her must gain consent not alone of her affections but of her conscience as well, and of her judgment. Such a decision as he should ask her to make would be tried by the test of the high life purpose that ruled her and looked on all interfering delights and affections with something like fierceness. For how shall one of the daughters of God be persuaded to wed one of the sons of men?

And thus, by the procrastination that comes of lack of opportunity and the procrastination that comes of timidity, the spring was fast passing into summer. Hilbrough had taken Millard into partnership in an enterprise of his own — the reorganization of a bankrupt railway company in the interest of the bondholders. It was necessary to secure the coöperation of certain English holders of the securities, and Hilbrough felt sure that a man of Millard's address and flexibility would achieve more than he himself could in a negotiation abroad. So it was arranged that on the first Saturday in June the assistant cashier should sail for London on a ten weeks' leave of absence from the bank, and that when his business in London should be completed he was to make a short tour over the well-beaten paths of European travel. This arrangement rendered it necessary that Millard should bring his diplomatic delays to an end, and run the risk of an immediate proposal to Phillida Callender.

Memorial Day came round, and all the land showed its sorrow for the innumerable host that perished untimely in deadly battle and deadlier hospital by keeping the day right joyously. This gave Millard a holiday, and he set off after a lazy breakfast to walk up Fifth Avenue and through Central Park. He proposed to explore the Ramble and meditate all the time how he might best come to an understanding with Phillida that very evening.

He entered the Park at the southeast corner, but instead of pushing straight up to the Mall, a childish impulse to take a hurried glance at the animals deflected him toward the old armory. But the holiday crowd already gathering was quite too miscellaneous for his fastidious nerves; the dumb brutes he could stand, but these pushing and chattering human monkeys were uninteresting, and he went on through the region of wild beasts to that of tame ones, where the patient donkeys were busily employed carrying timid little children and showing their skill in their favorite game of doing the least possible amount of work in any given time. Though the motion of these creatures was barely perceptible, the pace seemed frightful to some of the alarmed infants clinging to their backs. Millard looked at them a moment in amusement, then refusing the donkey path he turned to the left toward the shady Mall. The narrow walk he chose was filled to-day with people, who, having fed the elephant, admired the diving of the seal, wondered at the inconceivable ugliness of the hippopotamus, watched the chimpanzee tie knots in the strands of an untwisted rope by using her four deft hands, and shuddered a little at the young alligators, were now moving away in a confused mass of children, eager to spend their nickels for a ride at the carrousel, and elders bent on finding shelter from the heat under the elms that overhang the Mall. There was a counter-current of those who had entered the Park by remoter gateways and were making their way toward the menagerie, and Millard's whole attention was absorbed in navigating these opposite and intermingling streams of people and in escaping the imminent danger of being run over by some of the fleet of baby-carriages. From a group of three ladies that he had just passed a little beyond the summer-house he heard a voice say, half under breath:

"Mr. Millard, I declare!"

It was Agatha Callender, and as he turned to greet her he saw behind her Phillida supporting her mother.

"Mama is not very well, and we persuaded her to take a holiday," explained Agatha; "and I am trying to find a way for her out of this crowd."

Millard took charge of the convoy and succeeded in landing the party on shady seats at the lower end of the Mall, where the colossal Walter Scott is asking his distinguished countryman Robert Burns, just opposite, if all poets engaged in the agonizing work of poetic composition fall into such contortions as Burns does in this perpetual brass.

After a while Agatha grew as restless as the poet seems in the statue. She had brought money enough to take her party about the Park in the regular coaches, and spending-

money unspent always made Agatha unhappy. She now broached the subject of taking a coach, and remembered that it was a free day at the Art Museum. Millard proposed to go to the Fifth Avenue entrance and get a carriage for the party. This extravagance the prudent Mrs. Callender would not consent to, and so Millard conducted the ladies to the place where Shakspere, a little weak in the knees, has long been doing his best, according to his ability, to learn a part in a new play. The first coach that came by had but two vacancies. Millard hailed it, and said promptly:

"Now, Miss Agatha, we shall not find four places in one coach to-day. You and Mrs. Callender get into this one, and take stop-over checks at the Museum. Miss Callender and I will join you there in the next coach or on foot."

There was no time for debate, and before Mrs. Callender could muster her wits to decide what was best to be done about this, Charley's gloved hands had gently helped her into the coach, put Agatha in beside her, and handed a half-dollar to the driver for the fare. Just as Mrs. Callender was beginning to protest against this last act the coach rolled away, and Agatha saw Millard and Phillida turn about without waiting for another coach and return toward Shakspere and the Mall.

"I ought n't to have let him pay for us," murmured Mrs. Callender.

"Oh, you need n't feel under any obligations," whispered Agatha; "he just wanted to be alone with Phillida."

But now that Millard had seized the advantage of an unchaperoned stroll with Phillida, he found himself without the courage to use it. The very suddenness with which they had been left to themselves made Phillida feel that a crisis was imminent, and this served to give her an air of confusion and restraint. In presence of this reserve Millard drew back.

The two strolled along the Mall, admiring the wide, elm-shaded triple avenue, and talking of uninteresting subjects. They were involved again in the ever-growing holiday crowd, and Millard saw with vexation that his opportunity was once more slipping away from him. When they had traversed the length of the Mall and were approaching the bust of Beethoven, Phillida said suddenly:

"There is Mina Schulenberg in a wheel-chair. I wonder how she contrived to get one."

She pushed forward towards the invalid, but Millard hung back a little, and Phillida suspected that he was probably ashamed to be seen talking with Mina, who was wheeled by her brother, a stalwart young man of twenty, in his Sunday clothes.

"O Miss Callender, is it you? Do you see my chair already? It must have been you who managed to get it for me."

"No, Wilhelmina; indeed I knew nothing about it till I saw you in it this moment."

"Then I don't know what to think," said the invalid. "It was sent up from a place down in Grand street already, with my name on a ticket and the word 'Paid' marked on the ticket. I wish I could thank the one that gave it to me wunst already, for I don't feel like it belonged to me till I do."

Phillida turned about and looked at Millard, who still lurked behind her. When he met her penetrating gaze he colored as though he had been caught doing wrong.

"Miss Schulenberg, this is Mr. Millard," said Phillida. "I don't know who sent you this chair; but if you thank him the person who paid for your chair will hear about it, I feel sure."

Mina looked at Millard. The faultlessness of his dress and the perfection of style in his carriage abashed her. But she presently reached her emaciated hand to him, while tears stood in her eyes. Millard trembled as he took the semi-translucent fingers in his hand: they looked brittle, and he could feel the joints through his gloves as though it were a skeleton that thus joined hands with him.

"You gave me my chair!" she said. "Yesterday I was out in it for the first time already—in Tompkins Square. But to-day Rudolph here—he is such a good fellow—he wanted to give me a big treat wunst, and so he brought me all the way up here already to see this beautiful Park. It 's the—the first time—" but shadowy people like Wilhelmina hover always on the verge of hysteria, and her feelings choked her utterance at this point.

Millard could not bear the sight of her emotion. He said hastily, "Never mind, Miss Schulenberg; never mind. Good morning. I hope you will enjoy your day."

Then as he and Phillida went up the stairs that lead out of the Mall at the north of the arbor by the Casino, Millard made use of his handkerchief, explaining that he must have taken a slight cold. He half halted, intending to ask Phillida to sit down with him on a seat partly screened by a bush at each end; but there were many people passing, and the two went on and mounted the steps to the circular asphalted space at the top of a knoll. Phillida, shy of what she felt must come, began to ask about the great buildings in view, and he named for her the lofty Dakota Flats rising from a rather naked plain to the westward, the low southern façade of the Art Museum to the northward, to the east the somber front of the Lenox Library,—as forbidding as the countenance of a rich collector is to him who would

borrow,— and the columnar gable chimneys of the Tiffany house.

Millard now guided Phillida to a descending path on the side of the hill opposite to that which they came up, and which perversely turned southeastward for a while, it having been constructed on the theory that a park walk should describe the longest distance between any two points. Here he found a seat shaded by the horizontal limbs of an exotic tree and confronted by a thicket that shut out at this season almost all but little glimpses of the Tiffany house and the frowning Lenox. He asked Phillida to sit down, and he sat beside her. The momentary silence that followed was unendurable to Phillida's excited nerves, so she said:

"Mr. Millard, it was a splendid thing to do."

"What?"

"To give that chair to Mina Schulenberg, and all so quietly."

"Miss Callender — Phillida — may I call you Phillida?"

A tone of entreaty in this inquiry went to her heart and set her thoughts in a whirl. It was not possible to say "No." She did not lift her eyes from the asphalt, which she was pushing with the ferrule of her parasol, but she said "Yes," filled with she knew not what pleasure at having Millard use this familiarity.

"Phillida, you have taught me a great deal. It is to you that the poor girl owes her ride to-day, and to you that I owe the pleasure of seeing her enjoy it. I 'm not so good as you are. I am a rather — a rather useless person, I 'm afraid. But I am learning. And I want to ask you before I go away whether you *could* love me?"

Phillida kept trying to bore into the pavement with her parasol, but she did not reply.

After a pause Millard went on. "I know you don't decide such things by mere passion. But you 've had reason to think that I loved you for a good while. Have n't you?"

"I — I think I have." This was said with difficulty after a pause of some seconds.

"And you must have thought about it, and turned it over in the light of duty. Have n't you — Phillida?"

This address by her Christian name startled her. It was almost like a caress. But presently she said, "Yes; I have." She remembered that her prayer this very morning had been that before she should be called upon to decide the question of marrying Millard she might have some sign to guide her, and now the happy face of Wilhelmina seemed the very omen she had sought.

"And you have n't made up your mind to reject me?" said Millard.

The answer this time was longer than ever in coming.

"No; no, Mr. Millard."

Millard paused before putting the next question. "I 'm going away, you know, on Saturday. May I get out of that last answer all that I wish to, Phillida?"

The parasol trembled in her hand, and perceiving that it betrayed her she ceased to push the ground and let go of the staff, grasping the edge of the seat instead. Millard could see her frame tremble, and in his eagerness he scarcely breathed. With visible effort she at length slowly raised her flushed face until her gaze encountered his. But utterance died on her lips. Either from some inclination of the head or from some assent in her eyes Millard understood her unuttered answer to be in the affirmative. He lifted her hand from the seat beside him and gently kissed it. And then as he held it he presently felt her fingers grasp his hand ever so lightly. It was answer enough. A noisy party was coming down the steps towards them.

"Now, Phillida dear, we must go," he said, rising. "Your mother will not know what has detained us."

Phillida looked up playfully as they walked away, and said, her voice still husky with feeling:

"Agatha will be sure to guess."

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

AND AFTER.

WHEN love has been a flower
One smelled of and laid by,
Or set in a glass
Where he useth to pass
Till it should fade and die;
Then one with time forgets it,
And another flower contents,
Or, if he brief regrets it,
'T is that it pleased his sense.

When love has been the throbbing
Of one's own inmost heart,
The light of his eyes,
The breath of his sighs,
His soul's bliss and its smart;
Then love by life is measured,
Since love and life are one,
Together they are treasured,
Together they are done.

Arlo Bates.

WASHINGTON AND FREDERICK THE GREAT.

WITH THE STORY OF A MYTHICAL SWORD.

"FROM the oldest General in the world to the Greatest." Such is the legend said to have been engraved on a sword sent by Frederick the Great to George Washington. Until thirty years ago, when this famous sword fell into the hands of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, no doubt appears to have been raised as to the truth of the story. It appears to have been generally believed by the Washington and Lewis families. In a recent note from Mr. H. L. D. Lewis, of Audley (grandson of Nelly Custis Lewis), he says, "I am almost sure that I have heard my grandmother, who died in this house, speak of a sword given to Washington by Frederick." There being no sentence on any sword of Washington's the tradition was modified: it was said that the phrase was a verbal message sent by Frederick to Washington. It has flourished perennially in this form also; it has got into the "Encyclopedia of Biography"; a few years ago it was used by Senator Voorhees to induce the Senate to purchase another sword of Washington. The present writer once contributed something to the circulation of the legend. The incident of John Brown's getting possession of the identical sword inspired a little romance which was published in a periodical I edited in Cincinnati ("The Dial," January, 1860). My story was called "Excalibur," the sword of King Arthur, which was traced to Frederick, to Washington, and finally to John Brown. But on discovering that no sentence was engraved on the sword I became skeptical, and, after some further inquiries, reached the belief that it was a myth. The absence of any reference to the alleged present in Washington's will seems, indeed, conclusive. Washington is generally particular in mentioning the history of each thing bequeathed. In one instance he seems to have been inaccurate: "To the Rev. now Bryan Lord Fairfax I give a Bible, in three large folio volumes, with notes, presented to me by the Right Rev. Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man." This bishop died in 1755, before Braddock's defeat, when Washington was little known. The Bible was probably presented by the bishop's son, the Rev. Thomas Wilson, D. D. Generally, however, Washington was exact in such matters, and he could hardly have undervalued a gift from Frederick the Great, whose bust he ordered for Mount Vernon, and whose works (Holcroft's translation, thirteen volumes) were in his library. The bequest of his swords is impressive:

> To each of my nephews, William Augustine Washington, George Lewis, George Steptoe Washington, Bushrod Washington, and Samuel Washington, I give one of the swords of which I may die possessed: and they are to *chuse* in the order they are named. These swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheathe them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defense, or in defense of their country and its rights; and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands, to the relinquishment thereof.

It is tolerably certain that if any of the swords had been the gift of Frederick it would here have been referred to. In addition it may be remarked that on none of the swords is there any sign of German workmanship. There is, indeed, nothing on this sword, which the State was partly induced to purchase because of its legend. To use the words of Mr. Howell, of our State Library, "The impression that the sight of it made on me — with its steel beads instead of jewels — was that it was a very niggardly present for a monarch to make to a man like Washington."

Soon after Carlyle had concluded his Life of Frederick, I asked him whether he had met with any incident or phrase on which our American legend might have been based. "None at all." I believe I answered, "So much the worse for Frederick." At any rate he replied sharply, "Washington was no immeasurable man." Carlyle would have been put to it if challenged to find so brave a decoration for Frederick as this mythical tribute to Washington invented for him by the American people. So far as Washington is concerned the story is much more honorable as a fable than it could be as a reality. It would appear to have impressed General Winfield Scott, who, as I have heard, presented a book to General McClellan inscribed, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."

Indeed, from the moment of my certain discovery that the incident was not historical I became deeply interested in it. The symbolism of the story — the passing of the sword from the old world to the new — seemed too poetic to be a popular invention; yet I have been unable to discover among heroic anecdotes any epigrammatic saying which might

have suggested "from the oldest general in the world to the greatest." It may be that some querist can tell us whence the phrase came. But my search into this bit of American mythology has led to facts of historic interest.

The story was originally told not of Frederick's sword, but of his portrait. In the "New Jersey Journal" of August 9, 1780, of which there is a copy in the New York Historical Society, occurs the following:

> The King of Prussia not long since presented his Excellency General Washington with the picture of his Majesty, taken to the life, inscribed under, "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general on earth." A celebrated general of his Majesty's (over whom conquest never gained dominion), on viewing the inscription, asked, "Why does he stand higher in the annals of fame than myself?" "Consider," replied this illustrious artist in the science of war: "you never fought but at the head of troops in number, discipline, bravery, ardor, and full of hopes vying with any commander's; but this noble chief has encountered every embarrassment, and by his united abilities (complete to constitute the general indeed) has surmounted untold difficulties; and thereby justly stands entitled to such laurels as conquest, fame, and magnanimity only can give."

Was any such picture sent to Washington? There is no evidence of it beyond the above anecdote. Louis XVI. presented Washington with a portrait of himself (an engraving), but that was six years after the story in the "New Jersey Journal." In late years, when so many Washington relics have been offered to the public, it is not likely that one so precious would be withheld. Diligent inquiries among the kindred of Washington have failed to discover any trace of a portrait of Frederick at Mount Vernon, except the bust made by its owner's order. The Washington and Lewis families are indeed extensive; and it is barely possible that some picture of Frederick from Mount Vernon, overlooked in the search after swords, may yet be discovered among them; but no such inscription could have been hid.

So far as any testimony can be derived from the voluminous works of Frederick, and the many anecdotes concerning him, he was little interested in Washington. I have explored his volumes, also Laveaux, Bourdais, Thiébault, and Carlyle, and cannot find that Frederick ever mentioned Washington's name but once. In his "Memoirs from the Peace of Hubertsburg to the Partition of Poland" (Holcroft, Vol. IV., p. 175) Frederick says:

> General Washington, who was called at London the chief of the rebels, gained, at the commencement of hostilities, some advantages over the royalists who were assembled near Boston.

That is all that appears from the oldest general in the world concerning the greatest! His silence concerning Washington is the more remarkable because his sympathies were, in a mild way, with the Americans. "The scene which is acting in America," he writes (to D'Alembert, at Paris, May 16, 1776), "and which perhaps is preparing for other parts, is to us like the combats of gladiators, which the Romans (somewhat barbarous in the practice) sat tranquil spectators of in the circus, and which those monarchs of mankind made their amusement. The same actors cannot always appear on the stage; we have exhibited long enough, others must now take their turn. Your philosophy may, therefore, reflect at its ease on the cause and effects of that destructive war which now ravages America." D'Alembert, who had elicited this, repeatedly tried to get some opinion on the subject from Frederick. "We are told," writes D'Alembert (April 28, 1777), "the English depopulate Germany to send troops to America. It does not seem to me very polite, and still less honorable, to see many petty German princes send their subjects two thousand leagues to be murdered that their masters may maintain an opera house. It is reported that most of the soldiers settle in America, and this seems to me the best part they can take." In his replies Frederick does not allude to this Hessian business. On June 3, 1777, he casually says, "War still continues to be made on the poor American." Then D'Alembert becomes pointed, and says (July 28, 1777), "I should be desirous of having your Majesty's opinion of this war, and of the manœuvers of Washington." Frederick answers (August 13), "Were I to follow the example of Cicero, and foretell what a certain combination of events seem to forebode, I should perhaps venture an opinion that the colonies will become independent, because they certainly will not be crushed this campaign, and the government of the God-dammes will find it difficult to dip in the purses of the people." Again, on June 8 of the very year in which the sword story is told (1780), D'Alembert writes: "We are here [Paris] in most impatient expectation of the success of this third campaign, especially in America. The insolence and piracy of the English have offended every nation in Europe." In his reply Frederick does not allude to the subject, but writes only of Voltaire: "To him I make my morning orisons. To him I say, Divine Voltaire, *ora pro nobis!*"

But there is something suspicious in Frederick's evasions. At the very time when D'Alembert was plying him with questions concerning America and Washington a startling incident occurred at Berlin, of which his French correspondents received no hint. The British Government, suspecting negotiations between Frederick and Arthur Lee, American agent

in Europe, ordered their minister (Elliot) at Berlin to steal Lee's papers. This was done June 25, 1777 — the agent, by the way, being that same Liston whom the British Government was impudent enough to appoint minister to the United States in Washington's second term. The stolen papers were restored after copies were taken. The copies have been kept so close that Carlyle was not allowed to see them while writing his history of Frederick. On hearing of the theft Frederick said, "Ugly business!" But he wrote to his brother Henry that he meant to suppress the facts. Here is evidence that Frederick had reasons of state for not saying anything about America or Washington at the moment when Hessians were being enlisted. It may also be inferred that if Frederick ever sent Washington a present, or made any such remark as that of our legend, it might have been through Arthur Lee. As Carlyle was not permitted to see the copies of the purloined papers, and as only a small proportion of them have been published in this country (in the "Life of Arthur Lee"), it appeared to me possible that something might be contained in the Lee manuscripts giving a clue to the legend. While writing my Life of Randolph I went through these papers pretty carefully. In them it appears that, instead of Frederick's sending any weapon or other gift to Washington, he got off on Lee, for a substantial sum, a lot of faulty weapons — one specimen musket, seen too late by Lee, being, as he protested to Baron Schulenburg, Frederick's minister, "one of the worst I ever beheld." For the rest, this minister's letters to Lee, saying why the king could not receive him, nor recognize American independence until France had done so, express but faint sympathy with our colonies, and in no instance mention the name of Washington.

We may thus feel tolerably certain that no gift was ever sent by Frederick the Great to Washington, and that he never recognized in any remark the greatness of Washington.

There was, however, a sword sent to Washington from Germany. In 1795 Theophilus Alte, of Solingen, made the sword, which was No. 428 in the Centennial Exhibition (loaned by Miss Alice Riggs), and sent it to General Washington by his son. The son did not take it to Washington, but pawned it at a tavern in Philadelphia for thirty dollars. A gentleman redeemed it and left it with another in Alexandria, who repaid the money and sent it to Washington. On it is Washington's name and an inscription in German: "Condemner of despotism, preserver of liberty, glorious man, take from my son's hands the sword, I beg you. A. Solingen." This translation was made for Washington, who thought it was Dutch, and "Solingen" the name of a man at Amsterdam. But a year later Alte wrote to him and the facts came out. This was the sword chosen by George Steptoe Washington under the terms of his uncle's will. It was buried during the civil war, and is rusty, but its admirable workmanship is still evident. Washington was a good deal mystified about the sword, and instituted inquiries during the year in which he heard nothing from Alte or his son. It is possible that during that time the story which had been told about a picture of Frederick was modified into a sword legend.

But there was another gift to Washington which may be mentioned in this connection. Mrs. Ella Bassett Washington has shown me a charming diary kept by her grandfather, Robert Lewis (Washington's nephew), during the first months after the inauguration (1789), when he was the President's private secretary. Among the amusing entries is this: "April 30 Mrs. Duer made the President a compliment of a very curious East India pipe, which we all had the pleasure of smoking out of." This was also exhibited in the Loan Exhibition (No. 433), described as the "Water-jar of a Narghile Pipe"; at least I have little doubt that it is the same. It is described in the catalogue as "presented to Washington by Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden." This bell-shaped bronze bowl, or "hubble-bubble," some seven inches high, has on its side the inlaid brass letters "G. W.," and on the bottom "Charles Frederick." How it came to be among President Madison's effects, at the sale of which it was purchased by the father of its present owner, Mr. Frederick McGuire of Washington, is not known; it was Washington's way to give his friends souvenirs of this kind. It may have been presented by Charles Frederick to Mrs. Duer; possibly, indeed, this is a different pipe from that which she gave the President, and may have been sent him by the Grand Duke. It is improbable, however, that the philosophical Charles Frederick, who in 1772 published a work on "Political Economy," would have made so trivial a present. However that may be, the "hubble-bubble" would have attracted the Custis children before they could distinguish the "Charles Frederick" on it from the famous Frederick whose bust was a prominent ornament at Mount Vernon. The effigy of Frederick, the Frederick bronze, and the beautiful Solingen sword with its German inscription, may have been fused in their imaginations and taken the form of the old legend about the picture, which, as we have seen, appeared in 1780.

Perhaps no actuality can be cited which so illustrates the hold of Washington on the American heart as the history of this sword-myth.

There appears no reason why the legend should invest one of Washington's swords rather than another, and there is no indication that his nephew, Bushrod Washington, had any knowledge of the legend when he selected this one. No doubt he did so because it was Washington's dress sword. The New York State Library Report (January, 1874) says: "It was frequently worn by Washington on state occasions, as in 1791 when he received the Senate at his private residence in Philadelphia. It is represented also in some of the portraits of Washington; for example, the portrait painted by Vanderlyn for the United States House of Representatives in 1834. At the time when the sword of Washington and the staff of Franklin were presented in the House of Representatives in 1843, this sword 'from Frederick' was referred to as being still in the possession of one of the Washington family."

This presentation occurred February 8, 1843. The Honorable G. W. Summers, of Kanawha, Virginia, presented the articles for Samuel T. Washington, son of the Samuel (Washington's nephew) to whom was bequeathed the last choice of the swords. It appeared, however, that when the nephews assembled for the choice they agreed that the last should be first, since Samuel alone had taken military service with his uncle. Samuel selected the "service sword," marked "1757," which Washington had borne in all his great battles, having, to quote Summers, "preferred it to all the others, among which was the ornamented and costly present from the great Frederick."

This, of 1843, is the earliest reference to the mythical sword which I have found. It would be interesting to know whether the legend, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest," was known at that time. It was not alluded to by any of the speakers in either House, among these being the venerable John Quincy Adams, who had made inquiries about the Alte sword in Holland while minister there. From that time, however, it was known that the supposed Frederick-Washington sword had passed to Bushrod, and on his death to his brother George Corbin Washington. On the death of the latter (1854) the sword was inherited by his son Colonel Lewis William Washington, and was among the many Washington relics of his mansion, Bel Air, Halltown, Harper's Ferry.

Colonel Lewis Washington's treasures have had eventful histories. Of his two pistols of Lafayette, one was stolen in Philadelphia in 1841, while on its way to a charitable exhibition in New York; the other fell into the hands of John Brown's son, and was restored by Hyatt in 1860. A watch seal lost by Washington on the field of Braddock's defeat was found there amid flattened bullets by Daniel Boone Logan in 1842, and was restored to Colonel Lewis Washington in 1856. In 1827 another of Washington's seals was lost by his father while hunting in Montgomery County, Maryland, where it was found by a farmer (Cleggett) in 1844 and restored. But the career of the sword was not accidental, while much more wonderful.

When John Brown went to conquer the South with twenty-three men he believed that the less he trusted arms of flesh the more Jehovah might be depended on to unsheathe his sword. The only other sword Brown considered worthy to be used by the Almighty was that which Washington was said to have received from Frederick the Great. One of Brown's men (Cook) came as a spy to Bel Air, and was hospitably shown the Washington relics for which he inquired. Brown told Colonel Washington, after taking him prisoner, that he wished to get hold of the sword "because it has been used by two successful generals." The superstition cost him dear. In order to get the sword Brown detached six of his men to go after it — five miles away. He thus lost half a day, and all chance of escape. Seventeen lives were offered as on an altar before this mythical sword.

When the war came on Colonel Lewis Washington confided this sword, with other family treasures, to a poor neighbor, Mr. Odin, indebted to him from boyhood for many kindnesses. Bel Air was vainly searched by Union soldiers for the famous sword. No one thought of searching the humble cabin of Odin.

Odin! Significant name! Mr. Albert Welles, surpassing all the ambitious pedigrees invented for Washington, has boldly derived him from the god Odin. But Odin was preëminently the "god of the sword." Mythologists have identified Odin's sword as the lightning; but from it are descended, by mythological lineage, the supernatural sword of Siegfried, Arthur's "Excalibur," and the equally mythical sword which Frederick the Great sent to Washington. Mythologically these are all one and the same sword. By the fabulous consecration of Washington's name the sword had raised Frederick to honors he nowise merited, had been pictured in Congress as ornamented and costly, had pierced the heart of Brown and was wielded by his "marching" soul; while in reality it was an ordinary piece of American manufacture which a "poor white" Odin protected in his cabin, and which, by its mythical fame, brought Mrs. Washington a larger sum from New York than any actually historical relic in her possession.

Moncure D. Conway.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A "Cheap Money" Lesson from History.

THE desire for "cheap money," under the delusion that plenty of it will make everybody's life easier and his burdens lighter, is very many years old. Nothing is more interesting and instructive in the study of financial history than the almost constant recurrence of the same fallacies and popular crazes in different countries during the past three hundred years or more. The prophets of new panaceas of to-day are simply preaching the half-truths and misleading sophistries of similar prophets in various lands at almost any time since the close of the seventeenth century. They have all started from the same general point; that is, dissatisfaction with established financial methods and the assumption that the moneyed classes, the bankers and capitalists, are the enemies and oppressors of the poorer classes.

There are many illustrations to support these observations which we might cite from history, but none which bears more directly upon certain aspects of our financial experience as a nation than that of the famous Land Bank scheme, put forward in England in the reign of William and Mary, in 1693. It appeared amid a swarm of other financial plans which were broached in the English Parliament when the proposition to establish the Bank of England was under consideration. There were in existence at that time two great public banks renowned throughout Europe, the Bank of St. George at Genoa, and the Bank of Amsterdam. The former had existed for nearly three hundred years, and the latter for more than eighty, and both had demonstrated many times their ability to withstand the severest financial crises. England felt the need of a similar financial bulwark, and its establishment was decreed in 1694, when the act of foundation for the Bank of England was passed by Parliament. While that act was under consideration, one Hugh Chamberlain, who had fitted himself for the solving of financial problems by practising medicine, came forward with a scheme for a Land Bank. The peculiarity of this bank was that its currency was to consist solely of notes issued in unlimited quantities upon landed security. Every person who had real property was to be allowed to hold the land and at the same time receive an issue of paper money to its full value. Thus, says Macaulay in his picturesque account of the scheme, if a man's "estate was worth two thousand pounds, he ought to have his estate and two thousand pounds in paper money." But this was not all. He ought also to be allowed to rate the value of his estate at as many times its annual income as the number of years for which it was pledged. Thus if its income was a thousand dollars, a grant of it for twenty years must be worth $20,000 in paper money, and that for one hundred years $100,000. Everybody who opposed this remarkable form of reasoning was denounced as a "usurer." In laying his plan before Parliament, Chamberlain undertook to raise eight thousand pounds upon every freehold estate of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, which would be brought into his bank without dispossessing the freeholder. The plan was considered in committee and was reported favorably to the House, the committee declaring that it was practicable and would tend to benefit the nation; but the report was never acted upon.

The scheme was revived in 1696, but in a somewhat less ridiculous form. Chamberlain was forced, under protest, to abandon his idea that a lease of land for a term of years was worth many times the fee simple, and to be content with a bank which lent money on landed security to the full value of the land. He offered also to lend the Government, in return for the Land Bank's charter, more than two and a half million pounds at seven per cent. The Bank of England had, in return for its charter, advanced to the Government only one million, at eight per cent. William, being in pressing need of money for his military operations in the Netherlands, welcomed the prospect of such generous aid, and was not disposed to question the source from which it came. The country members were, according to Macaulay, "delighted by the prospect of being able to repair their stables, replenish their cellars, and give portions to their daughters," and at the same time retain possession of their land. A bill was passed authorizing the Government to borrow two million five hundred and sixty-four thousand pounds at seven per cent. If before the 1st of August the subscription for one-half of this loan should have been filled, and one-half of the sum subscribed should have been paid into the exchequer, the subscribers were to become a corporate body under the name of the National Land Bank. As this bank was intended expressly to accommodate country gentlemen, it was forbidden to lend money on any other private security than a mortgage on land, and must lend on such mortgages at least half a million annually, at a rate not to exceed three and a half per cent. if payments were quarterly, or four per cent. if they were half-yearly. The market rate of interest at the time on the best mortgages was full six per cent.

In order to set a good example the king subscribed five thousand pounds just before his departure on his Netherland campaign, and signed a warrant appointing commissioners to receive the names of subscribers. A great meeting was held in behalf of the new bank, rooms were taken in two different parts of London for the receiving of subscriptions, and agents were sent into the country to inform the country gentlemen of the dawn of the new era of prosperity. Three weeks passed after the opening of the subscription books, and it was discovered that only six thousand five hundred pounds, including the king's five thousand, had been subscribed. The 1st of August came, and the whole amount subscribed by the nation in addition to the king's subscription reached only two thousand one hundred pounds. The promoters of the scheme begged the Government for more time, and for a reduction in the amount required to be paid in before

the act of incorporation should be issued; and the Government, being in great stress for funds, conceded that if four hundred thousand pounds were advanced the bank should be incorporated at the next session of Parliament. But concessions were of no avail in stimulating subscriptions. The term of the commission expired, and the offices were closed upon a total collapse of the enterprise.

The causes of this failure are so clear that it is a wonder anybody ever expected a different result. The avowed object of the scheme was to benefit the land owners who wished to borrow money, and to injure the "moneyed men, those worst enemies of the nation." "The fact is," says Professor Thorold Rogers in his luminous account of the affair in his "First Nine Years of the Bank of England," "the landed men hated the moneyed men with a bitterness in which envy, contempt, pride, and religious bigotry were the strongest ingredients. They looked on their growing wealth with envy, on their occupation with scorn, on their birth with disdain, on their creed and discipline with intolerant hate. Now in such a frame of mind such people will believe anything, even such a quack as Chamberlain was — not the first adventurer who has imagined himself a financier." Yet upon these very moneyed men they depended absolutely for the success of their enterprise. As Macaulay says, the "country gentlemen wished well to the scheme; but they wished well to it because they wanted to borrow money on easy terms; and, wanting to borrow, they of course were not able to lend it. The moneyed class alone could supply what was necessary to the existence of the Land Bank; and the Land Bank was avowedly intended to diminish the profits, to destroy the political influences, and to lower the social position of the moneyed class. As the usurers did not choose to take on themselves the expense of putting down usury, the whole plan failed in a manner which, if the aspect of public affairs had been less alarming, would have been exquisitely ridiculous."

There have been within the past year several schemes for the relief and benefit of the farmers of the country which were scarcely more rational than this of the quack of 1693. If any of them were to be embodied in law, it would fail to accomplish the results expected of it, for reasons similar to those which made the failure of the Land Bank scheme so certain. The moneyed class is always in the position to guard itself against the bad effects of disturbing financial legislation, and even to profit by it at the expense of the poorer class. A competent authority upon the subject of farm mortgages declares that ninety per cent. of them are negotiated by systematic lenders, banks, and corporations organized for this express purpose, and that it has been the custom of many of these lenders to make the mortgage debt, both principal and interest, payable in gold. It is believed that fully one-half of all the mortgage indebtedness of the country is in terms expressly payable in gold, though this is more generally the case in urban than in farm loans. If we were to have free silver coinage, and the country were to reach the silver standard, and gold were to rise to one hundred and twenty or thereabouts, mortgagers who are counting upon having their debts reduced by the change would soon discover their error. They would find that they would have to pay one hundred and twenty dollars in silver for every instalment of one hundred dollars interest in gold. In other words, they, and not the capitalists and money-lenders, would be the losers from this as from every other form of "cheap money."

The Effect of Christian Science and Mind-cure on "the Regular Practice."

THE belief in Christian Science and Mind-cure, so widely prevalent, has not only its grave dangers and ill results, but a more advantageous aspect. In so far as a passive superstition attempts to deal with active causes of disease and death, this mental phenomenon is not to be tolerated. Examples are found in the indictments brought against Christian Scientists in several States in cases where death has resulted from palpable neglect of established methods of combating definitely known dangers. In this aspect of the case time only can bring about a radical cure, aided by a strict enforcement of law. There remains, however, a class of afflictions in which the sufferer is not ailing so much in body as in mind, where the problem of cure lies in the answer to the familiar question as to the best methods of "ministering to a mind diseased." Such suffering is very commonly characterized by great mental pain. By mental pain we mean melancholia, nervous prostration, and the vast range of indefinable suffering which results from the disordered activity of the nervous system. It is given to but few to have their perturbations rise to the dignity of "sweet bells jangled, out of tune." Unrest, sleeplessness, anxiety, irritability, such are the common and lesser pains inevitable to nearly all dwellers under highly civilized conditions. The phrase "out of harmony with one's environment" perhaps expresses this condition as well as any other. A cure can obviously not be accomplished by a transient agent. A stimulant may temporarily bring happiness, a narcotic produce sleep, or a change of scene may, for the time being, divert; but so soon as the recently established condition lapses and the original causes begin to act, the first effect is reproduced. Such suffering is acute in proportion as it is realized. Thus a mother caring for a number of small children bears a thousand ills almost unconsciously which the woman living at ease and with only herself to favor esteems the height of misery.

When analyzed closely, it has been found that pain is disordered nervous action not necessarily dependent upon any permanent structural change. The remedy for such conditions lies primarily in a return to something like the normal condition of human existence; a large number of hours spent in contact with the natural and not the artificial world; a reduction of the wants of life and their gratification to somewhat of the simplicity which marks less complex conditions of civilization, and an adjustment of labor performed and energy exercised by the different parts of the human organism resulting in harmonious action and not in discord — such would be an attempt at a radical cure; but this is rarely possible except to the few.

There remains, however, the marvelous power of mind over body, and what is termed in more exact language the inhibitory or commanding action of mind over matter. In this sense the belief that a pain does not exist when that pain is not dependent upon an alteration in the actual structures of the body, but is de-

pendent upon a temporarily disordered nervous action, may be an efficient cure. An amusing example was recently furnished by the child of a Christianly Scientific mother. In playing with other children this little one received a bump, which created temporarily disordered nervous action. True to her mother's teaching, she refused to cry, asserting that she felt no pain, a statement which her effort at self-control rendered questionable: she certainly inhibited or controlled a manifestation of that pain. In a moment, however, she suggested to her playmate that, as there was not candy enough to go around, the playmate should imagine that she was eating candy, when she would have the sweet taste in her mouth. Here the success of the hypothesis ended, and at once a lack of harmony in the playmate's environment arose which resulted in a protest against the paucity of the supply of sweets.

It is a very old observation that a dominant idea is valuable in controlling the human being, and whether it be in the bearing of pain or in the devotion which leads the Turk to die contentedly before the Russian bullets, belief is a factor that may be turned to great advantage. Indirectly, Christian Science may prove an aid to medical science. The intelligent physician of to-day could receive no greater aid in the scientific practice of his profession than to be emancipated by his patients from the obligation invariably to prescribe a drug. When people are willing to employ physicians to order their lives so that they may live in health, the custom which binds the physician to prescribe something for his patient will be unnecessary. As we have become more civilized this state of affairs is gradually coming into place; but there still lingers the expectation that the doctor's visit means drugs. Christian Science and Faith-cure, more refined than the spiritualistic beliefs which have preceded them, form an interesting study in mental pathology, and mark an advance from the grosser stage of table-tipping and magnetic doctors to a recognition of the fact that among the weapons employed by the scientific physician of to-day an appeal to a determined purpose to overcome pain is worthy of a place beside antiseptics and anodynes and tonics.

Country Roads.

THERE are few signs that the quite persistent agitation of the question of improving the condition of country roads, which has been in progress for many years, has had an appreciable effect upon the dwellers of our country towns. It may be that in a few isolated instances better and more scientific methods of road-building have been adopted, but in the great majority of towns the old method of scraping the dust and compost from the gutters back again upon the roadway from which travel and the storms of heaven had removed it is the sole form of repair which has been put in practice. The roads are continued thus, in about equally bad condition, throughout the year. They are heavy and even miry in the spring and fall, and dusty and muddy by turns throughout the summer. It is the literal truth that the prevailing method of repairing is the same now as in the early colonial days, when any road was considered good enough for all purposes so long as it had not in it rocks or holes of sufficient size to upset a carriage. As a people we should not have lagged so far behind the nations of the Old World in the art of road-making if we had not passed so soon from the colonial or frontier stage of settlement into the railroad stage of communication. The advent of the railroad not only threw the post-roads, which were the only lines of communication upon which anything like systematic care was exercised, out of use, but by opening up new regions for settlement they dispersed people over a much wider area, and made the general building of good roads impossible. All roads became simply avenues of approach to the railways, and all were treated with equal neglect.

Appeals have been made many times to the rural population to improve their highways for their own economic benefit, the contention being that a well-made road is the best investment which the inhabitants of a town could make, since it would save them its cost many times over in lessening the wear and tear of vehicles, horses, and oxen, and in economizing time. They could carry heavy loads over it at all seasons of the year with much less strain upon animals and vehicles and far more quickly. It has been estimated by excellent authorities that the present slipshod method of road making and repairing, with its system of "working out the taxes," and the delay and wear and tear, cost each household not less than ten dollars a year. This is far more than the cost of schools, and almost as much as all State and Federal taxes combined. It seems to be impossible, however, to make much impression with arguments of this kind. The country people look at the first cost of the proposed improvement, and refuse to look beyond that to the benefits which the investment would bring.

The great increase in the "summer-boarder industry" during recent years ought to exert a powerful influence in the right direction. That industry has become so important in New England that two governors in that region, those of Maine and New Hampshire, called attention to it in their annual messages last January, and suggested plans for its further development. The governor of New Hampshire estimated the amount of money left in the State during the previous year by summer visitors at $5,000,000. There are many other States in which this would be a reasonable estimate of the revenue from the same source. The editor of a Vermont newspaper went into particulars upon the value of this industry at the close of the season in August last, and in the course of his analysis said that the presence of one thousand city boarders in a rural country was equivalent to the bringing in of $100,000 in money to be left in exchange for the products of the inhabitants; that the good effects were felt in every farm in the country, supplying close at home a good market for all its products; and that, taken all together, the "summer-boarder industry leads all others, brings in the most money, and pays the most profit." The same authority went on to say, "But the summer-boarder industry never can be built up if the people go on spoiling the beauty of their roads by cutting away their decorations of shrubs and vines and flowers, which are the very things that the summer boarder comes to see and enjoy." He was dwelling especially upon the esthetic side of the road question, but what he said affords an equally strong argument upon the practical side of it, for there is no surer magnet for the summer boarder than well-made roads which afford pleasant driving at all times.

There is not a rural town within boarding distance of a great city which could not at slight expense assure itself all the city boarders that it could accommodate by the simple process of systematically and intelligently improving and beautifying its roads. If it were to appoint a town committee with power to employ experts, or to obtain expert advice, and to carry out the suggestions thus obtained in road improvement, the mere public advertisement of that proceeding would attract boarders from all directions. The expense would not be great. In nearly every case the gravel or cracked stone necessary for the construction of a serviceable, well-drained road can be obtained within moderate distance. There is, for example, in some parts of Orange County, in New York State, a kind of soft red sandstone to be found in great abundance, which crushes readily under the wheels and makes a hard, firm road-bed which is never dusty and never muddy, which is yielding to the horses' feet and most agreeable to ride over. Ordinary gravel can be used with almost equally good results. The main thing is to secure something like scientific knowledge in the construction of the road and in the mixture of materials. The vicious idea that anybody can make a road by shoveling dirt into the middle of it from the gutter, or, what is the same thing in a wholesale form, hauling it there by means of a "scraper," must be abandoned at the outset, and not only abandoned but prohibited. Until that is done no reform will be possible.

OPEN LETTERS.

A Play and an Actor.

"FRENCH may be sometimes heard spoken in the Rue de la Paix" of the gay capital of France, says Henry James, and, similarly, it may be said that there may sometimes be seen upon the stage something that looks like nature. I am not of that goodly company of graybeards — though for their opinions I entertain the most profound respect — who contend that the drama is in its decadence, and that the actresses of to-day are not the radiant creatures, nor the actors the brilliant geniuses, who made splendid the glad theaters of two generations ago. Two centuries have nearly slipped by since Colley Cibber cried out against the decadence of the drama and indignantly inveighed against the lewd undraped French dancers and posturers who usurped the then "inconstant stage" of England and drove from it its noblest ornaments. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, in 1702, Steele made public protest, in the prologue to his comedy of "The Funeral," against the supremacy on the stage of matter as opposed to mind; of the ascendancy of the carpenter, the costumer, and the property-man, and the power of the mountebank to banish even Shakspere from the boards. This protest is worthy of reproduction at this time when the outcry comes, as if it were original, against the carpenter's, machinist's, and upholsterer's drama, so called.

> Nature's deserted and dramatic art,
> To dazzle now the eye, has left the heart;
> Gay lights and dresses, long-extended scenes,
> Demons and angels moving in machines;
> All that can now or please, or fright the fair,
> May be performed without a writer's care,
> And is the skill of carpenter, not player.
> Old Shakspere's days could not thus far advance;
> But what 's his buskin to our ladder dance?
> In the mid region a silk youth to stand,
> With that unwieldy engine at command!

The drama has always been, from its birth up, apparently, in a state of decay; the living can easily remember when France denied Christian burial to actors, or when England by formal decree made them vagabonds before the law, and every one is familiar with the old nursery rhyme:

> Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
> The beggars are coming to town,
> Some in rags and some in jags,
> And some in velvet gowns.

But every one, possibly, does not know that the "beggars" therein referred to were the strolling players, though of them there was once the afterward great queen of tragedy, Sarah Siddons, whose portrait Sir Joshua Reynolds painted as the "Muse of Tragedy," and who, reverently painting his name upon the hem of her garment, declared that in being permitted to do so he had achieved fame enough. My authority for saying that Mrs. Siddons was one of the nursery doggerel "beggars" is David Garrick, who, in an unpublished letter to Moody, asks, "Do you know anything of a Mrs. Siddons strolling down your way?" Edmund Kean was another of the motley crew of vagabonds who strolled and starved along England's green lanes or icy roads for years together before he stood the triumphant master of the stage on that bitterly cold and stormy night when, dressed in the gabardine of the Jew, he evoked the plaudits that shook the roof of Drury Lane by his incomparable acting, and by which he saved the fortunes of the house.

I do not believe that the old actors were better or greater than the new. I rather think that they were only different from these, and I am not at all assured that the "sing-song" declamation of Mrs. Siddons, of which Hazlitt makes mention, was as effective as the hurtling words of Bernhardt which are flung straight at the hearts of the audience from her tongue with the force of David's sling, with the directness of the stone, and with effect as startling if not as tragical. Garrick was, no doubt, a great actor, but was his power to subdue an audience to his humor greater than Salvini's in tragedy? It would appear, from all that we know of him, that Garrick was a more accomplished comedian than tragedian. Still, I do not believe that he was the superior of Burton, Burke, Warren, or Jefferson.

I know that the "Clémenceau Case," the "Brass Monkey," and other plays of which they are respectively representative, still hold the stage. I also know that the plays for which the former stand justify all the condemnation of the acted drama which ignorance, begot of prejudice, or wisdom, begot of morality, has thundered against it from pulpit and sanctum.

At a time when the undraped spectacle, the vapid burlesque, the tainted comedy, the over-wrought melodrama, seem to be most aggressive in their popularity, and at a time when the remaining great old actors of

classic tragedy and elegant comedy only pause awhile to give to the latest generation of playgoers a touch of their fine quality before making their adieus, there appears an actor of such assured talents, and there is produced upon the American stage a class of plays, that confutes and shames the inconsiderate condemners of the theater. Of this wholesome class is "Captain Swift," which is the pitiful story once more, and nobly retold, of the man of ruined blood working out in the direful tragedy of his own life the old Hebraic curse which visited upon the children the sins of the parent. A still better example of this finer sort of play is that of "The Middleman," which was lately seen at Palmer's Theater on Broadway. One such play, as fitly set upon the stage, as fairly acted in its lesser parts, as nobly acted in its greater ones, would be of itself enough to turn the tide of general condemnation, which, like to the Propontis, flows forever on against the entire drama.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, which is a picture of modern English life, possesses at least the charm of novelty of treatment, if not of striking originality of conception. Something of the plot we have all seen before, and the characters are not all absolutely unfamiliar. Again and again, with greater or lesser change, has the story of "The Middleman" been retold to rapt audiences; again, and yet many times again, have those who are of it a part strutted and fretted their brief hour upon the stage for our pleasure or our pain; but let it be said, as it must be said in truth, it has all been presented to us with a difference.

The plot of "The Middleman" is so originally wrought out to its fit conclusion as to make it seem wholly new: the characters are so strongly, delicately drawn; they are so sentient, of such human sort, as to make them appear as men and women that we have known in the daily ups and downs of this workaday world of ours.

It is a play with a purpose,—a moral, if you will,—which is, the exaltation of achievement. It shows a man beset by all that saps and weakens manhood, one upon whose ruined life disasters "follow fast and follow faster"; but who, despite them all, because of his invincible devotion to and persistence in one great object, which is a creative one, grows in manliness and strength, and whose endeavor is crowned with triumph. The play is a pæan chanted to the man who *does* something for the world's betterment—to the man who, bearing down all opposition, achieves the purpose for which, in that simple faith which fails not by the way, he has wrought with marvelous courage and patience through entire decades.

But Mr. Jones's play, admirable as it is, would not attract and hold us as it does were it not for the excellent acting of it. Gilbert and Sullivan fused their genius for letters and music with the happy results of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado"; but in "The Middleman" the author and the actor have combined their talent so firmly, deftly, and harmoniously as to produce the effect of a performance as whole as the marble, and one which for its consistency of design and execution can scarcely be too highly commended.

It is only just to the actor, Mr. E. S. Willard, to say that his genius outruns that of the author. The art of the player is of more original, finer, subtler stuff than that of the playwright; it has the power to evoke sentiments and passions from the vasty deep of the entranced fancy, of which the author neither schemed nor dreamed; it creates images of wondrous power and beauty, which become forever fixed upon the mind of the spectator sitting at the play.

As it has been herein suggested, Mr. Willard has to do in this drama with materials not too new, only newly made over. He is a stage father as familiar almost as the stage itself. But he appears before his audience in shape so strange, with power to charm the senses so assured, with genius to beguile the feelings so subtle, as to make it appear as if he were the first of stage fathers whose child was wronged, whose home was desolated, whose heart was broken.

Mr. Willard's entrance upon the stage proclaimed his indisputable right to the center of it; it recalled Kean's original entrance before the floats of Drury Lane when as *Shylock* he leaned upon his crutched stick listening to *Bassanio's* offers of security, and of the conclusive verdict rendered to his neighbor by that great authority of his day, Dr. Arnold: "He will do." Mr. Willard's gaunt, wasted figure; his unconsidered garb; his distraught manner; his introspective look; his unconsciousness of the unfitness of himself to his surroundings; his contempt for things material; his absorption in the single idea that possessed his mind, even as did his love for his daughter possess his heart—all made up a picture of such intense interest as to catch and fix in an instant the eye, the ear, the mind, and the heart of his audience.

Greater actors than Mr. Willard his audiences may have seen, but I doubt if for many years they have seen a more original one. He has, as *Cyrus Blenkarn*, whistled down the wind the most cherished traditions of the theater. At the end of the second act, when he hears of the shame and flight of the child that he has loved with a love greater than that of Rachel for her children; when he hears that she is lost to him, to home, to honor, the old wonted curse of the stage father is anticipated, and not vainly. It follows, of course, but it is as no other stage father's curse ever was. The stricken man, standing amid the ruins of his home, with all that made home precious, sweet, and beautiful, rudely shattered, does not pray God to destroy his enemies, but to give to him the power to do it. He cannot trust the consummation of his vengeance even to the divine arm; his own must strike the blow; he himself must wreak the vengeance.

The author's manner of phrasing the mixed supplication and imprecation, fine as it is, is of little power compared with the actor's manner of pronouncing it. He should, by all the law and custom of the acted drama from Thespis to the last melodramatic star, rush madly to the footlights, fall heavily upon his knees, upreach his clasped hands, and, banishing all tones not thunderous, vociferously tear good passion to tatters, splitting the ears of the groundlings and terrifying them with noise.

Mr. Willard does nothing of the kind. He does not approach the footlights; he does not fall upon his knees; he does not vociferate his prayer; but standing erect, in the center of the stage, his thin hands—stained with the clay in which they wrought and in which lies buried the secret for which his mind struggles vainly—outstretched to the farthest limit, he

speaks in a low, measured monotone which is as deep as the nethermost depths of human misery, suffering, and wrong; and, so standing and speaking, he seems as one fit to command from Heaven itself the boon of vengeance for which he supplicates. It has been objected to by some of Mr. Willard's critics that his tone is both too low and too monotonous in this scene; but it is to be considered, we think, by its effect upon the ears, the hearts, of those upon which it falls. I doubt if those who have heard the curse of *Lear* as Booth pronounced it, or of *Richelieu* as Forrest delivered it, were ever more moved by it, though it was sounded in a more heroic key, than were those who heard Mr. Willard's more subdued prayer. No one, I believe, was ever quite certain that *Lear's* or *Richelieu's* curse would have fulfilment, but no one doubted that *Cyrus Blenkarn's* would. The strange figure of "that poor bankrupt there" was clothed with his great wrong in majesty and power so great as to seem to compel the vengeance for which he asked. The man appeared for the moment to the overwrought imagination of the spectator to be himself the awful minister of retributive justice; he seemed to fill the stage, to pervade every part of it. He appeared more than a man, an overpowering image of one on whom sin and sorrow and suffering had laid their hands to dignify, strengthen, and ennoble. He seemed as great as fate itself, and those who heard his supplication knew that it would be answered, that *Cyrus Blenkarn's* enemies would be made even as he prayed they should be, as wax in his hands. It was not the author's words, but the actor's art, that assured to the audience the consummation of his prayer far in advance of its realization.

The great purpose — the moral — of the play is not destroyed, not impaired even, by the man's petition and hope for vengeance upon those who had wrought him such sore hurt. This baser desire of a noble mind was but an episode, a temporary yielding to temptation which vanished when the opportunity to realize it came to *Cyrus Blenkarn*. They who had wrought him ill were subdued, even as he had prayed they should be, to his will; but with all his wrongs and sorrows thick upon him he sat down in the place of wealth and power from which he had displaced them and simply asked, the time having come when he could say, Vengeance is *mine*, and *I* will repay, "What would *Mary* do?" He knew what the child that he had so loved, and had for so long mourned as wronged and dead, would do. He knew that, out of her infinite goodness, she would forgive her enemies even as she would be forgiven. So, in tribute to and influenced by his abiding love for her and her power over him still, he also forgave them. He did more. He gave them of his plenty. Then the original great purpose and moral of the play stood unbroken by any lesser, baser one.

At the end of the third act, in the firing-house, when *Cyrus Blenkarn* threw down the wall of the oven and with mad haste and trembling hands, his noble face blanched to the color of the clay, seized the crate of crumbling clay, the actor's look, his low, sharp cry of despair, struck despair to every heart in the theater, and when, a moment later, from among the shattered forms of beauty he plucked the perfect vase, holding with it, in his eager, hungry hands, the recovered secret of the ancient Tatlow pottery, dead and buried a hundred years, and dead and buried forever except for him, his exaltation, his mighty triumph,— for which he had paid down the price of hope a thousand times defeated, of thought, of labor, of the sacrifice of all the golden years of youth and manhood, and of all the things which others do hold more precious than life itself,— was only more pitiful than his previous desperation. The actor did not rave nor shout because he had discovered the secret of the lost art, the discovery of which would make him rich, famous; that would put his enemies as wax into his hands for him to stamp and mar and crush as his long-delayed and ever-increasing vengeance willed him to do. The moment of his triumph was one of those supreme ones in which the overwrought heart finds no relief in words. As the curtain fell upon this marvelously impressive scene *Cyrus Blenkarn* held close to his heart the precious vase which was vital with an art that his genius of patience and labor had restored to the world. A great joy illumined his face, but he said nothing. There were five recalls of the actor on the evening I first saw this scene presented. But the author as well as the actor contributed to its successful ending. The former had provided the body, and the actor had breathed into it the vitalizing breath of his genius, and it so became one of the most sentiently human scenes of the modern drama.

To the end of the play of "The Middleman" there was no descent from the high plane on which author and actor began it. But it was the greater power of the actor that brought the curtain down upon the last act so effectively. When the daughter that he had so long thought dishonored and dead stood before him, as one risen from the grave, alive, and the happy wife of the man she loved and who loved and honored her, and who had always done so, *Cyrus Blenkarn* stood awed to silence, fearfully bewildered and to reason lost as do those who see spirits walk. And then to see his face change from fear to doubt, from doubt to assurance that it was his living child he saw, and not the ghost of her, and to hear his exultant cry of joy as he flung his arms about and held her close to his old, scarred breast, was to see and hear something worth remembering forever.

We cannot always have actors on the stage of genius or talent like that of Mr. Willard's, but we can, if audiences so will it, have always plays which, like "The Middleman," elevate, not debase, the stage. "The Clémenceau Case" survives only by the sufferance of audiences, and the lovers of the drama have but to turn their backs upon that play and all of its kind to banish them from before the floats. The theater is one of the greatest of teachers. Why should it not be one of the best?

L. Clarke Davis.

The Discoveries of Pasteur, Koch, and Others.

A BRIEF REVIEW TO DATE.

THE subject of microbes and bacteriology has been often discussed before lay audiences. However abstruse the researches which have opened up the modern field of knowledge in this direction, however subtle the technique by which these researches are controlled and prosecuted, the fundamental facts of the subject are easily explained, because they are easily assimilated to those of everyday observation.

Microbes are plants of microscopic minuteness, consisting each of a single cell so small that many thousands must be placed end to end to traverse the diameter of a pin's head. These plants produce spores, exactly analogous to the seeds of visible plants, like those disseminated in the air, or clinging to solid substances, capable of maintaining their vitality for an indefinite time, and ready to grow and reproduce their kind whenever they can find a suitable soil upon which to implant themselves.

It is in the nature of this suitable soil, in the mode and consequences of the growth and reproduction of microbes, that this class of cryptogamic plants distinguish themselves in the most important way from the ordinary denizens of the woods and fields. Like other plants, microbes require oxygen for their development. But instead of appropriating oxygen from the air, they withdraw it from the molecules of organic matter in which they may find themselves embedded. The organic molecule therefore tumbles to pieces, as a wall falls down when bricks are taken out of the middle of it. In other words, the organic matter is decomposed by the intramolecular respiration of the microbes, and new substances are formed from the rearrangement of such molecules as remain.

It is in this way, as Pasteur proved in 1857, that the yeast plant causes the fermentation of beer and bread and wine. Plunged below the surface of the dough or liquid, thus withdrawn from immediate contact with the air, the yeast withdraws oxygen from the sugar of the barley or grape juice, or from the starch of the flour. Part of the oxygen is absorbed into the substance of the yeast plant, which, thus nourished, buds with inconceivable rapidity. The remaining atoms of oxygen unite with the carbon and hydrogen atoms in different proportions to form alcohol, carbonic acid, and glycerin. Thus the process of fermentation, which, in its entirety, had been known from the dawn of history, and in modern times had been explained by chemical theories, was now for the first time made clear, and shown to be an incident in the life history of a microscopic plant, and dependent upon its nutrition — upon its "intramolecular respiration."

That yeast consisted of microscopic cells was proved in 1680 by Leuwenhoek, the improver of the microscope. That these cells were plants, which breathed and grew by budding, was shown by Cagniard de la Tour in 1836; and in 1837 Schwann discovered numerous organic germs in the air, and associated with processes of fermentation and putrefaction. But it was the brilliant researches of Pasteur that first thoroughly explained the mechanism of the relations between fermentation and the vital processes of micro-organisms. From their date the yeast plant, which first enters history — and most dramatically — as the leaven which the Israelites did *not* have when they escaped out of Egypt, has become immortalized as the type of a class of living beings whose importance seems proportioned to their incredible minuteness and their potency to their invisibility.

The association of these micro-organisms with disease was established almost simultaneously with that of their relations to fermentation, and low and humble was the door which opened to research the magnificent field of inquiry now being everywhere prosecuted with such restless activity. It was on the body of the silkworm that the first pathogenic organisms were found — by Bassi — in the disease known as the muscardine. Afterward the potato blight and other vegetable diseases were similarly shown to depend on the invasion of microscopic fungi, entering into a struggle for existence with their hosts. Analogous fungi were found in several skin diseases affecting human beings, and finally, in 1853, Davaine discovered little rod-shaped bodies swarming in the blood of patients suffering from splenic fever. Inoculations of animals with a drop of such blood sufficed to produce the disease in them, and a drop of their blood in turn originated the disease, and so on, until by successive generations the original infecting drop might be considered reduced to the trillionth dilution and beyond. The virulence even increased with each new inoculation. The apparent paradox was only explained by the fact that the rod-shaped organisms — the bacilli, as they were thenceforth called — reproduced themselves like plants sown from seed, so that it was a matter of indifference how large a quantity should be originally used as a source of infection.

This fact is of cardinal importance in the theory of infectious diseases, and in the practice of disinfection and prevention. Upon it depends the whole system of antiseptic treatment which, since the Scotchman Lister first deduced it from the researches of Pasteur, has wrought a revolution in surgery unparalleled in the history of the world. It is not enough to diminish the number of germs in the air or the media brought in contact with living tissues liable to infection. The germs must be absolutely excluded, for the fewest number, if falling upon a propitious soil, are liable to propagate rapidly, and to determine all the consequences which could follow the most massive invasion.

The epoch-making discovery of Davaine was followed by similar discoveries in relation to many diseases long known to be infectious, but whose agent of infection had been hitherto shrouded in mystery. Singularly enough, however, it is for several of the most familiar diseases that the precise infecting microbe yet remains to be discovered.

The micro-organisms associated with infecting diseases differ from the yeast plant by their mode of reproduction, and hence belong to a different botanical class. The yeast plant buds, and hence is called the Spross pilze, or budding fungus. The bacteria consisting of either round cells (*Micrococci*), or rods (*Bacilli*), multiply by scission, each cell dividing into two new individuals. They are hence called the splitting fungi, or Spalt pilze (*Schizomycetes*). Like ordinary visible fungi, these microscopic organisms are destitute of the chlorophyl which enables green plants to fix the oxygen of the air, and therefore they withdraw the oxygen needed for their nutrition from the molecules composing the vegetable or animal tissues upon which they may have become implanted. In so doing they resemble the yeast plant, and an analogy is immediately established between the process of fermentation set up by the yeast in organic fluids and the processes of disease often initiated by bacteria in organized tissues.

The process is not always a disease. Many bacteria develop chiefly or exclusively upon dead tissues, animal or vegetable, like the fungi on decaying trunks of trees, and, like them, could obtain no foothold on a living organism. The decomposition and reduction

to elementary gases of the organic substances daily consigned to the earth depends upon this action of countless swarms of bacteria — action in this case most beneficent, indeed, indispensable. Indeed, if the soil be too poor in bacteria, as sometimes is the case with the sand of the sea-shore, organic matter is insufficiently decomposed, and the intermediate products of putrefaction remain to pollute the water of the vicinity.

Again, the intestines of all animals swarm with bacteria. These are present in the pancreatic juice, and they aid the digestive ferments in breaking up the ingested food and providing for its assimilation.

Thus some among these now dreaded bacteria are useful, many others are harmless. Flugge enumerates 132 species of bacteria (*Schizomycetes*), of which 44 are round cells (*Micrococci*); the remaining 88 are little rods (*Bacilli*); 16 species of the first group, and 36 of the second group, originate specific diseases in either man or the lower animals; leaving 80 species which are entirely harmless. The last either never gain access to the animal organism, or, being admitted, quickly die without reproducing themselves, or may even multiply within the tissues of the body yet occasion no disaster.

It is when disaster occurs that the analogy with the fermentation set up in saccharine fluids by the yeast plant becomes most striking. The process of fermentation — *i. e.*, the growth of the yeast plant — is attended by the formation of alcohol, carbonic acid, and a little glycerin. The process of growth of the parasitic bacteria is attended by the formation of numerous organic substances (33 have been described), among which one class possesses well-defined poisonous properties, and resembles in many respects such poisonous vegetable alkaloids as conicin, atropin, woorara, or even morphine. These latter substances have been called ptomaïnes. Their discovery is one of the most recent and remarkable in bacteriology, for it tends to establish for the first time a plausible theory of the mode of action of pathogenic bacteria. This action could not be satisfactorily explained by the mere presence of bacteria in the body of a patient ill with a given disease; because it often happened that the bacteria seemed to remain localized in one given tissue, yet, nevertheless, the entire organism was poisoned. This is especially the case with diphtheria. The fact seemed inexplicable so long as the microbes were supposed to affect only those tissues with which they came immediately in contact. It is now explained by the supposition that the injurious action is more indirect. The decomposition of living tissue caused by the growth of the bacteria in it is relatively trifling in amount and importance. It is the poison which is formed incidentally during the bacterial growth which is to be dreaded. This first kills the tissue immediately below that in which the bacteria are growing; then, being absorbed, tends to overwhelm the heart and nervous centers. Fresh supplies of poison are constantly being generated at the foci of infection; and this constitutes the characteristic peculiarity of bacterial diseases, and distinguishes the effects of their organic poison from that of the venom of rattlesnakes, which acts once for all at a given dose, and without possibility of reproduction.

The ease with which the foregoing statement can be made and read conceals the enormous difficulty of the researches by which these facts have been demonstrated. Three problems presented themselves — how to recognize the different species of bacteria, identify them, and distinguish them from one another; how to prove their causal relation to specific diseases; how to contrive means to antagonize their injurious action. The method which has led or is leading towards the solution of these problems is profoundly simple in its conception and wonderfully fertile in its results. The bacteria are cultivated in suitable media, as ordinary plants are cultivated in suitable soils. The colonies or masses of microbes thus obtained are visible to the naked eye, and much more readily differentiated than are the microscopic cells from which they originate. The culture of any suspected microbe, therefore, is now always used as a means of identification. By following the complete history of the plant from its invisible origin to the death of the visible masses which have been generated under the eye of the observer, it becomes possible to discover what circumstances favor, what antagonize, the growth.

This culture method is due to Pasteur. He sowed micro-organisms in alkaline fluids, whose exact composition he delicately varied until the most favorable conditions were obtained. A minute drop from such a fluid, though representing the trillionth dilution of the original substance, would swarm with bacteria reproduced from the original stock, and inoculated under the skin of animals would produce the same symptoms as had resulted from the original infection.

It was therefore by the results of experimental inoculation that the fluid cultures enabled the observer to identify any species of bacteria. An immense stride was made, however, by the substitution of solid substances upon which to cultivate bacteria. This was Koch's first great achievement. He sowed the bacteria first on boiled potatoes, then on gelatin solidified in cakes or in test tubes. So far has this kind of horticulture now advanced that the exact taste of different species of bacteria may be suited by mixing different substances with the nutritive gelatin, among which some form of beef tea seems to be best adapted to these carnivorous herbaceæ.

The first micro-organisms discovered were rendered visible in fluids merely by being exposed to very high powers of the microscope (1500 diameters). But as the research continued, and bacteria were sought not only in fluids but in tissues, another device was necessary in order to make them distinguishable. It became necessary to color the specimen, and to find, moreover, some method by which the bacteria could be stained a different color from that of the tissue in which it was embedded. The second great achievement of Koch, after the invention of the gelatin cultures, was the discovery of a stain which did actually succeed in drawing out of its hitherto unfathomable obscurity the tubercle bacillus.

This great discovery was made in 1882, and immediately set observers all over the world to work upon experiments of criticism or control.

The German discovery of a specific agent of infection in tubercular disease had been prepared for by researches made in France in 1866, in which Villemin demonstrated that tuberculosis was an infectious disease, identical in general character with the acute con-

tagious diseases, but differing from them principally in the slowness of its march. It was also known that a constitutional predisposition on the part of the living organism was far more necessary to enable the tubercle bacillus to obtain a foothold in it than seemed to be the case for the agents of such diseases as scarlatina, diphtheria, etc.; also, that direct infection from patient to patient was immensely less liable to occur. These facts of clinical observation all find their rational interpretation in the history of the tubercle bacillus, as it has now been unfolded — a secret history more momentous than that found in the memoirs of a thousand Talleyrands, for in such histories literally lie the issues of life and death.

It has been demonstrated by the numerous observers who have followed the guidance of Koch that the tubercle bacillus is present in all the little tumors known as tubercles, which may invade any organ of the body, and are the basis of the lung lesions in consumption. The bacilli are also present in the expectoration of consumptive patients, and the exact nature of a doubtful cough may thus often be diagnosed. The bacilli may be cultivated in masses on gelatin plates, and fragments from these again planted and cultivated, and so on in an indefinite number of successive generations; and inoculations made from minutest fragments of the latest, inoculated into animals, will determine characteristic tubercular disease.

Thus the demonstration is complete that tubercle is caused by the bacillus finding soil favorable to its growth in the tissues of certain peculiarly predisposed persons. The delicacy of the nutritive conditions required for this dangerous invisible organism may be inferred from the fact that the tissues of so many persons will not nourish it, but rather prove deadly to its development.

The ancient problem of Samson seems to have been repeated for the tubercle bacillus. From it alone could be wrenched the discovery of the means by which its strength could be antagonized. It had long been known that certain cheesy masses which had been familiar in the lungs of consumptive patients consisted of lung tissue completely destroyed, and reduced to a structureless pulp. It was now inferred, by comparison with the necrotic tissue found around foci of bacteria in acute diseases, that this tissue was destroyed by the direct agency of the bacillus growing in it. Aided by the new discoveries in regard to the production of ptomaïnes during the growth of bacteria, it was inferred that the destruction of tissue was due, not to the micro-organism itself, but to the poison formed innocently during its growth, as the alcohol is formed incidentally during the growth of the yeast plant. Now when the tissue died, the bacillus embedded in it soon died also, as the coral insect dies in the mausoleum it has built for itself. The problem given could therefore be stated in this form: To find something which will either directly kill the bacillus, or so destroy the tissue in which it is embedded as to arrest its development.

Until the present moment scientific expectation has chiefly been directed along the first line of thought. It has long been known that the products formed during the growth or respiration of bacteria always suffice, when accumulated in sufficient quantity, to annihilate their existence — precisely as a certain accumulation of carbonic acid gas in the air suffices to kill the animals exhaling it.

Just before the announcement of the most recent and famous discovery of Koch, Dr. Trudeau, of Saranac Lake, carried out a remarkable series of experiments to test the effect of inoculations with fluids in which tubercle bacilli had been growing, and which therefore might be presumed to be saturated with the products of their growth. These experiments were guided by the great doctrine of vaccination, which was the starting point of Pasteur's researches on hydrophobia. The attempt was made, not to cure tubercular disease in animals already affected, but by the inoculation of an attenuated tubercular virus to render them impervious to subsequent inoculations with tubercle. This is the mysterious method by which immunity against small-pox is secured by vaccination, and by which Pasteur seems to have secured immunity against the development of hydrophobia by inoculation with attenuated specimens of rabic poison. Dr. Trudeau's experiments had all negative results, but they are nevertheless extremely interesting.

It is by slightly varying both the method and its intention that Koch's extraordinary results have been obtained. He has made a glycerin extract of a cultivated mass of tubercle bacilli,—precisely how has not yet been told,— and presumes to have thus obtained in a concentrated form the poisonous substance whose incessant production enables the living bacillus to destroy the tissue around itself. Injection of this substance into the body of a patient, although at a distance from the seat of the disease, thus intensifies and accelerates the destructive, the necrosing, process going on spontaneously under the influence of the disease. The poison is carried to the tissues whose vitality is already undermined, and destroys them so rapidly that they immediately begin to slough away from the surrounding parts and to be absorbed. It is the absorption of this dead tissue into the circulation that is apparently the cause of the fever which is so constantly produced as a result of the lymph injections. By the uprooting of the soil on which they were growing like a destructive mold the bacilli are also uprooted and thrown into the circulation. It is perfectly natural, therefore, that, as has been reported, bacilli should be found in the blood of patients undergoing the treatment. It is not impossible that in some cases they may thus be carried to tissues and organs hitherto uninfected, and re-implant themselves. The immense probability is, however, that the bacilli die in the torrent of oxygenated blood. The researches of Nutall and other German observers, which have been repeated by Dr. Prudden in New York, have shown that the blood of living animals possesses extraordinary germicidal properties, at all events for many forms of bacilli. Tuberculosis is not a form of blood poisoning; the bacilli creep underground as it were, through the lymphatics, the sewers of the animal economy. Hence, as Dr. Quimby has pointed out in an interesting paper, the specific treatment of tuberculosis by the Koch lymph requires to be reinforced by all hitherto known methods for invigorating the patient, and, especially in pulmonary disease, for stimulating the lymphatic circulation of the lungs.

NEW YORK. *Mary Putnam Jacobi.*

"The Builders of the First Monitor" Again.

HAVING no interest or desire except to have the truth fairly told about the first *Monitor*, I should thank Mr. George H. Robinson for his courteous "corrections," in THE CENTURY for last November, of certain statements of mine, made in a previous number, if I were able to reconcile the corrections with established dates and facts.

Mr. Robinson says that on "a certain Friday early in September, 1861," Mr. C. S. Bushnell left Hartford for Washington with the plan of the *Monitor;* that it was shown to President Lincoln on "the following Monday"; that it was presented to the Naval Board for the first time "the next day, Tuesday"; and that it was accepted "three days later." According to this the whole transaction at Washington occupied less than a week.

Now the Friday "early in September" could not have been later than the first Friday in the month, which was the 6th. The following Tuesday was the 10th; and "three days later" would, according to Mr. Robinson, fix the 13th as the final date of the acceptance of the plan. But the record shows that on the 16th of September the Naval Board made a report in which they say that Ericsson's floating battery is "novel" in plan; that they are "apprehensive that her properties for sea are not such as a sea-going vessel should possess"; but as she might be used in still water they recommend that "an experiment be made with one battery of this description with a guarantee and forfeiture in case of failure in any of the properties and points of the vessel as proposed."

It was in pursuance of this report, as I understand the matter, that the preliminary memorandum or agreement for the construction of the *Monitor* was made with Winslow, Griswold, and Bushnell.

It is to be noted that on the 16th of September the Naval Board was in doubt in regard to the seaworthiness of the proposed floating battery. It was to resolve this doubt that Ericsson was induced to go to Washington. He went thither, as his biographer, Colonel Church, says, on the 21st of September. His demonstration of the sea-going qualities of his novel craft was clear and convincing, and the contract for the first *Monitor* was thereupon made with him and his associates. The contract bears date of October 4, 1861.

The difficulty in fitting Mr. Robinson's statement to these dates is apparent.

G. G. Benedict.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

"Literary Clog-Dancing."

I WROTE not long ago to an unknown young correspondent, who had a longing for seeing himself in verse, but was not hopelessly infatuated with the idea that he was born a "poet." "When you write in prose," I said, "you say what you *mean*. When you write in verse you say what you *must*." I was thinking more especially of *rhymed* verse. Rhythm alone is a tether, and not a very long one. But rhymes are iron fetters; it is dragging a chain and ball to march under their incumbrance; it is a clog-dance you are figuring in when you execute your metrical *pas seul*. . . . You want to say something about the heavenly bodies, and you have a beautiful line ending with the word stars. . . . You cannot make any use of cars, I will suppose; you have no occasion to talk about scars; "the red planet Mars" has been used already; Dibdin has said enough about the gallant tars; what is there left for you but bars? So you give up your trains of thought, capitulate to necessity, and manage to lug in some kind of allusion, in place or out of place, which will allow you to make use of bars. Can there be imagined a more certain process for breaking up all continuity of thought, for taking out all the vigor, all the virility, which belongs to natural prose as the vehicle of strong, graceful, spontaneous thought, than this miserable subjugation of intellect to the clink of well or ill matched syllables?

Dr. O. W. Holmes, in "The Atlantic."

O GENIAL Doctor, long the friend
  Of poet and of poetling,
Try, try not thus to make an end
  Of all young birds that sing,
Or, at the very least, be fair —
  Stop not at cars, scars, tars, and bars
While bidding headstrong youth beware
  Of rhyming of the stars.

Methinks there is suggestiveness
  In the omitted rhyme of spars;
I know not much, but I might "guess"
  About the hero Lars.
For serious rhyming, 't would not do
  To utilize the local "pars,"
But surely something neat and new
  Might be evolved from Mars.

Wars only famous bards may take
  When they are rhyming of the stars,
But haply something one might make
  Of fervid heat that chars;
And, being skillful, one might twist
  A line that finishes with jars —
For never, even in a mist,
  "Collide" the wandering stars.

And what of each discarded rhyme?
  Were there not ancient days, when cars
Had nought to do with steam and time,
  And sometimes "hitched" to stars?
And what of all the heroes who
  To Odin showed their wounds and scars?
And why may not a chosen few
  Say something more of tars?

I need not name the bard whose rune
  Once rhymed the "nebulous bars" with stars;
He knows not that time's flight so soon
  His gentle memory mars,—
Or, knowing, cares not,— but his voice,
  If he were with us yet, would ring
The while he said, "Be glad, rejoice
  That Youth and Love will sing!"

For us, who are old, the chimney-nook,
  The level lines of quiet prose;
The first fair pages of the book
  Rhyme easily for those
Who, with the dawn-light in their faces,
  Tread blithely on the "upward slope."
Forbid them not, from their glad places,
  To sing us songs of hope.

Margaret Janvier.

The Riding-School.

THE riding-school is very good,
  All my heart desires;
My horse is of the purest blood,
  Quite what a maid requires.
My habit fits exceeding well,
  My hat has feathers long;
What it is I cannot tell,
  But there is *something* wrong.
I 've silver spurs upon my heels,
  My gloves are Suedes of tan;
The costume to the men appeals
  (I wear it when I can).

I see the others ride about,
  Without the least ado,
And am convinced beyond a doubt
  That I can do so too.
When I attempt to mount my steed
  Ingloriously I fall.
He rushes on in headlong speed
  And soon 's beyond recall.

A secret I must first confess,
  That he who rides may read —
I want to be a poetess,
  And Pegasus is my steed.

Josephine Bemis-Fuller Gill.

One of the Palls.

I WERE a pall to the burryin',
Joe 's finally out o' the way;
Nothin' special ailin' o' him,
Just ol' age and ginr'l decay.
Hope to the Lord 'at I 'll never be
Ol' an' decrepit an' useless as he.
Cuss to his fambly the last five year,—
Monstrous expensive with keep so dear,—
'Sides all the fuss an' worryin'.
Terribul trial to get so old —
Cur'us a man 'll continny to hold
On to his life w'en it 's easy to see
His chances for livin', though dreffelly slim,
Are better 'n his fambly are lottin' for him.
Joe 'uz 'at kind o' hanger on—
Had n't no sense o' the time to quit;
Stunted descreeshun an' stall-fed grit
Helped him unbuckle many a cinch
Whar sensible men 'u'd 'a' died in the pinch.
Kind o' tickled to hev him gone;
Bested for once an' laid away,
Got him down whar he 's boun' to stay;
I were a pall to his burryin'.

Knowed him for more 'n sixty year back;
Used to be summut older 'an him;
Fought him one night to a huskin' bee,
Licked him in manner uncommon complete;
Every one said 't 'uz a beautiful fight.
Joe he wa'n't satisfied with it that way,
Kep' dingin' along an' w'en he got through
The wust-lookin' critter 'at ever you see
Were stretched on a bed rigged up in the hay —
They carted me home the follerin' day.
Got me a sweetheart purty an' trim —
Tole me 'at I 's "a heap likl'er 'n Joe";
Mittened him twict, Joe kep' on the track,
Follered her round ary place she 'u'd go.
Offered to lick him. Says she, "It 's a treat;
Le' 's watch an' fin' out what the poor critter 'l do."
Watched him, believin' the thing 'uz all right —
That identical gal is Joe's widder to-night.
Run to be jestice, then Joe he run too;
Knowed I 'uz pop'lar, an' he had n't a friend,
So thar wa'n't no use o' my hurryin'.
The 'lection come off, we counted the votes,
I had n't enough — Joe had 'em to lend.
Now all the way through I been takin' notes
O' his disagreeable way,
An' I 'm tickled, a-thinkin' to-day
He 's bested for good in the end;
Got him down whar he 's boun' to stay;
I were a pall to his burryin'.

Doane Robinson.

"Castagne Italiane."

SHE was a *very* pretty girl;
  Her eyes were blue, her figure trim,
And that was all the reason why
  The audience was not like it — slim.

But we had seen her in the train,
  And so a lot of us went down
To hear the "Concert, interspersed
  With readings, by Sophronia Brown."

She stepped upon the little stage,
  She smiled, she bowed, and then began:
"At Paris it was, at the opera there —"
  One groan we gave, then turned and ran.

And far into the night we heard,
  As we raced down the village street,
The vestry organ pealing loud
  While the stones clattered 'neath our feet —

"Non ti scordar di me —
Non ti Sc-o-o-r-r-r-da-r-r-r di me-e-e!"

Henrietta Stuart.

Quatrains, Bookish, Wise and Otherwise.

ON SOME MODERN NOVELS.

I FREQUENTLY have thought in reading o'er these books,
By authors somewhat young and mentally unripe,
How great a pity 't was that these were not *de luxe* —
With margins of such width there was no room for type.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL NOVELIST TO HIS SON.

MY friends all say you look like me, my boy,
Which gratifies your father's one ambition;
His very being overflows with joy
To think he 's got beyond a first edition.

A DEMURRER.

"Shrunk to an epitaph."—*Wyndham Towers.*

IN speaking thus, dear Aldrich, you have erred.
  These tributes to the dead are oft so grand
That spirits who 'd deserved them, disinterred
  Must e'en live once again and much expand.

John Kendrick Bangs.

Fit Weeds.

If in my garden I let grow,
O thrifty critic, some few weeds,
Cry me not down that I do so,
But say: His nature hath such needs.
A spirit half-reclaimed,
One-half is yet untamed,
And stands at bay —
Say this, and I the word will not gainsay.

Or, seeing in my garden aught
(I fear but little) to approve,
A strain of pity in your thought,
Thus cry: The weeds he doth not love:
The spirit doth avail,
But the weak hands they fail
And face this day —
Say this, and I the word will not gainsay.

But, noting still how proudly I
In the late autumn fill my bowl
With blossoms of a glorious dye
For some faint, hunger-ridden soul,
Then say: These be fit weeds,
Since on them one soul feeds;
Let them have way —
Say this, and I the word will not gainsay.

James Herbert Morse.

Green Mountain Philosophy.

Society is often more concerned about the way a man enters and leaves a room than about his fitness for being admitted to the room at all.

Many so-called wits are merely men who have good memories.

To ignore the dangerous arguments of an opponent would be as foolish as for a counterfeiter to omit from his die the clause prescribing the penalty for his act.

The man who refuses to live in the country because there is "so little going on" there, has inside his own head a place where there is still less going on.

One element of shrewdness is, to realize that the man you are dealing with may be more shrewd than yourself.

In misinterpreting a man's motives you sometimes reveal to him the bent of your own mind.

Disappointment makes many penitents.

When people thank God they are not as other men are, the other men often thank God for it too.

Birds of prey have no song.

To deprive one's self of the things which it would be economy to possess is one of the hardest necessities of poverty.

Arthur F. Rice.

Dora's Eyes.

Two images those lights once caught
Of stars, which though for ages taught
To sport in rivulet or lake,
Or sea or ocean, by mistake
Dived down into the dewy deeps
Of Dora's eyes. And still she keeps
Them prisoners, caught fast, I think,
A-napping, by a sudden wink
That snapped the cords — the mystic tie
That bound the vagrants to the sky.

Irving S. Underhill.

A Revised Fable.

You may say, "The grapes are sour,"
Smiling add, "They 're hanging high,"
And it is not in my power
Those assertions to deny.

But I 'd like to turn the tables,
And display the other side;
For I sometimes think old fables
Show extremely narrow pride.

And the fox — poor, ancient creature!
Has been most misunderstood,
For he surely had *one* feature
Which we all consider good.

When we lose a hope, most cherished,
Who of us does not feel sad?
But the fox, when his had perished,
Made the most of what he had.

Caroline Evans.

"W'en de Silk on de Ros'n Ears Turn."

Dis darky's heart am merry in de meltin' summer-time,
En down mer face er-streamin' am de sweat en dusty grime
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn.
I flings mer mouf wide opun en I fetches fo'f er song,
Dat meks de rows 'pear shorter as I hoes de hull day long,
'Mongst de wavin' blades en tossels en de weeds er-smellin' strong —
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn.

De rustlin' blades dat 's swayin' in de breezes ob de mo'n,
En de bees dat 's er-buzzin' in de tossels ob de co'n,
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn,
Meks er mighty purty music, dis darky tinks, fer sho,
En keeps de sperrits libely as I wrassles wid de hoe,
F'om one een ter de yudder ob de long en sunny row —
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn;

I sniffs de smell ob freshly turned up yearth beneaf de hoe,
I gits er whiff er may pops dat 's er-twinin' in de row,
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn;
I scents de sweet-pea blossom dat 's er-climbin' up so fas' —
Mer nose hit am er-smellin' ob de withered clumps ob grass
Dat I done chop en fling one side as down de row I pass —
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn.

I 'm er-tinkin' 'bout de juicy co'n dis darky gwine ter eat,
De hom'ny en de co'n-meal pone dat 's mighty hard ter beat,—
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn.
I ain't fergittin' nuther 'bout de shuckin' time bime-bye,
De dram dis darky 'lows he 'll git dat meks him feel so spry,
De red ear en de yaller gal dat 's monstr'us pert en shy —
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn.

Edward A. Oldham.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.